

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24. 1894.

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

RY MARCUS D. RICHTER.

In the little seaport town where I was brought up, there were several old residents-mostly retired sea captains, who had amassed a more or less comfortable

had amassed a more or less comfortable living, or retired sailors who had amassed no competency at all.

These might be seen on any sunshiny day, wending their way down the one crooked street of the town, in the direction of the several lonesome looking wharves which lined the water front; for even in my day the shipping trade had all gone to the larger cities, and our docks were left to decay.

On the wharves, from which vantage point the whole expanse of quiet cove

On the wharves, from which vantage point the whole expanse of quiet cove and tumbling Atlantic breakers outside could be seen, these relies of the sea would sit hour after hour and smoke "niggerhead" and spin yarns about their own or their friends' adventures in many foreign elimes.

We boys had our special likes among these ancient mariners, and upon Saturday afternoons and other holidays we would cluster about our favorites, like bees around a flower cup, and listen to the old salis' tales, and learn to make sallors' knots and

and learn to make sailors' knots and talk sailor lingo.

One old fellow who, though past his

seventieth year, was still a brisk, active little man, with a face burned to a deep mahogany hue, and whose coat was as blue as blue could be and as neat as a new pin, was our chosen

as neat as a new pin, was our enosen companion.

He had a granddaughter to "look after" him, as he expressed it, and so he kept as "trim as a man-o'-war."

Everybody liked Captain Ben Carver. but he was the particular friend of us hous.

His life had been as romantic as one

His life had been as romantic as one could wish, and to listen to his tales was like reading a page out of one of Cooper's novels, and was far more entertaining to us, for we had the living hero of the story before us.

Once he told us how he first came to go to sea and of the marveious adventures he had during his first voyage, from which he did not return until nearly four years had passed.

Long voyages were of frequent occurrence in those days, but aside from a whaler, no vessel remained away for such a length of time as that, and when he assured us that his first cruse had extended over forty eight months, we were naturally forty eight months, we were naturally

surprised.
"What ship did you sail in, cap'n?"

surprised.

"What ship did you sail in, cap'n?" asked somebody, as we sat around him on coils of unused cable, old blocks, and other lumber which accumulate upon wharves of this kind.

"Well," said Cuptain Carver, with a dry little chuckle at our evident be-wilderment. "I sailed out of this very port one foggy afternoon in the month of May, in the Mary Alice."

"The Mary Alice—Mary Alice." I repeated, trying to place the name in my memory, for in those days I prided myself upon knowing the name and owner of every vessel of any size that had hailed from my native town for almost as many years as the captain was old.

I was crazy to go to sea myself, and as that was denied me then, I tried to pacify myself by becoming a perfect walking encyclopædia of shipping and marine lore.

"Somehow, Cap'n Carver," I said, "I don't remember that name. Who owned the Macy Alice?" He chuckled again as though he enjoyed

my perplexity and answered:

"Well. Hiram Smith owned her—"

"That's my name," declared little Hi
Smith, who hovered on the skirts of the
crowd of larger boys.

"That's a fact," said the captain; "and

"At that time I came down here to this very town to visit an uncle — Uncle Jared — who kep' the store then. Mind you, I'd never seen a ship afore, only in the few pictures I'd got hold of; but I was crazy for ships and the water at once, and spent most of my visit (till it was so queerly ended in the way I'm waiter tell we of labout in the way I'm going to tell you of) about

JUST AS I STOOPED TO SEIZE IT A HUGE TIGER DARTED OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

'twas your grandfather, sonny, that ewned the craft I speak of. But I won't bother you boys any more; the Mary Alice was a fourteen foot dory, an' the way' I come to go to sea in her was this

a-way.
"I didn't come o' seagoing folks—not I! "I didn't come o' seagoing folks—not I! My father was a plain farmer up country—a good forty mile back from the water—but for some reason the taste for salt water must ha' been 'born in me. for I took to it like a fish, though I never heard the old Atlantic roar till I was thirteen.

"I even wrote home in my scrawly schoolboy hand, begging my father to let me be a sailor—and that right away quick, too!"

quick, too!"

The captain chuckled again at the remembrances of his youthful ambition, and then continued, seeing our interested faces turned toward him:

"But to come down to that same foggy afternoon I was telling you of. The village boys were at school (they kep' school later into the summer down here in those days than they did up in the

farming districts) and I was lonesome So I wandered down by an old wharf that useter poke its nose out into the cove just south of this very spot, and there was your grandfather's boat, Hi, hitched to the stringplece of the wharf.

"First I thought I'd go for a pull (for I'd learnt to row like an old hand) in spite of the fog, but then I see that old Hi had taken precaution to remove the oars so that no fool boy just like me, wouldn't come along and do just exactly what I wanted to do.

"Any way, I crawled into the boat and lay down on an old coat in the stern, and wished that school was out so that I could have somebody to play

stern, and wished that seniol was out so that I could have somebody to play with. And while I lay there in that discontented frame of mind, first I knew I was asleep, and so sound asleep that 'twould ha' taken the mate o' a short handed coaster to wake

"Well, whether in fooling with the painter, when I first got aboard, or what not, the hitch come undone (while I was snoozing away like four o'clock), an' away went the dory, drift-ing out to sea with the tide, an' not a soul knowln' of it because of the fog. I didn't know it myself till it commenced to drizzle so fast that it wet through my clo'es and woke me

"Now I tell you I was in a pickle, and I didn't want to go to sea half as much as I had before. You see, when muco as I nad before. You see, when people are wishin' for things that they don't know much about, exceptin' from hearsay, perhaps, sometimes they get a good deal more of 'em than they want.

they get a good deal more of 'em than they want.

"It was 'long about sundown when I woke up, but I hadn't no idee where I was—no more'n' the man in the moon—and 'twas a good deal darker (owing to the fog) than it naterally would ha' been.

"I bellered some for help, but like enough by that time I'd drifted a good bit beyond the narrers, yonder, and no one could have heard me from the shore.

"The tide was running pretty strong, and though there was no wind to speak of, it was surprising how fast I left the land behind me.

to speak of, it was surprising how fast I left the land behind me.

"The sea was getting rough, too, and it made a little chap like me shiver when the dory climbed up the side of one o' them green, white streaked waves, and then plunged down into the trough. I'd never been out so far in such a small boat.

"Twas a mighty good thing for me that Hi Smith had left a broad bladed paddle in the bottom of the Mary Alice, and that I knew what 'twas for. With that fixed in the starn socket, and gripping the handle with all my might, I kept the boat's head to the sea, and wished that I was back on daddy's farm ag'in.

"Twas only by a special dispensation of Providence, as Parson Wybrant sald in his sermon las' Sunday, that the dory didn't spill me out long before morning; but it didn't, and when the sun come up there I was, drifting on the bugs swells, out of sight of land, and the brisk wind taking me further out to sea every minute.

wind taking me further out to see every minute.

"Lucky for me it soon grew calmer, for I was so dead tired from my night's ex-ertions, that I fell asleep again, and when I woke up, about as the sun solvent. trucke up, about as the sun got up to his highest pint of lookout, I was that hungry I could have chewed a pair of sea

"But there warn't no sea boots there, nor nothing whatsoever to eat, and I had to endure it as best I could.
"Well, to shorten up a pretty long yarn.

"Well, to shorten up a pretty long yarn, I was picked up by the Liverpool packet, J. D. Bickford, bound for New York, just afore sunset that night, having been for twenty four hours in an open boat.

twenty four hours in an open boat.

"They don't have packets nowadays—leastways, not the kind they had then.

"Liverpool packet' was a synonym for a place where men were treated like brute beasts, and the J. D. Bickford warn't no exception. If it hadn't been for an old sailor, Poley Grant by name (his real name was Apollo), I dunno as I'd ha' weathered that voyage short as it was.

"Poley made me a whole suit of duck such as sailors wear mostly, and shielded me from the barsh treatment of the mate. who was the biggest bully who ever kicked a poor sailor with his copner toed boots. When we reached Liverpool, Poley took me away with him, though the

Poley took me away with him, though the mate swore I should go back in the packet and 'pay for my keep'—for, you see, I was dreadful sick for the first few days after I was picked up.

"As I say, Poley got me away from the mate, and took me with him to a sailors' boarding house, as he knew of. There was all sorts of sailors there—from every country was could name—all brown.

was all sorts of sailors there—from every country you could name—all brown and rough, but kind hearted, and most of 'em with rings in their ears like Poley. "He stood by me all the time, and helped me write a letter to my folks; but we didn't know how to direct it rightly. I seeken four traver reached em, and they reckon, for it never reached 'em, and they give me up for dead. Father set up a tombstone in the burial lot at home, statin' that I was lost at sea, ye know, and it's there to this day, for I'd never let em take it down."

The old man laughed again and carefully filled the short, black pipe which he had taken from his pocket.

had taken from his pocket.

"This is one of the things I learnt at that boardin' house in Liverpool, but it ain't a nice trick, boys, and it's a hard master, as I can testify," he said. Then he went on with his story.
"By and by Poley's money gave out the'd used it pretty free for both of us, you said and as not lead as the like him.

the'd used it pretty free for both of us, you see), and as an old sea dog like him never would look around for another berth till every shot in his locker was gone, we was pretty well put to it before we got a chance—he as captain of the maintop, an' me as apprentice—on a great East Indiaman.

"Merchantmen—especially English mer-

"Merchantmen—especially English mer-chantmen—carried apprentices like meno-o'-war then, and the Ronald (that was the name of the ship) had six.
"We had a place to ourselves in the waist of the ship, and didn't have to bunk for and with the men. Fact was, we wann't allowed in the for c'stle at all, and the bo's'n would have ropes ended us, if he caught us there, for they were mighty strict on them Fast Indiamen; but I often sneaked in to hear the men tell yarns.

Sometimes those East Indiamen had consorts, as they called 'em—smaller ves-sels armed as heavy as reg'lar warships; for England was mostly at war those days, and, any way, the southern seas, both the Atlantic and Pacific, and, of course, the Indian Ocean, were infested with all sorts of freebooters.

with all sorts of freebooters.

"But the Ronald wasn't accompanied by one of them; instead, she carried a 'long ton' in her bow and two smaller guns aft, and there were plenty of cutiases and side arms to deal out to the men in the care of trouble.

case of trouble.
"Lively times in those days, when a vessel was sighted at sea, now I tell you, boys! We never knew, till we got within shooting distance, whether she was friend

or foe—and sometimes not even then.
"We had a lively brush with some sort
of copper skinned chans off the coast of
Afriky, but it didn't 'mount to nothing, for we overmatched her by a good deal. But we had some fun when we had got way round on to ther side of the big country— after we had touched at Calcutta, in fact.

The Bonald was booked for Chinathen 'round the world home-you see, 'twas no short voyage we were taking. We lay two months at Calcutta, unloading and loading again, and a nice time we had of it, for 'twas just at the sickly season.

"We lost four men with one thing and another, and two more deserted. I be-lieve Poley would have deserted himself if I'd gone with him: there's nothing an old sailor hates worse than laying in port in the middle of a voyage, and if he can

in the middle of a voyage, and it he can get away he will.

"But I sort o' anchored the old chap to the Ronald, for he was really fond of me, you see. We got under way again at last, and I never was so glad to see land disappear behind me as I was to see Injy drop out of sight. drop out o' sight.

We made right for the Malay straits.

we made right for the Malay strats, an' that's where we came to grief.

"All the way down from Calcutta we noticed a native vessel sort o' dodging along in our wake-like a pilot folierin' a shark, as it was-and Captain Norman begun to grow suspicious. But we was well armed, and the old man warn't secret o', no pireta affect so he said to scared o' no pirate afloat, so he said to

the mate.
"Well, the wind left us one day when we had just 'raised' the tip end o' Suma-tra, and it stayed calm as a mill pond all

tra, and it stayed came as a summarday.

"It's either getting ready for a big squall, or for pirates,' says Cap'n Norman, an' as it turned out we got both.

"We warn't caught nappin', by no manner o' means. We showed no lights when it come night, and had plenty of sharn eyes and ears on the lookout: but them pesky natives, with their sweeps, drove their boat almost onto us before we knowed it.

"The bo's'n whistled to quarters, pretty sharp, now I tell you, and every man Jack of us sprung to the work. We managed to get one of our guns trained right, and we blew the first boat to flinders, but others popped up all about us, and we pretty near had our hands full.

pretty near had our hands full.

"To cap it all, while we was fighting like Klikenny cats, and tryin' to keep the greasy rascals from boardin' us, the wind came down like it was sent by the evil one himself! For ten minutes, mebbe, I never saw it blow so hard in all my life.

"Of course it scattered the pirates, but before we could get the old Ronald limbered up above as the bad west Second.

bered up, she was in a bad way. Several heavy spars were snapped, and enough canvas carried away to supply a schooner

as big as the Caseo yonder.

"And then somebody blundered (and padd for it with his life, most likely) and exploded one of the powder magazines, and in a second we was all ablaze

"What with pirates and hurricane and fire, the old Ronald was doomed, and the captain knew it. Those of us who warn't injured gathered up those who were, and we lowered the boats just as the wind went down again, as quickly as the design. it had arisen.

The fire would draw the pirates back.

"The fire would draw the pirates back, we knew, and we wanted to get away under cover of the darkness.

"But they sighted us after all (or at least some of 'em did), and three of the broas chased us toward land. Some of the bonts got separated in the darkness, but the captain's, Mr. Scudder, the maie's, and the boat Poley and I were in, which was commanded by the third officer, Matland, hung together, and we did our best to beat the pirates off,

"It was so terrible near sunrise, however, that they could see us pretty plainly (It was past midnight when the first at-

(it was past midnight when the first at tack was made), and we suffered awfully from their fire. Mr. Maitland, in our boat, was killed outright, and that rattled us so that we pulled straight for the nearest that we pulled straight for the nearest point of land, and left the other boats to look out for themselves, "One of the proas made after us, and it

began to look as though we were surely

in for it.

"I'm a goin to slip overboard and swim ashore," whispers Poley in my ear.
Do you foller me.'
"But the sharks," says I.
"'I'll risk them, says he. 'If we stay here we shall be food for 'em any way. Keep paddlin' and they'll not get ye.'
"There was a good deal in what he stid, for the pirates were almost onto us now, and so I slipped over the gunwale, and swum beside him toward the shore.
"We heard the agonized yells of our

"We heard the agonized vells of our luckless shipmates behind us, as the pron overtook them, but we kept right on to the shore, and as soon as we struck shoal water, Poley took my hand and we

waded in and hid in the jungle till the sun

"When it got real light we see at once that the piratical proas had disappeared— but so had the Ronald's small boat. There wasn't a sail in sight on the ocean

"I was but a lad then though well grown for my age, but I can remember how I felt when I looked out on that solemn expanse of heaving waves, and knew that most likely all the brave officers and jolly tars of the good ship had followed the Ronald herself to the bottom.

"I know I cried some, big boy though I was, and at first Poley wouldn't let me leave the jungle, but made me stay buck from the shore till he had walked along the edge of the sea for a half mile or so in either direction.

"One thing he did it for was so's to get

out of sight of any of the bodies that might have washed ashore, for he didn't want me to see my poor shipmates. "When, afterward, I came across little

mounds back from high water mark, I knew nough not to ask what they were, for I suspected that they marked the places where the kind hearted old sailor had buried the men who were washed in the waves. He found me some strange kind of

"He found me some strange and or fruits in the jungle, and on these we lived the first day, nor did we venture any farther inland, for we had no weapons.
"But in the afternoon we marched several miles along the beach, and were for-

tunate in finding one of the ship's boats that had floated ashore, and in it was a little case of biscutt and three guns, which the pirates had not taken; but one of the guns was broken. And there was a small supply of ammunition with the guns, too. The thwarts and seats of the boat was splashed with blood, and it was well

nigh enough to turn me sick, to see these ghastly reminders of the butchery which

had gone on.
"But now we were armed, and could be some extent, as we had venture inland to some extent, as we had feared to do before, because of the wild animals which infest the island.

We camped that night right near the shore. thore, and dared have a fire, too; in fact. have had one, for there was more than one sort o' creature howling and roar-ing in the forest behind us, an' there isn't any beast but a salamander that can stand fire.

"In the morning we struck bravely in-land, for Poley was afraid that the pirates might be lurking around the shore, and twas better to risk meeting almost any

other heathen rather than Malay pirates.
"But we had an adventure that first morning that drove us back to the sea ag'in in short order. Fact of it is, a sailor han't any business on land—he'd better stick to the sea, or within sound of it, at all times. This is the way it happened. "Poley had given me one of the guns to

carry, and I strode along as chipper as you please, feeling pretty proud to be car-rying a gun; for, you know, it don't take rying a gun; lor, you know, it don't take much to lighten up young hearts, and there were so many new sights and sounds around me that I had forgotten all about the terrible scenes of bloodshed through which I had so recently passed. "Poley had lagged behind a few yards to pick some fruit which he knew to be good when all at once I caught sight of a

good, when all at once I caught sight of a wondrously pretty bird in the branches of a tree overhead. With boyish thoughtsness I swung my gun to my shoulder

and fired at the pretty creature.
"It was only luck, for it couldn't have been anything else, which caused the bullet to bit the bird, and uttering a plaintive cry it came fluttering down almost to

feet. I was not sportsman enough to observe a rule, which I understand is universal, an' that was to load my gun ag'in

versal, an' that was to load my gun ag in before doin' anythin' else.
"I rushed forward to seize the fowl, which, though wounded sorely, fluttered over the long grass just before me. Sev-eral times it eluded me, and just as I stooped to seize it at last, there resounded a most terrifying rour through the forest a most terrifying roar through the forest, and with a bound a buge tiger darted out of the jungle and planted himself between me and my companion, who was several rods in the rear.

roar of the beast drove all thought of the wounded bird from my

mind, and I experienced a fearful shock on turning and seeing the flerce eyes of the tiger glaring at me.
"I could not run; I could not shoot.

For the moment I seemed to be deprived

of all power of motion. These glaring eyeballs fascinated me as a serpent fascinates the bird.

"The huge brute, his long tail sweeping to and fro on the grass, its weight and power laying flat the sword-like blades, crouched for its spring; and yet I was unable to move hand or foot. I saw the able to move hand or foot. I saw the great inuscles swell on the tiger's shoulders. Another instant and his body would leave the ground and cleave the air to the very spot on which I stood!

Aye, he did leap; but 'twas in mortal ony. For just as the huge body left the agony. For just as the huge body left the ground there was the sharp report of a gun, and the tiger fell short of my position. rolled over and over in the gras

and then lay still.

"Poles, honest old fellow, had run up just in the nick of time, and put a bullet where it would do the most good.

"If that's the sort o' critters they has here, we'd best get out,' says he, and so

we tramped back to the beach ag'in in

short order.
"Well, boys, we were a long time on Well, 1978, we were a long time on that descrited shore afore we got away. Sometimes we'd see native boats skirting along the coast, but we didn't dare signal them, for there was no knowing friend

But after many days there was an honest, square rigged craft hove in sight, which proved to be a Dutch vessel bound to the Cape o' Good Hope from the China Sea. The Dutch were great navigators in

them days.
"They took us aboard—and there was
"They took the ship (the Kaspar, her one thing about the ship (the Kaspar, her name was) that I want to mention, be-cause it's something you won't see now-adays unless you go the China seas yourself.

self.

"John Chinaman, when he builds a ship—or junk, as they are called—always paints an eye on either side of the bow. 'If no have eye, how can see?' says he. And in those old days, the Dutchmen—or many of them—ild the very same thing. The Kaspar had an eye painted on either side of the heel of her bowsprit.

"Of course neither Poley nor me could

"Of course neither Poley nor me could talk Dutch; but they were kind to us on the Kaspar, and when we got to the Cape, they paid Poley for his work in good, hon-est English gold. I wasn't much use on board, but they never charged me nothing for my feed and tobacco.

"Well, we were two months in getting away from the Cape, and then twas in the wrong direction—at least in the wrong direction for me, for by that time I was very, very homesick—and we cruised about those Eastern waters, on one vessel and another, for the greater part of a year. And then, by good fortune, we got berths in the same ship for England, by the way of the Horn, and a happier fellow than me you never see when we stepped ashore at Liverpool.

ashore at Liverpool.

"Poley wanted to stay ashore long enough to use up the money he'd saved (it really seemed burdensome to the old man), and the only way in which I got him to ship again with me on an American vessel bound for New York, was to take the greater part of his savings off his hands. his hands.

nis nands.
"We arrived in sort almost four years from the time I drifted away in Hiram Smith's little dory from this here very cove, and I tellyon, it didn't take me long to get from New York home.
"My! but didn't the old farm seem good to me after I'd been suitoring for so long. I thought at the lite partiting workly excellent.

I thought at the time nothing would ever get me away from it again. But, once a sailor always a satlor, and back I was on a merchantman's deck in less than two

ears.
"Poley wouldn't go home with me that time, though I wanted he should, for I felt a good deal of gratitude to the old fellow for the many times he'd got me out of scrapes (after he'd got me into them. mostly).

He stayed in port till he'd used up all his money, and then went to sea again, and, dye know, when I went back to sea myself, as second mate of the old brigantine Calvoso, who should be the first man to come over the rail from the shipping office the day we sailed, but old Poley

himself!
"Well, that's the way it is at sea," the old man said knocking the ashes from his pipe as a sign that the long yarn was ended; "allus something or other coming up that's strange and unexpected. old Poley died that very voyage out, and we buried him off Gibralta'; but I allus kep' a spot in my heart sort o' 'sacred to his memory.'"

[This Story began in No. 586.]

A Rolling Stone.

BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XIII.

WREN SECURES A SITUATION.

On reaching Albany Wren went to Captain Pellet and expressed his desire to leave the boat.

"Do you find your work too hard?" asked the captain.
"No. skr."

sked the captain.
"No, sk."
"What is your reason then?"
"Sam doesn't like me and I think it
ill be better to leave."
"Sam has nothing to do with those

"sam nas nothing to do with those whom I employ."
"Besides Mr. Vincent will try to get me something to do on shore."
"That alters the question. In that case it may be for your advantage to go."

"That alters the question. In that case it may be for your advantage to go."

The captain was really relieved by Wren's decision. He foresaw that there would be friction between the two boys, and Sam, being his nephew, would have to stay at any rate. So he paid Wren a week's salary—two dollars—and secured an Albany boy in his place.

Mark Vincent went to the Delavan House, but as this was a high priced house, he placed Wren at a cheap hotel near by.

"I shall spend a week in Albany," he said, and during that time I will try to find something for you to do. You can also look reund you self."

The hotel at which Wren was a guest charged but a dollar and a quarter a day and was not frequented by a fashionable class. Among the guests was a somewhat portly gentleman who registered on the books as Professor Harris.

He was the proprietor of a panorama, or series of sketches of a va-

Harris.

He was the proprietor of a panorama, or series of sketches of a varied character which he was exhibiting in a small hall in the city. Wren sat next to him at the table, and the two became acquainted. The professor was a genial person, and Wren found him a pleasant companion.

'Are you traveling on business, my young friend?' asked the professor at the dinner table.

'No, sir, I am looking for a situation."

Mhat did you do last?"

"What did you do last?"
"I was employed on the Peekskill, a freight boat plying between New York and Albany."
"And why did you leave?"
"I got into a little difficulty with the captain's nephew, and though the captain took my part it made it unpleasant for me to stay."
"I see. I judge that you have money or you would not be able to stay at a hotel."
"A good friend of mine. Mr. Mark."

"I see. I judge that you have money or you would not be able to stay at a hotel."

"A good friend of mine, Mr. Mark Vincent, is paying my expenses till I get work."

"If you have nothing else to do this evening, use this ticket. It will admit you to the hall where I exhibit my pancrama."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be very glad to go."

Wren repaired to the hall at eight o'clock. The professor acted as lecturer and explained the various views. He had a good command of language, and did his part very well.

There was a young lady who appeared at intervals and sang popular songs in a shrill voice, but she received a fair amount of applause from the spectators who were not disposed to be fastidious.

There was rather a hitch about the succession of views as the man who assisted Professor Harris was under the influence of liquor. On the whole Wren thought the show a fair one, and so expressed himself to the professor on their return to the hotel.

"Thank you, my young friend," said Professor Harris. "I am glad you are pleased. It shows that you are a young man of taste. I was very much annoyed by the condition of my as-

sistant. Time and time again he has promised me to leave off drinking, and as often he has broken his promise. Do you ever drink?"
"No, sir," answered Wren, half in-

dignant.

dignant.

No offense," said the professor,
"but I have an idea. It has just occurred to me. You are in search of
employment?"

"Yes, sir."
"I want to get rid of my assistant.
Why shouldn't you take his place?"
"I shall be glad to do so, if you
think I am capable."

"Oh yes, you are a stout boy, and I
am sure you are intelligent and can
easily learn what will be required of
you."

you."
"Do you expect to remain in Al-

"Do you expect to remain bany, sir?"
"No; this is my last week here. I shall go off on the road. Do you object to travel?"
"No, sir, I should like it"
"You will see something of the world, but I can't pay you much. How will five dollars a week and your avenues do?"

How will five dollars a week and your expenses do?"
"I shall be quite satisfied."
"Then you may go over with me to the hall this afternoon and I will give you some instruction in your duties. My assistant will be away, so that he won't get an inkling of my intention to discharge him till you are competent to fill his place."
The plan was carried out. Wren was quick to learn and in the course of an hour he felt that he understood pretty well the duties of the position offered him.

hour he ien and the position of the different him.

There were two more days. He attended each performance, by way of making himself more familiar with his work.

It was on the first of these days that he met Sam near the pier at which the Peekskill lay. He hadn't seen him since the day of the boat's arrival.

seen him since the day of the boat's arrival.

"Hello!" said Sam. "So my uncle bounced you?"

"You are mistaken," answered Wren calmly. "I asked him to let me go."

"I don't believe it."

"You can ask him if you like."

"Where are you staying?"

Wren mentioned the hotel.

"You must have pienty of money," sneered Sam.
"No. I have not."

eered sam. 'No, I have not." "How do you expect to pay your

ып

bill?"
"It will be paid."
"It will be a long time before you get another place."
Wren smiled.
"I have got one already," he said.
"What is it?"
"I am to travel with Professor Harris, who has a panorama."
"How much will you get?" inquired Sam.

ris, who has a panorama."
"How much will you get?" inquired Sam.
"Five dollars a week and my expenses. By the way, here is a compilmentary ticket if you would like to come this evening."
"Thank you." said Sam, who never refused a ticket to a place of amusement. "I shouldn't mind traveling a little myself. Doesn't the professor want a man to take tickets?"
"I don't think so."
"I don't think so."
"I don't mind telling you that I am tired of the Peekskill, but as the captain is my uncle, I feel obliged to go with him. You'll have a good deal better time traveling round."
"I think so myself."
"If the professor should want another man, just write and let me know."
"All right!"

All right!" "All right!"
Thus a reconciliation was effected between the two boys, and Captain Pellet was considerably astonished the next day when Sam and Wren came on board the Peekskill in friendly con-

"How are you getting on, Wren?" he asked. "Do you want to come back?"

back?"
"No, sir: I have got a place."
In answer to the captain's inquirles he told what kind of a place it was.
"I am glad for you," the captain said. "If you want to come on board the Peekskill at any time, your old place will be given you."
"Thank you, sir."

the Peekskill at any time, your old place will be given you."
"Thank you, sh:"
Wren had aiready called at the Delavan to tell Mr. Vincent that he had secured employment, but did not find him in. On his way back from the Peekskill, which sailed that afternoon, he met the drummer.
"Wren." said Mr. Vincent, "I am unexpectedly called to Buffalo. I start tonight. I regret that I have been unable to get you a situation before I go."

nable to see ...
So."
Wren smiled.
"I have got one myself," he said,

"Good! I am pleased to hear it. What is it?"
"What sort of a man is Professor Harris?" he asked, after Wren had explained about his engagement. "He seems a very pleasant man. I think I shall like him as an employer."

ployer."
"How is he financially? Has he got

so as to have something to fall back upon."
"If you get into trouble, write to me to the care of my firm."
"Thank you, sir."
Saturday evening Professor Harris

Thank you, sir." Saturday evening Professor Harris said to his assistant when he paid him his week's sailary, "I shall not require your services any longer."
"What!" exclaimed the assistant. The professor repeated his words. "You won't be able to get along without me!" said the other. "Won't I?" asked the professor. smiling.

smiling.

"Your successor is already engaged."
"Who is it?"
"I don't think it necessary to tell

"Who is it?"
"I don't think it necessary to tell you."
There was nothing more to be said, and the disappointed assistant regretted too late that he had by his own conduct forfeited his position. The professor started on the line of the New York Central Raicoad, stopping at towns which were of sufficient importance to warrant it.
Wren entered at once upon his duties. He took tickets at the door up to eight o'clock, and then went on the stage to assist the professor. One afternoon the professor said to him, "I am in trouble. Miss Pierce my musician, has just informed me that owing to a cold which has made her hoarse, she will not be able to sing this evening. I am afraid the audience will be disappointed."
Wren looked sympathetic.
"Can you sing?" asked his employer.
"No, sir, but I can whistle."
"Ite me hear you."
They were in the professor's room at the hote!. Wren had cultivated whistling, and was able to imitate the notes of the robin, besides whistling several popular melodies.
It had never occurred to him that he could make use of this accomplishment, but the professor's face brightened as he listened.
"That's fine!" he said. "You shall take Miss Pierce's place this evening."

CHAPTER XIV. WREN'S SUCCESS

Professor Harris was an energetic man. He immediately sent over to the office of the weekly paper the fol-lowing item which was printed in poster style:

At Professor Harris's Great Panorama show, which will be open to the public this evening at the Town Hall,
-:- MASTER WREN WINTER -:-

Will Make His Debut.

All who hear him will be astonished and charmed.

and charmed.

When Wren saw this, he hardly knew what to think or say. It made him feel very bashful.

"They will expect too much, professor," he said. "I wish you hadn't spoken of me so highly."

"All is fair in war—and business," replied Professor Harris. "Besides, you really do whistle very well."

"I am glad you think so, but perhaps the audience may not agree with you."

"Don't he alarmed! You're bound to succeed."

"I hope I shall. I shouldn't like to have any bad eggs thrown at me."

"There is no fear. Only do your best."

"I will."

best.

i will." will."
When the professor appeared on the stage he said: "I shall væry the performance this evening, but you will have no reason to complain. Miss Picrce, my talented vocalist, has a cold, but in her place Master Wren Winter, who has exhibited his talent before most of the sovereigns of Europe, will charm you by his splendid and picturesque whistling. I have to pay him a very high price, but I feel that this intelligent audience deserves the best entertainment, no matter what my outlay. I will show

a few African scenes, and then will introduce to you Master Wren."
Wren heard this high sounding announcement with some trepidation, but when the time came for him to appear, he summoned his courage, and gave an imitation of a robin red breast.

A young performer, if he possesses fair talent, gradually catches the public.

fair talent, public.

It was so with Wren. He did himself great credit, and his performance was followed with tumultous applications of the second se was followed with tumultous ap-plause and a voceriferous encore. "My friends," said the professor, bowing his thanks, "Master Wren will in a short time favor you again, but as his performance is fatiguing, he must with a law mituals before

t as ans persormance is fatiguing, must wait a lew minutes before sisting again."

This was received favorably by the dience, and they waited patiently in Wren appeared once more. The plause was again hearty and propered.

Five times during the evening Wren appeared, and each time scored a suc-

Five times during the evening Wren appeared, and each time scored a success. When the entertainment was over, the professor shook the hand of his young assistant.

"You've done yourself proud, Wren," he said. "You have laid the foundation of a great reputation. You have helped me very materially."

"I am very glad of it, professor. I ought to do my best considering the high price' you pay me," he added with a smile.

"Ahem!" said the professor, a little embarrassed, for Wren was quoting his own words. "I hope to seemy way clear to increasing your salary, if you continue to take with the public. We must wait a little."

"All right, professor!" rejoined Wren good naturedly. "Don't fc-get that I am the champion boy whistler of two continents."

"We will try to make you so. I have only anticipated a little. I am following in the steps of Barnum, who was the champion showman of the world."

The next day they did not leave town till about noon.

Wren took a walk in the village.

Finally a boy rather larger than himself, ventured to address him.

"I say, you're the great whistler, ain't you?" he began.

"I' whistled last evening in the Town Hall." said Wren modestiy.

"Your name's Wren Winter, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"My name is Jerry Clavpole."

'Yes." "Yes."
"My name is Jerry Claypole."
"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Claypole."
"I whistle a little myself, but I
never tried to imitate birds. Is it
hard?"
"Well, it requires practice."
"Sây, do you think a feller that
whistles pretty well, could learn
how?

"say, do you think a teller that whistles pretty well, could learn how?
"I think so, I did."
"Were you named Wren on account of your bein' able to imitate birds?"
"No, I don't think so. I was named Wren when I was a baby, and I didn't whistle much then," answered Wren gravely.
"I'd like to take lessons of you."
"As I am traveling all the time you couldn't do that unless you traveled with me. I never took lessons. You have the same chance that I did."
Jerry booked thoughtful.
"What would you advise me to do?" he asked. "I want to go round whistlin' like you."
"You might take lessons of a robin."
"How's that?"

robin."
"How's that?"
"Just notice how a robin sings, and imitate him."
"Is that the way you did?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Gosh, I'll do it. Say, how much does the professor pay you?"
"He wouldn't be willing to have me tell. That is a secret between us."

"How old are you?"

"How old are you?"
"Sixteen."
"So am I. I am half a head taller
than you!" said Jerry proudly.
"Yes, I think you are."
"Now I will show you how I can
whistle," said Jerry. And pursing his
lips. he struck up a lively air.
"What do you think of that?" he
asked.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.
"You can whistle louder than I can."
"Hear that, fellows!" said Jerry, turning round to the boys who accompanied him.
"I suppose you have whistled since you were quite a young boy."
"Yes, I have. I'm awfully fond of whistling. I went to work in old Barlow's store, but he discharged me because I whistled so much. Some-

how it comes natural to me to whis-tle. Say, do you expect to come round this way again?"
"I don't know what the professor's plans are."

this way again?"
"I don't know what the professor's plans are."
"I was thinkin' if you did I could practice and let you know how much I had improved."
"If we come this way again," said Wren politely, "I shall be glad to have you call and let me hear you."
"Maybe the professor would like to h're another boy to whistle."
"If not, some other professor may."
"That's so. I'll start right off, and see what I can do. I don't see why I can't succeed as well as you."
"I wish you success, Mr. Claypole."
"I say, boys, he's a gentleman," said Jerry enthusiastically, after his interview with "the boy champion of two continents." "I'll lick any boy that says he ain't."
Jerry was as good as his word. He started to whistle soon after breakfast from that day, and whistled at intervals as long as he was awake.
He lived in the house with his aunt and grandmother, and nearly drove them distracted with his incessant whistling.
"If you must whistle go out into the woods," said his aunt.
After a very noisy exhibition one day, she asked him, "What are you making such a noise for, Jerry?"
"I am imitating a robin," he answered.
"Their sully out know about it," said Jerry annoyed. "Women never like whistlin."
"Not your kind. Jerry—I like the boy that whistled in the Town Hall."
"He'd never have learned if he'd had

"Not your kind. Jerry—I like the boy that whistled in the Town Hall." "He'd never have learned if he'd had a piecel of women all the time dis-

boy that whisted in the 10 M rail.

"He'd never have learned if he'd had a pircel of women all the time discouragin' him."

"I have no objection to your practicing if you will go into the woods. You can hear the robins there, and can learn faster."

This, on the whole, seemed reasonable to Jerry, and from that time, much to the relief of his aunt and grandmother he transferred his practicing from the house to the woods.

More than once he consoled himself with the rection when the limit that he had made a good deal or progress.

He had imitated the robin as well as he could, and one day he invited some of his boy friends into the fields to hear him.

A cet was leisurely walking across

"There, Jerry," said one of his boy friends, "there's a chance to try your skill. Cats like robins. Just imitate one, and see what effect it will have on the cat."

This struck Jerry as a good idea. He tuned up and began to imitate as he conceived the vocal treble of a robin.

The cat listened for s

robin.

The cat listened for a moment as if startled, then turned and ran wildly up the necrest tree.

Jerry's friends burst out laughing.

"You've scared the cat." they said.

"No," returned Jerry proudly.

"She's run up the tree after the robin." "No," r.
"She's run
robin."

CHAPTER XV. WREN ASSISTS AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

WREN ASSISTS AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Though Wren had first appeared before the public only as a substitute for Miss Pierce, his success induced Professor Harris to continue his whistling as a permanent feature of his entertainments.

He was justified in doing so, as wherever Wren went he was favorably received.

This was substified in doing so, as wherever Wren went he was favorably received.

This was subdoubtedly due in part to his youth. Had he been a man of middle age he would hardly have inspired so much interest.

At Syracuse, after the evening enteratinment was concluded, a boy pressed forward and ascended the platform to the stage.

"Did you wish to speak with me?" asked Professor Harris.

"No, sir. I wish to speak to Master Wren Winter."

The professor was somewhat surprised, but pointed to Wren, who was standing near by.

"My mother would like to see you, Master Winter," said the boy.

"Where is she?"

"I will take you to her."

Quite in the dark as to what was wanted. Wren followed his guide half way down the hall to where a richly dressed lady was still sitting in her seat,

"This is the boy whistler, mother."
"How long do you remain in Syracuse, Master Wren?" asked the lady with a gracious smile.
"Two nights more, madam."
"I will tell you at once my object in sending for you. My son Carl is to have a birthday party tomorrow evening. We shall have a considerable number of young people, and wish to provide a satisfactory entertainment for them. It has occurred to me that it would be especially appropriate to have a boy performer. Are you open to an engagement?"

"Yes, madam, that is, if it will not interfere with the professor."

"Suppose you ask Professor Harris to speak with me on the subject."

Wren bowed and soon reappeared with the professor.

"I understand you would like to obtain Wren's services for tomorrow evening," he said.
"Yes, if you have no objection."

"I shall have no objection if it does not interfere with my evening performance."
"I will see that it does not. At

"I shall have no objection if it does not interfere with my evening performance."

"I will see that it does not. At what time can you spare him?"

"At half past nine."

The lady bowed.

"At half past nine," she said, "a carriage will be at the door to bring him to my house."

As she spoke she handed a card to Wren, bearing the name MRS. MARK CONRAD.

"You will be ready?" she said.

"Yes, madam."

"Wren, you did not make any bargain as to the price you are to receive," said the professor.

"I thought it better to leave that to the lady's generosity. Of course professor, as I am in your service, I shall be willing to share with you."

"No, no, Wren, don't think I am such a money grabber. Outside of the entertainment your time is your own, and anything you can make extra I shall not grudge you. You are a poor boy, and you will find the money of service."

"Yes, sir, that is true. However, I don't suppose it will be much."

of service."
"Yes, sir, that is true. However, I don't suppose it will be much."
"How much do you expect?"
"A couple of dollars, perhaps."
"I feel sure you will recelve more. By the way you had better buy youself a new necktle. The one you are wearing is somewhat frayed. Have you a pair of kid gloves?"
"No, sir, I never owned a pair in my life."

"Then buy a pair. For my sake as well as your own you want to appear well."

well."
Wren had only recently purchased
a dark suit out of money saved from
his salary, so that he felt moderately
confident of making a good impres-

connect of making a good impression.

The first evening after his last appearance and before the entertainment was concluded, he ran down stairs and found a hack waiting at the door.

"Is this Mr. Wren Winter?" asked the cab driver.

"Yes."

"Then jump into the carriage."

Wren did so. In about fifteen minutes the carriage came to a stop.

The door was opened, and Wren found himself in front of a large and handsome house, blazing with lights.

"Is this Mrs. Conrad's house?" he inquired. mquired.
"Yes, sir."
Wren ran up the steps and rang the bell.

wren ran up the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by Cr. who said joyfully, "I am glad you have come. Come up stairs with me to the gentlemen's dressing room."

Up a' broad staircase Wren followed his young guide to a large room on the third floor.

"Now take off your coat and spruce up before the glass," said Carl, laughling. "Everybody will be looking at you. However, you are used to being looked at."

"Yes in a public hall, but not at a party."

"Oh, I guess you'll do."

arty."
"Oh, I guess you'll do."
Wren did not take long to "spruce

He followed Carl down stairs. At the entrance to the drawing room Mrs. Conrad was awaiting him.

"We are all glad to see you, Master Winter," she said, "and we shall soon want to hear you. I will give you a little time to rest, while my daughter Grace plays on the piano." But for Wren's experience in appearing before the public for a month, he would have felt ill at ease.

ease.

As it was, though he knew that all were looking at him with interest and curiosity, he managed to appear cool and composed.

When his turn came, he whistled a popular air in his best style. Only a few of the young people present had attended the professor's entertainment, and his performance was new to them.

There was quite a tempest of ap-

There was quite a tempest of applause when he concluded.
"Now, Wren," said Carl, who by this time felt very well acquainted, "I am going to take you round and introduce you to some of the young ladles. Can you dance?"
"Not very well. I have danced the lanckers once or twice."
"Then I will introduce you to my

"Then I will introduce you to my sister. She will get you through." Grace was a pretty girl a year and a half older than Carl. She was very gracious to Wren, whom she privately thought a very nice looking boy.

'Doesn't it make you tired to " she asked. answered Wren. "Sometimes whistle?

"No," enswared wren. "Sometimes I am afraid it will make those who hear me tired."
"You needn't be afraid of that. I can't say as much for Carl, however.
His whistling has made me tired more

than once."

"Who's talking about me?" asked Carl, who came up just then.

"Your sister doesn't seem to appreciate your whistling," said Wren.

"She doesn't appreciate me any way. If I was somebody else's brother she'd think more of me."

"Perhaps so," smiled Grace.

Presently Wren was asked to whistle again.

again

This time he gave his imitation of the robin's song, and it was received

the robin's song, and it was received with enthusiasm.

"We are going to have an acting charade, Wren," said Carl, "and we shall want you to take part."

"If it is anything I can do."

"You must tell me what to do."

"You must tell me what to do."

"The word selected was pat-ron-age. The first syllable was played by Carl and Wren.

Carl took the part of an Irishman fresh from the "ould sod," who was in search of employment. Wren filled the role of a farmer to whom the emigrant applied for employment.

The performance was impromptu and both boys acquitted themselves well.

well.

After the charade came the supper—
which the young people enjoyed, and
Wren as well, for he had been at
work through the evening.

After supper Carl played a piece on
the violin. He was not a fine performer but appeared to good advan-

fremer but appeared to good advantage.

Then Wren was asked to whistle "Home, Sweet Home," which he did to the general satisfaction.

It was now twelve o'clock, and the party broke up.

As they were all young people it was thought that this was quite late enough to stay.

Wren went up stairs to get ready to depart.

"I'm ever so glad you were with us tonight," said Carl.

"I'a my evry glad to have come."

"Where do you go next?"

"We expect to push on to Buffalo, stopping at all the places of any importance."

"Do you think you shall come back "Swacuse."

portance."
"Do you think you shall come back to Syracuse?"
"I don't know what the professor's plans will be."
"If you do you must be sure to call on us."

"If you do you must be sure to call on us."
"I will," said Wren, warmly clasping the hand of his young host.
At the foot of the stairs Wren met Mrs. Conrad.
"I am very much obliged to you for coming to us this evening," she said with a smile. "Just slip this into your pocket."
She presented him with a sealed en-

with a smile. "Just slip this into your pocket."

She presented him with a sealed envelope which he took with a bow. A hack was waiting outside. Wren gave the name of his hotel and was quickly whirled there.

When he arrived he found Professor Harris up and waiting for him. "Did you have a pleasant evening?" he asked.

"Tip top," answered Wren.

"Did you get two dollars?" asked the professor with a smile.

"I don't know. I'll soon find out."
He opened the envelope and found twenty five dollars in bills. He stared at the money in amazement.

ment.
"Could Mrs. Conrad have meant to give me so much?" he said.

n, yes. I congratulate you on good fortune, Wren." "Oh.

CHAPTER XVI.

WREN'S UNCLE GETS NEWS OF HIM.

More than once in the little farming town in Maine from which Wren had emigrated to the city Ephraim Train and his wife Sally had wondered what had become of the absent

what had become one phew.

As they sat by the kitchen fire one evening Mrs. Train said: "Father, I was dreamin' of Wren last night."

"Were you, wife?"

"Yes. I wonder where in creation he is. How long is it since he went away?"

Sally."

"Were you, wife?"

"Yes. I wonder where in creation he is. How long is it since he went away?"

"Three months, Sally."

"So I thought. It's a wonder we don't hear anything of him."

"Mebbe he hasn't money enough to pay for the paper and postage stamp."

"Mebbe he hasn't money enough to pay for the paper and postage stamp."

"Wery likely. He's a rollin' stone, and as the Bible says, rollin' stones, and as the Bible says, rollin' stones, and the proverb, which it is safe to say she would have had great difficulty in locating in the Bible.

"Weren has made his bed and he must lie on it," said Ephraim Train shortly. "If he had minded what I told him, and stayed at home he'd neutred have suffered for a meal of victuals, nor a bed. As it is, there's no knowin' whit's happened to him."

"It's his own fault, wife."

"It may be so, but young people will be young people. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders. Do you think Wren is in New York."

"Expect so. The idea of a boy like him goin' to New York! I was young once myself, Sally, but I didn't go trapesing off to New York."

"That's so, Ephraim. You was a very sensible boy."

"I was a boy. Here I am sixty seven years old and I've always had a roof over my head, three full meals of victuals a day, and a little money in the bank. I reckon that's more'n Wren will be able to say."

"Twee would you direct, Sally."

"There's a sight of people in New York."

"There's a sight of people in New York."

"Where would you direct, Sally?"
"I don't know. I might direct to
New York."
"I don't know. I might direct to
New York."
"There's a sight of people in New
York, and the post office folks
wouldn't be Hkely to know anything
of a sixteen year old boy there."
"What do you suppose Wren is doin'
to make a livin?"
"Hoeling pertatoes, or weedin'
onions," suggested Mr. Train with a
feeble attempt at sarcasm.
"Well. he knows how to do that,
but I didn't suppose there were many
farms in the city."
"No, there ain't, you goose. There's
no tellin' what Wren is doin'. It
won't be farm work any way."
"If he'd only write I should feel
better. Sometimes I think we'd ought
not to have let him go. He's only a
young boy, and he's the only nephew
we've got."
The good woman's remarks were
here broken in upon by the entrance
of a neighbor, Mrs. Silas Higgins, who
was greeted cordially by the old people.
With them the visit of a neighbor

With them the visit of a neighbor was about the only excitement that lightened the dull monotony of their

was about the only excitement that lightened the dull monotony of their lives.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mis' Higgins," said Sally Train, who was very apt to shorten the married title of her neighbors. "How's Mr. Higgins?"

"He's pretty smart, only he's troubled now and then with rheumatism."

"I had a touch myself last week." said Ephraim. "When a body gets old he's sure to have aches and eils."

"That's so, Mr. Train. Though I reckon you have about fifteen years the advantage of me in yerrs."

"It's likely, it's likely. You're quite a young woman. Mrs. Higgins."

"Than hay you. Mr. Train the years. We can't always be young."

"Than's so, but there's some compensations. The young are most ginerally foolish, Just before you came in I was talkin' to Sally about my nephew, Wren. I warned him against bein' a roilin' stone, but he would pay no heed to my words. I haven't heard a word from him since he went away."

"I'm glad you mentioned him, for I can give you some news of him."

"You don't say! What is it?" said Mrs. Train eagerly.
"I'll tell you how 'twas. I have a sister in Syracuse, York State, and now and then she sends us a paper. One come yesterday, and Fred, he was the first one to see a paragraph about Wren."
"Away off at Syracuse? Do tell!"
"Yes. I cut it out, and here it is."
From a capacious pocket Mrs. Higgins fished out a variety of articles, among them a scrap cut from a newspaper.

paper.
"There," she waid, "read that!"
"Please read it aloud, Mis'

"Prease read it aloud, Mis' Higgins."

Thic was the article.
"At Bentley's Hall last evening Professor Marris gave one of his popular pictorial entertainments. The foreign terropticon were very pleasing and instructive and were received with favor by the large audience. But the roos attractive feature of the entertainment was the wonderful whistling of Wren Winter, the Boy Wonder, whose imitations of the robin and other familiar birds were very natural and life like. The young whistler was crited with round after round of appliance, and made a most favorable impression."

impression."
"There, what do you think of that?"
asked Mrs. Higgins.
"Let me see it," said farmer Train

asked Mrs. Higgins.
"Let me see it," said farmer Train slowly.

Ie studied it over, and ejaculated, 'Yes, it's so. That's just what the paper says. It's most surprisin'!"

"So 'tis, Ephraim," said Aunt Sally. 'To think of our Wren standin' up before a big crowd of people in a city and whistlin'. What beats me is, how he _tt 'the chance. He's with a profescor, teo."

"Thyroin looked bewildered. It was contrary to his ewildered. It was contrary to his expectations that he could be realled it. "Wren always was a smart boy," said lire. Higgins, "but I didn't know he was such a fine whistler. Fred says he used to whistle a good deal when he was bush as fine whistler. Fred says he used to whistle a good deal when he was strange business."

"To ever thought anybody would get pay for whistlin'," said farmer Train. "It's a strange business."

"So it is, but if there's money in it, you can't blame the boy."

"I wish Wren would write and tell when he got the chance. After all, Ephraim. I dunno but Wren is doin' as well as if he had stayed at home."

Ephraim Train said very little, but sat back cuminating over the surprising news.

That a nephew of his should become

sat sack cuminating over the surprising news.

That a nephew of his should become a proper that had been brought up in his wown household, and worked by many a day, was wonderful. In his secret soul the farmer felt about in the papers out the farmer felt about in the papers, was underful about in the papers.

Be the provided of a boy that was "write any new of his success had reached his home in Maine.

He and not written because he did sympathize with him. They had branded him as a rolling stone, and he was not sure but he deserved the name.

At present he was fortunate enough to be earning a living and something the minus of his second to be earning a living and something the minus of the manner.

me.

t present he was fortunate enough
be earning a living and something
r, but he knew that his employnt was not a permanent one. What
uid come afterwards he did not

know.

If he filled only a subordinate place in a wholesale or retail house in the city where there was a chance to rise he would feel much surer of the

in a wholesale or retail house in the city where there was a chance to rise he would feel much surer of the future.

Still he was enjoying himself. It was a pleasant time in the year, and as the professor for the most part had one night stands, he was constantly on the move.

So they moved slowly from one place to another along the line of the New York Central Raliroad.

Finally they would reach Buffalo, and then Wren promised himself a visit to Niagara.

Ever since he was old enough to know anything about geography he had heard about Niagara Falls. He had frequently seen representations of them.

In fact the professor had in his list of pictures one of the Falls, and this Wren had seen so often that he was thoroughly familiar with the appearance of the cataract.

At last they reached Buffalo, where they were to remain a week.

On the morning of the second day Wren sald, "If you can spare me, Professor Harris, I will take a run or going, too".

Professor Harris shook his head.

"I have seen the Falls a good many times," he said. "There would be nothing new for me in them. I have a few things to do, and a letter to write to my wife. This will occupy me while you are away."
"You can spare me?"
"Yes, but I should like to have you back by five o'clock in the afternoon."
"All cight, sir. I will be sure to be back at that time."
I am not going to give an account of Wren's visit to Niagara. He joined a pleasant party, whose nequaintance he formed on the cars, and had a delightful time seeing the sights in their company.

lightful time seeing the sights in their compuny.

He did not forget his promise, but punctually at five o'clock he stepped out of the cars.

The professor was waiting for them, but his manner was agitated.

"What is the matter? Has anythink happened, professor?" asked Wren quickly.

"Yes, Wren," answered his employer in a broken voice. "The hall in which we exhibit has burned down, and all my views are burned with it."

(This story will be continued in the new monthly form of The Arross. See notice

monthly form of THE ARGOSY. See notice on editorial page.)

[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 XXV.

THE MYSTERIOUS ENGLISHMAN. Had the huts that lined the street

been of the ordinary construction, esseemed simple enough. But, instead of standing apart, they were built

compactly together.

There was not a crevice between them that a dog could have squeezed through.

"Back, you rascals!" cried Pieter, as the panic stricken Ashantees tried

to rush past him.
"I'm afraid it's all up with us, Carimoo," he added. "There's nothing left but to fight."

'We'll do that well," muttered Raf-

fles He lifted his rifle and poured a volley into the advancing Basongos.
Then Fulke and Clegg fired, but

with no visible effect.
"We no die yet," exclaimed Car-imoo. "Break house down-go in imoo. next street. See!"

He dashed at the right hand line of huts, and lifted his massive club. Crash! down went the wall of thatched mud.

"'Urrah," yelled Raffles; and the others joined in heartily, as they swarmed in a body through the gap The hut was empty and in dark-

The nut was empty and in dark-ness. The rear wall was speedly de-molished by rife blows. Thus a path was forcibly broken for fifty yards, and when the fugitives emerged on a narrow street they found the coast clear in front and behind.

No doubt the flames had checked the advance of the Basongos and compelled them to turn back.

"They will soon be at our heels again," cried Pleter. "On, Carimoo. No time to lose."

The fugitives sped from street to street. Every moment they expected to be cut off, for the howling and velling of the Basongos now came from all quarters.

conflagration was srceading. The sky was ruddy with sparks and the reflection of the flames.

flames.

Suddenly half a score of negroes swarmed into the street from a cross thoroughfare, twenty yards in front of the fugitives. They blocked the way, yelling flercely spears. and hurling

spenrs.
"We can't turn back, men," cried Fulke, who was in the lead with Cari-

negroes fell, and the survivors bolted down the cross street with wild

"Well done," cried Fulke. "The way is clear. Forward, men."

Just as the words left his lips a Just as the words left his lips a shrill voice rang out in tones of en-treaty from a large, conical hut, in front of which the party had stopped. "Help! help! I am an Englishman like yourselves. Help me for the love

A dull blow and a snarl of anger cut short the appeal.

For an instant Pieter and his com-

panions were stupefied by amazement. They could scarcely believe that they had heard aright.

had heard aright.
Then, blind to their perilous situation, they dashed at the hut.
"There is an English prisoner heae,"
cried Fulke. "We must rescue him."
He lifted his rifle and struck furiously at the door. Before he or the others could repeat the blow, a spear whizzed through the thatch, narrowly missing Raffles' head.

The besiegers fell back a little.
"Batter in the wall," roared Pieer. "All hands to the attack."

But just then a howling mob of Basongos entered the street a short distance in the rear. They spled the fugitives, and made at them sav-

agely.
"Too late," cried Fulke. "It is certain death to linger."

"Aye, that's right," responded Pieter. "Forward now, lively."

The attack on the hut was reluctantly abandoned, and the flight for freedom began anew.

On sped pursuers and pursued, the gap between them constantly grow-

ig less.
From the rear Pieter and Raffles fired intermittently.

fired intermittently.

Fulke's brain was in a whirl as he ran along by the side of Clegg and Carimoo. He could think of nothing but the wretched Englishman whom they were leaving behind in captivity. That pitiful appeal for help still rang

That pittul appeal for neep still rang in his ears.
"Do you know anything of the man, Carimoo?" he panted. "Who he is, or how he came here?"
Carimoo shook his head. How to

escape the Basongos was the only question that concerned him just

then.

"Ask Ruba," insisted Fulke.

"He
will surely know all about it."

At that very instant a long spear
came whizzing from the open door
of a hut on the left side of the street. of a flat on the left side of the street.

It passed through Ruba's body from side to side, and the poor fellow rolled over with a gasping cry.

Thus ended all hope of learning the Englishman's identity. There was no time for vengeance. Those behind trampled Ruba's body

under foot. Madly the little band sped on from

street to street, ably guided by Cari-

Finally a turning hid the howling Finally a turning hid the nowing mob of Basongos, and a moment later the north gate of the town loomed up in front. It was unguarded, and the panting and exhausted fugitives staggered through.

Fear of pursuit drove them on until the flames of the burning town and the yelling of the bloodthirsty in-habitants were out of sight and hear-

ing.

Then, in single file, and clinging to one another, they followed Carlmoo through the pitchy black jungle, heedless of lacerating thorns and them ener grass. sharp spear grass.

Bulo was half a dozen miles behind when the weary men sank down on the bank of a tiny stream. They could go no farther, and after

moo. "We must fight our way forward. Give them a volley."

"That's right, lad," shouted Pieter, from the rear. "All together, now. Aim low when you fire."

The little band halted. The next instant the rifles cracked. Half of the received fill and the survivors holted.

They breakfasted on fruits and berries, and then briefly discussed their

ries, and then briefly discussed their future plans.

"We must travel as many miles as possible today," declared Pieter. "By this time pursuing parties have no doubt started from Bulo. Bango will spare no pains to kill you, Carimoo."

The nerro's ever flashod. The negro's eyes flashed.

"Me be king some day," he said, doggedly.
"I'm afraid not," replied Pieter.

"I'm amaid not," replied Fleter.
"You are no match in cunning and deviltry for your bloodthirsty cousin. You will be simply throwing your life away if you attempt to recover the

throne."
For a time Carimoo would not be convinced, but he was finally led to see the wisdom of Pleter's advice.
"Me no go back to my people," he

see the wisdom of Pieter's advice.

"Me no go back to my people," he sald. "Let Bango be king. Me show you diamond mountain. Then me go long to big sea. You take me on iron ship. Me stay with you uns."

"That you shall," exclaimed Pieter heartly. "It is a wise choice, Carimoo. Instead of being buried alive in the heart of Africa you shall see foreign lands and cities."

"Won't 'e open 'is eyes when 'e gets

"Won't 'e open 'is eyes when 'e gets to Lunnon?" said Raffles. "An' won't we cut a swell with our diamonds?"

we cut a swell with our diamonds:
"Provided John Japp don't steal a
march on us," replied Clegg, "and we
don't fall into the hands of the don't fall into the hands of the Basongos. I'm mostly worried about Japp. He must have met Bango's hunting party this side of the Kong Mountains. We may run across him any time."

"We won't borrow trouble," said Pleter. "With Carimoo to guide us we ought to reach the diamond mountain before the Arabs. If we are

we ought to reach the diamond mountain before the Arabs. If we are so unlucky as to stumble upon them we'll fight for all we're worth. For my part I think it more than likely that Japp and his band will be picked

off by the Basongos while crossing the forest."
"I hope so," fervently replied Clegg.
"That will remove the greatest dan-

ger from our path. "There is little else to fear," said Pleter. "Once we get the diamonds we can take a different route to the Pieter.

"And leave that Englishman to his

"And leave that Englishman to his fate?" exclaimed Fulke indignantly. "That would be a cowardly thing." "Softly, softly, my lad," replied Pieter. "There are no cowards here. I admire your spirit, but not your thoughtlessness. "Will one life balance all of ours? Gladly would I save that poor fellow if it were possible. But to venture near Bulo again would be certain death. It is not a pleasant subject. It were best not to talk of it further." "Forsive me." said Fulke. "I spoke

further."
"Forgive me," said Fulke. "I spoke rashly. I see now that you are right. But it is hard to leave a fellow counterman to such a fate." tryman to such a fate.
"Bitter indeed,"

"Bitter indeed," replied Pieter.
"Yet there is no other course."
"The man may be beyond help," spoke up Clegg. "Some one struck him brutally when he appealed to us. The blow may have killed him."
"It was a moreful release then," replied Fulke. "I should feel easter if I knew that the poor fellow was dead."
Here the course."

dead."
Here the conversation ended, and a moment later the party were threading the fastnesses of the great forest. But their thoughts were with the mysterious captive in the distant junctic town.

CHAPTER XXVI. IN THE VALLEY OF THE FIVE

PEAKS. For three days the fugitives traveled through this continuation of the mighty forest of Walgara . •

They were constantly in a gloom that was as deep as twilight. Rarely did they catch a glimmer of the blue ky overhead.

At night, not daring to build fires, they protected their camp from wild beasts by a hedge of thorn bushes. they subsisted on the products of the

hey subsisted on the products of the orest, fruit, nuts, and edible roots. Happily no vengeful Basongos ambuscaded them, or crossed their path; nor did they encounter John Japp and his band.

The third day found them all well, and in good spirits. They were hopeful of accomplishing their quest without further bloodshed.

That meaning. Pleter ventured to

out further bloodshed.

That movining, Pieter ventured to shoot a small deer and a brace of jungle fowl. For the first time a fire was built, and the hungry men dined

was built, and the nungry men dined on savory flesh.

As the day wore on without a break in the dense forest, a fever of anxiety and impatience seized every heart. The conviction that they were

heart. The conviction that they were lost became stronger.

Long before this the cluster of mountains should have been reached.

The Ashantees rebelled and uttered mutinous words. They were homesick and weary.

Even Pleter was a little despond-

Even Pieter was a little despondent.

"The compass shows that we have been traveling due east," he said, "but we may easily have passed the mountains without knowing it. They did not look to be far from Bulo, yet the town is now sixty miles behind us—if not more. However, distances in Africa are deceptive. We will push on for another day."

The worst of it was that Carimoo was evidently perplexed. He marched stoildly at the head of the column, and merely shook his head when questioned.

auestioned.

So the hours slipped by until mid afternoon. Then a queer shaped cock by the side of the path brought Cari-

by the side of the path prought carr-moo to a sudden halt. Evidently he had found a familiar landmark. He uttered a shout of joy, and dashed on at a run.

The others kept pace with him as best they could.

Soon a low, roaring sound fell on heir ears. It grew louder and

Then the jungle and the dense forest of trees fell away so abruptly that all eyes were dazzled by the sudden glare of light.

It was a truly wonderful and majes-It was a truly wonderful and major-le scene that now lay open before he weary travelers. They stood on the bank of a swift tic scene that

They stood on the bank of a switt and narrow torrent that brawled over rocks and reefs. Looking to the southward, in which direction the torrent flowed, they saw its blue waters gilde between two gigantic mountains, whose shape was that of

a bullet.
Their altitude could not have been less than eight thousand feet. For half that distance they rose sheer, sloped to a conical point.

They stood so close together that a stone could easily have been thrown

a stone count cash, have the stream made its way.

Between these twin mountains the most marvelous sight of all was visible. Here a third bullet-shaped cone reared itself to an even loftier attitude.

seemed to block the farther side

It seemed to block the farther side of the gorge, leaving no space for the torrent to swirl by.

For two thirds of the way up it was covered with vegetation and timber of the richest green. The conical peak was of bare rock that glistened and sparkled like myriads of dia-monds in the drooping rays of the sun. Beyond this mountain a brief glimpse was had of the sloping sides of two others—making five in all. For several minutes not a word was

spoken. Even the rude Ashantees were awed by the majestic splendor of the scene.

Then Pleter drew a long breath.

"These are the peaks we saw from the Kong Mountains," he said, "the same that are marked on your lost map, Clegg. Look! they are five in number!'

"And the one in the middle is the diamond mountain," exclaimed Fulke. Eh, Carimoo?

"There be diamonds," replied the negro. "Me say me bring you uns here. Me no lose the way."

here. Me no lose the way."
"Diamonds!" muttered Raffles, in a tone of intense rapture. "'Andsful, pocketsful, bushels of 'em. Why, I'll buy up Lunnon, and live in the Mansion 'ouse'

"We haven't got them yet," said Pleter, in a quiet tone. "We don't know to a certainty that they are there, though we have good reason to think so.'

Turning to Carimoo, he added:

"What do we do next? Is there a footpath through yonder gorge?"

footpath through yonder gorge?"

The negro shook his head.

"No go on dry land," he said. "You uns wade in water. Only get wet here." and he held one hand level with his waist. "Me show you how reach mountain. Much good place there for camp."

"It might be worse," replied Pieter.

"Diamonds would be cheap if we only had to swim for them. Go ahead, Carlmoo. The sun is getting low, and want to dry our clothes and a snug camp before dark."

we'll want to dry our clothes and hunt a snug camp before dark."
"It would be just my luck to drown in sight of a fortune," muttered Raf-fles, with a rueful glance at the tor-rent, "but I can stand it if the rest can."

He fell in line with his companions, who were already following Carimoo down the pebbly shore of the stream. steady

A steady tramp of less than half a mile brought them to the gorge. Here further advance by land was stopped. From each side of the stream rose the dizzy mountain wall, sparsely clad with vines, and plants, and bright colored flowers. Foothold there was

one—not even for a cat.

Carimoo promptly led the way into the water, which was bitterly cold.
With many shivers the others came

They kept as close as possible to the right hand wall of the gorge. In the right hand wall of the gorge. In single file they waded slowly down stream. The depth was variable. Now they splashed through knee deep shallows; now they were sub-merged to their breasts. Happily the current was not so

awift as it looked. The bottom, however, was of shiny rocks that made secure footing difficult.

Kalcalli was the first to meet disaster. Just as his scared face bobbed under, his uplifted rifle was snatched by Clegg, who was directly behind

him.
"Well done," applauded Pieter. "Keep your guns and ammunition dry, at all hazards."

"Ugh!" cried Kalcalli, as he came to the surface and spat the water from his mouth.

He recovered his footing, and thereafter waded very gingerly.

Another of the Ashantees had a Similar experience, and then it came Raffles' turn. He struck an invisible pool, and disappeared completely rifle and all.

rifle and all.

He swam to the shallows, and shook himself like a dog.

"Just my luck," he observed. "I can't get any wetter now, so I'll take the lead, and show you chaps 'ow to steer clear of the 'oles."

This he did so effectively that no

to steer clear of the oles."
This he did so effectively that no more of the party were ducked.
They followed the turbulent stream deeper and deeper into the narrow gorge. On reaching the outlet they mounted a flat rock in mid channel, and lingered a moment to enjoy the resh prospect in front of them

It was a most entrancing sight. Forty or fifty yards below, a triangular spit of land, covered with great trees and lose cocks, jutted un stream from the base of the diamond

mountain. On this the current split itself, and swirled away to right and left. The two branches evidently came together again on the lower side of the mountain, thus making it an island

The twin mountains from which the party had just emerged dropped their rounded bases into deep, wooded ra-vines—one on the right hand of the stream, and one on the left.

Across these ravines towered the lower pair of peaks, only a portion of which were visible. Here the tor-rent doubtless had its outlet.

rent doubtless had its outlet.
Truly the diamond mountain was well guarded. A circle of foaming water lapped its base, and the four hoary peaks, like grim sentinels, shut it in from the outer world.
"A fit place for treasure," declared Pleter. "I have seen no stranger sight in all my wanderings. Come, while the daylight lasts we must

Pieter, "I have seen no stranger sight in all my wanderings. Come, while the daylight lasts we must choose a camp. Sleep and food are needed before we can probe the secrets of yonder diamond peak."

He stepped off the rock, and led his companions toward the spit of land

They waded on through shoals and pools, struggling hard to stand against.

the now swifter current.

When the goal was very near, the deep ravine to the westward opened n their view.
At the mouth, where the torrent

brawled under overhanging trees, a great towny beast suddenly appeared.
"A lion!" exclaimed Fulke, and up
went his rifle to his shoulder.

Pleter quickly caught the weapon. "Stop, lad. Don't fire," he said.
"We don't know what enemies may
be lurking near. When success is so nearly at hand we must increase in-stead of relax our caution."

nearly at hand we must increase in-stead of relax our caution."
"It is a splendid shot," replied Fulke regretfully. "I have always wanted to kill a lion."
As he spoke the brute uttered a

sullen roar, and bounded into the

thicket.

An exclamation of delight from Raffles now turned all eyes to the diamond mountain.

Thousands of feet overhead the barren, rocky peak glistened like gold in the last ray of the sun that shreamed down the ravine.
"A good omen," shouted Clegs.
"It means that the diamonds are ours," added Raffles.

urs," added Raffles. Hardly were the words spoken when

rarrly were the worus spozen when the sunlight vanished, and a somber, purple shadow stained the peak. "Look," said Pieter, in a solemn tone. "God grant that the change presages no misfortune!" A chill seemed to strike every heart. In gloomy silence the little band wedden. The at the distributions were the sund wedden to the sund wedden. on. ' bitter The air had suddenly bewith the breath of evencome They shivered at every step. ing.

Now the water shallowed, and they planted their feet on firm ground at the place where the current split.

CHAPTER XXVII. UP THE MOUNTAIN.

The preparations for the night's camp had a cheering effect on the gloomy spirits of the treasure seekers. From the point of the triangular spit of land to the base of the mountain was less than one hundred vards.

The intervening space was a perfect tangle of trees, undergrowth, and masses of rock. Amid all this, the masses of rock. And all this, the only sign of life was the flocks of birds of brilliant plumage that flew up with startled cries.

"We need not fear snakes or wild beasts," said Pieter. "They have no way of reaching the island."

Carimo led the party to the very base of the mountain, and showed them a narrow eleft, piercing the solid rock.

"You uns make camp here,"

sain.

The others looked at the spot dublously. The Ashantees drew back with scared faces.

"I don't admire your taste, Oari-moo," said Pieter. "We won't be hasty, though. I'll have a look at the lace before deciding."

He fashioned a torch from some of

the resinous wood that was scattered about, and when it was lit he advanced into the cleft, followed by all

except the Ashantees.

It was wide enough for two to walk abreast. Six feet from the mouth a single sharp turn ushered the party into a small circular cav-

No other outlet was visible. light of the torch revealed scattered wood, heaps of dried grass, and a wood, heaps of dried grass, and a few whitened bones—traces of native occupancy in the past.

hastily led his companions outside.

"I don't seem to breathe right in there," he said. "This bit of a clear-ing here is as safe a camping place as we want. The heavy undergrowth will hide the light of our fire. Even

will hide the light of our fire. Even if Japp's band should be in the vicinity they won't advance by night." Pleter's choice was approved, and a fire was soon blazing between two stones. Brolled deer meat, and fruits gathered in the forest that day, made

a savory meal for the hungry men.
While the others collected the
night's supply of wood, and boughs
for bedding, Kalcalli and Raffles for bedding, Kalcalli and Raffles cleaned and dried their guns. There was little inclination for talk

or merriment. The task of the mor-row engrossed the thoughts of all.

Carimoo was more than usually silent. There was a strange look of uneasiness on his dusky fa started at every little sound. face.

The Ashantees, on the contrary, were in fairly cheerful spirits. They had been told that their long journey was over, and that they would probably be on their way back to the coast in a day or two. Guards were set, and the constantly

replenished fire kept the chill air from the sleepers. The night passed

without alarm.

At the first flush of dawn the camp was astir. While the scanty break-fast was being prepared Fulke and Clegg followed the base of the mountain as far as they could go-first to the right and then to the left.

the right and then to the left. Both times they were stopped by a wall of vegetation that dropped sheer

into the torrent.
"I would like to see what is on the other side of the mountain.'

Clerg.

"No doubt it is like this side—a strip of flat ground," replied Fulke.
"We can't find out unless we wade. and I'm not in the humor for that."
"Nor I," assented Clegg.

So they returned to camp appetites all the keener for the brief stroll in the misty air. After breakfast Pleter tightened his

ammunition belt and shouldered his

"Carimoo," he said, "we are ready. The time has come to me to keep yo us the diamonds "Me show you way," replied the negro, "me tell you how. Me no go

"You won't go with us, eh?" questioned Pleter, in amazement. "How

is that?" With an expression of supernatural

fear the negro pointed upwerd.
"Evil Spirit live on top of Mountain." he whispered. "Eat black
mens—no harm white mens. Carimoo

mens—no harm white mens. Carimos stay here. You vns go."

At this the credulous and superstitious Ashantees burst into wailing cries. They threw down their guns and squatted on the ground.
They intimated, through Kalcalli, that untold wealth would not induce them to budge a foot up the mountain. Kalcalli took the same attitude, though on all other occasions he had been brave enough. been brave enough.

Pieter and his friends exchanged glances of consternation.
"I thought you had stopped believ-

ing in such nonsense, Carlmoo," said Fulke. "Come, be sensible, and go with us. No Evil Spirit shall harm

But the negro's faith in the barbar-But the negro's faith in the barbarous superstitions of his people was
deeply rooted. He obstinately refused
to ascend the mountain.
"By the Great Mogul, this is vexatious," exclaimed Pieter, half angrily.
"No use to waste words on the fel-

low, or on these cowardly Ashantees.

We will leave them behind, and go ourselves. Point out the way, Carimoo, and tell us how to find the diamonds."

Without hesitation the negro led his four white companions a short dis-tance to the right along the base of the mountain. Then he stopped, and the mountain. Then he stepped, and parted the heavy undergrowth with his hands, revealing a narrow path that wound steeply upward beneath the tangled covering of the cliff.

"Jove! must we tackle that?" ex-

claimed Fulke.
"It's like climbin' the wall of a 'ouse," added Raffles.

Pieter lifted his head, and stared blankly at the towering bulk of the Diankly at the towering bulk of the mountain, whose peak was now liluminated by the rising sun.
"Do you mean to say that the diamonds are up there?" he asked.
Carimoo nodded.
"Way up where no trees be," he replied. "Path no be steep all time. It so the way."

go this way."

He made a spiral movement in the

The made a spiral movement in the air with his finger.

"Like the steps inside the Lunnon monument," suggested Raffies.

"Exactly," said Pleter, "or, rather, like the Tower of Babel."

Carimoo furthermore explained that the path circled round and round the mountain, under the trees and bushes until it reached the rocky surface of the peak. Here, he said, was a great split, or cleft, to the inside of which the diamonds would be found stickmilit

He advised his companions to enter the cleft at midday, when the presence of the sun overhead made artificial light unnecessary.

Pieter walked back a few feet from the base, and looked up.
"The hole, or whatever it is that he means, must be on the far side of the mountain," he said. "It is not visible from here, unless it is too small to see. How do you happen to so much about this place, Carimoo?

"Evil Spirit live in diamond hole," replied the negro. "Once my people worship him. They make this path so go up with gifts. Me go long when only little big."

He held his hand waist high.

"One day Basongo mens go up. They never come back. They no back yet. Den my people no more wor-ship Evil Spirit."

ship Evil Spirit."
"You want us to believe that the Evil Spirit swallowed the Basongo men, eh?" replied Pieter. "That's a very clever fairy tale. If we find them we'll bring them back with us."
"You no find ems," said Carlinoo gravely. "White mens no see Evil Spirit. You uns go careful. Many bad places be on path."
"All right," answered Pieter. "It's a pretty stiff contract, but I have no doubt we'll pull through safely."
He made another backward step.

He made another backward step, and fell ignorantly into a concealed hollow amid the undergrowth. Be-fore his companions could aid him he and limped forward

groan of pain.
"My ankle," he cried. "I gave it a terrible wrench."

terrible wrench."

Beads of perspiration stool on his forehead as he sat down and examined the injured member.
"Yes," he declared, "it is a bad sprain. Look how it swells. I won't be able to travel for several days, at least. But this need not delay the expedition. You must go without me." Fulke and Clegg looked uneasy, Raffies stared up at the mountain and whistled.

"Can't we wait until you are better?" asked Clegg.
"Decidedly not," replied Pleter,
"who can tell what will happen in the meantime. A delay may upset our plans and cause us to lose the diamonds. Moreover this accident is likely a direct interposition of Provi-dence in our behalf. If John Japp or the Basongos should come I will be here to guard against the danger."
"All right, I'll do my best," declared

"And so will I," added Fulke.
"I'm with you," said Raffles. "We'll
put the job through."
"Bravely spoken," exclaimed Pieter.

"Start at once, and remember the in-structions. The mountain is very high, but its diameter is not great. You can easily reach the cleft by midday. Don't linger more than an hour, and be sure to be back before the sun leaves the valley. Off with you, now. Carimoo will aid me to hobble back to camp."

hobble back to camp."
Hasty good byes were said, and hands were warmly clasped.
It was a solemn and impressive moment. None could help but feel that the parting might be for ever.
With assumed cheerfulness the three treasure seekers scrambled up the nacrow path, and vanished from the sight of Pieter and Carimoo. A short distance ahead they found the angle of ascent more gradual.

angle of ascent more gradual.

On and on they tolled around the sheer, circular wall of the mountain. The dizzy drop below them was mercifully veiled by jutting undergrowth and young trees that had their coots in the crannies of the rock of foliage overhung the narrow and precarious path.

They crept along in single file. The

They crept along in single file. The untmost caution was needed to avoid a fatal misstep.

When they came around to the far side of the mountain for the first time, they wo'e probably three hundred feet from the ground. Here a rift in the screen of foliage gave them a clear view.

They saw, at the base of the cliff, a triangular spit of timbered land similar to that on the opposite side. Beyond it the now united branches of the torrent poured on to the lower pair of mountains, and vanished in a gloomy gorge between them.

Suddenly Raffles uttered a hasty ex-

Suddenly Raffles uttered a hasty exclamation, and clutched Fulke's arm.
"Look!" he whispered. "Do you see

(This story will be continued in the new monthly form of THE ABGOSY. See notice on editorial page).

KEEPING THE SECRETS OF SCIENCE.

It almost seems, from the way in which scientific men are in the habit of conceal-ing their meanings from those who dolnot understand technical terms, that they were anxious to keep the wonders of

Science to themselves.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon.

Cuvier, the scientist, went to St. Cloud to visit him.

The emperor said: "Monsieur Cuvier, I am very glad to see you. What did you do at the Institute last week?"

"We studied the beet sugar question."
"Ah! And what is the opinion of the
Institute? Does it consider that the soil
of France is suited to beet culture?"

Cuvier seemed to begin at the founda-tions of the earth, and work up in his answer. He gave the formation of the earth, and the particular sort of protoplasm beets came from

When he had finished, the emperor who had understood none of his conclusions,

Ah. Monsieur Cuvier, and do you think the soil of France suited for beet cul-

Cuvier, wondering a little, began his story all over again. After it had reached its second ending, the emperor, who was not always courteous, said:

not always courteous, said:
"I thank you very much, sir. The first
time I see your colleague Berthollet, I
shall ask him if the Institute considers
the soil of France suitable for beet cul-

THE FIRELIGHT ON THE WALL.

When the frost is on the window And the snow is falling fast, Driven in a raging maelstrom

By the wildly shricking blast; When the night is closing round us And the chimney fairles call, Then I love to watch the firelight As it flickers on the wall.

How it quivers, leaps and dances! Like a spirit of unrest;

Now it grows with wondrous radiance. Like the sunset in the west;
Then it fades, and somber shadows
Silent, swiftly fall,
And I sigh for the lost splendor

Of the firelight on the wall.

But again it springs in beauty From the embers' blinking light, Brightening into golden glory The grim darkness of the night;

And my heart grows warm and ten-

As I sit and watch the light. And fond memories I recall.

As it flickers on the wall.

SIR CECIL RHODES.

The prime minister of Cape Colony is a man about whom people are talking a great deal just now. He has been called the third in greatness of living statesmen, Gladstone and Salisbury alone being

has had a career full of romance. He is only forty years old, but he is enormously rich, and is practically the king of South Africa.

He is the creator of his own fortunes. His father was an English clergyman with the usual large family of children. Cecil went out to South Africa to seek his fortune when he was very young.

The diamond mines were then controlled by two rival companies, and to undersell each other, they forced the price of diamonds down and down. Mr. Rhodes He is the creator of his own fortunes.

of diamonds down and down. Mr. Rhodes of diamonds down and down. Mr. Knodes (the Queen had not made him a baronet then) consolidated these two companies into a trust, and in return for this service had a great deal of stock given him. He went home to England then, and became too tame for him, and he returned to Africa, where he has been at the head of affairs ever since.

amairs ever since.

He is full of ambition—of schemes. It has been thought that he might free Africa entirely and become its president; but his friends know that his hopes are different. He dreams of a great British empire, which will embrace the choice spots of the globe.

He cannot write well, nor speak well. He can only think and act. He is one of the great men of the century.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

A German officer says that there is nothing on earth more important and self sufficient in his knowledge than a sergeant in the German army. They will sergeant in the German army. They will give exact and perfect orders to the men, but their modes of expression are some-times inimitable. And then he tells the

Not long ago there was a total eclipse of he sun, and the officer in charge of a ertain regiment wanted to explain it to is men. He sent for his sergeants and his men. He said to them:

said to them:
"There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow. The regiment will be drawn up
on the parade ground, if the day is fine.
If it should be cloudy, the men will meet
me in the drill shed as usual."
The sergeants drew up this order:
"Tomorrow meaning by order of the

The sergeants drew up this order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, when the colonel will inspect the eclipse. If the day is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

AN EXPENSIVE PLUME.

AN EXPENSIVE PLUME.

Almost always people who have jewels and possessions of any sort which cost a great deal of money, cun console themselves with the thought that the producing of their toy has given workmen of all sorts a livelihood. But there is in the crown of the Prince of Wales a bunch of feathers which could to be red. feathers which ought to be red.

It is valued at fifty thousand dollars, and probably could not be replaced for that sum. It is made of the tail feathers of the feriwah, a bird whose haunt is the of the fertwan, a one whose mann is con-jungles of India. The feathers must be plucked from the lividg bird as they lose their luster when the bird dies, or so the

story goes.

The little bunch of feathers represents the loss of dozens of lives of the natives, who were sent in search of them. It took twenty years to collect the number in the

THE CZAR'S EXPEDIENT.

There is a young woman named Phyllis Bentley who goes about Europe performing what appears to be marvelous feats of strength. She says that the strongest man she has ever seen is the young prince of Greece, and that the Czar of Russia is a close second. The Czar takes ards in his fingers, and by one twist tears them in two.

them in two.

Another story of the great strength of the Czar is told. While on a return journey to St. Petersburg some time since, the train bearing the Czar and Czurina stopped at a small station to allow the Imperial party to take luncheon. The daughter of the mayor of the village presented a bouquet of flowers to the empress, but forget to dry the stems. The Czarina, not wishing to soil her white gloves, hesitated a moment about taking the flowers, and the situation became embarrassing. The Czar, however, saw a heavy pewter plate tn the table, picked it up and twisted it into a holder.

LOOKING OUT FOR SMALL THINGS.

In Philadelphia there is a great and amous banking house, owned and famous banking house, owned and managed by the Drexel family. Its members are known all over the world as men of noble, liberal, philan-

world as men of noble, liberal, philan-thropic thoughts and acts. One of them, George Childs Drexel, is the successor of George Childs, the famous editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger," who has recently

died.

An old Philadelphia tells an anecdote illustrating the manner in which the Drexel sons were brought up. Upon one occasion, returning from the Barbadoes, he brought back a considerable quantity of Sanaish coins in silver and gold tied up in small bags, as was the custom, and had them carried to the old bunking office of the Drexels on Third Street for sale.

office of the Drexels on Third Street for sale.

The bags were emptied out on the counter and the coins carefully counted and set aside in separate piles, in order to calculate the correct sum for which the bank check should be drawn. After this was done old Mr. Drexel took from inside his desk one of the feather quill pens then generally used, and with a sheet of white paper he slowly swept off that portion of the counter upon which the coin had been handled and as carefully shook the paper into a thin box.

The depositor could not see any dust on the paper, so he smilingly asked Mr. Drexel what was greatly astonished at the old gentleman's kindly reply: "Why, young man, it brings me in a clean profit of \$1,000 or \$

THE WORST OF THEIR KIND.

"My friend George has gone to Seattle," said the oblinary editor to the funny man. quite seriously.

"Ah," twittered the funny man, "what has he gone to see Attle for?"

"I should say," responded the oblinary editor with great solemnity, "that he has gone to Seattle, Wash."

Aud the funny man felt the gray matter in his brain slowly congealing.—Washington Star.

POPULARIZING SCIENCE.

Two people were talking science the other evening, when the germ theory came under discussion.

"Just to think we are composed of germs!" he exclaimed.

"Why, then." we are all Germans," said she

why, then," we are all Germans," said she.
"Yes," said he, "except the Irish, and they are Mickrobes."—Selected.

THE WRONG HEAD.

A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headnese. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overnowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered, he began to rail at the druggist. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothe-

cury Help my hendache!" gasped the man.
"I haven't any headache. It's my wife that has the headache."—Selected.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY

Madison Square, South.

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A NEW ALGER SERIAL. Among the attractive features of the first (April) number of THE ARGOSY, ready next week, will be the opening chapters, and a good many of them, of

The Island Treasure.

By Horatio Alger, Jr. This is one of the very best stories this famous author has ever written. Guy Fenwick, the hero, will captivate all readers by his manliness, while the experiences that befall him in different parts of the world will serve to invest his career with a thrilling interest that will make "The Island Treasure" a gem indeed in the cargo of good things carried by THE ARGOSY.

Tell your friends about the new story, the new price (ten cents a number, one dollar a year) and that the other serials will be furnished with synopses.

The First Iron Kettle in America.

BY A. R. LEACH.

The kettle is of the design used by all the early colonists in America; the sort we see in pictures hanging over the first fire the pilgrim fathers on the bleak Massachuset when they left the Mayflower Massachusetts

It holds about a quart, and it hangs in a glass case on the walls of the public library in Lynn, Massachusetts, with a suitable inscription under it

it.
When it was presented to the city
the president of the American Bell
Telephone made the address and the

Telephone made the address and the mayor of the city replied.

It was all about two pounds of rusty old kron, but it was an epoch maker in the history of America.

In 1856 Thomas Harriot telling the

story of the second expedition to America, said that iron ore was to be found in the colonies. In 1608 the Jamestown colony was sending iron ore to England. Thomas Dexter and Captain Robert Bridges, two thrifty New England men, began in 1628 to consider the possibility of having iron works in New England. Captain Bridges went to England

and formed a company called the Undertakers of Iron Works. The site of the works was on the highway beroad where the witch burners used to ride.

The exact site of the iron ore deposits we do not know, except that they were "in Adam Hawkes' Meadows."

The company went to the general court and asked that they might be granted immunity from import or export duties, and from taxation.

Captain Bridges seems to have had which has noting all the thrift which has made the name of "Yankee" famous all over the world. The act granting them all the above privileges is believed to be the first legislation for the purpose of protecting American industries. The great tariff question was born with the (first American) iron pot.

The works contained a blast fur-nace, in which bog iron ore was re-duced by charcoal, using lime ob-tained from oyster shells as a flux. The iron from the blast furnace was run into straight trenches in the sand, and in this way made into long, triangular bars called "sow iron," from which wrought iron and steel were made

The iron kettle was formed by letting the hot iron from the furnace run into a pool, dipping it out by a crucible, and pouring it into molds. These works were called the Saugas Iron Works, and John Winthrop,

John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was one of the owners.

In an old letter from John Endicott In an old letter from John Endicott to Governor Winthrop, dated Decem-ber 1, 1642, he says: "I wish to hear much of your son's 5 on and steel," so even then they must have begun making steel." making steel.

making steet.

They did this by means of a charcoal fire about four feet thick, which they built in a blacksmith's forge.

The end of the bar of iron was thrust into the fire, and in time a pasty mass of wrought iron would settle to the

portions of the bar would stop at the intermediate stage be-

tween cast and wrought iron.

This way of making steel is still used in the Oriental nations, and in the mountains of West Virginia and

Kentucky.

These iron works also included a anachine shop, and when on March
1, 1654, Boston held a town meeting
and decided to have a fire engine, the
Saugus Iron Works built it.
The works did a very good business. Governor Winthrop mentions in

of his letters that the furnace produced seven or eight tons a week. The chief article turned out was "bar iron as good as the Spanish," which cost twenty English pounds which cost twenty English pounds (about one hundred dollars) per ton. They made besides, many axes, and

They made besides, many axes, and the farming implements used in those early days in New England. When Governor John Endicott began to make the oak tree and the pine tree money, coins which collectors nowadays are so fond of hunting up, the dies for them were cast at the Saugus Iron Works.

These coins bore the name of "Masachusetts State," and no reference to England, and might be called the first act of independence in the colonies.

Joseph Jenks, the head mechanic of

to England, and might be called the first act of independence in the colonies.
Joseph Jenks, the head mechanic of the Saugus Iron Works, invented a saw mill, and the General Court of Massachusetts gave him a fourteen years' patent for it.
This was the first patent granted in America.
This mechanic also invented the scythe, which was described as being "for the more speedic cutting of grasse."
He had only a seven year patent for this. Supposing his heirs could enjoy a royalty on scythes today, you may imagine their fortune.
One of the queer things concerning these works is the way it thus early brought out a popular opposition to what is called a monopoly.
The owners, the managers and the workmen were proceeded against for every conceivable reason.
Dexter, a fisherman, brought suit because the alewives would not come into his net below the dam at the iron works; and Hawkes, who owned overflowed them.
They taxed the company for pew rent in churches eleven miles away, and then called them to account in the stern Puritan discussion of the company of the control of the called them to account in the stern Puritan discussion of American history.

The Evolution of The Argosy

From Weekly to Monthly

From Paper to Magazine

This issue of The Argosy completes its 17th volume and announces the most important change in its extraordinarily successful history. A little more than two years ago, when we changed Munsey's Weekly into magazine form, we stated that the day of weekly publications, in this country at least, had passed-that they had been driven to the wall by the modern daily, with its superb The marvelous success of Munsey's Sunday issues. MAGAZINE has amply attested the soundness of our judg-With the confidence that what was true of Munsey's will be true of The Argosy, we now change it also from weekly to monthly; from paper to magazine.

And in its new form we shall have the scope for making a publication for boys and girls such as the world has never seen-a publication that shall retain all the best features of the old Argosy and have many new ones that will give it character and beauty. It will be a live magazine for live boys—not namby pamby, flat, childish.

The price will be only Price 10 cents ten cents as opposed to

twenty cents a month, which would be the cost for four numbers in weekly form. And the monthly will contain more attractive material in each issue than was furnished by the weekly Argosy in four issues. There will be the usual number of serial stories and the instalments will be essentially four times as long as heretofore.

Ready March 20th The first issue

will be the April number. It will be issued about March 20th. The regular day of publication thereafter, however, will be the 15th of the month previous to date of issue.

If your newsdealer has not al-**Important** ready ordered a supply of THE Argosy in its new form you should make sure that he

does so at once. In the event, however, that he has failed you, you can secure it from the publishers on receipt of price.

Yearly subscription, \$1. Single copies, 10 cents.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.

Madison Square, New York.

A WORTHY AMBITION.

Old Past, let go, and drop in the sea Till fathomless waters cover thee! For I am living, but thou art dead; Thou drawest back, I strive ahead The Day to find.

—Sidney Lanier.

A Strange Midnight Episode.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

As the planter awoke, disturbed by he knew not what, he heard a slight noise in one of the lower apartments. For a moment he lay still and listened, a dis-tinct repetition of the sound convincing him that some one was cautiously moving

around in the rooms below.

His wallet containing two hundred dollars was in his desk in the library, and the noise seemed to emanate from that the noise seemed to emanate from that apartment. Quickly getting out of bed he donned his clothes, and was in the act of taking his revolver from under the pillow when his wife awoke.

"Ssh," he cautioned her, as she was about to speak. "There are burglars in the house."

the house. She uttered a low cry, but he quickly

She uttered a low cry, but he quickly placed his hand on her mouth.

"Be still," he said. "You'll alarm them. I don't want them to escape."

"Don't go down, John," she pleaded; "they'll kill you."

"I'll risk that," he grimly replied. "I'll show them that Joha Bogert isn't to be trifled with."

"He standard toward the door, Acked

trined with.

He started toward the door. As he carefully pulled it open the noise again reached his ears, and he burried out in

His wife followed close behind, and he had all he could do to prevent her from giving an alarm.

In a moment he reached the lower hall-

As he did so a window in the library was heard to close, and he sprang toward the apartment, revolver in hand.

He entered the room; no one was there, and he crossed the floor to the window. The shade was raised and the blinds thrown open, the light from the library thrown open, the light from the library lamp, which the planter had just lighted, streaming across the lawn. Glancing out, he uttered a cry, and hastily summoned his wife. "Who is that crossing the lawn?" he

asked. The lady joined him and looked

"I believe it's Robert," she said.
"That's who it is. What can he be doing going out at this hour. Can it be rossible..."

He paused abruptly and went over to his desk. Pulling open a drawer, he fell back with a gasp. "It's gone!" he cried. "What?" asked his wife.

"My wallet and two hundred dollars," he hoarsely answered. "That young ingrate has robbed me." "That young

ingrate has robbed me."
"What are you saying, John? Robert
Gordon a thief? Your own brother's
child. Impossible!"
"What's he doing here at this hour
then?" demanded the planter, pale with
anger. "He shall be arrested in the

morning."
"Calm yourself, John," cried his wife,
"It can't be. Are you sure the money is
gone? Look again."
"It's gone, I tell you, and that ungrateful boy has stolen it. His demands on me

for money have been pretty frequent lately. He's getting on a trifle too high at the academy, but I'll prosecute him for this, sure as my name is John Bogert."

this, sure as my name is John Bogert."
"Won't you stop that angry tirade and look through your desk again?" asked the lady, pleadingly.
He did so. Every drawer was pulled out and the contents dumped on the floor, but the wallet could not be found.
Even his wife began to feel doubtful. Could it be possible that Report the

Even his wile began to feet doubtful, Could it be possible that Robert, the nephew of whom she was so proud and liked so well, was such an ungrateful fascal? He had only been home a few days, spending a brief vacation from the military academy at West Point, and this was the way he had repoid them for what was the way he had repaid them for what

they had done for him.

A sob choked the woman's utterance A sob choked the woman's utterance as she faltered:
"I can't believe it, Robert can't be so

base."
"We'll see," said the planter, angrily

proceeding to set in order the contents of his desk. "I'll wait right here for him to come back, and accuse him at once; that is if we see anything of him again," he

added doubtfully.

He soon had his desk in order and rose to his feet.

"Go back to bed." he said. "I'll wait

Cry block to bed, he said. In waither till he comes.'
She hesitated. She saw he was too angry to listen to reason, and feared he would be harsher with the boy than the

circumstances warranted.

But she left the room and went up stairs. She did not go to bed again, but sat down and waited anxiously for Robert's return.

It is strange where he has gone," she

"You'll find out what I mean, you young rascal. If you don't tell me what you've done with it, I'll have you arrested."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said the boy, a flush of anger coming into his face as his uncle addressed him in these words.

"That is a falsehood," stormed the un-reasonable and irate man. "However, to give you a full explanation, I'll tell you that a wallet containing two hundred dollars has disappeared from my desk, and I believe you know something about it."

The blue eyes of his brother's child

looked upon him with such surprise and reproach that even the furious anger

now, why do you suppose I'd steal it when you'd likely give it to me for the asking? If this is a plot to get rid of me you may have saved yourself the trouble, for I can go at once."

Again he turned toward the window.

and though the angry planter called for him to stop, he paid no attention. He passed through and started across

the lawn while his uncle, wild with pasion, began shouting loudly for the

servants.

But now his wife came into the room and tried to reason with him. He would not listen at first, insisting on having the servants go in pursuit of the youth and compel him to return; but by pointing out the disgrace that would follow such



ABE HELD UP THE LANTERN WHILE OLD PETE BENT OVER THE DOG.

mused. "He has never left the house before at this hour, and it seems like a fatal coincidence that the wallet should be missed at the same time."

The window near which she had seated herself overlooked the lawn, and after a while she saw Robert coming toward the

He soon reached the library, and, ris ing, she went out into the hall just as the boy entered the apartment.

"Why, hullo, uncled what are you doing up at this hour?" she heard him ask in surprise, and was conscious of the fact that the unexpected meeting did not dis-

that the unexpected meeting did not dis-concert him.

"The boy is innocent." was her joyful conviction. "No one who had done such a deed as Robert is accused of could act so free when taken off his guard."

Then she started and became exceedingly uneasy as she heard the planter reply sternly:
"Don't call me uncle, you ungrateful

"Don't call me uncle, you ungrateful boy. After what you have done, I don't see how you can face me." "Free what I have done?" repeated the youth in surprise. "Why, uncle, what do you mean? I couldn't sleep and thought a quiet walk in the grove would help me. I've only been gone a few minutes."

"It what so?" spacered the planter.

Is that so?" sneered the planter. "Is that so?" sneered the planter.
"Well, will you be kind enough to tell
me where you've secreted my wallet?"
"Your wallet? I haven't seen it. What
can you mean by speaking like that,
Uncle John?"

under which he was laboring could not give him courage to withstand the gaze.

He dropped his own eyes as he con-

tinued, trying hard to conceal his confu-

tinued, trying hard to conceal his confusion by a fresh outburst of anger:
"You know you took it, and unless it's returned at once you shall suffer. Is this the way you appreciate my kindness, in taking you into my home, educating you, and treating you in every way as I would my own son? I tell you, boy, I won't tolerate it. Return the money, and leave my house for ever."
"I don't know what you're talking about," replied Robert with spirit. "I can't restore any money, for I haven't seen anything of it. As to leaving your house, I can do that atonce, Good night, sic."

He turned toward the window, but had only taken a step or two when his uncle

shouted:
"Stop, you ingrate! Not a step do you take from this house till that money is returned."

With a cry of anger the boy, now thoroughly aroused, turned and faced

"I have borne your insults long enough, "I have borne your insults long enough, Uncle John Bogert." he cried, with flashing eyes, "and now I want you to cease hurling them at me. I have told you that I know nothing of your money, and if you'd stop long enough to think of it you'd easily see that I have no occasion to reh you."

You have never refused me money whenever I asked it, and, if I wanted any an exposure, she finally managed to get

an exposure, she many managed to get him to suspend action till morning. Meanwhile Robert, scarcely able to realize what had occurred, wandered on, anxious only to get as far away from the house as possible. He had no place now to spend the night,

but to this he scarcely gave a thought. He felt crushed and hurt at being so unjustly accused by the uncle he loved, and though he tried hard to excuse the man's insane anger, it was a long time before he could think of it with other than bitter feelings.

feelings.

At last, however, he roused himself, and began to look about for a place to sleep till morning.

"Uncle will find out how mistaken he is ere long," he said to himself, hopefully, "and then he'll be sorry for the way he's treated me tonight. Now to find some kind of shelter."

At that moment a light twinkling in the distance proclaimed the location of a cabin, and thither he made his way.

cabin, and thither he made his way.

He knocked on the door and was admitted by an old negro, who started in surprise at sight of him.

"What's up, Marsa Robert?" he cried,

"Yo're out late,"

"Let me stay all night with you, Pete,"
said the boy, "and I'll tell you about it."

"Fo' shuah. Come in."

The cabin was occupied by old Pete and his son Abe, who once were slaves of Mr. Bogert, and who now continued in his employ after "de wah." Abe was dozing in a corner, but he guickly woke up and in a corner, but he quickly woke up and

made a place for the young "massa" to

Robert began to tell the old negro the story of what had occurred at the house, in the midst of which he was interrupted

in the midst of which he was interrupted by a loud rap on the door.
When it was opened Clyde Bogert, his county the season of th with me.

I can't do it, Clyde," said Robert; "at "I can't do it. Clyde," said Robert: at least until my innocence is proved," and he proceeded to relate the first part of the trouble of which Clyde, being asleep at the time, had not known.

"It's an outrage!" cried his coustn. "I don't see how father can be so blind. He ought to know you better."
"But the circumstainces did appear to

ought to know you better."

"But the circumstances did appear to be against me," said Robert, unconsciously defending his uncle's position. "You see I passed through the library just when the money was first missed."

"No matter. Father was very unjust. I dare say he's sorry for it by this time."

Just then the loud barking of a dog without drew their attention.

"It's Bruno," said Clyde. "He must have followed me."

have followed me.

They opened the door, and called the dog. For some reason he refused to come in, and the party stepped out to see why

it was.
"Dar's somefin on 'is neck, "cried old Pete. "Brung dat lantern, Abe."
The boy complied, and as he held up the light old Pete. who had saught the

dog, cried out in surprise:
"De wallet for shuah!"
"How can that be?" asked Robert,

But it was so; the wallet was tied around

But it was so; the waitet was the around the does neck, and the cousins were so astounded at the unexpected sight that they found themselves speechless. Abe held up the lantern while old Pete bent over the dog to untie the wailet, and, when a few moments later they all entered the cabin and examined the contents, the copic was found intact.

the cabin and examined the contents, the money was found intact.

Robert was overjoyed. His innocence had been established sooner than he had hoped for, and in a very singular manner. He could return to his uncle now, and when both boys started back, Robert was as anxious to get back as he had been a short time before to get away.

It was near midnight when they reached the boyes but Civile soon roused his

It was near mining it was not try to the house, but Clyde soon roused his parents, who had just retired again after the recent exciting spisode, and matters were quickly explained.

Mr. Bogert was overwhelmed with remorse. He seized his nephew's hand, and

exclaimed:
"My boy, an offense like this is hard to remedy. I can only say that I am sorry, and hope that you'll forgive me. You won't lose anything by it, and I am as heartily glad to find out I was mistaken as you can possibly be."
"But how came the wallet on Bruno's neck do you suppose?" asked Mrs. Bogert.

This remained a mystery till the next This remained a mystery fill the next day. Then it was discovered that little Georgie Bogert, a youngster of five, had been playing in the library with the dog, and, finding the wallet on the desk, had mischlevously tied it around Bruno's

neck.
Singularly enough it had been there for hours without anybody seeing it.

WAS HE DROWNED?

WAS HE DROWNED?

Mrs. Wade was in one respect a "tormentorsome" woman to live with, as her husband expressed it. She had "no imagination," he said, and "would ask the queerest questions." At the supper table. Mr. Wade mentioned a tragic circumstance that he had read that day in the newspaper. A passenger on a transatiantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid ocean and had never been seen again.

again.

"Was he drowned?" asked Mrs.
Wade. "Oh, no; of course not," sald
Mr. Wade. "But he sprained his
ankle, I believe."—Tid Bits.

THE RAPTURE OF PURSUING.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its ceward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished g

[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 XXII.

OSSINIKE GOES ERICSON ONE BETTER.

BETTER.

For the fraction of a second the half breed saw Tom with his uplifted gun, but ere he could open his ilps to utter the yell which trembled upon them, the stock of Tom's rifle descended with crushing weight upon his skull.

He dropped the child, swung half round, and fell to the earth, his inanimate hedy rolling down the design of the child, swing half round.

them, the stock of Tom's rifle descended with crushing weight upon his skull.

He dropped the child, swung half right and fell to the earth, his inanimate body rolling down the decivity and falling with a dull splash into the deep water under the bank!

Tom had no intention of striking such a heavy blow and the result appulled him. He rushed to the edge of the bank and leaned over the pool, but the half breed had sunk below the surface and although Tom remained there several moments, the body did not rise again.

When Tom rose to his feet, feeling half stunned by the occurrence, and turned to see if Net had been injured, he was astonished to find that the child had disappeared. While he had sought to resue the Indian from the water she had flitted away into the forest.

"Net!" he called, though hardly pitch. "Net! where are you?"
But if the girl heard, she made no sign, nor did a careful search of the woods in the immediate vicinity reveal her whereabouts. Whateve oll Nance's cabling she had either departed to the hut, frishtened from her purpose by the incident. Having arrively, the quest upon which he his father and Dan Cheney had started.

Truly, the quest upon which he, his father and Dan Cheney had started, was one full of dangers, and never had he understood this fact as he did

had he understood this fact as he did now.

The accident to the half breed had made a strong impression upon him; Indian Joe had been the first person whom he had ever intentionally injured, and although he did not doubt for an instant that he had struck the blow in a richteous cause, still the occurrence affected him deeply. He shivered in the night air as though the chill penetrated his warm coat. He grasped his rifle more tightly and glanced nervously about.

For the first time since entering upon this scouting expedition (and it could not be doubted that he was well fitted for the task) he began to get "ruttled."

could not be doubted that he was well fitted for the task) he began to get "rattled."

The fact was impressed upon his mind that his life, as well as those of his companions, was in great and imminent danger, for he doubted not that neither Ossinike and his warriors, nor Ericson and his men, would hesitate an instant to wipe out all three of the Americans should the latter oppose them in the least.

Their present position was most hazardous and Tom felt the necessity of talking with somebody of riper experience before he made any further advance in the matter.

Besides this fact, young Peterson had not forgotten what Captain Ericson had said about interviewing the men aboard the catboat on the following day, and remembering that Major Peterson was known to the smuggler, he realized that trouble would follow if that interview was not averted.

Certainly the first thing to do was to get out to where the catboat lane, and the only way to get there was by swimming.

Having come to this decision, Tom sought a place on the bank nerviv opposite the boat, yet well removed

from Old Nance's abode, and prepared for his visit to the disguised Sylph. Hidding his to the disguised Sylph. Hidding his to the disguised Sylph. Hidding his to the disguised a length of the provided his cotching, and having made a compact bundle of it, placed the no hollow, covering the spot with leaves. Then approaching it when a sound above him on the ridge drew his attention.

It was a repetition of that low, silvery note which had rung through the forest twice already that evening, and Tom remembered with a shudder that it was the dead half breed who had previously uttered the welrd sound.

Had some of the Indians returned to the vicinity and were they vainly signaling their ally, Indian Joe? Tom dared not leave the spot without investigating.

He brushed away the leaves which hid his bundle of clothing and dressed as quickly as possible. The ticking of his watch as he slipped on his vest reminded him to look at the time piece; it lacked but half an hour of midnight. It had been but little more than two how's before that the had witnessed the meeting of cold it be possible Mine and his band had been summoned within this shout space of time, and were they account of all the possible with apprehension as the low, sweet signal note again broke the silence of the night.

But if his suspicions were justified, what were the Indians doing about Old Nance's cabin? Surely they did not think that Jack was held prisons there, for Indian Joe would have told them differently.

Then Dan Cheney's note came to his mind and he could not help wondering if Jack really was confined in the cabin, all indications to the contrary notwithstanding. But he was hardly willing to accept the theory.

He was fully dressed by this time and picking up his riffe advanced towards the cabin, taking up a position as near to it as he dared.

He had not waited five mines stepped out of the forest and hands.

The indians and long knives, scapped out of the forest and hands.

The had not waited five was slepted out of the forest and hands.

The

ally to fall behind as a sort of rear good.

Tom would have given everything he possessed just then to have had the major and Dan Cheney with him; vet, who could even the three of them done against twenty fully assessed in the could even the tree of them his right hand Tom could see the lanterns flashing about the Jeannette's deek and here the muffled creaking. Of the pulleys Probaby every one of the smugglers was at each without their being at all the wiser. Tom, therefore confidently expected that the cave was the Miamis' of the leading Indians made a stand at the head of the basin where the path turned off toward the rocks, and

after waiting for the main body to come up, they earnestly conversed together for a few minutes.

The discussion waxed quite warm at times, at least so Tom judged by the excited gestures of the several speakers, and it was evident that some of the band were urging something to which others did not agree.

Tom did not dare even to draw near enough to count them with any exactness, but he thought there were fully a score—quite enough to warrant an attack on the smugglers' stronghold, for Captain Ericson would be quite unprepared for such an emergency.

Could he have done so without betraying himself, Tom would have tried to inform the smuggler of the Indians' conspiracy, for, although he bore him no love, still while he retained possession of Jack Hardwick there was a better chance for Jack's friends to compass his rescue. Tom did not wish to see Ossinike get possession of his chum.

The majority evidently ruled in the discussion among the Indians, for soon a few of them (Tom was confident that there were not more than five) separated from the main body feeling and quickly departed in the discussion among the successful in their search for Jack Hardwick on the point, they now proposed to turn their attention to the rocky fustness, the whereabouts of which they had doubtless learned from the traitorous half breed.

In single file the Indians crept down the declivity to the shore of the calm the sat though the canoes were drawn uning to and fro upon the point was still a good deal of running to and fro upon the peannette as though the canoes were drawn

the rocks, advanced toward the spot the rocks, advanced toward the spot where several of the cances were drawn up upon the beach.

There was still a good deal of running to and fro upon the Jeannette as though the crew were hard at work; but whether the Indians were about to attack the ship's crew or the cave among the rocks. Tom could not decide.

He followed the Miamis (though at some distance) to the shore; but instead of remaining close to the same the darted plans of a course parallel with the past, both the ship and the past, both the ship and the band of Indians were out of sight. He realized that the situation was critical indeed and that what he might not accomplish within the next few minutes, would mean a great deal to Jack Hardwick.

Once in the possession of Ossinike's followers, his friend might never escape with his life. Two men could keep that rocky defile before the door of the cave against a thousant, and as he hurried on Tom determined, come what would, to warn Ericson of the Indians' contemplated raid and join him in repelling their attack.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE MAJOR AND DAN CHENEY HAVE A VISITOR.

HAVE A VISITOR.

That same evening, as the sun went down behind the western promontories, Major Peterson and his companion, Dan Cheney, made everything snug aboard the roomy catboat, now transformed into the Molly, and prepared to spend the night not far from the inlet. Ever since his adventure with the old woman earlier in the day Dan had been thoroughly disgusted with the inactive position he held.

gusted with the inactive position heid.

"I tell you what it is, major, we've made a mistake in leaving all the scouting to Tom," he said gloomily. "I've a good deal of respect for him, but he's only a boy after all, and has had no experience to speak of. We're really at his mercy and if he makes a slip up, our cake'd bedough."

"Perhaps you're right, Dan," the major replied, showing considerable concern. "I wish I had made it imperently to this evening, so that we could know what progress he had made."

"wouldn't care so much." Dan said to the state of the said to the said t

could know what progress he had made."
"I wouldn't care so much," Dan said, taking a huge bite of soda biscuit (it was at supper that the conversation took place) "I wouldn't care so much if it wasn't for the fact that I believe the bey is still on the wrong track. While he is blundering around trying to find the burrow those fellows have doubtless got up the inlet, he is wasting good time. I'm willing to bet every cent I possess that the chap we are after is in the little cabin up vonder under that old hag's eye."
"I'm very much inclined to believe you; but as long as we're not sure, it would never do to make an at-

tack on the place. We might spoil

.

all."
"That's what makes me so mad,"
returned Dan. "I'd oughter have
made up a plan with Tom to come
ashore tonight and stalk that cabin.
There'd something come of it, I'm
sure."

"I've a good deal of confidence in Tom's judgment," the major rejoined thoughtfully, "I've tried to make both him and Jack cool headed, reliable fellows; but I think myself that either you or I ought to have taken this scouting business in hand. I was led to give my consent to Tom's going because of his impatience; and then, he seemed so successful yesterday that I thought we might let him try it another day. But time is flying and that old fellow, Ossinike, may show up after Jack at any time now, and once he gets hold of him, our cake will be dough sure enough," "Yes, Rolf Ericson's bad enough," "Oan remarked; "but by your tell I should rather set my wits against his than against a crazy Injun's.

"An Injun," continued Dan, oracularly, "is born with his wits sharpened nat'rally to a keen edge, and take him at his pocrest he's more than a match for a white man; but let him be a little cracked along with his regular Injun nater and a white man has got to be a leetle sharper than magnessed lightning to keep up with him." only that," responded the major. "but Ossinike is, I am sure, planning to gather the remnants of his tribe at some spot far in the interior of the country; and every mile he takes Jack away from the coast will make it just so much harder for us to rescue him. That boy, Dan, is almost as dear to me as though he were my own flesh and blood, and I shall follow him to the Arctic Ocean if I can't rescue him before."

The major spoke with a great deal of feeling and meant every word he said. Tom Hardwick had been his dearest friend in his youth and early manhood, and his care of young Jack had been as tender as that given to his own son.

"There is only one way in which Rolf Ericson could to better advantage pay off that old score he holds against me than to deliver Jack over to Ossinike," went on the major, showly: "and that is to get Tom in his power. I'm not a very nervous man, Dan, but I tremble sometime to this own son.

"There was more money in his getting from the presence was all that kept him

we knew it they were married an' gone off, takin' old Matthew with 'em.

"It took Ericson jest erbout a year an' a half to get all the old man's money an' it warn't long after that 'fore both Matthew and his daughter were dead. That was twelve year or more ago and it warn't long after that he had to fly the country because of you, major."

Dan stopped and passed his hand across his brow as though to brush away the thoughts which crowded in upon his mind.

away the thoughts which crowded in upon his mind.

"I'd like to meet Rolf Ericson face to face once, with a good excuse for shooting him," he added.

"Why, I never heard you say anything particular about him before," said Major Peterson, looking at the usually phlegmatic Dun with something like wonder. "I didn't know you knew the fellow as well as that."

"I know him, but I don't talk about

it very often," the man responded, appearing rather ashamed of his outburst. "I was no gosling at the time, as you know, but my age didn't save me from making a fool of myself over one woman; most men do, I've noticed," and Dan, who was usually considered a most pronounced woman hater by those who knew him best, went off into the bow of the catboat, to hang up the signal lantern, thus effectually closing the conversation. The major followed him out of the cabin and as he raised himself erect, turning toward the shore at the same moment, he was startled to see a column of fire suddenly spring up from the top of the high promontory which so effectually shut out they were the same moment. He was startled to see a column of fire suddenly spring up from the top of the high promontory which so effectually shut out they were the same they are the same they are the same they are the same than the same than

ext few hours in a tate of mind.
Finally the major, at Dan's soliciation, lay down in the standing room of the boat, and drawing a blanket wer him went to sleep, Dan, meanwhile, keeping the brightest kind of a

while, keeping the stage watch.

It drew near midnight before anything occurred to disturb him. Then, between the shore and the catboat he descried something moving on the

At first he thought it a bit of drift-wood, but as it approached nearer his keen eyes made out the outlines of a small canoe.

A pressure of his foot against the major's body aroused that gentleman, and as he was a man who always siept with "one eye and both ears open" he was at once as wide awake as Dan himself.

"There's somebody in it," breathed the major in his companion, so a so

as Dan himself.
"There's somebody in it," breathed
the major in his companion's ear, after a quick scrutiny of the approaching came, and Dan nodded acquies-

Nearer and nearer drew the canoe and suddenly Dan hailed it in a low

voice.
"Don't come any nearer," he said.

"Don't come any nearer," he said.
"Who are you?"
"Don't shoot!" returned a voice
which trembled. "It's only me," and
to the men's unbounded surprise the
single occupant of the canoe arose,
revealing the slight figure of a girl,
who, with another sweep of her paddle brought the light craft under the
stern of the catboat.

CHAPTER XXIV. TOO LATE.

TOO LATE.

"Great Scut! it's a girl," exclaimed Dan Cheney as he caught the painter of the cance and its occupant leaped nimbly aboard the Molly.

It certainly was a girl and had Major Peterson not been there to receive her she would have fallen headlong upon the floor of the standing room.

long upon the floor of the standing room.

A little cry of pain forced itself from her lips as she sank upon the stern seat.

"It's my foot. I hurt it this morning an' it night erbout broke jest now when I jumped on it. I couldn't laing that crutch he made me."

"Who made you? Who are you any way?" demanded Major Peterson, considerably bewildered by the girl's sudden advent.

considerably bewindered by the girls sudden advent.
"I dunno who he is but the other one, he called him Tom," responded the girl who was, as the reader has suppected. Wid Name's gal."
"Tom! What of him? Where is

he?" demanded the major, feeling sure that something had happened to his son.
"I dunno where he is now," Net replied, a little sullenly; "but he's all right, I reckon. Leastways he wasn't nurt none when he gave Injun Joe that awful clip a few minutes ago."
"Has there been a fight, then?" exclaimed the major. "I told you how 'twould be, Dan. That hot headed fellow has got into trouble of some sort.

twould be, Dan. That not header fellow has got into trouble of some sort.

"I reckon not," interjected the girl. "There wasn't no light to speak of. Injun Joe he grabbed me when I was tryin' ter find Old Nance's cance an' he come up an' cracked him over the head with his gun stock. Joe, he rolled inter the water, dead's a herrin' an' I'm mighty glad of it. I hated him," she added, savagely.

"I lit out ter onct, 'cause I couldn't stop ter blarney with him. I knowed the ol' woman would be wakin' up by midnight—she allus does—an' I had ter git out here an' git back agin' fore then.'

"Guess the boy's all right, major," said Dan Cheney, at this point, "but things must be gettin' pretty lively ashore there."

Net turned and looked at him carefully.

ashore there."
Net turned and looked at him cavefully.
"I remember you," she said. "You came up ter the house this afternoon for some water an' sassed Old Nance. I'd er told you 'bout it then, on'y I couldn't get out, with her there. I told him how you looked an' he said he didn't know you; but he reckoned you was a friend if you was in the boat here."

"For heaven's sake who is him?" cried the major, impatiently. "Speak more plainly, child."

Net grew sullen at once, if she thought any one was scolding her. Poor child, she had little else but scoldings and she expected them from everybody.

"It's the feller you come up here to git," she said.

"Tack Hardwick!" gasped the major. "That's him." she said coolly, nodding her head.

"That's what." she assured him. "Been there ever since the cap'n brought him on the schooner. They don't weat him any too well, but they beats me. She beat me this afternoon 'cause I hurt my foot an' couldn't get 'round quick, an' that's why! I come out yere an' give it all away ter you. I wouldn't tell him this morning."

"Yes."

"Does he know now?"

"I reckon, I'r he's snoopin' 'round there now. That's where he give In-

"Yes."
"Does he know now?"
"I reckon, f'r he's snoopin' 'round
there now. That's where he give Injun Joe that awful lick that settled
him."

Tready. That's where he give Injun Joe that awful lick that settled him." Dan suddenly noticed that the major was motioning him to step aside. He went forward with him, leaving the went of the went of the waste of the went of t

can't help himself, so you'll have to do it all."
Then she sent the light canoe gliding away noiselessly as a shadow and ban curned his companion eagerly. It is that the major, thrusting the crumpled paper into ban's hand and pushing him into the dim radiance of the cabin light; "it's from Jack and he's up there in the cottage, sure!"
With some difficulty Dan read as follows:

With some difficulty Dan read as follows:
Dear Tom—
From what little Net tells me I know you are near, doubtless hunting for my prison. I am confined in the cellar of the cabin where my uncle, Ossinike, or the men who captured me from him, placed me. He was with them the night he took me

from the Outer Duck, but I have not seen him since. The men brought me from the island on a schooner to this place (I do not know where It is, nor does Net) and I think from what she says that they are smugglers, and probably desperate men; the old woman is in league with them. Little Net also tells me that Ossinike is to pay "the captain," whoever he may be, for the work of capturing me, and will then carry me into the interformer of the carry me into the interformer is too much Indian in me. Tom, for me to resist him long. Little Net says you have two men with you in the sailboat. God bless them, whoever they are, and you for what you are trying to do for me. I feared you were lost in that storm off The Ducks, until she told me about your meeting with her this morning; the fact that you are near has made me hope again. Be kind to little Net—"There the letter ended as though the writer had been disturbed in his occupation; but it told both Major Peterson and Dan Cheney all that was necessary.

"We'll save him, Dan," declared the major, almost tearfully.

"You bet we will, sir," responded Dan, going forward and hauling on the slack of the anchor cable at once; "and we'll save that little girl, too." "But do you think we'd better do anything now?" inquired the other, in some doubt, as he saw Dan's movement.

"No time like the present," was Dan's concise reply. "Tom's mooning

anything now? inquired the other, in some doubt, as he saw Dan's movement.

"No time like the present," was Dan's concise reply. "Tom's mooning round there somewhere and we'll trust to luck to fall in with him. The old woman's at the cabin alone and I should smile if we weren't a match for her, between us. Just h'ist the sail, major, and we'll see what we'll see."

sail, major, and we'll see what we'll see."

The major had considerable confidence in Dan's good sense and hastened to follow out his suggestion.

By the time Dan had got the anchor resting on the boat's rail he had hoisted the sail and taker the lantern below. Dan hurried to the tiller and the major trimmed the sheet as needed.

In ten minutes they had run into the cove behind the ridge on which Old Nance's cabin was situated and had landed in almost the same spot where Dan had cut his fish pole in the afternoon.

The boat was fastened securely, its bow just grazing the steep bank, for

The boat was fastened securely, its bow just grazing the steep bank, for at this point there was no beach. Then the two men, both heavily armed, began to ascend the ridge. Ere they had gone a dozen yards, however, a figure suddenly appeared before them and advanced fearlessly to Dan's side.

"It's the girl!" Dan exclaimed. The major crowded forward at his cemark.

cemark.
"I knew 'twas you." she said, calmly, yet with a perceptible tremor in her voice. "I saw you land. Suthin's happened up to the house. Jack's gone an' Old Nance is layin' dead on the floor!" (This story you') be continued to the

(This story will be continued in the new monthly form of The Argory. See notice on editorial page.)

[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 XXV.-(Continued.) IN WHICH AN AMBULANCE FIGURES.

IN WHICH AN AMBULANCE FIGURES. Seeing the surgeon preparing to get a purchase on her helpless husband, Mrs. Murphy began to whimper. "The saints defind us," she moaned, "what are you going to do with my poor man?" "Ready now," called out the surgeon in a low voice to Lloyd, paying no heed to the woman. "Ready," returned Lloyd. With a quick jerk the hero of the ambulance, put the shoulder back in its place, eliciting from its owner a howl of pain and a writhing movement of his whole body that sent the gaping onlookers skurrying toward the door. "Till have to take him along, I suppose," said the surgeon. "I don't imagine you'll know what to do with

"Til have to take him along, I suppose," said the surgeon. "I don't imagine you'll know what to do with him till he quiets down."

He looked at Mrs. Murphy as he added this last.
"How long'll you keep him there?" she asked.
"Not long. Here," to Lloyd, "do you think you can take one end of

the stretcher while we get him down

the stretcher while we get him down stairs?"

Lloyd sprang to assist, but when Murphy was once on the strip of canvas, and being borne out through the doorway, the wife set up a wailing cry which cang in young Abbott's mind long after he had ceased to hear at with his ears.

After the man had been placed in a fine affibulance and the latter had led off with clanging gong, the youths from the Bassett mansion stod there in the midst of the crowd on the pavement looking at each other rather soberly.

"I never had such an experience in my life, Abbott," said Van Dorn. "I feel almost as if I'd murdered the fellow. And I was thinking I was so mortal good for taking hold of him at all Bah, what disgusting stuff life in the power woman while he's laid up." he continued. "I'll talk with the house with me now, on round to the house with me now, won't you!" "Still the nurse may have returned with the child by the time we get

"But you forget, I'm due to report to Mr. Bassett."

"You haven." got anything to report though."

"Still the nurse may have returned with the child by the time we get back. And I want to know that just as soon as I can. I'm getting faint with hunger."

They had started mechanically to walk down toward Eleventh Street to take the car. Just as Lloyd uttered these words, a young man who had been standing on the sidewalk fell in step beside them and:
"Can't one of you gentlemen help me?" he said. "I haven't had a bite to eat today. I've been stranded with a theatrical company. I've asked everso many people. Most of them don't take any notice and some laugh at me. And I'm so hungey."

Lloyd and Van Dorn exchanged glances under a street lamp they were passing, and then, as if by a common impulse, came to a halt and took a good look at the beggar.

There was no smell of liquor on him, his voice was a singularly pleasant one and what he had said about being hungry went straight to Lloyd's heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TAKING UP WITH A TRAMP.

"That fellow's speaking the truth," Van Dorn said in a low voice to Lloyd.
"I agree with von." replied the life."

on Loyd.

"I agree with you," replied the latter, beginning to fish in his pocket.

"But if we give you enough to get a supper." Van Dorn went on, turning to the beggar, "you'll be just as bad off when breakfast time comes."

"I know that," was the response, while the saddest possible smile lighted up the fellow's face, "but that fact doesn't make me any the less hungry now."
"Haven't very same fact." hungry now."
"Haven't you any friends?" inquired

"Haven't you any friends?" inquired Lloyd.

"Yes; up in New Hampshire. And they're suffering from hard times, too. Besides, I'd be ashamed to ask them for help, even if it was possible for them to give it to me right off."

"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"But you're not ashamed to ask us." Yan Dorn put in.
"I've re is evange me something right he doesn't much care when a food he doesn't much care when a happorter l'd' ask you to give me your address so's I could send it back to you when I get on my feet again. And besides, you might't like for such as I have become to know where you lived."

"As he spoke the fellow tried to pull down the sleeves of his coat over the cuffs which had evidently been put on several days before.
"You say you've been on the stage?" said Van Dorn, as he handed over a fifty cent plece. "You can square yourself with me for this by telling me your experiences."
"Thank you, sir. I'll do it gladly. You see..."
"Oh, I don't mean now," interposed Van Dorn. "You wan to get som thing

me your experiences.
"Thank you, sir. I'll do it gladly.
You see—"
"Oh. I don't mean now," interposed
Van Dorn. "You want to get som:thing
to eat and we've got to go up to my
aunt's. But what's the matter with
your coming around to my house tonight? My evening is free since Annt
Laura has been upset by this affair
of Harold's. I want you to come. too.
Abbott. I'll fix it with Uncle Chet,"
he added in a lowered voice.
"But I can't come to your house,"
the tramp objected. "See what I look
like."
"If you don't want to come, it's all

right," Van Dorn returned. "You're welcome to the half dollar. But I want to tell you this: there's nobody home but the servants. If you'll come around at eight o'clock I'll let you in myself, show you to the bath room and give you a complete rig out. My clothes will pretty nearly fit you, I take it."

"I'll come," said the other. "I don't know how to thank vou. If I said God will bless you I'm afraid you'd think I was just like the other beggars. I've heard 'em say that. What is the address?"

Van Dorn gave it, and then he and Lloyd hurried on.

"I wonder if he will show up?" said the former.

"Are you hoping he won't?" asked Lloyd. "It seemed to me like a genuine case of down on his luck."

"I've taken a lot of interest in the chap. I'm stuck on theaters, you know and besides, I feel like doing something or other good, to make up for the harm I caused at the Murphys'. My friends would shout, though, if they heard of my turning philanthropist. I'm usually reckoned to be fit for nothing but to wear clothes and talk society gabble with the girls."

Lloyd could not but notice the change that had come over his companion, and he decided that there was nothing like a good shaking up of the sensibilities such as Clement Van Dorn had received that evening. "I tell you what," Mr. Bassett's nephew proposed after they had boarded the cross town car, "we'll go back to Aunt Laura's, and then if Harold has turned up all right—and even if he hasn't for that matter, you can come around to the house with me and I'll fill you up with a combination supper-dinner. It's a go, isn't it was almost seven o'clock when o'lleles sort of jaller out, Van Dorn."

It was almost seven o'clock when

even if he hasn't for that matter, you can come around to the house with me and I'll fill you up with a combination supper-dinner. It's a go, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, and you are the joiliest sort of jailer out, Van Dorn."

It was almost seven o'clock when they reached the Bassett mansion again.

"The baby's back!" cried the maid when she opened the door for them. "You badn't been gone ten minutes when Ellen came in beaming."

"But where was she all that time?" Lloyd wanted to know, feeling a great burden rolled off his heart.

He and Van Dorn had taken seats on the low marble slab of the hall hat stand. "Setting back the right baby." the mad sepled. "She found out the address of the other nurse after you left, sir" glaneing at Lloyd. "There was another nurse came along who recognized the baby that had been exchanged for Harold.

"A man that looked sickly said he'd go along with Ellen to see how it turned out, but when they got to the house they found that the folks there had taken the baby, nurse and all over to a town on Long Island. They never knowed the difference. Wasn't it stupid of them? Catch me not knowing Harold among a hundred!

"Well, Ellen took on so, and so did the cook and the housemaid that was left behind, when they found out what was up, that they scraped up enough money among 'em to send Ellen and the other baby out to its mother on Long Island."

"And had she found out that she'd got the wrong kid by that time?" inquired Van Dorn.

"That she had, and an awful time she was making over it. The poor nurse girl was almost wild with terrory. You see, sir, she couldn't tell just when the bables had been exchanged, so she didn't know where to go to look for the right one. Oh, but it was a cruel joke. The mistress was that wild with worry that I've never seen the like."

"It's all right now, though." said Van Dorn, rising. "Come on, Abbott. If we don't hurry we shan't get any supper, and I know you don't want to miss that."

"But perhaps I ought to see Mr. Bassett first." objected Lloyd.

"If y

old."
"Come along then, Abbott. Aunt won't want us bothering about now."
And as Llovd's appetite had by this time attained appalling proportions, there was no need to persuade him

farther. He had no scruples about accepting Van Dorn's invitation, since the latter had represented to him that he would be all alone, now that his

aunt's entertainment had been broken in upon.

"We were to stay through the evening." Van Dorn had said, "a regular family reunion, you know. And one doesn't like to call on friends uninvited on holidays."

The Van Dorns occupied a roomy mansion on one of the cross streets near Fifth Avenue, not far from the Bassetts.

mansion on one of the cross streets near Fifth Avenue, not far from the Bassetts'.

Clement opened the door with his latch key, and telling Lloyd to go straight up to the third floor front and make himself at home, started for the basement to look up the prospects for supper.

"There's nobody home but the servants," he added, "so you needn't be afraid of running across any one who doesn't know you."

But Lloyd did run across some one in the second hallway—a woman in a sweeping lavender satin gown, who shrieked at sight of him, fled back into the front room and slammed the door shut.

Lloyd stopped short. He scarcely knew what to do.

Who could this be? Evidently she was much terrified at the sight of him.

But Van Dorn had assured him that

him.

But Van Dorn had assured him that none of the family were at home. This could not be a servant though, in all that splendor of raiment.

Lloyd paused, leaning over the bannisters, in the hope that Van Dorn might appear. He could hear his voice

might appear. He could hear his voice.

He was talking very loudly, angrily, too, it seemed.

"I guess he's surprised the servants at a game of when the cat's away, the mice will play. Christopher, I wonder if the vision of lavender I just gasw was another case of the Sort."

Lloyd decided that this must be the solution of the matter, and concluded that under the circumstances he might as well go on up to Van Dorn's room.

But arrived here, he found it dark, and not knowing where the matches were, stood waiting in the doorway for his host. He could hear him running up the stairs now.

Lloyd met him under the gaslight in the hall.

He saw at a glance that he was

He saw at a glance that he was greatly excited about something.

CHAPTER XXVII. AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

"This is outrageous! A pretty state of things I find here."

Van Dorn emphasized "pretty" by the viclous scraping of a match head across his boot heel.

"You've discovered the servant's playing high jinks, have you?" returned Lloyd.

"Yes, but how did you know that?" Van Dorn looked at his companion sharply, as the gas flared up in his room.

"Yes, but how did you know that?" Van Dorn looked at his companion sharply, as the gas flared up in his room.

"I think I discovered one of them in gala toilet on, the floor below."

"Great Astorbilt, in one of mother's dresses, I suppose. It must be Julia. I missed her in the gay and festive throng down stakes, If you'll believe me they're giving a dance in the kitchen, and have invited all the choice postmen, pollcemen and butchers' boys in the neighborhood. Won't mother send them all packing when she gets home?"

"They must have been rather startled when you burst in upon them."

"I should remark. A flash of lightning from a clear sky was as nothing to it. I ordered them to set to work at once and dish us up some supper. The Lord only knows what sort of a set out it will be. They're as mad as hops, and as sulky as a two wheeled carriage. Now make yourself miserable over this anticipation will be a be a supplied that Julia's set on foot."

"It seems as if I was fated not to get either dinner or supper." Lloyd murmured, when he was left alone. "What a Christmas I am having! If novelty constitutes charm I ought to be as pleased as Punch."

"Come on, Abbott," Van Dorn called up a few minutes later.

And Lloyd lost no time in obeying the summons.

"There's a lay out of scraps in the dining room for us," said his host. "Happy chance if some of 'em aren't saturated with Rough on Rats. I've ordered the cook to make some coffee. Don't know whether she'll do it or not. She's called me almost every name she could lay her tongue to, and like as not she'll fill the coffee pot half full up with cod liver oil."

Lloyd heartily enjoyed that haphazard meal of cold turkey, cranberry sauce, warmed over potatoes, celery, coffee and jam, coffee and jam, The young men helped themselves picnic fashion and Van Dorn gradually recovered his good spirits. He was in the midst of a stoy of how Murray McAlpine, when trying to lead a german one night had fallen on the floor with his partner at the very start out, when the front door bell rang.

"Great McAllisten!" he exclaimed, "That must be my tramp. I forgot all about him."

He hurried to open the door himself, as he had promised to do. Lloyd heard him take the caller up stairs, and presently there was the sound of water running in the bath tub. Than twan Dorn returned with the announcement.
"I think he'll be quite a presentable looking fellow when he's fixed up. His name is George Maitland, What do you think about my asking him to stay all night? I don't suppose he has any place to sleep."
"You must do as you think best about that."

What do you think about my asking him to stay all night? I don't suppose he has any place to sleep."
"You must do as you think best about that."
"You will stay of course."
"It doesn't seem that I ought. Remember, you never saw me till half a day ago."
"What's the odds? This has been an odd day for both of us. We might as well finish it up in an odd manner.
"Come on, you might as well stay. You've got your traps with you, and expected to be in town any way. Then I'll run the s'isk and give Maitland a bed. Mother is a great one for charity organizations and all that, so I don't see how she could object to be in the side of the standard of the seem of the seem

man whom Lloyd found difficulty in recognizing as the beggar to whom he had given a quarter less than two hours before.

"Mr. Maitland, Mr. Abbott," said Van Dorn.
Lloyd got up and shook hands with the fellow from New Hampshire, who was really very good looking.

"This all seems like a play," said Maitland, as he sat down in the chair Van Dorn placed for him. "I don't know how to thank you enough for all you are doling for me."

"I've told you how you can do it," put in Van Dorn. Just reel off the story of your experiences. How did you happen to go on the stage any way? There aren't any theaters up in the town where you came 6.0m, are they?" as a summer, who light the store and post office and his talk about the theater gave me the craze." "Then you didn't have a natural talent for acting?" Inquired Van Dorn. "I mean like to speak declamations in so ol and all that?"

"No: I nev thought of being an actor before I met Walter Kirke. I'd only been to the theater once in my life, when I saw "The Old Homestead' down at Portland. But I just got the worst hankering to see what thinks were like on the wrong side of the curtain."

"I've had that same hankering my-self." into; lected Vam Dorn again.

curtain."
"I've had that same hankering my-self." interjected Van Dorn again. "But go on."

"Well, Kirke seemed to take a sort of shying to me. We used to go trout fishing together whenever I got a day off from the farm, and one day he told me that the way I cast a fly would make a great hit in the play they were going to take out on the road the next season.

"Do you think I would stand any chance of getting a place in it?" I asked him eagerly.
"Could you put up any money for the opportunity? was his ceply.
"Well, all the money I had of my own was in the little iron bank that the uncel I was named for gave me when I was a baby. There wasn't much there; only about forty dollars, but it was to start me in life whenever I decided to strike out for my self. told Kirke of this and that I exert of heated to tuch it.

ever I decided to strike out for myself.
"I told Kirke of this and that I
sort of hated to touch it.
"'Why, man!, he exclaimed, 'your
touching it is not going to cause it
to vanish. It will be just like rolling
a snowball to make it bigger. Think
of Francis Wilson, and the \$600 a
week he got at the Casino, and now
owning a show of his own!
"To make a short story of it, I
said I'd go if he would get me the
position. He left the middle of August, and along about the first of
September wrote me to meet him in
New York."

September wrote me to meet him in New York."

"And did you tell your family where you were going?" Van Do'n wanted to know.

"I told them I was going to leave the farm and try something in the city that would turn in money faster. But they guessed what it was, for they knew how intimate I'd been with Kirke, and they begged me not to go. But I wouldn't listen and went off without saying good by.

"Kirke met me at the Grand Central Station here in New York and—" Clang went the front door bell at this moment, and Van Dorn sprang up.

p.
"Hold on, Maitland," he said.
Don't tell any more till I get back.
suppose I shall have to open it myelf. Our servants are all demoraled tonight. I'll be back in two
pakes" "Hold "De

shakes."
In fact Lloyd and Maitland had scarcely the opportunity to exchange half a dozen words when Van Dorn reappeared, ushoring in ahead of him no less a person than Gordon March-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEALING THE BREACHES.

HEALING THE BREACHES.

Before Lloyd could quite analyze his feelings at sight of the fellow who he felt had put such a great wrong on him, Marchman sprang toward him with a glad cry. "Lloyd Abbott!" he exclaimed. "The fellow of all others I most wanted to see and the last one I expected to behold."

He paused half a second, looked at Van Doen, next at Maitland, and then added:

He paused half a second, looked at Van Dorn, next at Maitland, and then added:

"I've got something most important to say to Abbott, Van Dorn. Will you excuse us if we withdraw into the hall for a few moments?"

"No," replied Van Dorn, "because you can go right down into the library. I'll go on ahead and light the gus for you. Come on, Abbott."

As he spoke Van Dorn caught Lloyd by the arm and hurried him out of the room, whispering as they descended the stairs together:
"Don't give it away what you heard Aunt Laura say, will you?"
"Not unless I have to in my own interests," answered Lloyd. "I think it will not be necessary, however. He didn't come here to look me up. I take it, from what he said."

"No; he chanced to call in at Aunt Laura's because he said it was insufferably stupid at home, and learning that I had an evening on my hands, came over to ask me to go to the theater. I told him I had an actor to entertain, or rather who was entertaining me, and brought him up stairs.
"I suppose I can make myself

entertaining me, and stairs, stairs, "I suppose I can make myself scarce now," Van Dorn added, when he had lighted two burners in the li-

brary. "We'll be up in a minute, Van," said Marchman

said Marchman.

Lloyd wondered what was coming.

He was not kept long in doubt.

"My dear fellow," Gordon began, as,
soon as Van Dorn had left the room,
"I have a terribly humiliating confession to make to you. You may
despise us all when you hear it, but
I must tell you, no matter in what
spirit you receive it."

They stood facing each other just inside the doorway.
Gordon spoke in a subdued tone that was very impressive. He continued:
"My father was almost positive that you were innocent of the crime with which you were charged when you left our house this morning. The story of the whole thing begins before you arrived on the evening of the 24th. You noticed how unstrung we yill were?"

fore you arrived on the evening of the 24th. You noticed how unstrung we all were?"

"Yes, I did notice it," returned Lloyd, as the other seemed to pause for a reply.

"And do you know the cause?"

Instinctively Lloyd was about to say "Yes," when he remembered Van Dorn's pleading injunction. How strange it was to know just what Gordon was going to tell him!

And he akready knew it all, for Mrs. Bassett's story turned out to be closer to the facts than is usually the case with the gossip of the dinner table.

"We felt the disgrace keenly," concluded Gordon, "and I acted like a brute to you because I feared you would find out. That episode of the cravat pin, for instance. I never lost it at all, but took it off and put it in my pocket. I never stooped so low as that before. Can you forgive me, Lloyd? I know I don't deserve it."

There was silence in the room for

it."
There was silence in the room for quarter of a minute. Could he forgive the other for what he had done, Lloyd asked himself?
He could not decide at once. He asked a question instead.
"Where is your brother in law now?"

"Where is your brother in law now?"
"We just had a dispatch saying that he had gone to his father's and that they had sent him back to the asylum at Morris Plains."
"Mccris Plains!" exclaimed Lloyd. "You say he was confined there once before?"
"Yes. Why do you ask?" eagerly from Gordon.
Lloyd hesitated. He scarcely liked to remind Marchman of the incident

before?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" eagerly from Gordon.
Lloyd hesitated. He scarcely liked to remind Marchman of the incident on the front stoop on the night of their return from the theater, when his mother had checked Agnes for referring to a journey that took them past Willoughby. He might be the comparison of the past Willoughby. He will be the comparison of the mast Willoughby. He will be the comparison of the might be the comparison of the comparison of the might be the comparison of the c

"Didn't?" repeated Lloyd questioningly,
"Yes, the past tense is all right,"
responded Gordon. "Father called
them together just before I left and
told them that a mistake had been
made; that the money had been taken
by some one not in his right mind
who had concealed himself in your
room with the intention of throwing
the blame on you."
"And do they suspect the identity
of—"

"And do they suspect the identity of—" asy they do, but father has seen that that is of insignificant importance in comparison with the consciousness of having done the right thing."

Lloyd was satisfied. He put out his hard

right thing."
Lloyd was satisfied. He put out his hand.
"It is all right, Gordon," he said. And Marchman's eyes beamed.
"Father is going to give you a position in the offices of the raircoad company, if you will take it," he said. "Ten dollars a week to begin with and a chance to rise, although I don't refer to the daily habit, as the hours are only from nine to five. I was coming out to Willoughby tomorrow to tell you all about this."
"I'll let you know by New Year's whether I can take it or not, if that will do? And now shall we go up stairs and hear the steep of the thealand?"
Unconsciously Lloyd was taking on

land?"
Unconsciously Lloyd was taking on a "high and mighty" air with young Marchman. But if he had analyzed this attitude, he would have felt himself justified in assuming it. The Marchmans had certainly treated him very meanly, and it was great magnanimity on his part to be willing to overlook the fact.

Neither of the two had sat down.
"Oh, you've missed the best part
f Maitland's story," Van Down exclaimed, when they presented them-selves in his room. "Can't we have an encore?" sug-

"Can't we ha

gested Gordon.
"Shakspere never repeats," laughed
Van Dorn, adding, "but I will for
him, and say that Maitland made a
hit at every third stand, and as this was the average maintained by about every other member of the company, it wasn't long before they came to the end of their rope."
"He's completely strapped, isn't he?" Gordon whispered to Lloyd, un-der cover of adjusting his necktie

for him.
"Completely."
"Well, I'm going to set him on his feet again if he'll let me," Gordon began, when Lloyd broke in on him.
"Oh, I know some one whom I on the

wish—"
Then he checked himself. On the impulse of the moment he had been about to state the case of the sick man he had met in the Park. But he did not wish to pose as a suppliant to Gordon Marchman, of all people, so he promptly cut off his sentence.

ple, so he promptly cut on

But Marchman insisted that he should finish it.

"We've got to do an awful lot of good some way, to atone for the wrong we've done you," he said.

"Please tell me what you were going to say."

"Flease ten me"

10 say."

"But it wouldn't do any good, come to think," rejoined Lloyd. "I don't know the fellow's address, nor even his name."

"Tell me all the same, please, "Tell we same, please, "Tell we want

So Lloyd did, while Maitland was satisfying Van Dorn's curiosity about the mysterious region behind the

satisfying Van Dorn's curiosity about the experiences and when I've got him I'll indvertise, and when I've got him I'll invent some pretext for sending him to Colorado. Then, when he comes home cured, I'll feel as II-well, as If his life belonged to me.

And as it turned out, Gordon did have this experience, so two people had Lloyd to thank for the trials he had undergone on that memorable Christmas Day, the other one being George Mattland, whom Van Dorn and Marchman united in setting on his feet in a business that was less precarious than that of trout fisherman in a rustic comedy. All this was accomplished before Gordon went back to his college in the South the middle of March, by which time Myra Abbott had overcome her prejudice against him. It is only fair to add that she never knew of her brother's trying experiences at the home of the millionaire on Christmas Day, for Lloyd never told his family of them. There was no occasion for him to do so.

He spent the night at the Van Dorns' and went out to Willoughby on an early train the next morning.

Lloyd never told his family of them. There was no occasion for him to do so. He spent the night at the Van Dorns' and went out to Willoughby on an early train the next morning. He found his mother quite ill and in anxiety over this matter, there was no thought of asking him to give particulars of his visit.

My Aboot have the very recovered by heard that Gordon had procured a position for Lloyd, insisted on inviting him out to dinner.

The place at the railroad office proved to be much more desirable than the one Lloyd had filled at Streeter & Carr's, and Lloyd is perfectly contented.

He spent another night with Clement Van Dorn not long since.

"Oh, I must tell you the good news about the Murphys," Van Dorn said soon after he arrived. "I got the pater interested in them and when the man I dropped came out of the hospital we sent them to look after our country place, where he'll be out of so many temptations to drink.

"Mrs. Murphy was just tickied to death at the thought of getting away from the city and blesses the day I jabbed my hand against the jamb of the door."

Take it all in all. Lloyd has come to the conclusion that his friendship with Gordon Marchman, begun in such a strange manner, and fraught, in its early stages with so many keep nangs, has indirectly proved of great worth to several besides himself.

And the oddest part of it is, that this would not have been the case

And the oddest part of it is, that this would not have been the case

had it not been for the trials of that never to be forgotten Christmas Day.

THE END.

A DRAWBRIDGE OF WATER.

A DRAWBRIDGE OF WATER.

Although canals may seem to be old fashioned to our end of the century ideas, they are still being built, and some of the most ingenious devices of inventing minds are employed in bringing them "up to date." An odd one is to be found in the shucanal just opened in England between Manchester and the sea, thirty six miles in length.

There were few difficulties to be overcome in its construction, says the New York "Tribune," yet one of the novel features of the enterprise is so curious that it deserves passing notice. It is a very common occurrence for one railroad track to be carried over another; much less frequently we see one canal conducted across the line of another; but to have the intersections of two water routes provided with a drawbridge is still more unusual.

This, however, was found the most satisfactory way of dealing with the problem presented where the route of Manchester's new highway to the Mersey ran up against the old Bridgewater canal, leading southward from Wigan, in Lancashire.

Just what reasons existed for not having a grade crossing do not appear; but it does appear that such a scheme was not deemed feasible; and hence the smaller channel was borne over the large.

But a fixed aqueduct would have interfered with the masts, if not the smokestacks, of big ships; and therefore a swinging span, like that of an ordinary drawbridge was resorted to. Obviously, the stationary ends of the severed waterway needed to be, and they are, equippe with gates, which mus be closed before the swinging span is opened. The latter structure is similarly furnished; so that it is possible to open the "Caw" with a floating barge on it.

LEARN A TRADE. WHY NOT?

Until within the past few years an American boy, if he had no specialty of talent which directed him toward certain professions, could always start out in the world empty handed, and find a place. The great West was open.

find a place. The great West was open.

An American boy could hardly be found who would spend the years of his youth learning to be a skilled mechanic of any sort, and consequently almost all those occupations have been taken up by foreigners. It seems strange that parents do not see how great an opening there is all trades for an intelligent, wide awake American. The American brain is clearer and cleverer than any other, and, combined with a skilled knowledge, is invincible almost anywhere. And yet Tiffany, the great manufacturing jeweler, offering every possible inducement, can not get American apprentices of the class he wants, although he offers to pay such boys a salary while they are learning the business.

SHE HIT ONE.

Mr. Binks (after an absence)—"And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected? You are a brave little woman. What became of him?"

Mrs. Binks—"The other burglar carried him off."

Mr. Binks—"Which other burglar?"

Mrs. Binks—"The one I aimed at."—Puck.

IN THE ISLE OF PALUUZOO.

First Cannibal—"Did those mission-aries bring any bread along?"
Second Cannibal—"Er—I am not sure, but I heard something about some Georgia Crackers being in the outfit."—Indianapolis Journal.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE

"I'll have to leave you, mum," said the hired girl to the lady of the house, who was finding the burden almost too much to bear.
"Thank heaven," she exclaimed, "you don't have to take me along with you."—Detroit Free Press.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Fred—"What do you think of my argument?"
Will—"Sound—most certainly sound."
"And what else?"
"Nothing else—merely sound."—Boston Globe.

JUDGE NOT. Judge not! Thou canst not tell Why he, thy brother, fell. Wilt, too, thy flowers might, Exposed unto the blight; Thy singing birds quite dumb, 'Neath darkened skies, become.

tige not! Thou dost not know he has acted so. Be not so sure thy grain Could long resist such rain; Thy bark, thus tempest tossed, Might not the bar have crossed.

Judge not! Thou canst not say where the blame to lay Just where the plame to lay.

From strings long snapped in twain

Comes out the sweet refrain; From streamlets frozen deep Not soon the waters leap.

Bid not from that poor heart The one last hope depart;
But, judging, questioning not,
The past all, all forgot, Of mercy's diadem.

New Orleans Picayune.

[This story began in No. 588.] Trials and Triumphs

OF A YOUNG REPORTER.

BY EARLE E. MARTIN.

CHAPTER VII. SEEKING THE SOLUTION.

Burglars make blunders as well as people in other callings in life. This was the conclusion at which Grant Dudley arrived as he looked intently half burned scrap of paper.

It seemed a foolish piece of business, for a housebreaker to leave behind a thing of this sort, no matter

how small.

Most of all it was foothardy to leave one's private letters in a house

which no one has entered.

For the paper proved to be the fragment of a letter.

By an unfortunate chance the name of the person to whom the note was addressed was burned away, and the name of the sender was some save the three final letters—"igs." unfortunate chance

the name save the three final letters— 1846.
"This is tantalizing!" exclaimed Grant, as he pored over the scrap of paper, and found no trace of a name. "But here is an address—Bolton! Well, I declare; this is getting the interesting."

ton! Well, I declare; this is getting rather interesting."

Here are the words which Grant Dudley found on the charred and crumpled piece of paper.

They were written in a clear hand, and the quality of the paper indicated that the writer was cultured and well to do:

i well to do:

Bolton. August 4.

you succeed
there is but
out that the other
obtained with
r no difficulty
ome and succeed there
Sat, night and we
an the whole
e sure to bring
corely,
igg.

The flame had eaten away the entire left hand side of the paper; and the remnant which remained of the writing gave only an obscure and un-satisfactory communication. Grant puzzled over the scrap for some time; he could derive but little

some time; ne could derive but little satisfaction, however.
"Bolton," he said to himself. "Well, that is some consolation. It is evident that the burglar knows some one in Bolton."

Grant folded up the plece of paper carefully, and sealed it in an envelope. Then he opened the safe, and placed the packet in one of the compartments.

After that he took out the account book labeled "Advertising," and be-gan his work of posting the latest changes, and finding what letters were to be written.

The young editor was making rapid

progress with his task, when the door opened and his friend the law student entered the office.

Bob had just come from home, where he had been asleep since

Breakfast with the wealthy Whites came at a later hour than in the home of the Dudleys. "I have a clew," said Grant as

break fast

Bob sat down.

"No," exclaimed Bob eagerly.
Grant turned to the safe, and
brought out the precious scrap of pa-

brought out me precious scrap of pa-per which he had hidden away. Bob studied the paper for some time, with an eager searching gaze. But he had slight success in filling out the meaning which the note had originally conveyed.

Presently he interrupted Grant who Presently he interrupted Grant who was in the midst of a long winded screed from "Constant Reader," concerning the Salem gas lights and the late hours at which the lamps were frequently lighted.
"Scott!" exclaimed Bob. "I have

"Scott!" exclaimed Bob. "I have seen that writing before. There was some of it in McPherson's office a week or so ago. I remember it distinctly, but whose name was signed to it, I can't tell." "Good," said Grant. "We are getting nearer the truth. Can you find the piece of paper?" "I can try." Bob laid the charred scrap on Grant's desk, and almost ran out of the office of "The Salem Tribune." Grant went on with his work, but

Grant went on with his work, but he was so anxious for his friend to discover the author of the writing he had found that he could not concentrate his mind upon his work.
Little progress did he make while

Bob was gone on his mission to Mr. McPherson's law office.

With a disappointed countenance Bob returned.

He came into the office and sat down in a chake gloomily. Without looking at him more than a moment Grant knew that als errand had been a failure.

"I couldn't find the paper," said Bob. "I suppose it must have been destroyed—probably it was only a note or a memorandum of some sort."

The two boys discussed the matter from every point of view they could imagine.

They came to the conclusion that the burglar whom Grant had surprised in "The Tribune" office was Mr.

in "The Tribune" office was Mr. Street's unknown enemy.
They argued that the scrap of charred paper had been used by the burglar as a lighter, and that he had carelessly thrown it away.
If they could only find the writer of the letter, some strategy and a clever piece of detective work would solve the whole mystery and probably save Mr. Street and "The Tribune" from the disaster which impended. from the disaster which impended.

Botton and "igg"—the young editor and the law student pondered the words time and again; but their dis-cussion was vain, for neither of them could suggest a plausible theory as to who the letter writer in Bolton might be.

With sudden determination Grant wheeled back in his chair; and it was evident that he had come to an important decision as to what he would

portant decision as to what he would do to unravel the mystery.

"I'm going to Bolton tonight on the boat, and watch the wharf and the station there to see if any one goes there from Salem."

"I believe it would be the best thirty you could do," said Bob. after a moment's reflection.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURSUER IS PURSUED.

When the steamer Fleetwing swung in to her wharf at half past five that afternoon, Grant Dudley was awaiting

With a careful search he had swrsure that no other passengers were waiting there except himself and a woman, and three or four young ladies who attended a boarding school, he believed, further up the river.

That he might make doubly sure, however, he stood near the gang plank and watched the wharf closely until the clang of bells in the engine room told that the steamer was about to resume her course up the river.

is evident." said Grant to himself, "that my burglar is pressed for time, and is going to take the train later in the evening. I shall try to be at the station, and greet his arri-val in Bolton."

Grant went down into the cabin, where he paid his passage and found the clerk of the boat at leisure.

Grant had met the clerk before, and they joined in a very pleasant conversation.

The young editor made free to ask

a good many questions of the clerk concerning the state of river traffic and other matters.

He managed to obtain half a dozen

good items; and he seemed so pleased that the clerk offered to leave a note with the latest news along the river. once or twice a week, as he passed

Grant was very glad to avail him-self of the offer, and he promised to reciprocate if ever the opportunity

Bolton was a village of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. It was connected with Salem by a railroad and the river; and it was sixteen miles distant.

The Fleetwing made the trip in a little over an hour; and at twenty minutes of seven the steamer touched the little wharf at Bolton.

The sun was just setting, and Grant concluded that he would get his sup-per at the hotel before he went over to the railroad station to inspect the passengers.

"What time does the train from Salem arrive?" Grant asked of the boniface he found in the little Bolton

tavern.
"Eight fifteen is her time," replied

"Eight fifteen is her time," replied the hotel keeper.
"Do you want to make it?" he added with the pardonable curlosity which small hotel keepers take in their guests. "You'll have plengy of time."

Grant Dudley ate a substantial sup-per of beefsteak and hashed potatoes; and when he had finished, and had paid his bill, he sat down in the lit-tle office, intending to write out the tle office, intending to write out the notes he had secured on the Fleet-

When the clock showed twenty when the clock showed twenty minutes before eight, Grant got up from the table and placing his manuscript in his inner coat pocket,

left the hotel for the railway station.
In the latitude of Salem dusk lingers for several hours in the August nights.

nights.

There was considerable light yet when Grant left the hotel.

He could see objects plainly enough, although they wore an unfamiliar as-

He count although they were an unmanning pect in the half darkness.
"I seem to have plenty of time," said the young editor to himself.
"Why didn't I ask the hotel keeper if he had the name of "ligg" lived the name of "him I see a man by the name of "igg" lived here? But I will find out when I see

here? But I will find out when I see my burglar get off the train.

"He is some one who lives in Salem, from what Mr. Street said last night; and if there is any one here tonight to meet a Salem man, I'll know it's "igg" and the enemy."

That time would hang less heavily on his hands, Grant decided to stroll on the street will be will be suffered exterior and reserved.

on past the railroad station and up the track.

He walked three or four hundred

yards, when he concluded that he would turn up one of the side streets and thus make a circle around to the railway station.

Grant turned to his right to enter the side street, and as he did so, he looked toward the railroad sta-

tion whose lights shone through the dusk of the summer evening. Along the track between him and the depot he saw a man walking rapidly and coming toward him.

Grant's experience of the previous night and the mission on which he was now bound, made the young editor a trifle nervous.

He quickened his step as he turned

into the street; and after he had walked a distance of twenty yards or so, he looked back to see if the stranger had passed on.

But to his alarm the man also turned at the sweet crossing and he was now coming directly toward the young editor.

"Is it possible," reflected Grant,

young editor.
"Is it possible," reflected Grant,
"that he is following me? I must
hurry and get out of his reach and

back to the station before the train comes." quickened his pace for the strange man was gaining upon him; but as he hunried faster, the man did

the same. Grant glanced over his shoulder and saw that the man was still following

A dull sense of dread filled his

"He is following me!" Grant told imself. "I must get out of this."

With another glance over his shoulder he started to run; as he did so the pursuer began to run also.

The sound of his footsteps told Grant that the other was gaining upon him, and he was thoroughly slarmed.

The street was very dark because

of the overhanging shade trees.
"I must dodge in somewhere," he said; and with that he leaped over a

sadd; and with that he leaped over a fence, and dashed into a y. of filled with shrubbery.

The pursuer saw his movement and likewise leaped the picket fence.

"I have you now," he muttered beneath his breath. "My ruse of a note worked well. We shall see whether Mr. Street has your help, my boy!"

(This story will be continued in the new monthly form of THE ABGOSY. See notice on editorial page).

SEED SOWING AND HARVEST.

SEED SOWING AND HARVEST.

Now that every one is admiring Admiral Benham, the naval officer who knew how and when to protect American interests in South America, the newspaper paragraphers are hunting up all the episodes and characteristics of his earlier life.

They naturally find that he was always clear headed, always brave, always clear headed, al

HEADING HIM OFF.

Fweddy-"Aw-Miss Ginevwa, could you-aw-live in a flat?" Miss Ginevra-"Yes, but not with one."-Chicago Tribune.

JUST LIKE HIM.

"Where's the hired man this morning?" asked Mr. Pinkleton. "I don't know," said Mrs. Pinkleton, "but I presume, from the fact that it is a rainy day, he is getting out the hose to wash the sidewalk."—Harper's

JUST CAUSE FOR DREAD. Mr. Sub Erban-"You need not mind Towser. His bark is worse than this

bite."
"Mr. Towney (who has just been bitten)—"Great Scott! I hepe he won't
bark."—Puck.

AN ECHO OF THE TIMES.

John-"Money is very close with me nowadays. How is it with you?" Harry-"It isn't with me at all."— Raymond's Monthly.

SOME QUEER MONKEY WAYS.

The monkey has always been on animal of extreme interest to man—to say nothing of the perennial source of delight he is to boys. At first regarded merely from the standpoint of amusement, he has now come to be a subject of profound study on the part of learned

pet of profound study on the part of learning professors.

The lands where the monkey is native have anticipated the rest of the world in taking the simian seriously, for not only in India, but in all lands where monkeys go in packs, it is still an article of faith that they have a king, laws, and language, of course. Saving the first item, and duly limiting the others, the bellef is sound, no doubt.

But Iben Batuta tells us, on the authority of "plous persons" he met in India, that the king lives in state. Four noblemen always attend him with rods in their hands, and coaks serve him of their kness. The king has a train of "armed followers." When a subject is caught he contrives to send a message to the sovereign, who forthwith dispatches an army. "And when they come to the town they pull down the houses and beat the people; and their armies, it is said, are many."

This is not quite so ridiculous as it looks,

This is not quite so ridiculous as it looks, for the sacred apes that frequent an Indian village will really gather to avenge an injury, and it is a common practice with them to destroy the hu when angered. But it may to destroy the hu when angered. But it may one occurred to the same that the same to contain the same that the same that

night, that they may not flud their way home."

He mentioned also that at Shabar, which appears to have been somewhat near Madras, people dare not travel at night in the woods for fear of monkeys—which is certainly not exact, since these creatures never move after sundown; but if there be a foundation of truth in the legend, it is curious. We are not aware that any Indian apes at this day will attack a passer by unless grave-that will.

When diamonds were first discovered in South Africa, Europeans flocking to that thinly peopled region became aware of an annoyance, not to say danger, which they had not reckoned only know a ware of an annoyance, not to say danger, which they had not reckoned only know that expenditude the pass, which dwelt among the rocks above, and descended to feed—many do still, no doubt, but not on the beaten tracks. In summer weather diagers camped out and started at sunrise, resting during the heat, and resuming in the late afternoon—the feeding times. As often as not the big male apes gathered promptly to defend the pass.

We never heard of a serious accident on

—the feeding times. As often as not the big made apes gathered promptly to defend the made appear and the feed of a serious accident on authority, though plenty are reported. The We never heard of a serious accident on authority, though plenty are reported. The brutes are less formidable in appearance than in fact, and when at a flight of stones, they charge, roaring and screaming, travelers are rarely so stupid as to face them.

In 1871 there was a deflic in the district of Albania which had been closed by apes for several years. Neither Boers nor English settlers willingly assailed them, owing, we undorstand, to a belief that they avenge themselves upon the crops of the aggressor. Unless Mr. Mansfield Parkyns exaggranted the intelligence and discipline of their kinst-life is a draway probable, the aggressor's crops were those neuter to the colony.

Mr. Parkyns says that he often watched them descending the rocks to feed. The old males go first—some of them scout on either flank, and all climb every eminence near the line of march to assure themselves that the route is safe.

After reconnoitering they give orders in such different tones of voice that each must have a special meaning. The elders are silent when advancing, but the main body, females and young, keep up an incessant chatter, playing and feeding as they go, unless brought to an instantaneous halt by signals.

We have described the scouts take posts all around while all the rest fall to plundering "with the utmost expedition, filling their check pouch as full as they will hold, and then taking the ears of corn under their armissing where he cannot feel, until the foray lace, where he cannot feel, until the foray lace, where he cannot feel, until the foray lace, where he cannot feel, until the foray

ponen as full as they will hold, and then pits."

Mr. Parkyns never saw a scout leave his blace, where he cannot feed, until the foraly so over and he resumes his duties on the homeward march. Evidently they must be allowed a share of the booty carried off.

An unfalling instinct tells them where to search for water, and they dig for it with their hands, one relieving another if the work is prolonged. Leopards are the great enemy, but they seldom dare attack a full grown animal.

This species is not so pugnacious as the South African, perhaps because food is mere abundant and they are more familiar with human belings. They withdraw at sight of men, though they attack dogs, and sometimes women, if alone a striking instance of their intelligence, at Khartoum. A showman there told him to watch, and then led his ane toward a basket of dates in the market. The creature never looked at it,

but while performing edged closer and closer. "Suddenly he started up from the ground on which he was lying, stretched like a corpse, and uttering a cry of pain or rage, fixed his eyes full on the face of the date seller, and then, without moving the rest of his body, stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his hind legs." The seller, being stared out of countenance, knew nothing of it. This was reasoning unquestionably, and of a complex order.

HOW NAMES GROW UP.

HOW NAMES GROW UP.

A very interesting study is that on the derivation of names. Attention was recently called to the fact that in nearly all our large cities that border on streams the points as which filling in was begun can be detected by the names of the streets. For instance, in lower New York on the east side we have now along the pier line South Street, back of that Front, and a block still further in Water—the original 'jumping off place.' An article in "The Outlook" shows how geographical names grow.

We have become so accustomed to rolling the proper names in our geographies over our tongues as gilbly as we do our own, that few of us ever stop to think how much of the proper names in our geographies over our tongues as gilbly as we do our own, that few of us ever stop to think how much of the proper names in our geographies, is wrappy, political natural and religious, is wrappy, "burgh" or "borongh"?

Take for the first one Edinburgh, for instance; how came it by that name instead of Stumptown or Hardscrabble? Let us take the "burgh" out of the name first.

"Burgh" means, in England and Scotland. a corporate town. All the English towns that end in "berry," "burrow," bury," "boryow," &c., have that ending from 'burgh." In the German it means a castle or fortified town. So much for our "burgh: then, in Edinburgh, it means the castle or town of wown of Edwin. Taking this one as a model, the study becomes easy and interesting.

Augsburg is the town of Augustus. Wurz-nown was to know what Mariborough means dig into the soil and turn up the marl.

So far, we are getting on famously; but suppose you take next the town of Schwarzenberg: if the front part of this name means black, then must the town be Blacktown? No; for here comes an exception.

The "berg" towns are named from a German word th



Mrs. Isaiah Emerson Of Manchester, N. H.

After the Grip

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Last winter I had the Grip and was quite sick. After I began to get better, being weak and run down, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, seeing it recommended so highly. I must ay that I was more than pleased with it, I recovered my health completely in a short time and think

I Am in Better Health

than before I was sick. I feel sure that this is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. In the package of Sarsaparilla when I opened it I found a sample I ox of Hood's Pills. I was surprised and delatted to find how well they agreed with menogriping and no weakening afterward. I have tried many other kinds of pills, but

Hood's Pills

the preference every time now. I think they are just wonderful. I am glad to recommend two such good preparations as Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills." Mrs. Isaiah Emererson, East Manchester, N. H.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

ummmmm

NO REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

A lady traveling through the South recent y was very much distressed over the rheu-matism of the "auntie" who did the wash-

matism of the "auntie" who did the washing.
"I'se tried eberyting, obery blessed ting in
dis here Lord's worl' the old woman said
despairingly. "Nothin ain't neber goin te
do ne no good. Salvation oil an' prayer an
goose grease ain't none of 'em no 'count."
"Why don't you try electricity?" the lady
asked. "The doctor here in the hate will
give it to you."
"I has!" replied the eld woman.
"I has!" replied the eld woman.
lightuin' done struck me a year ago, an it
never helped me a mits."

AN AWFUL WARM SEASON

AN AWFUL WARM SEASON.

A college student, spending last we move in eastern Massachusetts, lectured one wening in the village.

He dwelt upon the peculiarity of New England in having so many rocks upon her soil, and told his audience of farmers that it was owing to icebergs from Northern ellies containing them, which when driven into the warmer waters then covering this region, melted and deposited the rocks.

"If that's true," one old man said, "it must have been a awful warm season when they crossed my farm."

CRUEL.

Martha—"Mrs. Skrimper was very thoughtful in inviting you to her house to supper last evening. You ought to make her some little present; something inexpensive, you know, but appropriate."

John—"How would a a cookbook do?"—

riate." ould a a cookbook do?"— Boston Transcript.



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