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VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1894. No. 2.

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A regular cheer went up and we saw them start out.

See story, "Ma'am Hallock's Boy," page 210.

THE ARGOSY.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1894. NO. 2.

THE RED MAN OF THE PLAINS.

The contrast between the Indian of today and his forefathers—How Indian boys play, wrestle and learn to fight, with some stories about traits of different tribes.

By Lieut. John Lloyd.

IT is very poor fun being an Indian in these days. Once, when the earth, as far as they could see or travel, belonged to the red men, when the chase and war were all they had to occupy their minds or time, when the forests were hundreds of miles in extent and full of game, and the plains were covered with herds of buffalo and antelope, and there was a name and glory and scalps and ponies to be worked for, the life of an Indian was worth living.

Nowadays they are crowded into reservations, and their hunting is confined to racing after the poor cattle, which are turned out by the government for their food. The free and independent red men who might have had some of the virtues of which Fenimore Cooper writes, were a very different race from the Indians of today.

The virtues of the red men are wild virtues that best show themselves in their original environment. The difference between an Indian in the captivity of civilization and a wild Indian, is about the difference between a wild lion in the jungle and the same beast in a cage.

The Indians who were discovered here in America, in the Eastern States, and who were represented by the visiting Europeans as being brave and dignified, hospitable, proud, and poetic, were the Algonquins, the Appalachians, and the Iroquois.

The Iroquois were a good deal like the Goths of ancient Europe. They were compelled by the climate to do some farming to keep from starving. They formed themselves into the strong body known as the six nations; and it is probable that if America had not been discovered for another five hundred years, they might have grown up a nation able to cope with any power on earth.

An Apache Brave.

A Pueblo Warrior.

The Iroquois were men of power and brains. The Sioux are more like the Iroquois than any of the other Indians. Their tepees are comfortable, and they have some of the finer feelings which we do not always find among white people. When a Sioux father dies he knows that his brothers and sisters will take his children and bring them up as their own.

And even in these poor days all the fun is not gone out of boyhood on the Sioux reservation. They have their own ponies, and they have many sports and games, most of these being but a repetition of what they see their fathers do, or of stories which are told about the fires at night.

They used to play at hunting the buffalo all day long, but most of the Sioux boys of today have never even seen a buffalo, as hunters have killed them all. But the swimming and wrestling and riding goes on as it did fifty years ago.

The Sioux boys wrestle very differently from the white boys. They choose sides, and all start in at once, sometimes fifty on a side. If a boy becomes exhausted, and wants to fall out of the game, he has only to sit down. As long as he stands he is supposed to be ready to meet all comers.

In another game the Sioux boys get in long rows or armies, each side with a stock of "mud balls" and a long flexible switch. They stick the mud on the switch and throw it at the enemy.

One of their favorite tricks is to make the mud balls of white clay, which leaves a mark and tells how many times an opponent has been hit. Their muscles become like iron in these rude plays.

As Christian children enjoy the wickedness of playing church, so the little Indians play "Medicine Dance." They watch all of the important ceremonies, listen to the howls reverently, and then when it is all over, they slip away and play it all over again with the deadly fear that if the medicine man discovers them they will be killed.

Of course every great game is a "war." The Sioux are a brave people, and for generations they were in a continual state of warfare with the Chippewas. The stories of these wars are told over and over again to the young men.

Almost anything was an excuse for a war in those days. If a warrior died, his brothers went to war that he, the departed one, might soon have glorious company.

When a number of young braves had stayed in the lodges until they were tired, one of them declared that he had been

directed to go to war, and bring home scalps and glory, and there were always plenty of followers.

The discipline which an Indian boy received in the old savage days found its use when it was necessary for him to go out upon a real hunting or war party.

Usually the first time that a young man went out, it was with a party of as many as twenty five or fifty warriors, and a pretty dance they would lead him! He had to attend to the campfire, and always, if the mission were dangerous, he was sent for water.

Often, after a young brave had spent an hour, creeping from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, alert, watching, almost holding his breath for fear of attracting the attention of the lurking enemy, had gained the water, and with as much caution returned, some old warrior would arise from his seat, pour the water upon the ground and sit down again.

This was a test of patience and bravery. The Indians were early taught that no end can be accomplished except through infinite care and pains.

The Indian boy who threw down his bow and arrows when he did not succeed, and said "I don't care!" would not only have been punished by his family, but he would have been hooted at by all his companions. The boys and the women of the warlike tribes are supposed to be as brave as warriors, even if they have not so much strength.

When a war party of Sioux started out against the Chippewas, they took with them only an extra pair of moccasins, and their arrows or guns, with food enough for one day. They expected to hunt for the wherewithal to sustain life after that.

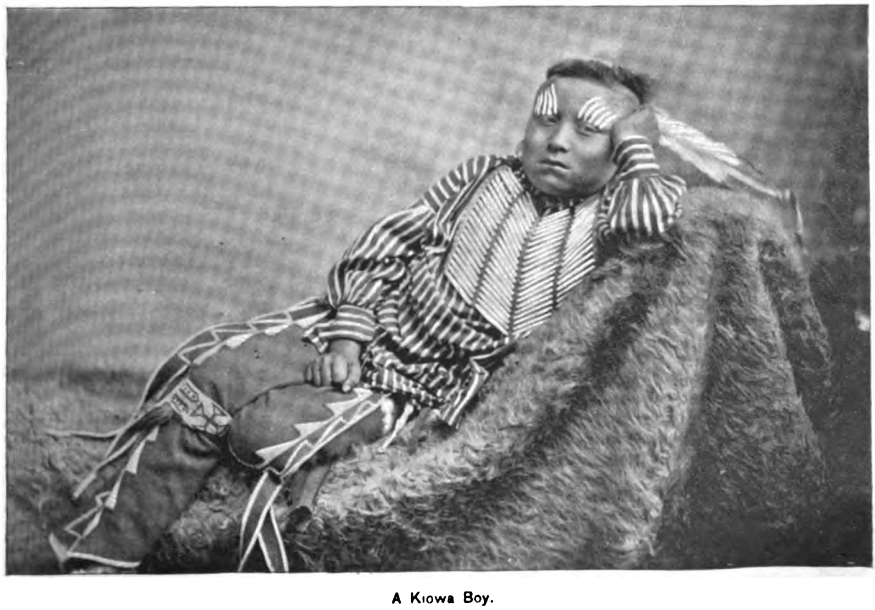
They were almost naked, their bodies covered with paint and a fox skin hanging over the backs of their necks. Sometimes they carried sacred relics with them.

The Sioux have always been known as a terrible and cruel people, and they probably gained this reputation from their dislike to taking prisoners alive. But people who know their customs declare that they not only never tortured captives, but in the case of women and children, they always gave them an early opportunity to return to their own people.

Very often they would refuse to avail themselves of this. Women, among almost all Indian tribes, are like beasts of burden, and when the captives came into the lodges of the Sioux and found kindness, they were inclined to stay.

The Sioux stories which are told about the campfires today are almost all that is left of their greatness. Old warriors tell of the war party coming home victorious and of the scalp dance which lasted for thirty days afterwards.

There is living in the Sioux nation an old, old woman, whose story is a very interesting one. She was a young woman sitting in her hut with a tiny little baby when the village was attacked. Men, women and children were in the fight and the Sioux were almost overcome by



A Kiowa Boy.

the enemy. She, sitting alone, holding her little child, heard the terrible warfare outside. Suddenly it grew fiercer near her hut, and then her people were pushed back amid exultant cries from the enemy.

She felt that all was lost, and determined to sell her life and that of her child as dearly as possible; she grasped her knife in her hand. The flap of the tent was thrown up, and a hideous painted warrior stood there. Like a tigress she threw herself upon him, and together they wrestled for his spear.

The woman was pierced and cut, but she had thrown her baby behind her and she was fighting for its life as well as her own. At last, by an almost superhuman effort, she threw aside the spear and plunged her knife into the heart of the savage. His yell brought a companion to his rescue, but the brave woman struck him with the dead man's spear as he entered the door. A third was killed, and then the Sioux rallied and drove the enemy out of camp. The woman had killed two chiefs.

The methods of warfare of all Indians are much alike generally, but the Indians of the North and those of the Southwest are as different in general characteristics, as Swedes are different from Italians. Many of the Southwestern tribes are not warriors at all in the sense of going out to seek combat.

The Navajos are a worthless tribe who dwell in huts and who live by raising melons, and stealing. They have a queer superstition that it is "unlucky" to have their real names known, and they prefer to be called by any nickname which the Mexican settlers give them.

The Navajos are so demoralized that even their wives ill treat them. An Indian is usually lord of his own wigwam, however low he may be in the tribe. The men of the Navajo tribe work at times, weaving upon low hand looms the most beautiful striped blankets, which are often so fine and close that they will hold water.

Cheyenne Braves.

People often confound the Navajos with the Pueblos, but they are not at all alike. The Pueblos are semi civilized, and from their worship of the sun and of serpents, might be supposed to be descendants of the Aztecs of Mexico. They seem mild and inoffensive, but even the children are very proud.

One day I saw a boy about ten years old sitting on the platform of a little station in New Mexico. He had some pottery to sell. I bought some sweets, knowing that the Indians were very fond of sugar, and filled one of his basket shaped jars. He upset it with the greatest contempt.

The Pueblos, like all Indians, are barbarous. Some years ago they had a war with the Navajos, and captured about one hundred prisoners. Finding it expensive to feed them they turned them

loose in the town square, and bade them run for their lives.

At every corner were two Zuni braves with knives and clubs. Not one of the Navajos escaped.

The Apaches are the warriors of the South, and in cunning and wickedness no other savages have ever equaled them. They have the minds of statesmen and warriors, very often combined with a malignant wickedness which is beyond belief.

Geronimo, who was the last great Apache chief, was as cunning as he was bad. He used to stay upon the reservation all winter, and then when summer came, he would take a company of picked braves and get away to the Mexican border, whose edge he would skirt, killing and stealing, playing hide and seek with the Mexican and American soldiers.

When the Americans pressed him too hard he would slip over into Mexico, and when the Mexicans were hot on the trail, he would cross the border again.

The soldiers could not stand the hardships that were nothing to an Apache. It made one think of Br'er Rabbit's remark to Br'er Fox when he thought to fitly punish the impudent rabbit by throwing him in among the bramble bushes:

"In these very same brambles I was born!"

The Apaches could live upon what they gathered from the, desert, and they knew every foot of the way. They led the soldiers a dreadful life.

At last Geronimo found himself hedged in. Then he sent out a flag of truce, and asked for an interview with General Crook, who was then in command of the troops.

General Crook was known by the Indians as the "Gray Fox," and they had seemingly the greatest possible respect for him.

He went down to confer with Geronimo.

It was a most impressive sight.

The soldiers sat about in a circle, with the Indians all around, and Geronimo came out in the center to make his speech. He told the story of his wanderings, and excused hem, and wound up by saying that he had been misrepresented by the press of the Territory! He had evidently been reading an account of his doings in the newspapers.

He promised General Crook that he would come in and surrender, but only asked that he and his men might keep their arms. This request was granted, as General Crook had a mistaken theory that the pledge of an Indian was a binding one.

Bird Chief, an Arapahoe.

The Mexicans seeing the Indians, as they supposed, safe with the American soldiers, went back home again.

This was all that Geronimo was waiting for. That night he and his braves slipped quietly away, and it required several months and a new general to catch him.

They put him over in Georgia when they did get him finally, and he joined the Church, and nowadays teaches in Sunday school.

In pictures we always see Indians riding boldly over the plains, feathers in their hair, and their necks held proudly. In reality, an Apache is the queerest looking creature on earth, on horseback. He has an ugly, lowering, almost black face, usually wrapped in a twisted red rag. He rides with a short stirrup, and bends over like some boys who ride a bicycle, making a bow of his back.

The romance of the Indian is all past and gone.

KIT, THE FISHER BOY.

By James Henry Plummer.

Bray sprang forward so suddenly that Kit was taken at a complete disadvantage.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE DAN.

"I MUST tell him tonight," muttered old Daniel Carew.

"I've kept it from him for years; but now he must know the secret. If I should die and not tell him, all that vast and uncounted treasure will be forever lost."

The man sighed heavily and resumed:

"And to think that I have known where there is millions buried all my life, and have never had a chance to obtain a single penny; but the boy, he shall have it, he will find it."

The old man paused again in his rambling words and turned restlessly in his bed.

"Where can the boy be?" he continued, addressing himself, for there was no one else in the room.

"Will he never come? The fog's getting thick outside, and if it settles down much heavier the lad will not be able to find his way into the cove,"

The invalid seemed to find pleasure or rest in talking to himself.

"It's lonesome without Kit tonight. I never missed him before. It's cold."

Old Daniel shivered, and drew the faded coverlid up over his shriveled form.

"Kit's a good boy—and smart—never forgets his old uncle. Strange that a boy that never had a mother's love should have such a good heart and be so thoughtful of others. I've done nothing for him; but his reward will come for all his goodness."

Here the old man relapsed into silence for a while, and the old house was strangely silent, while outside the heavy fog settled down like a pall.

"Gold, millions of gold; ingots, nuggets, bars of silver; diamonds, rubies, sapphires, a countless treasure, and all for Kit."

The man on the bed had dropped off into a doze, and was muttering apparently to himself.

A quick, firm step was heard outside, the latch of the door was lifted, and a tall, manly boy of about sixteen stepped lightly and quietly into the room.

He looked eagerly at the bed where the sick man lay.

The boy was Kit Carew. He walked quietly toward the unconscious form as if he feared to disturb the invalid or lest he might discover some change for the worse in the condition of the old man.

While the boy was making a momentary survey the sleeper opened his eyes.

"Ah, Christopher, I am glad you have come. I have been anxious about you."

"How are you tonight, Uncle Dan?"

"Weary, Kit; very weary. The candle is about burned out. I'll soon be casting anchor in another port."

"Oh, don't say that, Uncle Dan. You'll be better in a short time, let us hope; and now I am going to fix you up something nice to eat, and you will be better in the morning. I ought not to have left you all day. What can I do for you—what would you like, uncle?"

"Nothing, Kit; nothing, What luck did you have?"

"Well, by working late I made a good catch."

"Yes, boy, you were always a hard worker, and work and luck go together. But with all your work we are poor and haven't got much laid by."

"We have had plenty to eat and a comfortable shelter for our bodies. There's many a one in the big city at the western end of this island glad of even half we have," said the boy, trying to appear cheerful.

"True, my lad, true. We never appreciate what we have till we are deprived of it."

During this talk, Kit had observed that the old man was more restless than was his wont, and that he seemed to be extremely feeble.

The lad soon had a cheerful fire in the stove, and being accustomed to prepare food for their daily use, he made some gruel and a cup of strong tea, and gave it to the invalid.

The man drank a little of the tea, and sank back on the pillows with a weary sigh.

"I'm 'most through the voyage, Kit, most through."

Kit urged him to take more nourishment but he declined.

"Is there anything I can do, uncle? Don't you want me to call the doctor from the village?" asked Kit, now somewhat alarmed.

He had never seen his friend, old Daniel, whom he always called "uncle," in such a feeble and despondent condition as he found him tonight.

Kit's experience as a nurse was very limited, but he had intuition enough to see that the old man was really very ill.

"No, Kit. No doctors for me. I want to die natural, if I am going to die. The old man has weathered many a storm, but this here gale is pretty stiff. I see the haven not far off."

And the old fisherman closed his eyes as if to see more clearly the distant port by mental sight.

Drawing a chair up to the bedside, the boy seated himself. The light which he had placed upon the table at dark cast a glare upon the sick man's face.

"Kit, boy, will you get me a little of my cordial from the old chest? After I have a sip of it I have something to tell you—something of grave importance."

After a deal of rummaging Kid found the bottle and hastened back to the bedside.

He gave the invalid a small dose, and the invalid drank it and lay back upon the pillows with closed eyes.

Presently, however he opened them, and when he spoke his voice seemed stronger, and Kit felt much relieved.

"Christopher I have something to say to you, something I must tell you tonight, before it is too late. Are you listening to me, lad?"

"Yes, Uncle Dan, but you must wait till you are stronger."

"No, Christopher, I shall never be stronger or better. What I have got to tell you must be told tonight or it will never be told."

The old man paused, closed his eyes, and seemed to be cogitating. Presently he opened them and casting a queer look at the boy, went on:

"Kit, you may yet be the richest man in the world! And I mean you shall be!"

This strange statement startled Kit for a moment, but thinking the illness of his aged companion had affected his mind, he made no reply.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE STORY.

If Kit had had any idea that the old man was very sick he now felt sure that the fisherman was not only ill, but crazy, too.

The idea of being rich was most absurd. He was nothing but a fisherboy, and if he ever became anything else it must be through his own efforts.

"Do you hear me, Christopher?" (he always used Kit's whole name when he wanted to be particularly emphatic and impressive).

"Yes, Uncle Daniel," said the boy doubtfully.

"The story I am about to relate is true—a strange tale, but true, every word. Let me caution you now never to tell it to any one. Find out the secret yourself. Beware of Azro Bray. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"He once thought he knew what I am about to tell you. In consequence he sold his farm near Greenport, chartered a brig and went to the West Indies, but he had his labor for his pains.

"Christopher, it's best to do about right in this world. The boy or man that does things square will come out ahead, while the man or boy that attempts to get ahead by deception will sooner or later come to a disastrous end."

The old man waited a few minutes, and Kit thought this moralizing was due to his illness.

"In 1842," resumed the invalid, "I was in the port of Marseilles, in France. It chanced one day that while on shore purchasing a few presents for some of my folks at home, I fell in with a boy who as I walked about the store kept a close watch upon me.

"At first I attributed it to curiosity as I could only speak a few words of French, and these only imperfectly. I thought the boy was trying to ascertain from what country I hailed, and was noting my manner of speech to find out.

"As I left the store he accosted me in very good English and said:

"'Are you an American, and do you come from a northern State?'

"I told him that I did, and asked him in what way I could serve him.

"'Oh, monsieur, I am so glad!' said the boy eagerly. 'Will you go with me? I show you one of your own countrymen!'

"I told him that I could not go then as it was important for me to be on board my ship at once, but that I would meet him at that same place early on the morrow, and that I would then go to see the man. Then I offered the boy some money.

"'Oh, no; come now,' he said. 'Do not delay; tomorrow he may be dead. He is so old, and I have waited and watched weeks for one of your countrymen.'

"The boy looked so earnest, and held out his hands so imploringly that I felt that it must be a case of life and death, and as a duty to humanity I ought to go with him.

"'Who is he, and what does he want?' I inquired.

"'He is an old man, so old that I do not think he knows his age, and he bids me seek day and night for a sailor man from America,' replied the boy. 'I have found him several, but they are not from his country. You must come. He says he cannot die till he sees one of his own nation.'

"I consented at last to go with the boy, and he led me a long distance, to a part of the city that was given over to the poorer class.

"Ascending a long, dark alleyway, he paused before a dirty stone house. He pulled a huge key from his pocket, and inserting it, turned the lock and opened a door into a dark hallway.

"It was somewhat past midday, but none of the bright sunlight of that beautiful country ever found its way into that corridor, and the whole aspect of the place was forbidding in the extreme.

"I hesitated, not knowing whether to go further or not.

"The boy, noticing my close scrutiny of the house, and apparent reluctance to enter such a dismal abode, stepped back, and taking my hand, led me along the passageway, assuring me that I need fear no harm.

"The boy paused midway down the hall and, pushing open a narrow door, ushered me into a large room."

The old fisherman paused in his story, and Kit urged him to take more of the cordial, and not try to tell any more till morning.

"Yes, lad, give me the cordial. I need it, for the story must be all told tonight.

"That room," continued old Daniel, after a sip of the stimulant, "is as plain to my mind's eye today as it was forty years ago."

The old man hesitated again as if to fully gather his thoughts, and then resumed:

"There was nothing in it that I could see, by the dim light of a candle, but two chairs, a rickety table, and a squalid, dirty bed, on which lay stretched the large, bony figure of a very aged man.

"The boy that brought me there pointed to a chair, and by a sign motioned me to silence.

"He stepped noiselessly to the bed, and taking the candle from the stand, peered into the face of the man that lay on it.

"He was asleep.

"Taking the still form by the hand, he said:

"'I have come back, Lysander, and I have brought——'

"'You have brought an American!' and the man on the bed started up feebly, and then fell back.

"'Yes, Lysander,' replied the boy; 'he is here, but you must not be too excited over it.'

"I approached the bedside, and bending over the old man, asked what I could do for him.

"'You can do everything, as you are from the northern States,' he replied. 'You can relieve a weary soul of an awful burden that will not let me die in peace.'

"I assured him that I would do all I could to help him while in port, and asked if I could relieve any immediate need.

"'No,' he said. 'I want for nothing, except to tell you my life story, and obtain rest for a sin cursed soul.'

"The boy who found me stood by, listening eagerly, but respectfully.

"This did not seem to please the aged man on the bed, and he requested him to leave the room.

"After he had closed the door behind him, the man on the dirty couch said abruptly in a low voice:

"'I will tell you my story in a few words; but first, tell me your name.'

"He started strangely when I said quietly, 'Daniel Carew.'

"'Strange,' he muttered, almost to himself, 'that chance should bring me the name of a person I most wished for. I was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1742. When I was twenty years old I went to sea. The ship was boarded by pirates, and as I was a strong, tall fellow, I, of all the crew, was offered a place on board the pirate. It was either that or walk the plank.

"'I was young, life was dear to me, and I thought escape would come sooner or later, so I joined the crew of the Terror. As time wore on and no opportunity for escape offered, I gradually grew to like the bold, free life I led.

"'We cruised mostly in the Gulf of Mexico and near the West Indies. I was promoted from time to time as our crew got decimated in action till I became lieutenant of the Terror. Then I abandoned all desire to leave my piratical life.

"'Prizes were plenty and rich. I cannot begin to tell you of the valuable captures we made; French, Spanish, Dutch, and English merchantmen fell into our hands. We were often near capture, but always escaped.

"'We had wealth and treasure without limit; and yet like a miser it was always more. At last I became captain of the Terror.

"'I was terribly reckless and with a spirit of daring was left on the coast of Cuba and made my way to Havana. I ordered the ship to sea in charge of the first lieutenant.

"'A large reward was offered for my capture, but I passed unrecognized in the streets and enjoyed a few weeks recreation on shore; but it was no pleasure to me. I was in constant fear of the law.

"'I went down the island to a small village where I was to again take my ship. Months went by but the Terror never returned for me.

"'What her fate was I never knew.

"'I fitted out a small shallop and with two men set sail for our rendezvous. I found everything in order and was satisfied that our ship had not been there since she left me on the island of Cuba, and I came to the startling conclusion that she must have gone down with every soul on board.

"'While exploring our island rendezvous I left the men on the shallop and they never suspected what this voyage was made for.

"'We returned to Cuba and from that day to this,I have been a changed man.

"'I left most of the treasure on the island except a small bag of jewels. I sold enough of these to buy a passage to this port; the balance of the lot brought from the island I have sold in small quantities and have lived on the proceeds.

"At different times in my life I have had notions of going home, to America, but the sea is full of terror to me. I can see the ocean every night, and it is blood red and my victims haunt me.

"'I know no rest day or night. I have thought for forty years that I would end my miserable, worthless life, but the fear of death has always been strong enough to overcome the desire to commit suicide.

"'For months now I have been sick and confined to my bed, and I know and feel that my life is near the end.

"'The boy who brought you here is my only attendant. I have befriended him, and have paid him for his services.

"'He is as faithful as a slave, but I mistrust at times that he does it all for a motive.

"'He partly guesses my secret.

"'Priests have come here from time to time and offered me consolation and tried to get me to tell them what great burden it was that oppressed me.

"'But I feared them. They wanted my secret—my gold, my treasure.

"'Why I should mistrust them I cannot say. They appeared like men who feared God.

"'Before this longing came on me to see one of my own countrymen I had hoped to die and have the secret of the pirates' hidden treasure buried with me.

"'It had been my curse, and would be better lost to the world than to have such blood bought money in any one's possession.

"'But that desire has left me. I hear what a prosperous country America has become, that land of the free and the home of the brave from which I am, and have been since my youth, an alien.

"'I have known no mother, no father, no child, and no country since I left home.

"'Whether or not I have any relative living, I do not kuow.

"'My name is Lysander Carew.'

"Kit, if the old pirate was somewhat startled when I gave him my name, I was excited at the mention of his.

"The pirate was, as I found out by talk with him later, an uncle of mine.

"After the buccaneer told me his name my interest in him greatly increased.

"Heretofore I thought him, as you probbly do me, Kit, of unsound mind; but as he related different anecdotes of my own father's life I became convinced that he was the person he represented himself to be."

"'Nephew,' he said, 'let me take your hand.'

"He reached out his own and I put mine up and clasped it firmly.

"It was a singular meeting, and I noticed that he was strangely moved, and tears fell down his wasted cheeks.

"The expression on his face softened. The hard lines had given way to a smile, and there seemed to be a look of contentment on the pale, weather beaten visage.

"'Daniel, I can now die in peace,' he said. 'For eighty years I have not met a relative of mine, or touched a foot on the soil of my own country.

"'God has banished me, and deservedly so. What strange chance has brought you here I do not know, but it may be that it is because I have so earnestly prayed that my eyes might once more behold a relative of mine before I was called to account for my terrible crimes.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE TREASURE.

DANIEL CAREW rested a moment, and then resumed his story, Kit paying close attention.

"Night was coming on, and I was still listening to the old pirate. I should have been on board at three o'clock.

"But I thought the demands of humanity were best served by staying a while longer with Lysander.

"At last I told my uncle that it was necessary for me to report on board my ship, and that I would hasten back as soon as I could get excused.

"The captain I sailed with was a tyrant, and I was afraid to stay with my uncle any longer without reporting.

"As we were not to sail for several days I felt sure that I would have a chance to comfort the old buccaneer in his last hours, which I knew must now be near at hand.

"I got excused, but it was only after a deal of coaxing. Men were short on board, and the captain was afraid, as I was a wild sort of a chap, I might desert the ship.

"I hastened back to Lysander, but noticed that he was very much weaker.

"The boy had fixed up the sufferer, and smoothed out the bed during my absence.

"I urged Lysander to have a physician and a nurse sent for, but he would not hear of it.

"He dismissed the boy soon after I came.

"The lad was reluctant to leave, and begged that he might stay and watch by the sick man during the night.

"The old pirate told him to come in the morning. As soon as the boy closed the door, Lysander said abruptly:

"'Now, Daniel, we are alone, and I must say what I have to say quickly.

"'I feel that my time is short.

"'Raise the piece of flooring directly under the leg of the bed, at the head, on this side, and draw out a package you will find there. It is what I call the Pirate's Secret.'

"I took up the board, reached my hand into a place between the flooring timbers, and drew out a small, leather covered packet.

"'This,' said Lysander, as I handed it to him, 'is the key to all my worldly possessions.

"'Bend your head down close, and let me speak to you.'

"I did so.

"'*The secret in this bag*,' he whispered, '*is worth millions! Countless millions!*

"'Open it. I am too weak. Be careful.'

"I pulled out the long leather strap that was passed around the packet, and again handed it to him.

"He told me to keep it and lay out the contents on the table.

"I first opened a little parcel that seemed to contain some small stones or pebbles.

"Lysander told me they were uncut rubies and diamonds, and were probably worth five hundred dollars, and he wished me to sell them and use the proceeds in giving him a decent burial, and then give something to the boy.

"The next thing I held toward him was a piece of parchment, and it proved to be a map of Golden Island, as he called it, located in the Caribbean Sea—the island on which was buried all the treasure looted by the Terror.

"Lysander told me to preserve that map with the greatest care. Once lost, no one could ever find the island or treasure.

"He told me that there were more valuables hidden on that sea girt isle than were ever brought together in one place. In fact, Kit, according to my uncle's story, Monte Cristo's wealth compared with the hoard of treasure buried there was a mere bagatelle.

"No ship had ever visited this rendezvous. It was an out of the way place, and was only discovered by chance by the pirates.

"You may be sure I scanned the map very closely. Lysander told me it was a perfect map, and had been made with the greatest care.

"Years before, he thought of selling the island and treasure, but was afraid that divulging the secret would cost him his freedom, if not his life.

"Another paper I found, and it was a topographical map, showing all the hills, valleys, and woodlands of the island.

"Kit," broke off the old fisherman, "I am getting weary. Some more of the cordial."

Although the lad was intensely interested in Daniel's tale he urged him to wait till he was better before he told him any more of the strange story.

"You don't seem to care much for my yarn," said the old man as he sank back after taking a sup of the cordial.

"Yes, I do, Uncle Dan; but you are overexerting yourself, Do you know it is very late?"

"Well, never mind the lateness, my boy; I will soon be entering into my long rest, and I can well spare an extra hour now."

And he resumed his tale.

"I spread out the topographical map of the island, and Lysander said that a small stream and a deep, narrow bay divided the island from north to south. He pointed out to me on the map three hearts made by ten stars.

"These stars were made to represent ten palm trees which grew in the shape of a heart, and in the center of each heart was buried a large quantity of treasure, the valuable portion in iron boxes.

"He told me that the treasure was buried according to directions given at the bottom of the map, and that he had a schedule of nearly the whole contents of each heart.

"Heart No. 1 is at the north end of the island. Heart No. 2 is near where the little stream empties into the bay. Heart No. 3 is on a headland at the extreme south end of the island and is larger than either of the other hearts, and as I read the schedules I found that it contained the richest of the plunder.

"I inquired of the pirate why this was so and he said that the ship often went there and could lay close to the side of the side of the promontory, the water being very deep there.

"I also asked him how it was that these trees all grew in the shape of a heart and he said that when they first resorted to this island there was a small cave in which they hid their heavier merchandise, but that it was necessary to bury the rich treasure.

"One of the mates of the Terror discovered the ten trees growing in the shape of a heart and suggested that it would be easy to find the plunder if buried near them or in the center of the heart.

Trees growing in this shape were found in three places on Golden Island, but whether they grew so naturally or had been planted by the hand of some savage, Lysander never knew.

"He was satisfied that no civilized man outside of the crew of the Terror had ever visited the place.

"But I must cut it short, Kit.

"Lysander told me all and much more than I have related to you. He gave me all of the maps and papers and said that it was all mine by right of kinship and gift. I remained with him all night.

"Just as it was growing light in the east the spirit left the troubled pirate and he went to account for his crimes before a tribunal from which there is no appealing.

"I drew a coverlid over the body and stepped out into the hall. As I passed out of the gloomy passage into the alley, four men sprang upon me and one of them struck me a terrible blow with a club ,and I fell senseless to the ground.

"When I came to my senses the precious maps and papers that I had put in my pockets were gone."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FISHERMAN FINISHES HIS STORY.

"COMPLETELY overwhelmed with the loss of what I deemed the greatest possession on earth, I scarcely knew what to do.

"If the thieves knew what they had, they could find Golden Island and the treasure.

"Staggering out of the alley I met the boy who had brought me to Lysander's bedside, and I was about to lay violent hands on him and call the police to help me to recover my lost papers, when he handed me the leather packet.

"Taking it from his hand I opened it and to my surprise and relief I found everything intact and unmolested.

"The boy, whose name was Pierre, had not left the old house during the night, and when I went out in the morning, to see to making arrangements for Lysander's burial, he followed me and saw the attack.

"He was powerless to aid me, deeming discretion the better part of valor. He followed the highwaymen, and when they entered a place where they were to divide the spoil, and during an altercation that arose between them, he rushed in, seized the wallet and fled, hotly pursued by the thieves.

"By dodging into byways and alleys he at last escaped, and hastened back to my assistance.

"I sold some of the uncut gems and buried my wicked uncle. In all of this Pierre was of great help.

"Before I left Marseilles I made him a present of nearly two hundred dollars in French coin, all of which I derived from a sale of more of the jewels.

"Pierre was very grateful, and felt more than rewarded for his faithfulness, and bade me good by on the dock with tears in his eyes,

"Our ship sailed, and I have never seen Pierre since.

"In fact that was my last voyage.

"For years I contemplated a trip to Golden Island, but how to get there alone and unsuspected I knew not. Of navigation I knew very little.

"Time sped by, and I found myself growing old. To no one did I ever mention the hidden treasure.

"I became a miser, so to speak—I knew where my millions were, and was partially satisfied.

"My only confidant—if he can be called one—was Azro Bray. I, in a moment of weakness, told him that I had heard years ago that there was an island in the Caribbean Sea called Golden Island, that was supposed to have been a resort of some pirates; and that I had been told so by an old tar who had got the information from

a dying buccaneer who reported uncounted millions as being buried there.

"Bray questioned me very closely; but I kept my secret well, and it is lucky I did so. Oh, he is a villain!

"The next thing I heard of Azro was that he had sold his farm near Greenport and had fitted out an expedition for Golden Island.

"He failed to find the island or any trace of it.

"Had he asked me to join him, which I would have done at that time, we could have found it, and I would have divided the treasure with him.

"The maps give the exact location—latitude and longitude—and I feel sure I could find the old rendezvous.

"Kit, I have these maps and papers yet, and they are in a state of perfect preservation.

"I have guarded them with the same jealous care that a monk bestows on a piece of the true cross.

"You will find all of the plans and papers, and a history of all the conversation and facts obtained from Lysander, written out in full, with many more details than I can give you tonight.

"They are all hid in an iron box and buried on the north side of Kidd's oak, about three feet distant from the tree, and not quite four feet deep.

"I buried them one night several years ago. I got afraid the old house might be destroyed by fire and the precious maps consumed.

"For your sake, Christopher, I took this care.

"You will have no difficulty in finding them, but when you go to get them go alone!

"Christopher, a little more and I have finished.

"You are no relative of mine, as you know. I found you afloat one night in a small boat as I was returning from New York, where I had been to dispose of a lot of fish. This I have told you before.

"Who and what you are I have not been able to discover.

"This mystery and the treasure of Golden Island I leave to you, Kit.

"You can obtain the treasure and clear up the mystery of your birth if you persevere.

"I know I leave you a great task, but I know you are equal to it. To one who perseveres all things are possible.

"The baby clothes and everything you had on your body when I found you, are buried with the other things, but the clothing reveals nothing,

"On a small handkerchief you will find the word 'Chris.' From this I named you Christopher. That is all I have to say, my lad."

The old man was very much exhausted when he finished. He sighed heavily, and closed his eyes as if to seek sleep.

Kit was too absorbed and agitated over the disclosures he had heard, to note that the old man was strangely quiet.

He wanted to learn more; but he hoped the fisherman was asleep and obtaining the rest he so much needed after his exertion.

"On the morrow," thought the fisher boy, "I can question him further. He will be better then."

It was past midnight, and the boy was weary with his day's toil. He arranged everything and noticed that old Daniel seemed to be sleeping quietly.

Kit threw off his clothes, and was soon sleeping the sleep of a healthy and tired boy.

But occasionally in his dreams he saw bars of gold and silver, and anon the open boat containing the deserted child.

CHAPTER V.

AZRO BRAY.

DANIEL CAREW was a fisherman living on the south side of Long Island, near the eastern end.

For years he had lived alone with Kit, the hero of our story. The old man never married.

By the villagers and fishermen along the coast he was counted odd, and many people called him somewhat of a recluse and misanthrope; but to Kit, he was as kind and indulgent as a parent.

Soon after giving up his life as a sailor, which occupation he did not like, he bought the small house and farm on which he lived, and when not engaged in fishing he tilled the land.

The old man lived over and thought over the great secret which he possessed, but he jealously kept his thoughts to himself and never revealed it till we introduced him to our readers.

He made weekly trips to New York in a smart schooner built with a view to seaworthiness, which was his and Kit's especial pride.

In winter Kit attended school and being a boy of studious habits and quick parts we find him now a fair scholar and a thorough boatman, with a good knowledge of navigation.

For several years he had been the chief support of the two, as the old fisherman had been confined to the house almost exclusively for a long time.

The boy was known by the name of Kit Carew.

The sun was just glinting the waters of the broad Atlantic with its morning rays as Kit bounded to the floor from the bed.

He wondered that his uncle had not called him as was his wonted custom, and he glanced uneasily at the bed.

It was unaccountable that Daniel should sleep so late.

Kit stepped quickly over to the couch where the old man lay.

He was strangely quiet and the boy wondered why he did not speak. The bed, too, seemed undisturbed.

Approaching close, he noticed that one of the old man's hands had fallen carelessly out over the side of the bed.

He thought he would take hold of it, and speak to him.

The hand was rigid!

A look of alarm, of horror, came into the boy's eyes.

"He is dead!" gasped Kit.

It was true. The old fisherman had never moved after Kit went to bed.

The lad rushed out of the house and over to their nearest neighbors, the Brays, they having settled there on a small place which Azro bought after his unsuccessful voyage in search of Golden Island.

He knocked at the door and it was opened by a hard featured man of about fifty.

He was in his shirt sleeves and apparently just up from bed.

"Hello, Kit!" said the man before the boy had a chance to speak.

"Why you're as white as a ghost. What's up, lad? Speak out!"

"Mr. Bray, I want you to come right over to our house. My uncle—old Dan is dead," said Kit, with a voice full of emotion.

"How strange you talk. You don't say! When did he die?" returned Bray jumbling up a lot of exclamations and questions in the same breath.

"I don't know. I found him dead when I got up this morning. He was complaining more than usual before I went to bed, but he refused to have a doctor. I thought him no worse than I had seen him before. Can't you come right over?"

"Yes, I'll see Miry, my wife, and go right along with you.

"Thank you; I won't wait for I don't like to leave uncle there alone. I must hurry back."

"Just hold up a minute. I want to talk to ye on the way. I'll be here in a jiffy."

And Bray darted off into the house and presently returned with a coat which he proceeded to pull on, and they set off together.

"You say you don't know how long Daniel has been dead?" asked Azro as he walked on by the boy's side.

"I do not. I went to bed about twelve o'clock. Uncle Daniel had been talking to me during the evening, and when he got through I was tired, as I had been out fishing all day, and as soon as I touched the bed, I fell sound asleep and did not hear a sound till sun up.

"I am accustomed to being wakened by uncle and therefore as he failed to call me I overslept. When I did awake I found him dead. I don't believe he made any noise; if he had I should have heard him."

"Yes, I see. The old man must have dropped off very easily," said Bray.

"I think he must, or I should have heard him."

"You remarked that he was talking to you considerable last night. Anything special?" asked Azro, looking sharply at Kit.

"Nothing except he talked over his own affairs, and told me something of his past life, and a few things concerning myself," answered Kit, who knew the man he was walking with, and was on his guard.

"Old Dan has been a queer man, and folks say he knows where there's money buried. Did he ever tell you anything about it?"

"Why should he tell me such a story as that? That must be people's imagination."

By this time they had reached Kit's home and pushing open the door, they entered.

"Yes, old Dan's dead," exclaimed Azro as he gazed upon the pallid face of the fisherman. "Should say he'd been dead nigh on to seven hours."

"What must I do first?" asked Kit who had never stood in the presence of death before.

Azro did not seem to hear the boy's question. His eyes were taking in every object in the large room.

"Strange man, old Daniel," he muttered. "Say, boy you didn't answer my question that I asked jest as we got to the house."

"And you didn't answer mine," retorted Kit, who was feeling troubled at the want of interest displayed by this man in the presence of death.

"Oh, yes; well have to have some of the neighbors come in and get the old man ready for the grave. Do you know if he had any papers he kept secret? If you do, Kit, they ought to be took care on. 'Tain't safe to have valuable papers laying about, specially at a time like this. People will be prying round, you know."

"I don't think there are any," said Kit.

"Didn't Daniel say anything about that story that was told him years ago by an old sailor about a lot o' treasure that was buried on an island in the Caribbean Sea?"

But Kit's thoughts were on the cold and silent form upon the bed, and he did not reply.

"What makes ye so quiet, boy? Ye can trust me with anything the old man said."

"It is no time now to talk of one's personal affairs," said Kit, with a sad heart.

"So 'tain't; but I thought as how ye might want to advise with some one, and knowing me so long, you could let me help you in adjustin' the old man's papers and affairs."

"Mr. Bray, I thank you for your counsel, but there is time enough for looking up my uncle's affairs by and by," said Kit, who saw through the transparencies of Azro Bray's friendly advice.

"Well, boy, I'll do what's right by ye, if the old man's affairs are left to me to settle up. You know you are no relative

of Daniel's, and his matters are better understood by me than any one else hereabouts."

"I don't care to talk about this matter now. Uncle Daniel, if he was no relative of mine, has been a good friend to me, and I want to show the world and the dead that I appreciate his kindness.

"I will say now, Mr. Bray, that there is time enough to examine his papers after he is buried."

Kit was annoyed and disgusted to think that Bray's whole mind was on the old man's affairs, rather than on the demands made by death.

"Of course there is, and my interest in the matter is for your good. However, we must attend to the case in hand now. I'll run over to the village and send over some one to see that Daniel is properly prepared for the grave."

"Thank you, Mr. Bray, I shall be very glad if you will."

Azro left the house, and Kit was alone with the dead.

It was impossible for him to realize that his old friend—the only friend he could remember—would never speak to him more.

What was the secret of his own life? Who was Kit Carew?

He tried, while contemplating these facts, to eat a little breakfast, but he only succeeded in forcing down a few mouthfuls.

One thing was sure. From this day forth his life was to be changed.

CHAPTER VI.

AZRO BRAY'S LITTLE PLAN.

OLD Bray walked rapidly towards the village.

He was in a fever of excitement that began to show itself in muttered talk to himself.

"The boy knows all about the treasure, and he don't intend to give the secret away.

"We will see, my fine Kit! You will have to get up very early in the morning to get away from me.

"I'm onto your snap, boy. My game is to watch the lad. I'll find out where the pile is, or I'll fix the boy so he'll tell all he knows. He's a smart chap, but I am older and smarter an' he is."

Muttering these threats to himself, he reached the village, spreading the news on the way.

The neighbors came in and the arrangements were made for the funeral, and in a few days the old fisherman was laid away in his last resting place.

The only sincere mourner was the bereaved Kit.

Azro Bray was in constant attendance and closely watched the boy. He was one of the first to invite him to come and make his home with him

Kit declined the proffered shelter, as he did not care to be placed under any obligations to Bray, and went to his own home, now doubly lonesome and lonely,

If the old fisherman had not been able to be about, he was certainly company and now that he was gone, the boy felt the loss keenly,

The next morning after the funeral he set about examining the house and private chests of his uncle in hopes of finding something in regard to the dead fisherman's relatives.

It was a singular fact that old Daniel had never mentioned a single relative to the boy.

Daniel Carew was a very queer man, as we have said before, and why he lived away from, and without ever communicating with, his brothers and sisters, if he had any, was a deep mystery to Kit.

The boy had hardly begun his search through the various boxes and drawers when Azro Bray came into the room without the formality of knocking.

"Well, Kit, I thought this would be a good time for us to look over the old man's papers, so I came down to help ye," began Bray, with great suavity.

"You are very kind; but I do not need any help at present," replied Kit, with a little sarcasm in his voice.

"I thought ye might; there's some papers that may have to go before the probate judge, and I am the proper person to decide for you on such matters. Boys don't know much about legal matters."

"I am not much posted in the law, but I know what I want and what I intend to do with my uncle's affairs, Mr. Bray.

"By the way," Kit went on before Azro could reply, "I believe I owe you something for your trouble in connection with Uncle Dan's funeral. If you will tell me the amount I will pay you now. I intended to call today at your house and settle; but as you are here it is just as well" and Kit produced a wallet.

"Oh, that's only a trifle! I don't care for that now; suit your own convenience in paying it, lad. I hope you think I am yer friend, and I want to help you get the most you can outer what old Dan left."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Bray, but I think I am perfectly competent and able to attend to the settlement of my old friend's affairs. Everything here he gave to me—"

"Did he make a will?" broke in Azro.

"Not that I know of."

"See here, my boy, don't ye know that unless old Dan left a will ye can't hold this property, or any property that belonged to him? This farm and house reverts to his heirs, if there be any, and if not, to the State. That's the law, boy, and you better consider it," blustered Azro, banging his fist on the table at which he had seated himself.

"That may be true, but I should want some one better versed in legal lore than you are to make me believe it," said Kit.

He was annoyed to have this man around.

Azro was evidently determined to find out what the fisherman had left, and above all to learn if there was anything more to be found out about the hidden treasure.

"Kit," said Azro with an injured air, "I am your friend."

"You say you are; but it seems to me that for a friend you are rather inquisitive."

"It's for your good, Kit, that I am."

"I would much rather be left alone for a while. If I need any help in settling affairs, I will call for it, and I am prepared to pay for legal advice."

"Now see here, Kit, it's no use to beat about the bush in this matter. I know that old Dan had a knowledge of an island on which was buried a pile of treasure by some pirates years an' years ago."

"Yes, and I know he had a knowledge of some one by the name of Bray that thought he knew where it was, and he made a search for it and he got left," interrupted Kit, now thoroughly warmed up.

Bray squirmed at this. It hit home.

"I was younger then, boy, and I meant to do the right thing by Dan if I had found the pile."

"Yes, younger; but now you are older you hope to have another chance to try your game on a boy," said Kit sharply.

"You wrong me, lad. I want to help you."

"I do not require your help at present. When I do I will call on you."

"But see here, my young friend, if you don't join your fortune with mine in this matter, you will find what I said about the property going to the State true."

"Oh, so you want me to stand in with you and by forming a partnership ward off any other possible claimants to my old friend's property? Is that it?"

"Yes, yes; that's it," said Bray eagerly.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Azro Bray; I prefer to go it alone and take my chances."

"But don't you see that you and me could handle this so that the world at large would never know anything about whether the old man left anything besides this house or not," said Bray cunningly.

"What makes you think there is anything besides this house and the land surrounding it, Mr. Bray?"

"It's no use to talk to me, Kit Carew, or whatever your name may be—*I know there is!*" said Azro emphatically.

"How do you know? I am sure I don't know that there is anything except this farm and house, and the schooner."

"Didn't Daniel Carew tell you that story about the sailor?" asked the schemer, looking the boy sharply in the face.

"What if he did? That story may be all a sailor's yarn, with not a shade of foundation for it," said Kit argumentatively.

The boy was getting nettled at the persistence of the hypocrite.

"What if he did?" reiterated Azro. "I tell you this: that if you don't propose to let me help you adjust the old man's affairs, I shall adjust them myself. I was Daniel Carew's nearest friend and neighbor, and as such am by common consent the proper person to see that what the old man left gets into the hands of his heirs."

"Are you an heir?"

"No."

"I thought you were, by the way you plead their cause," said Kit ironically.

Nevertheless, the boy was alarmed. It was evident that Bray knew too much, and intended to rob him and the heirs, if there were any.

How to get rid of his troublesome adviser he did not know.

"I'd like to see them papers you have there, boy," went on Bray, looking at a package that Kit held in his hand.

"Well, you cannot do it. They are mine, and do not concern you at all, and furthermore, I wish you would take yourself off, as I am going to adjust these affairs myself," said Kit, with spirit.

"You are, are you! Well, I propose to do a little adjustin' here myself," retorted Bray.

He made a grab for the papers.

The assault was so sudden and powerful that Kit was pushed over backward in his chair, and before he could defend himself, Bray had planted his knee upon his breast, wrested the papers from his hands, and fled from the house.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND VICTORY.

KIT rose up slowly and painfully from the floor where he had been thrown by Bray. It seemed for a few minutes that the very breath of life had been forced out of him by the heavy knee of his assailant.

"If this was the last of the old robber I wouldn't care for the hydraulic pressure he put upon my chest; but when he finds out that the papers he was so anxious to secure are nothing but a lot of old bills and receipts he will rave and take on like a trooper," and Kit smiled as he thought of the chagrin that Bray would feel when he examined his plunder.

While Kit was laughing to himself he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," he called out.

"Good morning Kit," said a fat boy, opening the door.

"Hello, Ludwig! Come in,"

"Say, Kit, what's the matter with old Bray?"

"Why?"

"Why! I saw him tearing up the road like a house afire! He looked scared, too."

"Did he?"

"I should say he did."

"Well, you see, Lud, that he has just been here and he has tried to rob me——"

"Rob you? The old skinflint!"

"Yes; he wants to administer on my uncle's property. But I think it's only a pretext. He really means to steal some valuable papers that were given to me by my friend, old Daniel."

"What did you do to him to send him off at that rate?" asked Lud.

"I didn't do anything, but he almost squeezed the life out of me."

"How?"

"Why, you see he wanted to get some papers I had, and he took me off my guard and pushed me over on the floor, and while he had me at a disadvantage he snatched the papers and fled."

"I wish I had been here," said Lud, with clinched fist. "I hate him!"

"What could you have done? Why, Lud, you are so fat and slow that one has to take a landmark to see you move," laughed Kit.

"Well, I might have tumbled on old Bray, and thus gained the day for you. But I tell you, Kit, I can do more than you think I can," and Ludwig assumed a slightly injured tone.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Lud. You are a good boy and I want you to work for me."

"Work for you?" repeated the fat boy, with bulging eyes.

"Yes, work for me!"

"What to do?"

"For the present stay here with me, and by and by go off with me on the Ida."

"Where are you going with the Ida?"

"I can't tell you now. But I say, Ludwig, I am in earnest. I will give you four dollars a week and board, and agree to hire you for a year at that price. What do you say?"

"Why, I am your huckleberry. Marm's just dying to get me a place where some one will board me. She says if I stay at home any longer there'll be a famine in our house."

"Well, then, it's a trade. You go home now and bring along your clothes, and tell your mother not to expect you back again till you come—even if a year should elapse."

The fat boy set off, well elated with his prospects.

As Kit had not been on board the Ida since the death of old Dan, he thought it advisable now to go down and take a look at the craft.

There was no knowing how soon he might need the schooner, and it was well to go on board and set things to rights.

The Ida was his pet, and everything alow and aloft was kept in the neatest, trimmest order.

She was a new boat, and was accounted very fast and seaworthy. While making his plans, Kit had determined that with the aid of Ludwig, who was a thorough water duck, and that of a fisherman who would probably join him if sufficient inducements could be offered, he could manage the Ida all right.

Kit also had his mind on one other friend, a boy of his own age, who had often been with him on fishing trips, and had made a trip to the "Banks" a year before.

This boy, whose name was Kirby Kane, was an orphan, like Kit, and was compelled to work on a farm for his board. Our young skipper had seen him at the funeral of the old fisherman, and had asked him to come down and visit him in a day or two, but as yet Kiby had failed to put in an appearance.

While Kit was thinking over the situation, his meditations were broken in upon by a hail from the water.

"On board the Ida?" shouted Mahlon Bray, a large, tough looking boy, who was pulling a boat into the cove that sheltered the Ida.

"Boat ahoy!" answered Kit.

"I am coming aboard."

"What for?" demanded Kit.

"The governor told me to see that everything was kept in good order—says he is your gardeen now," explained the boy.

"Well, you can tell your father he is not my guardian, and that I am perfectly able to take charge of the Ida myself, and that I will not allow you on board of this craft."

"But I am coming on board," persisted the boy, pulling up nearer the schooner.

"No, you are not!"

"You see! I am not afraid of you, and, besides, pa says I can use the Ida."

This last remark was what Kit had feared. Now he knew that Azro would try to get possession of the schooner, and run her off.

"You cannot come on board, and it won't be healthy for you to attempt it," declared Kit, letting his eye drop on a heavy boat hook that lay conveniently near where he stood.

"You can't scare me, Kit Carew. I'll lick you within an inch of your life when I get on board," said the young bully savagely, pulling up alongside the schooner, as she swung idly with the tide.

"Keep off!" cried Kit, brandishing the boat hook very near Mahlon's head.

"Put up that hook; if you don't it will be the worse for you," yelled the boy in the boat as he seized an oar.

"I can take care of myself, and if you value your head you will not attempt to board my boat."

"Your boat," sneered Bray.

"Yes, my boat," said the young skipper.

At this instant Mahlon made a lunge with the oar at Kit, who stood close to the rail, butthe fisher boy skilfully dodged the thrust, and, swinging the boat hook with a swish through the air, brought

it down with terrific force on the top of a stiff derby hat, which cracked and split wide open.

Mahlon was badly demoralized, and emitted a yell that awoke the echoes on the shore as he fell into the bottom of the boat.

The stiff hat, however, saved its owner's skull, and the blow only aroused his bulldog spirit.

Getting on his feet again, he paddled the boat, which had drifted off a short distance during the mêlée, up near the schooner again.

"I'll fix you when I get hold of you."

"No doubt you will, when you do; but if you value your head, as I told you before, you'd better keep away from this craft," and Kit held the boat hook in readiness for further execution.

"You'd better be careful what you do with that hook."

"I am careful—careful to protect my property, and you'd better take care, too," retorted Kit.

"Well, I'm coming aboard," declared the bully.

"If you do, you'll get a broken head."

"You'd better not try it. I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had if you don't put that hook up."

"Why don't you do it?"

"I will do it!" and the boarding party made a dash for the rail of the Ida.

Kit brought the boat hook into play again, and it descended with terrible force; but this time an oar in Mahlon's hands fended it off, and before Kit could recover again the bully was on the taffrail of the Ida.

However, Kit was a master of the art of effective action, and before Mahlon could get his feet over the rail, Kit made a lunge point blank with the piked boat hook, and as the bully did not want a hole punctured in his skin, he retreated very ignominiously by falling backwards into the water.

"I guess his ardor is somewhat cooled," said the young skipper to himself, leaning over the rail to watch the green waves roll over the spot where young Bray had so suddenly disappeared.

"I don't believe he will try that game again while I am on board. But this is not the last of it I am afraid."

At this point Mahlon rose to the surface, and shaking one fist at young Carew, he swam to his boat and clambered into it.

"You are not done with me yet, you young clam digger," he cried. "I'll settle with you at compound interest before you are much older," and taking up the oars the young bully pulled shorewards.

"All right," replied Kit. "You'll find me right here when you come again. You will also find a warmer reception than you had this time."

"Talk's cheap."

"Yes, it seems to be with you."

"You are nothing but a clam digger."

"Better be a clam digger and earn an honest living, than to be a dead beat and loafer," answered Kit, who knew full well Mahlon Bray's occupation and the reputation he bore in the neighborhood as a bad character.

"I'll make you eat those words," retorted Mahlon as he pulled out of talking distance.

Kit was not sorry to have the boat and its occupant out of hearing, as he did not care to have anything to do with a boy whose bluster was the counterpart of Azro Bray's,

It was evident to the fisher boy that he must put himself on the defensive.

Young Bray was likely to return at any moment, backed by a gang of ruffians of whom he was the leader.

Kit had already won two victories, but it was not likely that he could always come off conqueror with such odds as father and son could muster.

If he only had the iron box out of its hiding place and on board the snug craft, he would be all right.

Now, it looked very doubtful if he would be able to leave the Ida, for the moment that he went on shore she might be seized by Mahlon and his gang and run off, and all his well laid plans would be frustrated.

Many arrangements must be made before he could start on his quest for Golden Island, and the future looked gloomy.

If he was to keep the Ida out of the hands of the enemy he must act, and act quickly.

The tide was still setting in.

Running to the windlass, he began to heave the anchor.

In a short time the Ida was drifting toward the sandy beach.

Kit's plan, as may be surmised, was to ground the schooner at high tide, and thus she would be safe for at least twelve hours.

In the meantime he could get his crew together and perfect his plans.

The boat soon grounded, and Kit let go the anchor with a thrill of pleasure, as he thought of the chagrin that Mahlon Bray would feel when he found that the schooner was fast and could not be floated till daylight the next day.

So far all the fisher boy's plans had succeeded, but while his courage was undaunted, he felt that he had enemies who were cunning and strong, and that before he could get safely away from his old home he must encounter difficulties that would appall a less resolute boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

KIDD'S OAK AND THE IRON BOX.

When Azro Bray reached his home after taking the package of papers from Kit he immediately sent his boy Mahlon to take charge of the schooner.

My readers know the result.

Seating himself at a table, old Bray pro-

ceeded, with a gleam of triumph in his evil eye, to examine his prize forthwith.

As he looked at paper after paper, and found that he had made a fool of himself, his wrath knew no bounds.

There was not a single document that was of any value to him whatever—not one that gave an iota of a clue to the buried treasure.

"Confound the boy!" he exclaimed, his face white with rage.

"I believe he knew that these papers were worthless, and his zeal to keep them was only a pretext.

"The cunning rascal! But I'll fix him yet."

And Azro shook his fist in the direction of the fisher boy's home in a manner that boded no good to Kit.

"I ought to have known that he would play me some trick. Next time he won't get off so easy. I'll have those papers and know the secret of that treasure or my name isn't Bray."

He looked savage and determined. His face flushed, and his square jaw was firmly set.

It was fortunate for Kit that he was a safe distance from his enemy, for in his wrath Bray was so beside himself with rage that, if he could have got his hands on the boy, this story might have ended here.

"I ought to be thrashed for my stupidity. Now the boy is on his guard, and when he sees me he will run to cover like a fox; but I'll watch him. He don't escape me.

"Here, Miry," he called to his wife, "I am going out now, and don't know when I shall get back."

"Why, husband, where are you going?"

"I don't know as it concerns you," was the surly answer. "I have some business to attend to, and it may take me away from home."

"I did not know that you had any business outside the farm. What is it, Azro?"

"It don't concern you."

"Yes, it does. Everything you do concerns me. Is it anything connected with the affairs of Kit Carew?"

Azro Bray's face darkened.

"It may be," said he evasively.

"I hope you won't do anything wrong to the boy," said the wife. "Promise me that you will do nothing underhanded."

"I'm not going to hurt the boy."

"I don't suppose you are; but you know, Azro, that for years you have been following a phantom in the shape of that buried treasure, and I have noticed of late, more especially since the old fisherman died, that you have been very uneasy and restless."

"What if I have, that don't signify anything."

"Yes, it does, Azro. We lost a good farm at one time by your determination to find this treasure, and I hope you won't try it again. If you do, we shall lose all——"

"Give us a rest," broke in the husband, who, though he knew his wife was giving him good counsel, could not bear to have his plans interrupted by any sermons, as he called his wife's admonitions.

And with this he left the house.

By this time it was late in the afternoon, and while Bray is deep in his scheme, we will return to Kit.

No time must be lost now. He felt that his enemies would not rest till they had either him or his secret in their power.

"Come, Lud, bear a hand," said Kit, as he emerged from the shed, trundling a wheelbarrow, in which was an iron bar, pick, and shovel.

"What am I to bear a hand at?" asked the fat boy, as he came puffing up the road on his return from his home.

"Carry your bundle into the house, and be lively. I have some work that must be done tonight. By dark I must be on the ground," explained the fisher boy.

Kit was soon joined by Lud, and, shouldering a pick, he told the boy to take the wheelbarrow and follow him.

"What are you goin' to do?" demanded the fat boy, who did not take kindly to this kind of work.

"Going to dig up the earth," answered Kit, who rather enjoyed the perplexity of his companion.

"What's the use of goin' farther with this barrow, then? Why not commence here?"

"This is not the kind of earth I want; but I say, Lud, don't be over anxious to find out too much at first."

"Oh, I don't care! I am working now for you, and whatever you say to do, I am going to do it, if it takes a leg."

"That's right, Lud. I won't work you very hard; but I shall require you to keep a still tongue in your head, and whatever we do tonight let no one know of it."

"You can trust me, Kit."

"I know I can, or I would not have hired you to work for me."

The boys followed the road for a short distance, and then turned into a path that ran up a steep declivity to a bluff which commanded a good view of the ocean.

The sun had already gone down into a deep bank of angry, black clouds, which promised a gloomy night.

This was favorable to Kit's plans, as under the cover of darkness he hoped to secure the iron box without being seen or molested.

"This is the place where we are to commence operations," he said as he threw the pick on the ground beside a huge oak tree, and produced from his pocket a small compass with which to get the exact bearings of the spot.

Lud was somewhat mystified at Kit's actions, but being admonished beforehand not to ask any questions, he kept silent, although it required a powerful effort to do so.

Kit marked off a place nearly four feet square, and both the boys began to dig.

The ground was not of a very hard nature, and at the end of half an hour the boys had made quite a deep excavation, and Kit began to think that after all he might be digging for something that did not exist—that Uncle Dan might have been of unsound mind when telling him the story of the hidden treasure.

By this time the darkness was intense, and the gloom was only heightened by fitful flashes of lightning that shot athwart the sky, revealing the faces of the boys for a second before plunging them back into the blackness of stygian night.

"I say, Kit," whispered Lud, "this is awful. Suppose we should dig into the bones of some Indians that were buried here years ago?"

"What if we should?"

"What if we should?" repeated Lud, in a solemn whisper. "Why I'd be scared to death."

"Nonsense, and besides there are no Indians buried here," and Kit drove his spade deep down into the dirt and felt it strike something solid.

"Well, that's mor'n you know—"

"Here, dig right down in this spot," broke in the fisher boy, catching Lud by the arm.

It was slow and awkward work in the dark.

In a few moments Kit lighted a match, and stooping down into the hole he scraped the dirt away from the hard surface of something which his spade had struck.

It proved to be nothing less than the lid of an iron chest.

Taking an iron bar, he drove it down at one end of the chest, pried it out, and with Lud's aid placed it on the ground.

"So far Uncle Dan's story was true," he said to himself.

At that moment there was a sound of hurriedly approaching footsteps, and a lantern gleamed in the darkness.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIAL'S MOTTO.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."

These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget the toil and care,
And "note bright hours only."

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning.

And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.

DOWN WILD GOOSE CANYON.

By Charles Elmer Upton.

"S-A-Y, boys!"

"Yes, Teddy, what is it now?" we said impatiently.

"It's all fired hot here."

"Is that all, you old fraud? Tell us something we don't know."

The time was Saturday; the occasion a school picnic. Teddy, Clem, and I, classmates and great cronies, had slipped away from the main crowd and were lying upon the river bank, talking and dreaming.

A grand old place was that lonely canyon, down between those rugged hillsides—a nook apart, where one might forget the world and be alone with nature.

"You would hardly think," said Clem musingly, "that this gorge is the work of perhaps more than a century of erosion."

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" said I.

"What do you mean?" queried Teddy, with a puzzled look.

He wasn't versed in physical geography.

"Why that the whole thing was made by streams flowing down from the Sierra Nevadas, cutting away the earth gradually," explained Clem.

Teddy looked incredulous, but said nothing; and for a moment there was silence, broken only by the low murmur of the river.

Across the ravine the half hidden sun sent down a straggling beam that tipped the foliage with a brighter green and set a myriad of silvery ripples a dancing.

A squirrel scrambled suddenly up a neighboring tree and ran out on an overhanging branch, where he lay eying us, moving his head about in a queer, jerky fashion. Teddy hurled a stone, and away Master Squirrel went in long, swinging leaps from tree to tree, and in a twinkling was beyond pursuit.

"Straight shot, my boy," commented Clem, laughing, "But say, fellows, what did we come here for?"

"Blamed if I know," replied Teddy, tersely.

"That gets me," I added. "You started it yourself, Clem. What's the scheme?"

"Did I?" said Clem. "I'd forgotten. You haven't any fishhooks about you, have you?"

"No; and don't want any," I answered shortly. "We wouldn't get a bite in a coon's age."

"Might make a raft," suggested Teddy.

"Good for you, Teddy!" cried Clem. "You've got an idea for once in your life. Come along, boys."

"Hold up," I interposed. "Where's the stuff?"

"There," he answered, indicating by a nod some pine logs lying near.

"But——"

"No 'buts' about it, you croaker! they're just the thing. Here, you chaps, squeeze them together some way or other, while I look around for a board or two," and off rushed Clem, as though a life were at stake,

We were not slow to act, and for some minutes were too busy to talk. What with rolling the heavy logs from their sandy bed, and what with rummaging a deserted mining claim near by for wire and nails, time sped swiftly.

When Clem returned, bringing the boards, the work was well under way, yet the day was old before our task was completed.

"Finis!" yelled Clem, dealing the last nail a blow that caused the stone with which he was hammering to break in twain. "And now away to the briny deep!"

"Ye-es, as about as deep as Hangtown Creek," drawled Teddy.

"Shut up, you heathen! Can't you appreciate a poetical sentiment? Hear!" and Clem, with boyish inconsistency, drifted into an old nonsense song, performing an impromptu dance by way of accompaniment.

"I's gwine to cross de ribber on de gospel raft,
Like Noah in the good old ark.
Keep your candles all a burnin', keep 'em burnin' all de time
Lest you lose yourself and stumble in de dark."

Teddy and I caught up the chorus, and were singing away lustily when Teddy's changing voice gave a most distressful squeak, and a shout of laughter ended the trio.

"Better try that on the stage, Teddy," chuckled Clem. "You'd make your fortune."

"Patti would be nowhere," said I. "But, hello, here! what's become of the rest of this outfit? It strikes me things are getting pretty quiet. Give us the time, Clem?"

Clem jerked out his watch.

"Je-erusalem, fellows! it's nearly seven o'clock! And we were to start for town at five!'

We looked at one another blankly,

"And it will be dark in half an hour," I said cheerfully.

"Meet me by moonlight alone," quoted Teddy, striking an attitude.

"*Is* there a moon this week?" asked Clem.

And now that the thought was suggested, we knew there wasn't—on our side of the world, at any rate. And meantime the crimson west was slowly merging into the blue, and somber shades were creeping down the canyon,

"Well," said Clem resignedly "we're here, so it's no use to whine. Any way, this isn't such a bad place to get out of after dark if a fellow keeps his wits about him."

"That's so," said I. "Besides, the Chili Bar road is only a mile away. Are you in for a sail first?"

"Of course. Think I've been laboring all the afternoon just for the love of the thing? Lend a hand, Teddy; let's give her a trial."

It was no easy task to launch our unwieldly craft, but by dint of hard pushing and pulling we soon had it afloat.

"Jump on!" cried Clem, suiting the action to the word. Teddy and I having followed, he thrust the end of a long pole against the bank, and with a shout of "All aboard!" we glided into the stream.

Clem sat in front, wielding the pole, which served both as a paddle and a rudder, and Teddy and I were behind, busily doing nothing, until we struck the main current, when a sudden splash of water brought us to our feet, dripping. At the instant the raft was driven onward like the wind.

"No use, boys," said Clem; "can't steer here. We can only stand still and let her slide."

We most assuredly couldn't sit down, at all events, for the boards were soaked, and every passing wave left its quota of spray.

It is no simple feat to stand erect on a tossing, rocking mass, plunging along with lightning rapidity.

The American River is ordinarily a shallow, placid stream; but now, swollen by April rains, it was a noisy, seething torrent, murky with the débris of vast Sierra glaciers.

Swaying dizzily with every motion of the frail structure, we braced ourselves as best we could and waited breathlessly, painfully aware of the seriousness of our situation.

And on and on, swifter and swifter, swept the raft, creaking, turning dashing; now half ingulfed in a foaming whirlpool, now skimming lightly as a feather over the wave, or striking against some hidden rock with a violence that threatened speedy annihilation; while on either side the gathering dusk seemed to have grouped the various objects into a strange, chaotic appearance, like an immense wall shutting off our only means of safety.

"Catch *me* in another scrape of this kind," I groaned, as an abrupt pitch nearly sent me headlong.

"We're not out of *this* one—yet," remarked Clem significantly.

"Is there any danger?" faltered Teddy, his face paling. Like many persons of airy temperament, he was completely unnerved in time of peril.

"Looks that way, doesn't it?" was the answer; and then a solemn hush fell upon us.

Black grew the clinging shadows, drawing nearer and nearer; and up in the sky the stars were peeping, one by one. Blithely chirped the crickets, chanting their sylvan vespers, and the frog's rough basso chimed a weird accompaniment.

Somewhere, afar in the distance a lone coyote was making the night discordant, when suddenly there droned almost in our faces the dismal "tu-woo! tu-woo!" of the croaking owl.

Not a pleasant sound at its best, and *now* it moaned through the air in a manner almost unearthly.

Shuddering, we huddled together, seeking comfort from our mutual misery. Standing thus, every nerve a-quivering, we were conscious of a marked increase in speed.

Faster and wilder became the pace until our brains whirled and we clung to one another for support. Then the crisis came.

How it was we never knew. Some unseen force met us with a shock that tore the raft bodily asunder and hurled us, half benumbed, into the driving flood.

One piercing cry of terror rang out, and all was still again.

Not long, however. Though the suddenness of it all caused stupefaction, the instinct of self preservation soon asserted itself and we splashed about energetically in quest of the floating wreckage.

Descrying the drifting logs, we made for them, Teddy in the middle—he being unable to swim—and in a trice were clinging like barnacles to the slippery trunks.

For a while no one spoke, but we drifted passively, indifferently—almost.

Reawakened to the danger by the penetrating chill of the icy water, we threw off our lethargy and sprang forth once more, shoreward.

Useless. We could as well have breasted the rapids of Niagara. The on rushing tide whirled us around in an instant.

Again and again we made the attempt, and each time the result was the same.

"We can't do it, fellows," said Clem at last, and hope waxed dim.

It was only a question of minutes—possibly a few hours; cold and exposure would sap our strength, and then——!

A wail of despair broke from Teddy:

"Oh, boys! I can't *drown!*"

Poor lad! It *was* hard to think of death.

Nobody answered, but I heard Clem give a low, choking sob, and a big lump gathered in my own throat.

Death! How little that word had meant to us heretofore! We had see old people, and occasionally a child, consigned to earth, amid the mournful rites attending such scenes, and perhaps felt a passing sadness thereat; yet how often we had uttered thoughtless jests on this very subject, or, with juvenile irreverance, scoffed at sacred prophecies.

It was different *now!* Desperation nerved me to one final effort, and I spoke in the darkness.

"Oh, boys! don't let's give up this way!"

"We won't, while we can help ourselves, old fellow," answered Clem brokenly. "But what *can* we do? Just hear Teddy!"

The poor boy was fairly delirious with fright and was moaning and shouting by turns.

Oh, for a gleam of daylight! While that might not have materially bettered our condition, it was especially hard to die in that darkness.

But we couldn't listen to Teddy going on that way without making an attempt to cheer him, dismal as the prospect was.

"Don't give up yet, Teddy," I called to him. "It might be worse, you know. What if we didn't have any logs to cling to?"

"Yes, and while there's life there's hope," added Clem. "That's——"

He broke off short to give a ringing shout, a shout so replete with ecstatic joy that it was almost a shriek:

"Hurrah! Hurry up, boys! I've found a bar!"

And a second later I felt an abrupt jar and my log was at a standstill.

Stretching out our hands, we felt a yielding bank of sand; and struggling to a perpendicular, we floundered forward through the gloom, and were soon upon *terra firma.*

The sensation of relief was ineffable. Not knowing what else to do, we gave vent to a series of prolonged yells that rivaled an Apache war whoop; then, becoming practical, we concluded that, under the circumstances, a fire wouldn't be a very objectionable feature.

Had any one a match? Yes, we all had; but they were hardly serviceable in their present state.

Clem bethought himself of the fact that sand retains heat for a long period, and suggested that burying the matches might dry them sufficiently to ignite the phosphorus.

This he proceeded to do, finding a warm place on the shore; while Teddy and I began to grope about in search of some pine needles to serve as kindling.

A few minutes demonstrated the feasibility of Clem's plan, and the pine needles were quickly aflame. Piling on dead manzanita and chaparral, which were plentiful round about, we shortly had the benefit of as glowing a fire as heart could demand.

Next we stripped, literally, and hanging our clothes on convenient bushes, sat down to enjoy the grateful heat.

For some time we sat there silent, like so many white specters, staring alternately at the fire and at one another. Then, recognizing the humor of the situation, our faces expanded, and we roared with laughter.

"We're a nice looking set, now, aren't we?" was Clem's comment. "Just arrived from the South Seas!"

"Cannibals from Crusoe's island," I added.

"No-o! Samoa," said Clem. "That sounds more modern."

"What if some of the picnickers should happen around about this time?" chuckled Teddy.

"Heigh ho! They were home hours ago," said Clem.

"By the way, what time *is* it?" I asked.

"Great Cæsar! that reminds me!" ejaculated Clem, making a dive for his trousers, "There'll be the dickens to pay if I've lost that watch?

"It's O. K," he added, producing the article in question. "But, as I'm alive, it's stopped. Half past seven. That must have been just after our ducking."

"So late?" I said, surprised. "Then we weren't floating very long. It can't be much after eight now."

"It seemed hours," said Clem soberly.

There was a momentary hush, when Teddy's voice recalled us to the corporeal with a start:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but aren't our duds about dry?"

They were, and quicker than the telling of it we had donned them, snatched several blazing brands from the fire to light our footsteps, and started down the canyon, homeward.

Everything went well until a sudden puff of wind extinguished our torches, and left us in total blackness. But we stumbled on, and presently our persistence was rewarded by the sight of a dim yet familiar object looming through the gloom.

With a shout of "the Chili Bar Bridge!" we sped forward, and quickly reached the road.

Who cared now for darkness? With an oft traveled highway as a guide, we were soon safe at home, receiving the greetings of anxious relatives.

The experience of that dreadful night proved a most salutary lesson. Though we often went to the canyon thereafter on various expeditions, we drew the line at rafting, for we had found that there is neither wisdom nor bravery in mere wanton risk of life.

THE ISLAND TREASURE.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

Author of "Rupert's Ambition," "Luck and Pluck," "Tattered Tom," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

GUY FENWICK, while examining the contents of the sea chest of an uncle who died at sea, discovers a letter which tells of a treasure buried on an island in the Indian Ocean by pirates who, with a single exception, perished years ago by shipwreck, This sole survivor was cared for during his last illness by Guy's uncle, and made the man who befriended him his heir.

Guy is much excited over his discovery, but, after thinking the matter over, the chances of obtaining the treasure appear so remote that he despairs of ever possessing it.

He is anxious to do something that will make him independent, however, because he hears of a movement on foot to replace his father, who has been many years pastor of a church in Bayport, by a younger and more active man.

Captain Grover, of the merchantman Osprey, takes dinner with the Fenwicks that day, and hearing Guy express a wish to see more of the world, offers to take him on his next voyage, to Bombay.

Guy learns that the course lies through the Indian Ocean, and, thinking it may afford him an opportunity to visit the pirates' island, pleads to go. Feeling that Guy will be safe in the care of his old friend, Mr. Fenwick yields to his son's entreaties.

During the voyage Guy tells Captain Grover of the pirates' hoard, and asks his assistance, but the captain, who is inclined to be skeptical, tells him that his duty to the vessel's owner will not permit him to deviate from his course.

When the vessel reaches Bombay, Guy goes ashore, and is fortunate enough to save Mr. John Saunders, a wealthy merchant of the city, from being murdered. The merchant takes a great interest in his young rescuer, and, at his solicitation, Guy enters his employ. Guy's work proves satisfactory, and when the Osprey is ready to start on her return voyage, Mr. Saunders, who has business he wishes Guy to attend to in England, persuades Guy to remain in his employ. Before the Osprey sails, Guy tells Mr. Saunders his story. The merchant decides that there is a good chance of finding the treasure, and agrees to undertake the search for one half the amount found, although not able to do so at once. Guy accepts this proposal, and, knowing the condition of Guy's family finances, Mr. Saunders gives him $5,000, to be repaid, if the treasure is found, out of Guy's ahsre.

The merchant instructs Guy as to the business requiring attention in England, but the principal duty is to investigate the case of Mr. Saunders' ward, Vivian Bell, who is a pupil in the school of Dr. Peter Musgrave, near London, and who has sent a letter to Mr. Saunders, complaining of cruel treatment.

During the voyage to England Guy makes the acquaintance of August Locke, a young Scotchman, who was formerly a pupil of Dr. Musgrave, and who jndorses all Vivian Bell has said concerning the school. When Guy arrives in London he goes to the office of Mr. Saunders' correspondent, Mr. Russell, and while he is there Mr. Russell receives a telegram from Dr. Musgrave, announcing that Vivian Bell has run away, and asking if Mr. Russell will defray the expenses of search. As Guy has brought credentials showing full authority to act as Mr. Saunders' representative, Mr. Russell refers the matter to him, and, at Guy's request, answers the message, saying that a special messenger will call upon Dr. Musgrave the following day.

CHAPTER X.

AT MILTON SCHOOL.

MILTON School was situated in a delightful part of the country. It was broad on the ground, and built of stone, the sides being overgrown with the clinging ivy so abundant in England.

It ought to have been a paradise. Casual visitors always admired it, and declared that the boys who attended it were especially favored.

But they did not know the character of Dr. Peter Musgrave, who had for fifteen years exercised tyrannical sway over the pupils committed to his charge.

He was in the habit of forming sudden prejudices against his pupils, and when he was "down on a boy," as the saying is, no amount of good behavior softened him. Vivian Bell had been unfortunate enough to incur this man's enmity, and his life had been a hard one ever since he had entered the school.

Two days before the date of the telegram mentioned at the close of the last chapter, Simon Musgrave, the doctor's son, ordered Vivian to go on an errand to Milton village.

"I have a bad headache, Simon," said Vivian. "I don't feel as if I could sit up."

"I don't believe a word of it," returned the young tyrant. "You're lazy, that's all."

"But indeed my head aches badly, Simon."

"Don't call me Simon!"

"Isn't that your name?" asked Vivian wonderingly.

"My name *to you* is Mr. Musgrave. Just remember that, will you?"

"Yes, Simon—I mean, Mr. Musgrave."

"Take that!" said Simon, aiming a blow

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at Vivian that nearly felled him to the ground. "Perhaps you'll remember next time."

"You have no right to strike me," said Vivian, plucking up courage.

He did not dare to retaliate, for he was weak compared with the young tyrant.

"Haven't I? Then I'll do it again."

Which threat he promptly translated into action.

"Now you know me. Don't you ever dare to tell me again that I haven't a right to wallop you. Start for the village at once, or you'll get another."

But there was an unexpected champion in the person of one of the elder boys who had come up while Simon was gratifying his brutal instincts.

"I say, Musgrave, what are you doing to Bell?"

"None of your business."

"Isn't it, though? You have made him cry."

"Oh, he's a crybaby, any way," said Simon scornfully.

"What has he been doing to you, Vivian?" asked the other boy kindly.

"He hit me twice."

"What did you do that for?"

"I told you before it was none of your business," returned Simon Musgrave sullenly. "If you're not careful, I'll serve you the same way."

"You will, eh? I should like to see you do it," replied Jim Rawdon, not in the least terrified by Musgrave's threats, even if he were the son of the head master.

Simon Musgrave scowled at the intrepid boy, but he knew very well that it would not do to treat him as he had Vivian Bell. Simon was a born bully, and bullies are generally cowards.

He took advantage of Vivian Bell's gentleness, but he held in unwilling respect James Rawdon's strength and pluck.

"I'll report your insolence to my father," he said, biting his nether lip,

"Do!" retorted Rawdon. "Go and complain to your pa like an overgrown baby!"

Simon was in such a passion that he ached to strike Rawdon, but prudence got the better of temper, and he refrained.

Turning to Vivian, he said: "You heard what I told you to do. Go and do it!"

"What did you tell him to do?" asked Rawdon.

"I told him to go to the village on an errand for me."

"Why don't you go yourself?"

"Because I don't choose to."

"I would go if I hadn't a headache," interposed Vivian, putting his hand to his head and sighing. "It's very bad."

"It's all put on," said Simon brutally. "Your head doesn't ache any more than mine does."

"Indeed, indeed it does!"

James Rawdon listened to Simon with a disgust for his brutality which he did not attempt to conceal.

"Don't you go, Bell!" he said. "I'll stand by you."

"Look here, Rawdon, don't put in your oar. You'll get into trouble."

"Who's going to get me into trouble?"

"I am."

"Come on, then!" and Jim Rawdon put himself in an attitude of defense.

"Oh, I shan't touch you. I'd scorn to fight you, but I'll report you, and Bell too, to my father."

"I've been reported to your father before now," said Rawdon significantly.

It was quite true that Jim Rawdon had little to fear from Dr. Musgrave. He was a resolute and determined boy, who would not permit any one to impose upon him.

His father was a wealthy merchant in London, and it so happened that Dr. Musgrave was under a pecuniary obligation to the senior Rawdon to the extent of five hundred pounds. These two considerations made Jim a privileged character.

Simon, however, knew nothing of the pecuniary relations between his father and Mr. Rawdon, and was now thoroughly incensed, especially when Rawdon, taking Vivian Bell under his protection, walked off with him.

"I'll go and complain to my father!" exclaimed Simon wrathfully.

"Go along! Come with me, Vivian!"

Vivian, influenced by the older and stronger boy, obeyed him.

"Now, Vivian," said Rawdon, "tell me why you let that brute impose upon you?"

"Because I can't help it, Rawdon."

"That's something I wouldn't say."

"You don't need to. You are strong—oh, so strong!" returned Vivian admiringly.

"I am not as strong as Dr. Musgrave, but he never touches me."

"He has flogged me often."

"The old brute! And yet you are always gentle and inoffensive."

"I try to be good and obey the rules, but the doctor is always finding fault with me."

"That's his way."

"I can't seem to please him."

"Then why don't you give it up?"

"I don't understand you, Rawdon."

"Then I'll tell you, Vivian. If I were treated as you are I'd leave the school."

"But how can I?"

"Who put you here?"

"My guardian."

"Then why don't you ask him to take you away?"

"I'll tell you something, Rawdon, if you won't tell."

"Of course I won't tell. What do you take me for?"

"I wrote to my guardian four months ago telling him how I was treated here."

"Four months ago! And haven't you had any answer?"

"No. You see he lives in Bombay."

Jim Rawdon whistled.

"Bombay! That's a terrible distance off!"

"Yes. It takes a long time for a letter to reach there. That's the reason I haven't yet heard from him?"

"Did you ask him to take you away?"

"Yes; and I do hope he will."

"Very likely he won't. If he lives so far off, very likely he won't take any trouble in the matter."

"Oh, I hope he will."

"If I were you I would take the matter into my own hands. I'd run away!"

Vivian Bell almost gasped at the daring suggestion.

"But what could I do if I did run away? I haven't any money; that is, I have only half a crown."

"I've got two half sovereigns, and you may have one of them."

"You're awfully kind, Rawdon. Would you really advise me to run away?"

"Yes, I would."

"Where shall I go first?"

"There's a farmer four miles away on the Bolton road. His name is Giles Glover. Go there and ask him to keep you for a couple of days. You can pay him, you know. Tell him I sent you. He's a friend of mine."

"But after the two days?"

"I'll call over and have a talk with you. I can ride with the carrier, so it won't be any trouble. Then I'll arrange something for you. Perhaps I may send you to London with a letter to my father."

"But if the doctor catches me?" asked Vivian, with a shiver.

"The doctor won't catch you. I'll put him off the scent."

"I don't know, Rawdon. It seems a very bold thing to do."

The conversation was interrupted here, for Simon Musgrave came up with a triumphant smile on his face.

"Rawdon and Bell are wanted," he said. "You are to report at once to my father at his office."

CHAPTER XI.

AN INDEPENDENT PUPIL.

SIMON MUSGRAVE walked away, not doubting that the two boys would obey orders.

"What shall I do, Rawdon?" asked Vivian, in a state of nervous alarm. "The doctor will be sure to flog me."

"Then don't go near him!"

"But he will come for me."

"Then mind you are not to be found."

"What do you mean?"

"Go to your room, get a few underclothes, and run away. Remember where I told you to go. You know where farmer Glover lives?"

"Yes."

"Go there. Ask him to keep you till I come."

"But will he?"

"I am sure he will. He hates Dr. Musgrave who tried to cheat him out of pay for some hay he bought of him. You'll find him to be a good friend."

"It seems a bold thing to do, Rawdon, but if you say I had better I will be guided by you."

"That is right. Now lose no time in going to your room, and I will delay matters so that you will have a chance to get away."

"Shall you go to see the doctor?"

"Yes; I am not afraid of him."

Jim Rawdon loitered about the quadrangle, and it was nearly fifteen minutes before he presented himself near the office. Simon had been sent out to look for him.

"Why don't you go to my father's office?" he demanded.

"There is no hurry," returned Rawdon composedly.

"You'll find out if there is. Pa's awful mad; I can tell you that."

"Then he'd better get over it as soon as possible. It isn't healthy for an old man like him to get into a rage."

"I hope he'll flog you," said Simon, exasperated at Rawdon's coolness.

"You were always kind and friendly, Simon. Just as sure as he tries to flog me, I'll flog you."

"Where is Bell? Has he gone to the office?" said Simon, who felt that Rawdon would be very likely to carry out his threat.

"What have I got to do with Bell? Isn't he in the office now,"

"If he isn't, it'll be the worse for him. Pa isn't in a humor to be trifled with."

Five minutes later Jim Rawdon sauntered into the office of Dr. Musgrave.

The doctor was sitting at his desk. His face was stern and wrathful.

"Where is Bell?" he asked abruptly.

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Wasn't he with you when my son Simon summoned you to my office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how is it you don't know where Bell is?"

"I am not his guardian, Dr. Musgrave. We separated, and I did not trouble myself to see where he went. Hasn't he been here?"

"No, he hasn't," answered the doctor sharply. "How happens it that you come so late?"

"Simon didn't tell me there was any particular hurry."

"My orders are always to be obeyed at once."

"Very well, sir."

"You'd better remember that next time."

"I am here now. What did you wish to see me about?"

"I understand that you have treated my son Simon with disrespect."

"Please be more explicit, sir," said Rawdon, with exasperating coolness.

The doctor bit his lip. He felt that

Rawdon was impertinent, though his language was strictly respectful.

"You interfered between him and Bell."

"I did. I saw that he was bullying Bell and I interfered to protect Bell."

"What business was it of yours?"

"Sir," said Rawdon, with dignity, "I am an English boy, and I can't stand by and see a younger boy bullied by an older and stronger one."

"Do you think I will allow you to interfere with my son? If you had any complaints to make, you should have come to me."

"There was no time for it."

"Simon tells me that he asked Bell to go to the village on an errand for him."

"Bell had a headache and was not fit to run errands."

"You could have told me that."

"And in the meantime Bell would have been on his way to the village."

"Hark you, Rawdon! You are taking too much on yourself."

Jim Rawdon made no reply.

"And if this continues I shall feel compelled to flog you."

"I think you had better not, Dr. Musgrave," said Rawdon, in a significant tone.

"Why not, sir?" demanded the doctor angrily.

"Because my father won't permit it. He told me when I came to school to report to him if you laid your hand on me."

Dr. Musgrave winced. He had reason to believe that Jim told the truth, and he knew that he was under obligations to the senior Rawdon, who might make things uncomfortable.

"I don't allow any outsider to interfere with my discipline," he said, "but I will postpone your case till I have dealt with Bell. You say you don't know where he is?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any idea where he went when he left you?"

"I think he may have gone to his room."

"Did he understand that I sent for him?"

"I presume so, Dr. Musgrave. I didn't ask him."

"You may go his room and see if he is there. If so, tell him to come here directly."

Rawdon left the office.

Outside stood Simon Musgrave.

"Did my father flog you?" he asked maliciously,

"You had better ask him."

"I hope he did."

"By the way, Simon, have you seen Bell?"

"No."

"Your father thinks he may be in his room. Will you go and tell him if you find him there, that he is to go to the office?"

This was to Simon an agreeable errand, and without asking whether it was desired by the doctor that he should go, he set off at once.

He returned in a brief space of time, saying:

"I can't find him."

"Then you might tell your father, or shall I do so?"

"I'll go in."

"I've been round to Bell's room, pa," he said, "but he isn't there."

"Inquire round among the boys if any one has seen him," answered the doctor, frowning.

"Did you flog Rawdon?" asked Simon eagerly.

"Not yet. Do as I told you."

Inquiry was made among the pupils, but if any one had seen Vivian Bell no one would give information on the subject.

At length an under gardener said: "I seen him going off Bolton way. He had a bundle under his arm. He looked like he was running away."

"Bell running away!" exclaimed Dr. Musgrave, scandalized. "Why, he wouldn't *dare* to do such a thing."

"You know best, sir," said the gardener humbly.

"If he has run away," said Dr. Musgrave, setting his teeth, "I'll half kill him when I get him back."

Jim Rawdon was summoned again.

"Rawdon," said Dr. Musgrave abruptly, "has Bell ever said anything to you about running away?"

"Has he run away?" asked Rawdon innocently, looking immensely surprised.

"Answer my question, sir."

"I can't say that he has, sir, although he has complained of being very badly treated."

"No one is badly treated here!" roared the doctor furiously. "What do you mean by such an insinuation."

Jim Rawdon did not seem terrified by the doctor's angry outburst.

"I am not saying he was ill treated," he replied, "but——"

"Well?"

"I think he was."

"You are the most impudent boy I have in my school. How dare you talk in this way?"

Rawdon merely shrugged his shoulders.

Dr. Musgrave wished he might set off at once in pursuit of the missing pupil, but he he could not break away from his duties.

"I'll go for him, pa," volunteered Simon.

"No; I will wait till tomorrow morning, and go myself."

"But he may get away for good and all."

"He can't go far, for he has no money. I am not afraid of losing him."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW VIVIAN ESCAPED.

WHEN Vivian Bell parted from Jim Rawdon he strictly followed the directions of

his schoolmate. He went hurriedly to his room, made up a bundle of underclothing, and then crossing the grounds in nervous haste started on the Bolton Road.

He knew the way, for he had often gone in this direction on holidays, usually with a company of his schoolfellows.

He had hardly time to consider the importance of the step he was taking. He was animated by a feverish desire to get as far away from the school where he was ill treated as possible.

He feared and detested the head master, who, to the best of his remembrance, had never spoken a kindly word to him.

He would never of his own impulse have dared to run away, but the stronger will of Jim Rawdon dominated him.

As he hurried along on a rustic road between delightful hedge rows he looked backward from time to time with nervous apprehension, almost expecting to see the tall, gaunt figure of Dr. Musgrave following him in hot pursuit, or the red head and malicious face of his young tormentor, Simon.

But when a mile away he began to feel less apprehension. He was confident that Rawdon would somehow cover his flight and put the pursuers off his track.

An unwonted sense of freedom came to him.

"Oh, if I could get away entirely from Dr. Musgrave!" he thought. "I would be willing to work hard. Perhaps some farmer would engage me. I would not mind hard work as long as I was well treated."

It is a very serious thing when a teacher who should be the guardian and guide of his pupils inspires dread and abhorrence, It is difficult to estimate how much unhappiness is occasioned by such unprincipled tyrants as Dr. Peter Musgrave, the head master of Milton School.

It seems a pity that they could not for a time change places with some of the pupils they abuse, as is done in the ingenious story "Vice Versa."

Vivian had walked about two miles when he was overtaken by the carrier in his cart.

All the boys of Milton School knew Jack Hunt, who was a good natured man of middle age.

"Where are you going, Master Bell?" asked the carrier, slackening his speed.

Vivian turned round, and answered, "Won't you ever tell, Jack?"

"No, I won't," answered Jack stoutly.

"Then I am running away."

"You don't mean it now, Master Bell?" exclaimed Jack, half incredulous.

"Yes, Jack, it's true."

"What! running away from the schoolmaster?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Then I'll be danged if I blame thee, lad. He's a brute, he is."

"He's treated me brutally, Jack."

"But I say, Master Bell, I didn't think thee had it in thee. Why I didn't think thee had the pluck to run away."

"I don't think I would have, Jack, if it hadn't been for Jim Rawdon."

"Ah, yes, Rawdon. He's a plucky lad. He wouldn't let the master flog him."

"No, I don't think Dr. Musgrave ever flogged Rawdon."

"But he's flogged thee?"

"Oh, many a time," answered Vivian, shuddering. "Oh, he has beat me cruelly."

"I'd like to get at him," said Jack, shutting his teeth firmly together. "I'd like to get at him with a horsewhip, that I would."

"But Simon is almost as bad."

"That's the schoolmaster's boy. I know that Simon. He's got an ugly temper, he has. And he's impudent, too."

"Did you ever have any trouble with him, Jack?"

The carrier laughed.

"He's had trouble with me," he answered. "I'll tell you how it was. I was drivin' along one day, just as you see me now, when Simon came up, and just out of ugliness picked up a stone and fired it at my 'orse. Well, I wouldn't stand that, you know, so I jumps off my cart, and I ran after the boy whip in hand."

"Did he run away?"

"No, he stood his ground. He thought I wouldn't dare to hit him. So when I said: 'Why did you go to do that?' he answered impudent like: 'Because I chose.' With that I took my whip and slashed him about the legs till he jumped and swore."

"You lashed Simon Musgrave?" asked Vivian, almost incredulous.

"Yes, I did. Oh, wasn't he mad, though! He threatened that he would tell his pa, and have me shut up."

"I am glad to hear that. It does me good. And you really and truly lashed Simon?"

"Ask him if I didn't."

"I wonder he didn't tell the doctor."

"I told him I would have him arrested for stoning my 'orse."

"I would like to have been there."

Vivian Bell was far from being a vindictive boy, but it seemed to do him good to hear that his persistent young persecutor had for once had the same treatment meted out to him that he had so often inflicted upon others.

"Where are you going, Master Bell?" asked the carrier, with a sudden thought.

"Rawdon told me I'd better go to farmer Glover's and ask him to take me in over night."

"And a good plan it is. But you're only half way to Giles Glover's."

"I'm not tired, Jack. I shall be able to walk."

"There's no need of walking. I'm going all the way there myself. So just jump

up into my cart, Master Bell, and I'll have you there in a jiffy."

Vivian was glad to accept this offer, and in a minute was in the cart riding beside Jack the carrier.

"I am afraid I will get you into trouble, Jack," said Vivian after a pause.

"Never you think of that, Master Bell. You don't think the doctor 'll be flogging me, do you now?" asked the carrier with a broad grin.

"No, I don't think he would do that."

"I'd like to see him try it, I would."

"But he might refuse to employ you."

"As I am the only carrier hereabouts he wouldn't do that."

"Well, you are very kind, Jack."

"And why wouldn't I be? I'd help any of the schoolboys, There's one thing I'd like to help them in."

"And what's that?"

"To flog the schoolmaster. That would be rare fun."

So Vivian Bell and his good friend, the carrier, sped along till they came in sight of the farmhouse occupied by Giles Glover.

It so happened that the farmer himself was out in the yard when the carrier drove up.

They greeted each other like old friends.

"And whom have you got with you, Jack?" asked the farmer.

"I've got a boarder for you, farmer."

"I don't understand. Isn't this one of Dr. Musgrave's boys?"

"Yes, and he's run away from school."

"You don't say! And what for?"

"Because the doctor has been flogging him almost every day, till he's tired of it. Will you take him in for a night?"

"Aye, that I will. But what are you going to do, lad?"

"I will wait here till Jim Rawdon comes. He will advise me."

"Ay, I know Rawdon. He is a manly boy, Rawdon is."

"It was he that advised me to run away."

"But have you any money, lad? You know you can't get along without money."

"Yes, I have a little money. I will pay you for taking me in."

"No you won't, lad. Giles Glover wants no pay from a poor, persecuted lad. There's plenty to eat here, and you're heartily welcome to it. But have you nothing to live on? Where is your father, lad?"

"I have no father nor mother."

"Then who pays your bills?"

"My guardian."

"Then why don't you go to him?"

"I can't. He lives in Bombay. That's ever so many thousands of miles off. I have written to him, and I hoped to hear from him before this time."

"Wouldn't it have been better to wait?"

"I couldn't," said Vivian wearily. "It is four months since I wrote."

"But how will you get along?"

"If I can get to London I will go to my guardian's bankers."

"Well, I will keep thee at any rate for a night or two, and it shan't cost thee a penny."

Soon after Vivian's arrival he sat down to a plentiful supper. He ate heartily, and his courage rose. He was surrounded by humble, but cordial, friends, and the atmosphere of kindness was as grateful as it was new to him.

But it was not long before his place of concealment would be discovered, and his foes would be on his track.

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. MUSGRAVE RECEIVES INFORMATION.

It so happened, though Vivian did not know it, that he was seen riding with Jack the carrier by a boy named Jarvis, connected with Milton School.

Jarvis was a toady of Simon, and strove to ingratiate himself with Dr. Musgrave by carrying him tales of his schoolmates.

Hidden behind the shrubbery, Jarvis saw the carrier's cart with Bell as passenger.

He had been to Bolton to call on an aunt.

On his return to the school he heard of Vivian Bell's disappearance.

Jarvis congratulated himself on being the first to carry news to the head master of his missing scholar.

In crossing the campus he fell in with Simon.

"What's the news, Simon?" he asked.

"Bell has run away."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No, but pa'll catch him, I'm sure of that. I wouldn't like to be in his shoes then, I can tell you."

"Didn't anybody see him go?"

"No; I had just told him pa wanted to see him in the office, and I supposed he would report there. I'll tell you who knows something about his going away."

"Who is it?"

"Rawdon. He was with him, and I feel sure that he put Bell up to running away."

"Very likely. Bell's a milk and water chap. He wouldn't dare to run away unless some one put him up to it. Have you any idea in what direction he went?"

"No."

"Humph!"

"What do you mean by your mysterious manner. Do you know anything about his going away?"

"Well, I might have found out something," answered Jarvis.

"If you know anything it's your duty to to tell *me* right off," said Simon imperiously.

Jarvis in general acquiesced in anything that Simon said, but he was aware of the importance of the information he had to offer, and chose to get all the credit himself.

"Why is it my duty to tell *you?*" he asked.

"So that I may tell pa."

"It will do just as well if I tell him."

"No, it won't. You tell me and I will go to the office at once and tell pa."

"There is no need to trouble you, Simon. Whatever there is to tell I can tell myself."

"I don't believe you've got anything to tell," said Simon cunningly.

"Nothing much, only that I saw Bell when he was running away."

"Where did you see him?" asked Simon eagerly.

"That's what I am ready to tell your father."

Simon made another attempt to obtain the information, but failing, he escorted Jarvis to the office of Dr. Musgrave.

"Pa," he said, bustling in, "there's some news of Bell."

"What is it?" asked the master, looking up from the desk.

"Jarvis saw him running away."

Jarvis who had followed Simon into the office, now pressed forward.

"Well, Jarvis, what have you to tell?" asked the doctor.

"This afternoon I saw Bell riding over the Bolton road with Jack Hunt, the carrier."

"Ha, that man is in it. I am not surprised. His influence over my pupils is very demoralizing. He will get into trouble if he is not very careful."

"Can't you have him arrested, pa?" said Simon, who had a grievance of his own against the independent carrier.

"That depends on his connection with the affair. In what direction was the carrier going?"

"Towards Bolton, sir."

"Did he or Bell see you?"

"No, sir. I was hiding behind the hedge."

"What else did you see?"

"Bell had a bundle with him."

"Ha, a bundle of clothes, no doubt. What time was this?"

Jarvis mentioned the hour.

"He must have started about the time I told him to go to your office, pa."

"Probably. Simon, do you know where the carrier lives?"

"Yes, pa."

"What time does he get back from Bolton?"

"About six o'clock."

"Very well, go there at that time and ask him to step around to see me."

"All right, pa."

This was an errand which Simon enjoyed. He reached the carrier's house just as Jack was unharnessing his horse.

"I say, Jack," he began, "pa wants to see you right off."

"Does he?" returned the carrier. "You can tell him where I am. If he will come 'round here he can see me."

"He wants to see you at his office."

"Well, I haven't time to go there. My supper is waiting for me. Do you know what he wants to see me about?"

"Yes; it's about Bell. He was seen riding with you this afternoon."

"Oh, he was, was he? Did *you* see him riding with me?"

"No, but Jarvis did, so there's no use of your denying it."

"I don't deny it. Master Bell is always welcome to ride with me, but I wouldn't take you on my cart, nor yet that Jarvis."

"I say, you'd better be careful. Pa ain't going to have you help his boys run away."

"Who's run away?" asked Jack innocently.

"Why Bell, of course. You don't mean to say you didn't know it?"

"Master Bell run away! You don't mean it. Why should he run away from such a kind man as your father?"

"Because he was a bad boy; he always disobeyed the rules," said Simon sharply.

"You don't mean to tell me so. And I thought he was such a good, quiet boy."

"Where did you leave him?"

"Where did I leave him? I didn't leave him anywhere. He left me."

"Where was it?"

"On the road."

"Did he tell you where he expected to spend the night?"

"He might, and again he mightn't. I am so forgetful that I never minds what's told me. It just goes into one ear and out of the other."

Finding he could get no certain information out of the carrier, Simon started to go, threatening him with arrest for conniving at the escape of Vivian Bell.

"You don't really think your pa would have me arrested, do you, Simon?" asked the carrier, pretending to be very much frightened.

"You just see!"

"You'll speak a good word for me, won't you? You see it would be bad for my business to be arrested."

"You ought to have thought of that," said Simon, under the impression that Jack was weakening. "Your only course is to tell pa all you know about Bell, and just where he's gone."

"I remember now he told me where he was going."

"Where?" asked Simon eagerly.

"To London."

"To London!" repeated Simon in disgust. "Why, he'd have to walk all the way."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Why didn't you turn right 'round and bring him back to the school. Pa'd have given you a sixpence."

"Would he now."

"Yes, I am sure he would."

"I can't leave my business for any such trifle as a sixpence. Besides, it wasn't any

of my business carrying back your father's runaway scholars."

"Perhaps you'll change your mind, Mr. Jack."

"I'll make one promise."

"What's that?"

"If I ever see you running away I'll carry you back."

Simon did not deign a reply to this, but turning on his heel walked out of the yard.

As he left he said, "You'd better go 'round and see pa after supper."

"He knows where he can find me," returned the carrier, in a sturdy tone.

Arrived at the school, Simon went at once to his father's study, and reported that the carrier would not obey his command.

"Never mind, Simon," said Dr. Musgrave. "The grocer has just been here and told me that Bell is staying at Giles Glover's farm. I shall go for him tomorrow morning."

CHAPTER XIV.

GUY FENWICK REACHES MILTON SCHOOL.

GUY FENWICK, accompanied by his friend and fellow passenger, August Locke, started from London early in the morning, bound for Milton.

Reaching the station, Locke proposed to Guy to walk to the school.

"It is only half a mile," he said, "and it will be a pleasure to me to take a leisurely stroll over the road that was once so familiar to me."

"I am quite willing," said Guy. "It is a charming morning, and the country is beautiful."

"More so than America?"

"I must confess," said Guy, "that I know of no landscape in America that equals the charm of an English village."

It was a bright, sunshiny day. The hedge rows were a dark green. They passed a church overgrown with ivy, and the air was perfumed by sweet flowers.

"How often I have been over this road!" said August Locke.

"Did you enjoy your school days, Mr. Locke?"

"I should have done so if we had had a better teacher. Dr. Musgrave's tyranny spoiled all."

"Did he abuse you?"

"As much as he dared, but when he went too far my temper got the better of me, and I was ready for anything. I think he knew that, for he did not treat me as badly as some of his pupils who were more timid. How are your American schools?"

"No doubt we have some tyrannical teachers, but the one whose school I attended was a gentleman. He was firm and yet gentle, and all we boys respected and liked him."

"With such a teacher as you describe Milton school would be a paradise."

"I don't see how Dr. Musgrave can retain his position. Does he own the school?"

"No; he is employed by the directors. Most of them live at a distance and know nothing of his adminstration. If complaints were made to them, they would pay no attention to them. They would take the ground that there is a natural antagonism between pupils and teachers."

"So the poor boys have little hope of having their wrongs redressed?"

"You are about right."

The distance between the station and the school was so short that by the time their conversation was over they had nearly reached the gate that led into the school ground.

"It looks just as it did when I left," said August Locke, surveying the building and campus with interest. "I can almost imagine that it was only yesterday I went away."

"Except when you look in the glass."

"Yes; I have grown from a boy into a man of twenty five. I should be more than a match for old Musgrave now," and the young man regarded with satisfaction his muscular arms and well knit figure.

"Really," he added, "I shouldn't mind, if there were occasion, having a tussle with the old fellow. I fancy he wouldn't stand long before his old pupil."

There were several boys scattered about the campus.

August Locke and Guy entered and looked about them for some one whom they could interrogate.

The nearest was a stout, well knit boy with a strong, resolute face and a frank expression. In fact it was Jim Rawdon, already introduced as the friend and adviser of Vivian Bell.

"My boy," said Locke with pleasant courtesy, "can you tell me if Dr. Musgrave is in his office?"

"No, sir, not this morning."

"Isn't that rather strange—at this hour? You see I am an old pupil and haven't forgotten the ways of the place."

"He is usually here, sir, but he made an early start to hunt up a pupil who ran away a day or two since."

"What is the name of the pupil?" asked Guy quickly.

"Vivian Bell."

"I thought so," said Guy.

"Are you a friend of Bell?" asked Rawdon.

"Yes; I am more than a friend, though I never saw him. I am sent here by his guardian."

"But I thought his guardian lived in Bombay?"

"So he does, but I come from Bombay."

"I am glad of it," said Rawdon.

"Are you a friend of Vivian?" asked Guy.

"Yes; I am about the only friend the poor boy has in this place."

"Do you mean that he is generally unpopular?"

"No, we all like him, but I am the only one who dares stand up for him."

"His guardian received a letter complaining that he was ill treated by the head master."

"That is true enough. He has been very badly treated."

"Why? Isn't he a good boy?"

"Yes; the trouble is that he is too good and too gentle. Dr. Musgrave felt that it would be safe to bully him, and he has done so."

"You are not giving Dr. Musgrave a very good character."

"He doesn't deserve one."

"In what way has Vivian been ill treated?"

"He has been flogged two or three times a week on an average."

"Without deserving it?"

"Yes."

"What excuse can the doctor have for flogging him?"

"Well, to begin with, Simon is down upon him."

"Who is Simon?"

"Simon Musgrave, the doctor's son. He's as bad as his father, and I don't know but worse."

"Have you had anything to complain of?"

"No, he doesn't dare to meddle with me. I thrashed him once so effectually that he thinks it wisest to let me alone."

"Coming back to Vivian, you say that Dr. Musgrave has gone in search of him?"

"Yes; he started early, accompanied by Simon."

"Then I suppose he had information as to his whereabouts?"

"Yes, he heard that he was at Giles Glover's form, about four miles away."

"Will he probably find him there?"

"I am afraid so. It was I who advised him to run away, and I told him to go to Giles Glover's."

"Perhaps he may have left there."

"No; he was to wait till I got a chance to go see and him. I haven't had any chance yet. Bell is a timid boy, and he wouldn't know where to go. I meant to start him to London to see his guardian's bankers."

"Let me shake hands with you," said Guy impulsively. "I am proud to know you. You have had the courage to be a friend to a boy who was badly abused. What is your name?"

"Jim Rawdon."

"Mine is Guy Fenwick. I am an American boy."

"And yet you are sent here by Bell's guardian," said Rawdon in surprise.

"Yes. It is too long a story to explain now."

"I like you, even if you are not English," said Rawdon. "Do what you can for Bell."

"That is what I have come here for. What will happen if Dr. Musgrave captures him?"

"He will flog Bell before the whole school worse than he ever did before."

"You may rest assured that he won't do that," said August Locke. "I think I shall have something to say."

Jim Rawdon's face glowed with pleasure.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said. "Oh, won't there be a high old time!"

"I fancy there will. I was once a pupil of Dr. Musgrave, and I owe him a few returns for past favors. Does he often flog you?"

"He never has yet," said Rawdon. "He knows that my father would take me away instantly if he tried it. Besides—I don't mind telling you two—he owes my father borrowed money, and that makes him cautious."

"I am glad that you, at any rate, are safe. So Simon is no improvement on his father?"

"No. If you were here as a pupil, how is it you don't remember Simon?"

"He was only a small boy then—perhaps six years old—and I was not likely to know anything of him."

"Shall you stay here till the doctor returns?"

"Yes. It will be our best course. You don't think the doctor will attempt to punish Bell before he gets him back?"

"No. That isn't his way. He will call the school together, and give him a cruel flogging before all the boys. I have often seen such punishment, and it makes my blood boil, but what could I do?"

Five minutes later Rawdon called out in excitement:

"There comes the doctor! Simon and Bell are with him."

August Locke and Guy looked up the road. A wagon was approaching drawn by a bony looking horse.

Simon was driving. On the back seat was Dr. Musgrave, tall, thin, with a stern looking visage, and beside him Vivian Bell, his face, red and tearful.

He well knew that a terrible punishment awaited him.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. MUSGRAVE'S HUMILIATION.

DR. MUSGRAVE was so occupied with thoughts of the punishment that he proposed to inflict on the poor boy whom he had captured that he did not notice the visitors, who stood at one side of the path leading to his office.

Simon brought up the wagon in front of the gate.

Dr. Musgrave jumped out, and then extended his hand to Vivian Bell.

"Give me your hand," he said, gruffly.

The poor boy tremblingly held out his hand, which was grasped roughly by the tyrant. He was jerked out with no gentle motion.

"Now, Simon, give me the whip."

Dr. Musgrave grasped it, and seizing Vivian by the collar began to push him before him up the path.

Guy and August Locke looked on in disgust and anger.

"Speak to him, Mr. Locke," whispered Guy.

"Dr. Musgrave!" said August in a clear, cold voice.

Then for the first time the head master turned his attention to the new comers.

"I will be at your service in a few moments," he said, waving his hand.

He thought that August Locke wished to enter Guy at his school.

"That will not do, Dr. Musgrave. I wish your attention now."

Dr. Musgrave, whose temper was none of the best, took umbrage at this.

"You will have to wait," he said sharply. "I have to mete out justice to this young rascal who had the audacity to run away from me. I have just recovered him, and I intend to flog him in presence of the school. You can be present if you like."

"Dr. Musgrave," said Locke sternly, "this flogging shall not take place."

"What!" exclaimed the head master, with blazing eyes. "Do you come here to interfere with my discipline?"

"I do, or rather we do."

"I never heard of such audacity!" exclaimed Dr. Musgrave, fairly aghast.

"Is not this boy Vivian Bell?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall not flog him."

Dr. Musgrave was exasperated beyond endurance. He had been accustomed to move among his pupils like an Eastern despot, with no one bold enough to oppose him.

"This is my answer!" he said, grasping the whip, and lashing Vivian across the legs, eliciting a cry of pain.

"And this is mine!" said August Locke.

He snatched the whip from the head master, grasped him by the collar, and with all the strength he possessed rained down blows across the teacher's legs.

Dr. Musgrave shrieked with anger and dismay. As he did so he let go of Vivian Bell.

Guy instantly drew the trembling boy to his side.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" demanded Dr. Musgrave. "Give me back that whip."

"You cannot be trusted with it," said Locke coolly.

Dr. Musgrave, fairly boiling with passion, made a spring for Vivian, but August Locke anticipated the movement and brought down the whip over the head master's shoulders.

"Boys, come to the help of your teacher!" shrieked Musgrave.

Not a boy stirred except Simon.

He ran forward, and tried to attack Vivian Bell.

Guy let go of Vivian, and with a well directed blow stretched Simon on the ground.

"What do you mean by this outrage? Who are you?" asked the head master, pale and agitated.

"I, sir, am August Locke, once your pupil," replied Locke. "I am paying you off for some of your former brutality."

"I will have you arrested—yes, and you, too," shaking his head at Guy.

"Let me introduce my young companion, Dr. Musgrave," went on Locke. "He is Master Guy Fenwick. He comes here as the agent of Mr. John Saunders, of Bombay, the guardian of Vivian Bell."

"Is this true?" asked the head master, bewildered and incredulous.

"Yes, sir," answered Guy. "I came here to find out how the boy was treated, but I have seen for myself. I withdraw him from your school. He is no longer a pupil of yours."

Vivian Bell's expression changed at once. He looked overjoyed.

"Oh," he said, "is this true?"

"Yes," answered Guy, putting his hand caressingly on the boy's shoulder. "I shall take you away with me."

Dr, Musgrave, though still shaking with anger, was not wholly destitute of prudence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "before anything is decided upon, I wish to explain that this boy has committed a daring act of rebellion—an act which merits summary punishment."

Vivian looked up nervously in Guy's face, but the expression he saw there reassured him.

"Yes, sir; he ran away," said August Locke, "and any boy would be justified in running away under the circumstances."

"Sir," said Dr. Musgrave, striving to recover some of his lost dignity, "in a school like this there must be discipline."

"Yes, but not brutality."

"You have evidently been misinformed as to the character of my discipline. It is firm, but parental."

"Dr. Musgrave," retorted August Locke, in a disgust which he could not conceal, "you forget that I was a former pupil of yours. Of all the abominable tyrants to be found in English schools I think you carry off the palm."

"I had hoped, Mr. Locke—I remember you now—that your maturer judgment would have enabled you to understand the reason of my occasional severity. My own conscience justifies me in what I have done."

"Then you have a peculiar conscience, that is all I have to say."

"If this boy—as I can hardly believe—represents Bell's guardian, I will describe to him the flagrant acts of disobedience of which his ward has been guilty. Surely he will not justify a pupil in running away from his school."

"Under the circumstances I do, sir."

"I trust you will leave Bell here till the end of the term, four weeks hence."

Vivian Bell looked alarmed.

"I must decline to do so, Dr. Musgrave."

"I shall, under the rules of the school, charge to the end of the term."

"You can do so, sir, but I shall withdraw Vivian today."

"I claim the right before he leaves to inflict punishment for the act of rebellion of which he has been guilty."

"So it would afford you satisfaction to flog him, Dr. Musgrave," said August Locke with a sarcastic smile.

"No, sir. I am always pained when I have to chastise a pupil, but it is necessary to the maintenance of my authority over the other boys that Bell's offense should not go unpunished."

"Your authority will have to take care of itself, Dr. Musgrave. You are fortunate that I do not punish you for your past brutality."

"Mr. Locke, a higher handed outrage was never perpetrated than your interference with my authority, and your assault upon myself."

"You are quite welcome to take any view of it you choose. Guy, I think you ought to take immediate steps towards the withdrawal of your young ward."

"Dr. Musgrave, will you direct that my ward's trunk be packed, and all made ready for his departure? When this is done, I will settle your bill."

"I protest once more against your remarkable proceedings. I shall write to Mr. Saunders, and complain of them."

"You are at liberty to do so. In the meanwhile, please have the boy's clothes packed."

The humiliation of Dr. Musgrave was the greater because nearly all his pupils had been witnesses of it. Though they had not manifested their feelings in any way, there was not one except Simon, his son, who was not rejoiced when they saw the tables turned upon their tyrannical teacher.

Dr. Musgrave hesitated, but Guy's bold, resolute bearing convinced him that opposition would be useless.

If he could have retained Vivian Bell to the end of the term, he would have had an opportunity to make him suffer, and thus obtained some satisfaction, but Guy saw through his scheme and resolutely vetoed it. He would not allow Vivian to remain an hour longer, but declared his intention of taking him away with him at once.

When the doctor went inside to give orders about packing Vivian's trunk, Jim Rawdon went up to Guy and shook hands with him.

"You are a brave boy!" he said. "I never enjoyed myself more than I have in the last half hour. It was fun to see the doctor under the lash."

"I wish you could leave the school, too," said Guy.

"I shall soon. I am in no danger of a flogging though. The doctor doesn't dare to flog me."

CHAPTER XVI.

GUY FINISHES UP HIS BUSINESS IN LONDON.

When Vivian Bell found himself on a railroad train in the company of his new friends, bound for London, he was like one from whom a heavy burden had been lifted. He became light hearted, and lively.

"I am so happy," he said impulsively.

"I am afraid you have never been very happy at the school," returned Guy.

"No, never! Dr. Musgrave has always been unkind to me," said Vivian, with a shudder.

"He would probably have punished you very severely, if we had not made our appearance."

"He would have almost killed me. He was frightfully angry at my running away. How strong your friend is!" he added, looking at August Locke admiringly.

August smiled. He was human, and he was pleased with the compliment.

"I think I was too much for the doctor," he said, "but the time was when he had the advantage of me. I have been flogged more than once in my school days. But I fancy I deserved it more than you. You don't look to me like a very bad boy."

"The doctor said I was, but indeed I tried to do my duty. Yet he was always flogging me."

"Rawdon was your friend, was he not?"

"Yes, he was my only friend. He was always ready to stand up for me."

"The doctor never flogged him?"

"No; I don't see why, for he wasn't a model boy, though he was a good friend to me."

"He seemed like a trump. I'm sorry I didn't tip him. I say, Guy, I mean to send him a couple of guineas, just to show my appreciation of his pluck and friendship for your ward."

"No, it is I who ought to do that."

"We'll do it together."

For a few days Guy kept Vivian with him at the hotel. He set himself to explore London, visiting all the noted places usually sought by strangers, and this the boy thoroughly enjoyed.

Guy determined to give him some pleasure after his long thraldom at school.

On the sixth day, in walking up the Strand, he and Vivian were surprised to meet Jim Rawdon.

Rawdon saw them first.

"Hallo, you two! I was in hopes to meet you," he said.

"But how do you happen to be in London?" asked Guy. "You haven't run away from school, have you?"

"Not exactly, but it amounts to the same

thing, except that my father is satisfied with my leaving."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, it was this way. After you took Bell away the doctor was fearfully cross. He was ashamed to think the boys had seen his downfall, and as you were not there he vented his anger on us. There were never so many boys flogged in the same length of time before?"

"Did you receive the money Mr. Locke and myself sent you?"

"Yes, and it got me into trouble. You see the doctor heard of it, and it set him to thinking. Finally he found out, by the help of that sneaking son of his, that I had encouraged Bell to run away. He was almost beside himself with anger, and made up his mind to do what he had never done before—that is, give me a flogging."

"I hope he didn't do it," said Guy, hastily.

"Listen, and I will tell you all about it. He summoned me before the whole school, and made a short speech. 'James Rawdon,' he said, 'I have spared you heretofore on account of your excellent father, but I find that you aided and abetted your schoolmate Bell to run away in defiance of my rightful authority. Did you, or did you not?'

"'I did,' I answered. 'The boy was so brutally treated that he had good reason to run away.'

"'I never heard such insolence,' roared the doctor, his eyes blazing. 'Take off your jacket!'

"'Thank you, sir,' I replied, 'I'd rather keep it on.'

"He lost all control of himself then, and sprang for me with the whip. My father had told me never to submit to a flogging, so I grabbed for the whip, and we had a struggle for it.

"I managed to break his spectacles, and convinced him that I was pretty strong for a boy. But what frightened him most was this—I pulled out a toy pistol from my pocket, and the doctor became pale as a sheet.

"'Put that down, sir,' he cried, 'I will dispose of your case tomorrow.'

"That was all I wanted. That very evening I walked to the station, and took the cars for London, buying my ticket with the money you sent me. When I told my father what led me to leave the school he told me I had done right, and he sent the doctor a letter which he won't be very glad to read."

"Dr. Musgrave seems to be a very unwise man," said Guy.

"All the boys are getting dissatisfied," rejoined Rawdon. "I know four who have written to their fathers to take them away. Dr. Musgrave will soon find himself deserted."

On this point we will anticipate matters a little, by saying that Rawdon's statement proved prophetic. Dr. Musgrave's temper was so aggravated by what had occurred that he increased his severity to such an extent as to induce a rebellion of the pupils.

The directors were finally obliged to take cognizance of the complaints made by parents, and the result was that Dr. Musgrave was removed from the post of head master. He found it impossible to get another position, and was compelled to live, or attempt to live, on the income of a small sum which he had been able to accumulate in his twenty years' service.

His successor was a man of high scholarship and enlightened views, who had assisted Dr. Arnold at Rugby School.

Under his charge the school regained its lost popularity. For his humiliation Dr. Musgrave had only himself to thank, but it is doubtful if he fully realized it.

A problem now presented itself to Guy, in reference to his ward. What should he do with him?

As the boy's education was incomplete it seemed desirable that it should be continued. Moreover, in his future plans Guy felt that Vivian's company would hamper him, besides increasing his responsibility.

Jim Rawdon came to his rescue.

One morning he called at the hotel where Guy was living, and said, "Why can't you let Bell go to school with me?"

"Where are you going?" asked Guy.

"My father will send me to a clergymen who takes but six scholars, and who is highly recommended. He has two vacancies, so there is room for Bell and myself."

"Please give me the clergyman's name and I will look the matter up."

Rawdon did so.

Guy heard, upon inquiry, such good accounts of the teacher recommended that he decided to send Vivian to him, especially as he found that his young ward was in favor of the plan.

This relieved him, and left him ready to carry out any instructions he might receive from his employer in Bombay.

It was not long before these instructions came. Going one morning to the banking house, he found a letter, from Mr. Saunders.

A part of it ran thus:

I presume you have visited Milton school, and inquired into the charges brought by my ward Vivian Bell against the head master. If the boy is really ill treated, have no hesitation in removing him. I am not willing that my old friend's son should be cruelly used. Of my own knowledge I know nothing of Dr. Musgrave, but you will have no difficulty in forming a correct judgment as to his character and methods.

I leave it to your discretion to select another school for Vivian, unless the boy's health should require a journey, in which case you may take him with you to America.

This leads me to say that certain matters, which I will detail to you in a note of instruction, I wish to have you discuss with my New York agent, Gilbert Frazer, whose address you have. This will make it necessary for you to make a brief visit to New York.

I now come to the matter of the pirates' treasure, which, according to the papers you showed me, is probably concealed on one of the Agalegas islands. When you first mentioned the matter to me I thought little of it. So many stories are extant about buried treasure that I was disposed to think this might be entitled to little consideration. But further reflections have led me to think that the treasure may really have an existence.

I therefore authorize you to communicate with your old acquaintance, Captain Grover, of the Osprey, with a view to engaging his services on his next trip in a search for the island. That nothing may interfere with this object, he may report to my agent, Mr. Frazer, who will provide him with a cargo consigned to me. The search for the island will occasion delay, but of this I shall not complain, though another party undoubtedly would.

I send you a letter of credit addressed to Mr. Frazer, who will provide you with such funds as you need.

Yours truly,

JOHN SAUNDERS.

A memorandum of instructions accompanied this letter.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THINGS WENT ON IN BAYPORT.

GUY was pleased with the prospect of a return to America, especially as it was but for a short time. He would not have liked to feel that his journeyings were over, and he was to go back there permanently.

He had been some months away from his home in Bayport, and during this time he had not heard anything from his father, or the friends he left behind.

He felt that he had been remarkably successful. He left Bayport a raw boy, and now after six months he represented a wealthy merchant in Bombay, was worth a considerable sum in money, and had a prospect of continued employment at a good salary.

He had not thought much of it till now, but as the day of his sailing for New York approached, he began to be anxious about his father's health. He also troubled himself lest rumors might have come to him about disaffection in the parish, and the schemes of Deacon Crane to oust him from the position he had so long and so honorably held, and to put in his place a younger man.

While Guy is on the Atlantic speeding for home on the good steamer Etruria we will precede him and let the reader know how matters are going on in Bayport.

Deacon Crane had gathered at his house three or four members of the church one Thursday evening, and was seeking to bring them over to his views on parish matters.

"I tell you what, Brother Ainsworth," said he, addressing the village storekeeper, "it's time we had a change in the minister. Mr. Fenwick is behind the times. He isn't a hustler. Why the parish is at a standstill. There are no more members than there were five years ago."

"That may be, Deacon Crane, but Bayport itself has been at a standstill. I don't believe the population has increased twenty five in those five years."

"Mebbe not, mebbe not, but the parson is feeding us on husks instead of rich spiritual food."

"I think you are prejudiced, Deacon Crane," said Jackson Butler, a farmer, and one of the parish committee. "Mr. Fenwick is an able man, and none of the ministers he exchanges with gives us a better sermon than he. One of my friends from New Bedford attended church with me last Sunday, and expressed himself as highly edified with our minister's sermon."

"I apprehend," said the deacon, "that it is more important that he should please the members of his own flock, than the stray sheep who attend church occasionally from other folds."

"Still the verdict of an intelligent outsider carries weight."

"I tell you I want a change," said the deacon with emphasis. "I want some bright young man that'll make a stir."

"Do you think there are many that feel that way, deacon?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well," said the deacon, after a pause, "Mr. Bucklin, for instance."

"Bucklin seldom goes to church, and last year he contributed but five dollars towards the minister's salary."

"Exactly so. Get a young man, and Bucklin would attend regularly, and pay a larger sum toward the church expenses."

"He might double his subscription, but that would not amount to much," said Mr. Ainsworth. "Now I pay fifty dollars, and I think I have a larger claim to consideration than Silas Bucklin."

"To be sure, to be sure, but we want to put aside our own preferences and consult for the general good."

"Do you do that, Deacon Crane?" asked Mr. Ainsworth pointedly.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"You are prejudiced against the minister."

"No, sir; I am only considering what will be for the good of the parish."

"You object, then, to the minister's sermons. Is that all?"

"No, Brother Ainsworth. I object to Mr. Fenwick as a family man."

"That's something new. What is your objection?"

"Well, you see, he's let his son Guy go off on a wild goose chase to the other end of the world. Instead of keeping him at home to complete his education, or go into a store, he's let him sail to India with Captain Grover."

"That reminds me," said Enoch Slade,

the village carpenter. "Captain Grover arrived home yesterday."

"Then where is Guy Fenwick? Nothing has been seen of him in the village."

"He didn't come home with the captain."

"Didn't come home?" repeated Deacon Crane in amazement. "Where is he?'

"He stayed in Bombay. I believe he got something to do there."

"Well, that beats all I ever heard," said the deacon severely. "It shows just what sort of a bringing up the boy has had. The minister ought to have known better than to have let him leave home. Guy was always self willed. My son Noah never liked him."

This didn't impress the deacon's visitors as much as he anticipated, for Noah Crane was by no means an object of admiration in the village. He was generally considered sly and mean, while Guy was a universal favorite.

"I always liked Guy myself," said Mr. Ainsworth. "He is a good scholar and a good boy. I do hope he will come out right."

"It ain't hardly to be expected, Brother Ainsworth. The boy has always had his own way. You wouldn't catch me letting my Noah go off to the other end of the world."

"What did Captain Grover think of Guy remaining behind?" asked Mr. Ainsworth.

"He thought it was a good plan. Guy had a position with a leading English merchant in that city."

"You'll see him coming home before the mast as a common sailor, mark my words," said the deacon. "As I was saying, the minister ought to set a good example to his people in the way of family discipline. but you see what he's done. Suppose we all followed his example?"

"I think Guy will come out all right," observed Enoch Slade.

"I don't."

"What would you have done with him?"

"I'd have put him into a store, or had him learn a trade, that's what I would have done."

"Mr. Fenwick was anxious to have him go to college," suggested Enoch Slade.

"What was the objection?"

"He couldn't afford it. You know Mr. Fenwick's salary is only a thousand dollars a year, and he has an aged aunt whom he helps. So it was quite impossible for him to afford the expense."

"All the more reason for keeping Guy at home and setting him to work. Now if I chose to send Noah to college, I could afford it," added the deacon proudly.

"Why don't you do it, then?" asked Mr. Ainsworth.

"Noah doesn't care to go. He wants to be a business man."

"I wouldn't give him a place in my store," thought Ainsworth, "if he would work for nothing."

Of course he didn't say this.

On the whole, Deacon Crane didn't find as much sympathy as he expected in his opposition to the minister, but he succeeded in converting half a dozen heads of families to his views. They were not persons of much importance but instigated by the deacon they talked a good deal, and managed to convey the impression that there was really considerable dissatisfaction with Mr. Fenwick.

Finally Deacon Crane thought the time had come to call upon the minister, and let him know how matters stood, or rather how he wished matters to stand.

So one evening he took his cane, and made his way to the parsonage.

Mr. Fenwick was at work upon his sermon for the coming Sunday, but he laid down his pen and greeted the deacon cordially.

"I hear that your son hasn't come home on the Osprey, Brother Fenwick," the deacon began.

"No. It's a disappointment to me. I have missed him sadly."

"It seems to me it was a very risky thing to let him go off so far."

"He was very anxious to go, and I thought it might be an education to him. I would like myself to see more of the great world."

"Of course that's one way to look at it. But there ain't many boys that can be trusted so far away. I was amazed at his not coming home. What does the captain say?"

"He says that Guy made a good friend, and he is earning enough to pay his expenses."

"Then you approve of his staying?"

"I hardly know what to think. Guy is a good boy, and I think he can be trusted."

Deacon Crane coughed.

A cough is very significant sometimes. The deacon's cough indicated incredulity of a very decided character.

"Mebbe, mebbe," he said, "but that isn't the way I would have managed with my boy."

"What would have been your course?" asked Mr. Fenwick mildly.

"I would have set Guy to work. He is old enough to be a help to you."

"He is earning his living."

"True, if he keeps his place. Suppose he gets discharged?"

"The captain says that is not likely."

"Mebbe, mebbe, but I didn't come here to discuss your son, parson. I have a weightier matter to speak of."

"Go on, Brother Crane; I am ready to listen to you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILY DEACON CRANE.

"It's a delicate matter," said Deacon Crane, coughing slightly. "I'd rather some other brother would have taken it

off my hands, but duty is duty, and it isn't right to shirk it."

"True, Brother Crane," said the minister, but he looked puzzled. He had no idea what the deacon was driving at.

"Do you think, parson, the parish is a progressin' as it should? Do you think the people are as much interested in religion as they'd ought to be?"

"Is there any parish of which that can be said, Brother Crane?"

"Well, perhaps not. But it seems to me there's a good deal of spiritooal indifference in the church today."

"More than there used to be?"

"That's the point I am comin' to. To my mind the congregation is gettin' less and less spiritooally minded."

"I am very sorry if this is the case. I had not noticed it. The congregations keep up very well, and the people are attentive to the services."

"Mebbe, mebbe; they'd appear to be so out of respect for you, parson, but as I move about the village of course I hear what's said."

"Admitting that things are as you say, what remedy do you suggest?"

"That's the p'int. That's the p'int I was comin' at, but I don't hardly like to answer that question."

"Why not?" asked the minister innocently.

"Because it might hurt your feelin's, parson."

"I will not allow my feelings to stand in the way. So be kind enough to answer the question frankly and candidly."

"Then, if I must say it," replied the deacon, watching under his shaggy eyebrows to see what effect his words would have upon Mr. Fenwick, "if I must say it, some of the people are sayin' it might be well for the parish to have a younger minister."

Mr. Fenwick started as if he had been struck. He was utterly unprepared for this communication. He had lived among his people for twenty years, and no thought of separation had come to him.

He turned pale, and endeavored to stifle his emotion.

"I—I was not prepared for this, Deacon Crane," he said. "Are the people really getting tired of me?" he added with a tremor in his voice.

"Of course there are some of us that stand by you, parson, for instance myself and Mrs. Crane. But I regret to say that some of the younger people are gettin' uneasy, and think that a change might be for the benefit of the parish."

"Will you name to me some of the disaffected ones, Brother Crane?"

"No, I'd rather not. You see they all respect you. You see you're gettin' into years, parson."

"I am fifty one."

"True. That isn't very old. I'm a year or two older myself." (The deacon was fifty nine.) "But then I am not a preacher. People don't seem to consider age an objection in a deacon. If they did, I hope I should be willin' to sacrifice myself on the altar of dooty."

Mr. Fenwick rose from his chair, and began to pace up and down the study. He was very much agitated, and heart sore at the thought that the people who were so near to him should wish him to go.

"How long have you seen signs of disaffection, Deacon Crane?" he asked, pausing in his walk.

"Well, for about two years, I reckon, Mr. Fenwick."

"And yet the people seem to come to church in as large numbers as usual."

"It is their sense of dooty, parson. They feel that they ought to come."

"That may be. It is certainly very commendable. I only mention it to let you understand why I have not noticed this feeling."

"Of course. I needn't say, parson, that I am very sorry to be the one chosen to tell you how matters stand. You see there was a meetin' of a few of your parishioners at my house last night, and we talked the matter over, and it was thought best that I should give you a hint."

"May I ask who were at your house, Deacon Crane?"

"Well, I don't think I ought to tell. Some of them might be unwilling."

"I don't see why."

"They might think you would be offended."

"I should have no right to be offended. I might feel grieved. Indeed I do. But of course, my first thought must be of the parish, and what is good for it."

"I knew you would feel that way, Brother Fenwick. We all know what a conscientious man you are."

"I hope so," faltered the minister. "You think that I ought to send in my resignation?"

"Of course, parson, you will be able to preach to good acceptance in some other parish. All people don't have the same taste."

"It would be hard for me to settle down among strangers."

"Just at first it would, but after a while it would put new life into you. We all of us need a change, ministers as well as other people."

"I will think over what you say, Deacon Crane. It has come as a surprise to me."

"To be sure, to be sure. There is only one thing now I want to say," and the deacon cleared his throat with portentous significance.

(To be continued.)

THE BOYS IN THE SENATE.

The pages who serve the law makers of the nation—Their duties, their pay, their pranks, and the stories they tell.

By Samuel N. Parks

"ABOUT all there is to know, I can tell you," the page said, when I asked him how he came to be there and what it was like to be a boy among the law makers. "They tell all sorts of things about us, part of which is true, and most of which isn't."

"We are appointed by the sergeant at arms of the Senate, at the request of some Senator. It's all according to your influence," he explained grandly. "There are no qualifications other than those contained in the Senate's own resolutions, that in 'no case shall a page be appointed younger than twelve years, or remain in office after the age of sixteen, or for a longer time than two Congresses, or four years.'

"The duties of a page? We report at nine in the morning, and we do all sorts of things. The first thing is to go to the document room and bring down the bundles of printed copies of all the bills, resolutions, reports of committees, and all the documents introduced in the Senate the day before.

"One of these bundles is put on each of the eighty eight desks. Each boy has about six desks to take care of, and he must straighten up the papers on them, and see that the *Congressional Record* is there ready for reference. After that he has his own time until eleven.

"The boys go up in the dome, or box on the terrace, read in the hall library or raise Cain in some way of their own.

"I do hope you haven't heard that old tale about there being a room fitted up for athletics somewhere in the Capitol, where the Senators assemble to witness gymnastic performances among the boys. I hope you haven't, because it's a fish story.

"And say"—the page's voice grew anxious—"don't you go to mixing the House pages with the 'Senators.' We never call over there. We wouldn't. They never come over here. They're afraid! I can't tell you anything about House pages. They are nonentities!"

Evidently the young man with the badge had been imbibing a scorn of debates.

"When the hour of meeting comes near, we have to be there. When the session begins we sit on the steps of the president's platform, seven on each side, Democratic and Republican. Just as soon as the prayer is over the Senators begin to clap. There was an old farmer up in the gallery once who said: 'Wall, I'll be hanged if I saw anything so almighty fine about that prayer.'

"He thought the Senators were applauding, but they were only calling the pages.

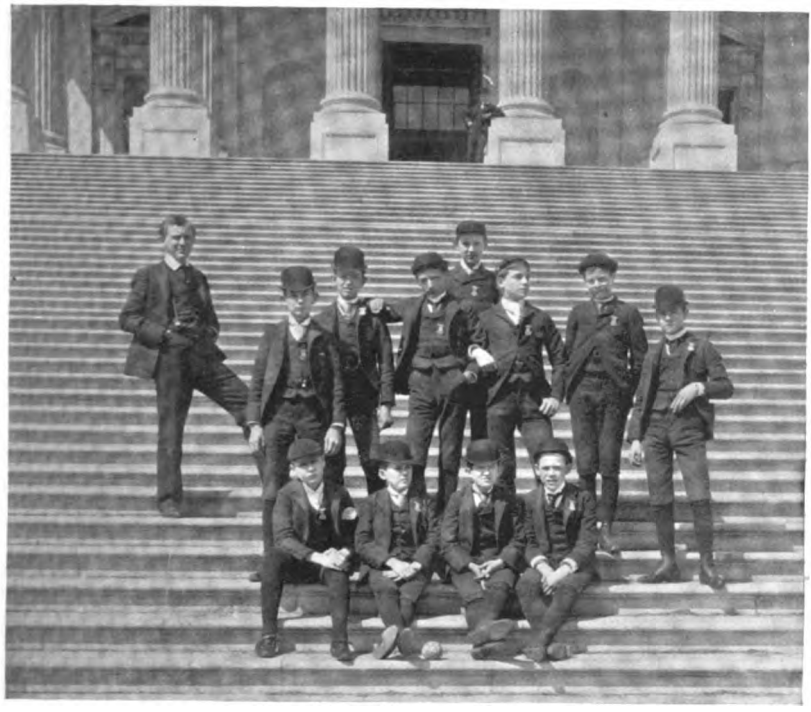
"The end page on the steps must respond. It used to be that all the pages could run to answer a Senator, and when it was somebody like Blaine, or some big Senator that people were always looking at, a lot of the boys would run at once, but they don't do that any more.

"When the page has delivered his message he comes back to take his seat at the other end of the line. It isn't long though before he is number one again.

"After the session is over, sometimes at five o'clock, sometimes at four, the Pages once more arrange the papers on the desks, and then their day is done. Sometimes, when there is an extra session, the hours are hard. I have sat up all night sometimes, and worked all the next day.

"When there is a Senatorial funeral we pages do all the work of arranging the Chamber for the crowds that are never allowed there on ordinary occasions.

"What are we paid? Two dollars and a half a day. Now I hope you haven't heard any of those stories about our re-



A Group of Pages on the Steps of the Capitol.

ceiving such enormous fees. That's about as fishy as the boxing story.

"Senator Stanford, the man that built the University, you know, used to give every one of the pages five dollars apiece and a dinner party at Christmas. My tips (from Senators) since I've been a page, have amounted to exactly twenty five cents. That's about the average for four years.

"But we make a little something now and then by collecting autographs. You can sell a complete book of autographs for five dollars. Some of the Senators decline to write their names for our books—but we get them. If there isn't one way, there's generally another.

"We have to see all sorts of people. They come in to bore the Senators, and send up their cards, and we have to make up messages to take back to them. *We* have to be polite.

"Sometimes you can get an interview for people by telling the Senator something about them. Say it's an old lady, or—something!"

Evidently this young man was wise in the ways of his world.

There have been several pages who have attained distinction as law makers years after they had had the laws of the country manufactured before their eyes. Senator Gorman was a page in the Senate in his boyhood.

Many of the old pages love to come back and look over the Capitol and tell anecdotes of famous men as they saw them in their boyhood. A boy's point of view of a Senator is likely to contain some novelties.

One page of other days, who had the desks of Senators Oglesby and Garfield and Sumner in his charge, remembers that Senator Oglesby had always a new method of emphasizing his remarks.

Upon one occasion, when he was making a very important speech, he moved away all the chairs about his desk, and walked back and forth in the cleared space. The people in the gallery were full of admiration and applause. Then with one burst he closed his speech and sat down—upon the floor!

Being a page in the Senate is a very good thing for a boy who lives in Washington. It is hard work, but it is a life full of movement, of interest, of a constant accession of new ideas.

But for the boy from a distance, it is not to be desired. He is taken away from something for which he can find no substitute—his home associations.

CENTRAL PARK.

Snap shots at New York's famous playground—Its terrace, lakes, menagerie, obelisk and art museum.

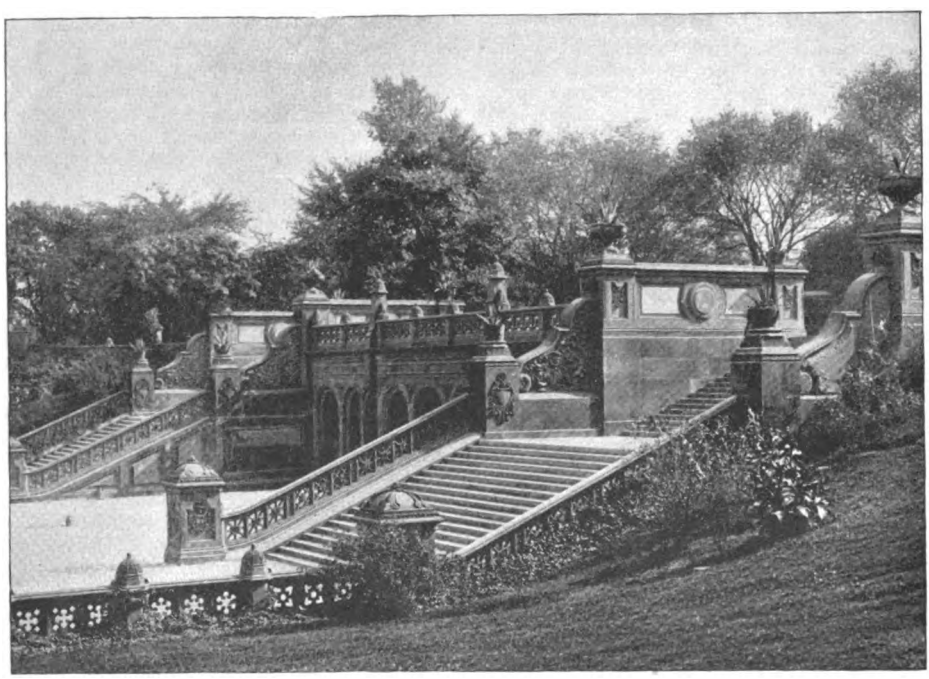
By Sydney Stuart Smith.

FORTY years ago, when a New York boy wanted to go into the country for a day, his mother, who probably lived down in Bleecker Street or about there, would give him a luncheon in his pocket, and he would go up to the "woods," where Fifty Ninth Street is now.

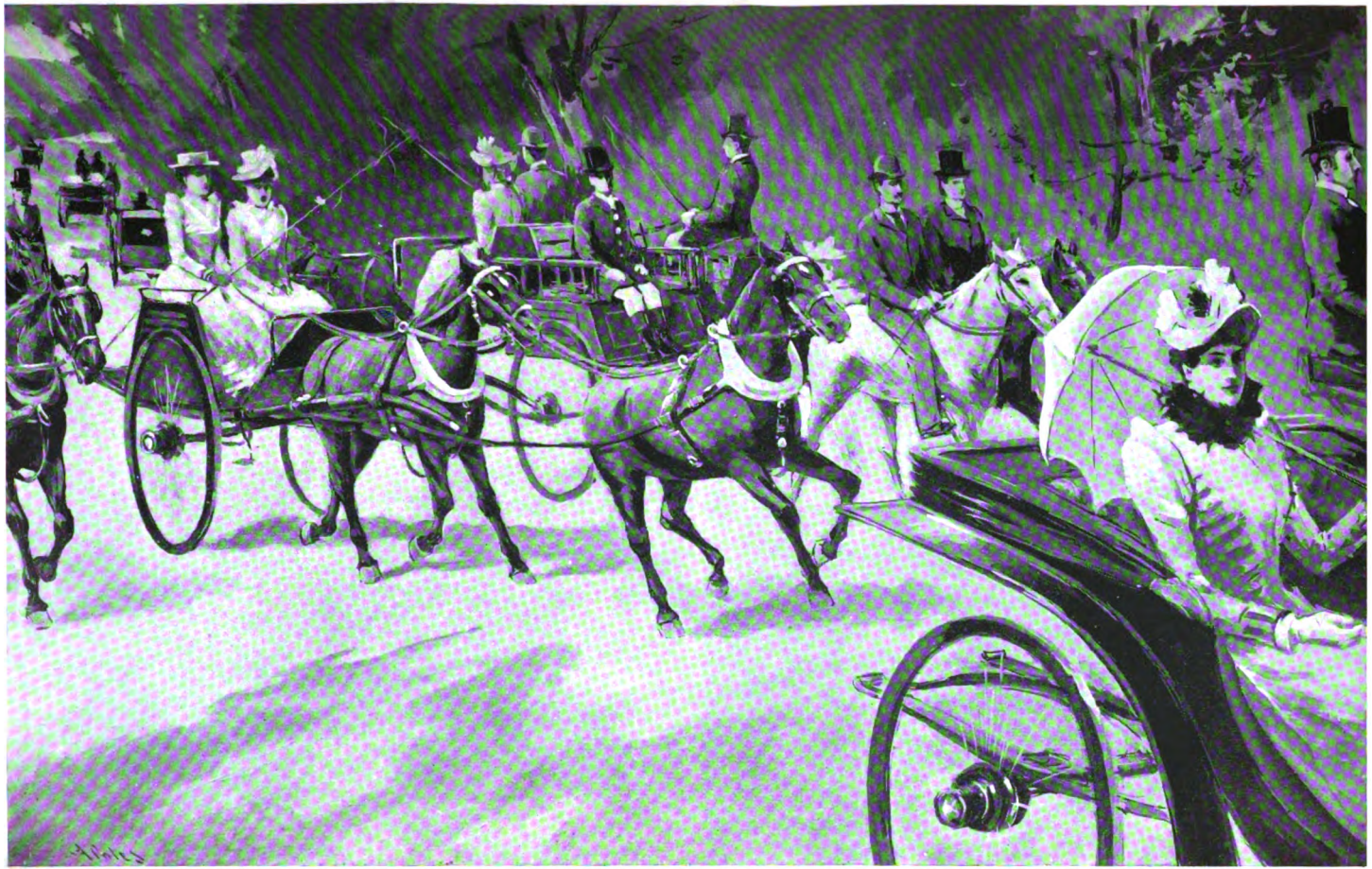
It may have been some of these boys grown up to become influential citizens, who have attended to it that the city still has a playground beginning at this point. Central Park has been so arranged that it has kept its character of natural woods and streams and meadows. It was laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead, who made himself so famous by that piece of work that he has been called upon whenever any other spots of land were to be beautified. It was he who designed the grounds about the World's Fair at Chicago.

In covering the eight hundred acres of Central Park with roadways and paths, he made them all naturally, by following the way that was easiest. There is nothing more picturesque than the pathway that is made by passing footsteps, and in Central Park you have the feeling, as you stroll along, that people made the path because that was the best way to go. The asphalt under foot is the only thing which breaks the illusion.

There are meadows for baseball and lawn tennis, and lakes where you may boat in summer and skate in winter.

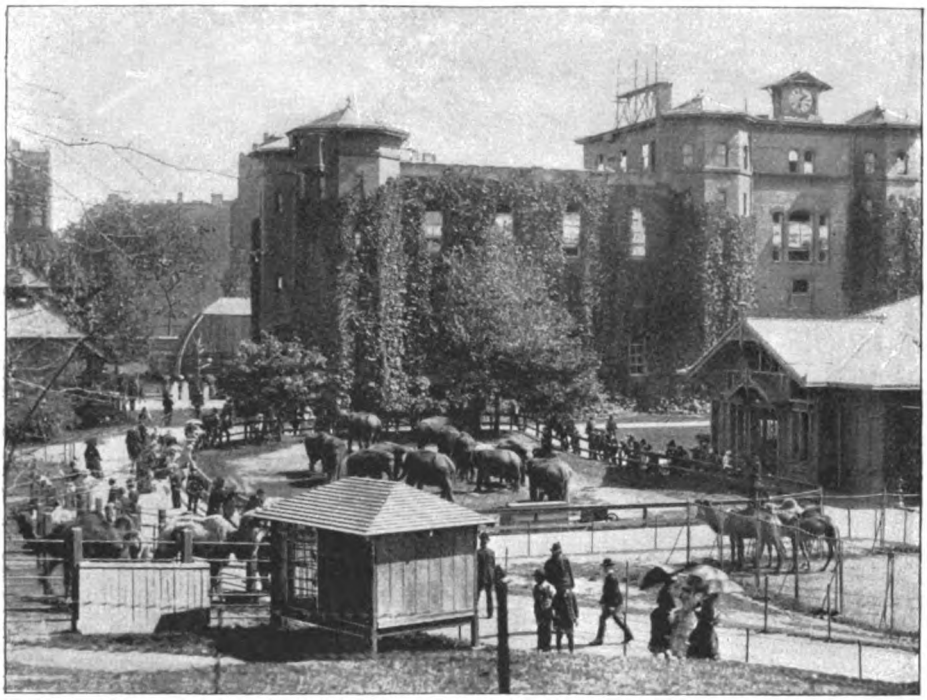


The Terrace – Steps Leading Down to the Bethesda Fountain and Lake.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER COLES.

A Scene on the East Drive of Central Park on a Spring Afternoon.



The Central Park Menagerie on a Summer Afternoon.

When spring comes, wild flowers break out all over the Park, and on May day every meadow is covered with May parties. It is always, winter and summer, full of laughter and brightness, but it is so large that it is never crowded.

There has been an effort made to tell the history of the country in the statues of famous men which are set up here and there among the trees; and in the beautiful Metropolitan Museum there are not only hundreds of great paintings, but there are collections of every sort. All the relics of Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable, are there, telling the story of that great achievement. There are large models of the wonderful buildings in Europe, and mummies and jewels from Egyptian tombs. There are queer Japanese ivory carvings, and tapestries worked by the hands of the ladies who lived in old castles in the days when knights went out to fight for them. And outside, is the tall Egyptian monument with its new gold cap and its stories written on the sides thousands of years ago, waiting to have their secrets read.

The menagerie of Central Park, beloved of all the children, is clustered about an old arsenal, now devoted to the purposes of Park administration, with the exception of the half of one floor, given over to Chiko, a chimpanzee who not long since attracted more than the usual share of attention to himself by dragging his keeper's arm in between the bars and starting to chew it up.

The collection of animals is a very large one, many of the circuses loaning some of their most valuable exhibits for the winter, when they are not on the road. Every now and then the whole city takes an absorbing interest in a baby camel, lion or rhinoceros, born within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue, for it is on that side of the Park that the menagerie is located.

There is a small stretch of water in the Park, also on the Fifth Avenue side and called Conservatory Lake, which is especially set apart for small boys and their toy boats. A picturesque spectacle it is on regatta days, when the shores of the pond are lined with excited owners, watching with breathless interest the progress of their respective yachts.

The boys of fifty years ago have kept their playground for their grandchildren, but they have made it such a one as no other city in the world can show.

SOME ROYAL BOYS.

The home life of the princes of today who will be the kings of tomorrow—Strange contrasts of dispositions and temperaments between fathers and sons, brothers and cousins—The imperious sway of the baby King of Spain.

By Phillips McClure.

THERE are in Europe half a dozen boys and young men whose manners, tastes, opinions, and hereditary traits of character are being studied by historians, statesmen, diplomats and financiers the world over. Upon them depends, in a great measure, the history of Europe in the coming years.

Some of them are hardly more than babies, but, as the young King of Spain has proven, even in babyhood the bent of a strong character may be shown.

There is one curious change which has come about in Europe in the past twenty five or thirty years, and that is the intimate relations which exist between members of the various royal families. This has resulted from the constant intermarrying of the children of reigning houses.

Kings and princes are still set apart by their royal blood, but nowadays every ordinary gentleman is on the same footing as a prince, in respect to the advantages of education, travel, and association which he enjoys. A king outside of his royal robes is only a simple gentleman, and when kings are seen together they seem exactly like other people.

The royal house of Denmark has done more to bring about this state of affairs than any other one agency. This was a houseful of boys and girls, by no means well off. The father did not come to the throne until some of the children were grown, and they lived in the

Crown Prince Frederick William—Heir to the German Throne.

Grand Duke Nicholas, Czarewitch of Russia.

country, in a home not nearly so large or pretentious as some of our summer cottages.

The young ladies were taught by their mother how to do everything about a house, and they were brought up very strictly. Denmark was a little, insignificant kingdom, and being a relation of that royal family was not likely to bring anybody into trouble.

The young Prince of Wales was just grown up, and so was the young Czarewitch of Russia. The prettiest royal girls in Europe were in Copenhagen, so the Prince of Wales married one, and the Czarewitch another, and the rest married royal relations.

At that time Greece was looking about for a ruler, and selected the second son of the King of Denmark, Prince George. So it happens that the Duke of York, who will one day be King of England, the Czarewitch of Russia, and the young Crown Prince of Greece are all first cousins, and have been brought up to love each other like brothers.

In the royal palace at Copenhagen, for a few weeks every summer, there is a family gathering of the sons and daughters of the house with their children. Here the boys ride bicycles and amuse themselves exactly as any other boys would.

It would be hard to imagine boys who have played together from their babyhood as members of the same family, leading armies against one another in coming years. One result of this constant intimacy and association is shown in the admiration which the Czarewitch shows for the young Emperor of Germany, whom his father, the Czar, con-

siders a disagreeable young upstart. The German Emperor is a cousin to the children of the Prince of Wales, and his English cousins are the Czarewitch's dearest friends, because with England are associated his happiest and most care free days.

When bombs are lying about in wait, and there may be a nihilist at every possible extent. When the Czarewitch proves particularly exasperating it is said that the Czar threatens to disinherit him and exercise the right which every czar has, of naming his own successor.

The Czar is a very powerful man, large and strong and full of energy, as are his two younger sons, the Grand Dukes Michael and George. These sons, not

The Prince of Naples—Heir to the Italian Throne.

crossing, freedom of movement is rather restricted. The Czarewitch is much inclined to be very impatient of it all.

He is a modern young man, about twenty five years old, who resembles very strongly the Danish side of the house. He is gentle and fond of books and quiet people, and reads all the advanced thought of the day. This has resulted in his being a Liberal. It seems very strange indeed that the Czar of Russia should have such a son. The Czar has a contempt for Liberals, and believes in the divine right of kings to the greatest being of so much consequence as the heir to the throne, have been allowed to knock about the world very much as they pleased. The Czarewitch knows the streets of London as he will probably never know those of St. Petersburg, for he is almost a recluse in his own country. He looks very much like the Duke of York, but he never had any of the liveliness which has made that young prince so entertaining to the family.

When the Duke of York was a boy he was always in want of more money than his allowance supplied him with, and he

Alphonso XIII, King of Spain.

never could be made to understand that a prince was very different from anybody else. He considered the royalty rather a joke than otherwise.

When he was a midshipman in the English navy he used to write letters to the Queen asking for additions to his allowance. She never sent him money, but she would write him long letters of good advice. These he would auction off to his fellow middies as autographs, and fill his pockets with the proceeds.

The Czarewitch is not that sort of a young man at all. A book or a bicycle or a walk—a free walk about the streets—he finds delightful. He is a young man of the best habits, and is admired for them as any other boy would be in his circle of friends. In the present state of affairs he may, through some nihilistic plot which will at last succeed in destroying his father, come to the throne at any time.

A few years ago young Prince George of Greece and the Czarewitch made a long journey together. While they were in Japan an insane man would have killed the young Russian had not his cousin, who is even more powerful than the Czar himself, interposed.

This young prince is one of the characters of Europe. Handsome, gay, a giant in form and strength, he is like one of the heroes of old Greece. But he wants to enjoy himself like any other healthy young man, and when the family assemble for a house party he wants to ask men like Sandow, the strong man, and that sort of people, to help them entertain each other.

Miss Phyllis Bentley, the strong woman, has been invited two or three times to Copenhagen and to Athens to try her feats with the young Prince George.

The Prince of Italy was a guest at Copenhagen last year, and was in marked contrast to the other young men gathered there. He is quite delicate, and from the constant round of studies which have

gone to fill his time ever since he could hold a book, he is very round shouldered. He is the only son of the King and Queen of Italy, and from the hour of his birth he has been cared for in ways which have made him very sensitive and, in a measure, removed him from the rugged life which other boys know.

Until he was ten years of age, he was constantly under his mother's care. She taught him his lessons, and tried to instil into him all the gentleness which has made her so much loved. It may be that she succeeded almost too well. A boy cannot be too gentle, but he can be too retiring and timid, and that is the case with Prince Victor. But it is better in these days to be too peaceful than too warlike.

The Prince of Naples, like the Czarewitch, believes in what modern philosophers are writing and talking about, and when he comes to the throne he will seek in every way to advance the interests of his people.

A prince has not by any means the easy life which people might imagine. When he was a child the Prince of Naples rose every morning, summer and winter, at daybreak, and had a cold bath and a cup of broth. If he was lazy about getting up he was deprived of his broth. He had German and French and English tutors besides his Italian teachers, and all day long he had lessons to learn and recite, a routine varied only by exercise.

He is not very popular among the young people at the courts where he visits. He is shy, and they say he "knows too much." The hearty English and Russian and Greek young men hardly know what to make of this young fellow who can see more to admire in an old engraving than in a young horse.

There is a boy being brought up in Germany, upon the most vigorous methods, but from present indications he is going to have a word in his own affairs before many years.

The son of a Prussian king is a soldier from the moment he is born, but his tenth birthday is the date of his formal introduction to the army and his command. At this age he says good by to governesses and takes tutors instead. But before this the little prince has been carefully taught what it means to be a soldier, and from the age of seven he is drilled every day.

When the little crown prince was introduced to his regiment two years ago he knew the duties of an officer, and carried them out with skill and discretion. It has been over a year since he drove with his father down to Potsdam on his tenth birthday, when he was formally commissioned an officer in the First Foot Guards.

This is the regiment in which every German prince is first introduced to the army, and the emperor is its colonel. On this day the little prince received a new uniform and the order of the Black Eagle, and was supposed to become a man.

It is not playing at soldiering either. He must march in step with his regiment on parade, and must drill them and work over them exactly as any other officer does.

It is a very comical sight to see the little prince marching with his regiment, for the First Foot Guards is that band of giants of which everybody has heard. They were organized by Frederick the First as the Potsdam Grenadiers, and afterwards reorganized by Frederick the Great as the Foot Guards.

Frederick the First made the collecting of giants for his Grenadiers a hobby, and spent no less than twelve million dollars in getting them together. The present emperor has other uses for his money, and only stipulates that no man shall enlist in the Guards who is not over six feet tall.

The little prince is very quick and very audacious. When his father and Prince Bismarck had their famous quarrel, which has just recently been made up, no one dared speak the name of Bismarck to the Emperor. But the little crown prince congratulated him upon the quarrel.

"They say you are going to rule Germany yourself, now, father," he said. "You will like that, won't you, father?"

There was almost a court martial to discover who had been talking to the children.

There are six of the little German princes, and they lead the life of most well brought up boys, except that they have ten times as much work to do as ordinary children, and their play is all about soldiers.

The crown prince is a thorough German, showing no trace of his English grandmother's people. His mother was a German princess, with the old fashioned German ideas.

It is not likely that there will be any radical changes in Germany when he comes to the throne. He will be a bold soldier and a king before everything, as his ancestors before him have been.

But the other royal boy, the eight year old little king of Spain, is likely to do almost anything. From the time he was a year old, and could speak a word, the stories about him have never ceased.

It was not intended by his wise Austrian mother that he should know that he was a king, or be of any particular importance at all, but the knowledge seemed to have been born with him. He asserted his royalty upon every occasion in a way that would have been insufferable in a man, but in a baby was more than amusing. His governess discovered that the only way to rule him was through the etiquette of the court, and concerning even that he seems to have a peculiar sense of humor.

One day he was eating something with his fingers.

"Kings do not eat with their fingers," said his governess.

"This king does," he replied calmly.

Another day he was out driving with his governess, and she reproved him for some naughtiness.

"I cannot drive with you if you do that," she said.

The little king signaled for the carriage to stop.

"This lady desires to get out," he said to the coachman.

But he is most amiable in disposition, and full of courage and determination. When he was six the state desired a portrait of him. One of the great artists came to the palace, but after a week was in despair. He could not get the king to give him any sort of a pose.

One day a regiment of soldiers went by, and the child sprang to his feet, his hand to his forehead.

"Salute the flag!" he cried.

And it was in this attitude that the portrait was painted. It is full of spirit, and very characteristic.

The Spanish court is the most ceremonious in the world, and its people are full of seriousness. They are a very poetic, but a very ignorant folk, only about one third of them being able to read and write. Given a young king with a sense of humor, a strong will, and an Austrian mother for an adviser, there is likely to be a great change in Spain in the next fifty years. Now, young Alphonso rides out in a gilded chariot drawn by mules with gay harness, but by the time he is grown he will have the education and association of the princes who are riding bicycles and playing football, and Spain will probably be modernized so far as it lies in his power to do it.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S TURN.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
  You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered you wrong,
  Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say LIE and when to say LAY,
  Or what thirteen times seven should make,
Or the latitude north of Kamschatka Bay,
  Or the I-forget-what-its-name lake;
So I think it's about MY turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

Can you tell me what "fen-dubs" means? I can.
  Can you say all off by heart
The "onery twoery ickery ann,"
  Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
  Till it hums like a bumble bee?
Can you make a kite for yourself that will go
  Up as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing
And the little birds come and light on its string?

A ROLLING STONE.*

By Arthur Lee Putnam,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

WREN WINTER, sixteen years old, leaves his uncle's farm, in Maine, to seek his fortune in New York, and, in consequence, is dubbed by this uncle, Ephraim Train, a "rolling stone." Wren has a hard time of it at first in the metropolis, but after blacking boots for a while, he does a service for a young sailor, Jack Staples, who introduces him to Simeon Pellet, the captain of a North River freight steamer, on which he finds employment. But Wren cannot get along with the captain's nephew, and leaves the boat at Albany to enter the service of Professor Harris, whom he meets at a hotel. The professor travels about the country with a panorama exhibition, and hires Wren to assist him.

On one occasion a young lady, who sings during the intermission, falls ill, and, finding that Wren can whistle very well, Professor Harris requests him to take the singer's place on the programme, which he does with great success, his whistling thereafter becoming a regular feature of the bill. Matters go on thus satisfactorily with Wren until one day, while they are at Buffalo, the hall in which they were to exhibit that night is burned, and the panorama destroyed.

Wren feels downcast over the loss of his situation, but, while preparing to return to New York, receives a visit from Peleg Parker, who offers him ten dollars a week if he will place himself under Parker's management. Wren agrees, and Peleg Parker secures an engagement for him at the Variety Theater. Mr. Parker does not deal fairly wth him, however, so Wren cancels the engagement, and branches out for himself. He meets with fair success, and stays on the road until hot weather comes on, but then, as business gets dull, takes a vacation.

He joins Frank Cooper, Eugene Dickinson, and Peter Mitchell, a party of young men from St. Paul and Minneapolis, and they plan to go on a hunting trip through the unsettled part of Dakota. They overlook the fact that the Sioux are on the war path, and, after a few days' sport, are captured by Indians. After holding them a while, the Indians release Cooper and Dickinson, but adopt Wren and Mitchell into the tribe.

The Indians treat them well, but they are unhappy under the restraint put upon them, and finally, Wren, aided by an Indian girl, escapes to a frontier town in the vicinity. From there he starts to walk to Steuben, the nearest railway station, and, while passing a cabin *en route*, hears a cry for assistance. He goes to the cabin, and finds a burly ruffian in the act of robbing his feeble old uncle.

CHAPTER XXIV—(*Continued.*)

A CRITICAL POSITION.

LOOKING about the room, Wren saw on the table a revolver. It had been laid there by the ruffianly nephew, whose hands were occupied in another way.

Quickly Wren sprang forward and seized the weapon, which, as he felt sure, was loaded.

At this point the two looked up, and noticed his presence,

"Lay down that revolver, boy!" commanded the younger man, leaving his uncle, and moving towards Wren.

"Stand back or I fire!" retorted Wren.

Though he was a boy, there was something in his tone and expression which warned the robber that he must be careful.

"Don't be a fool, boy!" he said roughly. "Don't you dare to interfere with me, or I'll kill you!'"

He moved a step forward, but again Wren said, "Stand back, or I fire!"

The other paused unwillingly, and looked Wren in the face.

"That weapon is mine!" he said. "Give it to me."

"No!"

It was all Wren said, but his tone was emphatic.

The man whom his uncle called Richard raved inwardly. He ached to seize Wren, and thrash him, but he did not dare while the boy held a loaded revolver in his hand.

He decided to try a bluff.

"You're making a fool of yourself, boy,' he snarled. "That weapon isn't loaded."

"I don't think you'd better risk it," said Wren coolly.

He understood very well that the man was not speaking the truth.

"What business have you in here any way?" went on the man angrily.

"That is a question I ask you."

"He has no business here. He came in here to rob me," said the sick man,

"And I'll do it!" said the nephew furiously, turning again to the bed.

Wren was naturally excited. He had never been in such a scene before.

He had been brought up in the country, in a peaceable neighborhood, where crimes of violence were rare.

"Leave this room at once!" he said, and his boyish tones were bold and commanding. "If you touch that old man there I'll fire."

"Confusion!" exclaimed the ruffian. "I have a great mind to kill you."

**The first 24 chapters of this story, covering five weekly and one monthly part of* THE ARGOSY, *will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 35 cents.*

"If you attempt it you will risk your own life."

The ruffian knew that this was true. A revolver is dangerous, even in the hands of a boy.

He had tried to frighten Wren, but his effort had been unsuccessful. He thought to accomplish by cunning what he could not do by threats.

"Very well," he said, lowering his voice, "you are too much for me, boy as you are. Give me my revolver, and I will go. I only wanted to frighten my uncle a little, for he really ought to help his nephew in distress. Give me back my weapon, and I will go."

"Don't do it!" said the uncle hastily.

"I don't intend to," returned Wren composedly.

"What do you want me do?"

"To leave the cabin, and at once."

"And if I don't."

"I will fire."

The man looked in the eyes of his young antagonist, and he felt uneasy. Perhaps Wren did not mean what he said. Perhaps he would hesitate to carry out his threats, but if he did not, Richard Rolfe knew that his life would be forfeited.

"Very well," he said, "I will go."

He went to the door, and stepped outside.

His thought was that Wren would lay down the revolver, and go to the bed. This would give him an opportunity to spring inside, seize it, and the tables would be turned.

Then he made up his mind to punish his young antagonist well for his audacity.

But Wren was sharp enough to penetrate his plan. He walked towards the door, which opened from inside, drew it to, and bolted it. Then, and not till then, did he approach the bed.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" he asked.

"You are a brave boy," responded the sick man, in evident admiration.

"I am glad I have been able to help you, sir," said Wren.

"I could not have believed that a boy of your age would have been possessed of so much courage."

"Nor I, until I was tried. Is that man known to you?"

"Yes; he is my nephew, as I am ashamed to confess. He is a black sheep, and has more than once been in prison. His father died when he was a young boy, and I cared for him and educated him.

"I placed him in a bank and he robbed it. For that crime he served a term in State's prison, or rather—it was in Michigan—he escaped before his sentence expired. He knew that I had some money, and it was to extort money from me that he visited me today."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"To remain with me for the present, if you can. You see my condition. I am sick and weak. Should he come back and find me alone, he would rob me."

"I will stay with you for a while, sir, but you will not be safe in this lonely cabin. He is liable to come back at any time.

At this point a knock was heard at the door.

"Who is it," asked Wren, cautiously.

"It is I, William Johnson."

"That is all right," said the sick man, "Mr. Johnson is one of my neighbors. You can open the door."

CHAPTER XXV.

RESCUED.

OPENING the door, Wren admitted a man of middle age, blending in his appearance the farmer and hunter.

He looked with some curiosity at Wren, and spoke to the sick man.

"I knew you were sick, Mr. Gibbon," he said, "and I thought I would call round and see if you needed any assistance."

"I needed assistance very much a few moments since," replied the sick man. "Fortunately this young man came in and aided me."

"Did you have a sick turn?"

"No. I had a call from a scapegrace nephew of mine whom I have not seen for three years. He was in the act of robbing me when this boy happened along."

"What was his appearance?"

"Stout, black bearded, dark complexion, about thirty five years of age."

"It must have been the man whomI saw near the house as I came up. I thought at first that he had business here."

"So he did," said Mr. Gibbon dryly; "and his business came very near being serious for me."

He told the story briefly, and the neighbor asked: "Are you not afraid he will return, and make another visit?"

"Yes; that's what troubles me."

"I think," suggested Wren, "you ought to leave this lonely cabin and go where you will have some one to call upon in case of need."

"The boy is right."

"But where can I go?" asked Gibbon.

"I have a spare room in my house," said William Johnson, "and as you know, I have two stout, well grown sons, either of whom would be able to tackle your nephew."

"I shall be glad to go there, if you will receive me. Of course I will make it worth your while. I am not a poor man."

"Your nephew doubtless knows that."

"Only too well. Well, neighbor, I accept your offer."

"I will harness up, and call for you in an hour. Meanwhile this boy will keep you company. But suppose your nephew should make you another call?"

"I will receive him," said Wren, taking up the revolver.

When William Johnson had left the cabin the sick man said, "Bolt the door and then sit down beside me.'

Wren did so.

"You have rendered me such a service," Mr. Gibbon went on, "that I feel inclined to make you my confidant. You may wonder why, being an old man, and possessed of a fair share of the world's goods, I should be living alone in a rude cabin."

"Yes, sir, that did occur to me."

"Once I had a wife and child. Both fell victims to typhoid fever. I had a nephew, whom I thought at one time might be to me as a son. You have seen him, and you can understand how I have been disappointed in him.

"But that is not all. Fifteen years since, I went to California to dig for gold. With me went a friend, as I considered him—one Thomas Palmer. Together we worked for two years. We met with fair luck, for at the end of that time we had accumulated four thousand dollars. That meant two thousand dollars for each of us.

"We had been poor men, and this made us feel rich. We kept our money in common, for we were close friends, and trusted each other. We thought of going to Sacramento, and engaging in some business with our joint capital, for we had got tired of gold digging.

"The day was fixed for our departure. Both of us were looking forward with interest to the new life that we had planned. After the rude life of the mines, we felt that we should enjoy the comfort of a more civilized community.

"As I said, the day was close at hand when we were to pull up stakes, and take our departure for Sacramento.

"We lived in a cabin not unlike this. On the morning fixed for our departure I woke up to find myself alone. This did not surprise me. Sometimes Palmer got up early, for he was a poor sleeper, and frequently took a walk before breakfast.

"So I turned over and took a second nap. When I woke again, the sun was high in the heavens. Palmer had never remained out so late before. I got up and dressed myself, wondering what was the matter.

"I found out all too soon. My treacherous partner had disappeared, but had not gone empty handed. He had carried with him all our savings, leaving me absolutely nothing except a few ounces of gold."

"Have you never seen him since?" asked Wren.

"Never. Where he went I do not know to this day. I only know that he carried with him over four thousand dollars. Everything that I had scrimped myself to save was gone, and I was as poor as when I came to the mines."

"It was a mean trick to play upon you?" said Wren indignantly.

"Yes; I was like a man beside himself. Now I can think of it calmly; but then I was in a state bordering upon despair. My loss was only two thousand dollars, but it all I had, and it had taken me two years to accumulate it.

"I don't know what desperate step I should have taken, if a neighboring miner named Faulkner had not come up.

"'What's the matter, Gibbon?' he asked. 'What makes you look so glum?'

"'Because,' I answered, 'I am a pauper.'

"'How can that be? I understood that your claim had paid you well.'

"'So it did. My partner and I have taken four thousand dollars out of it, besides paying our expenses.'

"'Then why are you a pauper?'

"'Because my partner has run off with all my gold.'

"'When did that happen?' asked Faulkner quickly.

"'This morning.'

'"It is not too late to pursue him.'

"'If we only knew where he had gone.'

"The few miners near by organized an expedition, and searched the hills for miles about. But Palmer had got away safely with his plunder.

"For a day or two I did nothing but wander about as if dazed. I could not set to work.

"The claim we had been working was practically exhausted, and it was for this reason that we had decided to give it up and go to Sacramento. I had no ambition to remain in the place where Palmer and I had toiled together, and where everything reminded me of my loss and his treachery.

"Finally Faulkner said, 'Won't you buy my claim?'

"'Are you going to leave it?' I asked.

"'Yes; I've got tired of the mines. I am going to San Francisco to help my brother, who is keeping a grocery store. I think there is more money in groceries than in mines.'

"'What do you want for your claim?' I asked.

"'A hundred dollars,' he replied.

'"You know I have been cleaned out,' I said. 'I haven't a cent.'

"'That's true,' he answered; 'but I know that you are an honest man. I think also that the claim is a good one, and will pay for working. You will pay me in time, and I am willing to wait.'

"'On those terms I will buy,' I said.

"'Well, the claim changed hands. I ran into debt for it, not knowing whether I would ever be able to pay.

"To make a long story short, I discovered a pocket, and in three months had taken out ten thousand dollars in gold. I bought two more claims, and at the end of a year I counted myself worth twenty thousand dollars."

"So your old partner after all did you a good turn," said Wren.

"Yes; but that was no credit to him."

"How much longer did you remain in California?"

"Two years. Then I went back to Michigan."

"How is your money invested? You haven't got it all here, have you?" inquired Wren, pointing to the iron box which had excited the cupidity of the nephew.

"Oh, no! I am not so foolish. I have some real estate in San Francisco. I also have some bank stock in Detroit."

"Don't you think it unwise to keep so much gold in your cabin?"

"The box contains only a thousand dollars."

"Still that is enough to prove a temptation to thieves."

"You are right; but I am about to leave the cabin, and I shall take the gold with me."

"Have you been sick long?"

"No. It is not a serious, but an annoying, trouble. It is rheumatism. It is a legacy from my life of exposure at the mines. Years since, it brought rheumatism upon me, and though I am not a constant sufferer from it, I have occasional visitations of my old malady."

"You ought not to be alone."

"At William Johnson's I shall be better cared for. Hark! I hear some one at the window. Perhaps it is he."

Wren glanced at the window, It was half raised, and at the opening appeared the dark, malignant face of Richard Rolfe. He held in his hand another revolver, which he pointed at them.

"Now, young man," he said. "It is my turn. I have spoiled your game."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROLFE IS FOILED.

Not anticipating any danger, Wren had laid the captured revolver on the table at the other end of the room, and was seated at the sick man's bedside.

When Richard Rolfe appeared at the window he started as if to go for it.

"None of that, boy!" said Rolfe. "Stay where you are as you value your life."

Wren was covered with the ruffian's revolver, and, looking in his face, he had no doubt that he was in earnest.

"What do you want, Richard Rolfe?" asked the sick man.

"I want that gold, and I mean to have it," answered Rolfe. "You have foiled me once, with the help of that boy, but you can't foil me again."

"Where did you get the revolver you have in your hand?"

Rolfe laughed.

"I had money enough to buy it from one of your neighbors," he answered. "I think it will prove a good investment."

"If I only had the revolver!" thought Wren.

He regretted his heedlessness in not bringing it with him when he came to Mr. Gibbon's bedside. Then he would have been on equal terms with the intruder.

The latter was preparing to jump in at the window.

"What shall I do?" asked Wren.

"Nothing," answered the sick man. "He has us at a disadvantage."

"I am glad you see that."

He was half way through the window when something unexpected happened.

Rolfe had not heard the approach of William Johnson, who, coming up behind him, dragged him forcibly back, first reaching over and possessing himself of the revolver.

He was a man of powerful frame, quite the equal of the ruffian, and had the advantage of taking him by surprise.

Rolfe staggered back, and fixed a furious glance upon Johnson.

"I'll kill you!" he said, with an imprecation.

"Bah!" said Johnson contemptuously. "If you don't leave here instantly, I will shoot you with your own revolver."

Rolfe paused as if undecided, but a revolver, with a strong man behind it, is a powerful persuader.

"You've got the drop on me," he said furiously; "and I will go, but I shall return."

"You'd better not," returned Johnson coolly. "I have put some of my neighbors on your track, and if you don't leave town with all speed you will be lynched. Mr. Gibbon, shall I shoot him?"

"Give him five minutes to get away," replied the sick man.

"You hear?" said Johnson. "Unless you are out of range in five minutes, I shall shoot."

Richard Rolfe felt that it would be prudent to go at once. He knew the ways of Western frontier settlements, and that delay would be dangerous.

He left, but the air was blue with the oaths he uttered.

"I think that he settles his case," said Johnson coolly. "Now, my boy, you may open the door, and we will arrange for Mr. Gibbon's removal."

In five minutes a carriage halted before the house, driven by Mr. Johnson's son. With this help and Wren's the sick man was conveyed to the vehicle, and they set out for his new home.

"Don't forget the iron box," said Wren.

"Well thought of," returned Gibbon. "I had actually forgotten it myself."

"Now," said Johnson, "if your nephew comes back, he will be at liberty to take all he can find."

Feeling that he was no longer needed, Wren proposed to resume his journey.

"Where do you expect to go?" asked Gibbon.

"To Chicago, probably."

"Have you any business there?"

"No, sir. At present I am out of business."

"Are your means such that you can live without work?"

"No, sir. I am a poor boy, but I don't feel poor, for I am strong and healthy, and willing to work."

"Would you accept employment from me?"

"Gladly, sir."

"Then stay here two or three days. It will give me a chance to think over some business in which I may be able to employ you."

"I shall be glad to stay, if Mr. Johnson will take me to board."

"I will provide for that."

Two days later Mr. Gibbon, who had begun to improve rapidly, called Wren to his bedside.

"You must know," he said, "that I own some property in San Francisco. I own three contiguous lots in Market Street, on one of which is built a two story frame building, the lower floor of which is occupied as a cigar store. I got hold of the lots about the time I left California, and bought them, building and all, for two thousand dollars.

"I have not been in San Francisco since, but I understand that property, particularly on Market Street, has gone up very considerably. A few days since, I received from my tenant, Barzillai Pinkham this letter. You may read it.

The letter ran thus:

MY DEAR SIR:

My lease of your building on Market Street is near an end. It has only two months to continue. I wish to say that the building needs considerable repairing, which I should expect you to do before I lease it again.

Perhaps, however, you would rather sell it outright. I have therefore a proposition to make. I will buy the store and the two adjoining lots, and pay you three thousand five hundred dollars for the whole. That is nearly double the price you paid for the property, as I am informed.

My object is to secure room for extending and enlarging the building if I should feel so disposed at any time. Probably I should do nothing in that way for a year to come. I consider this a very good price indeed, but I wish to be liberal. You will notice that it will save you the expense of repairs, which will be an important consideration.

I should like to have you write me as soon as possible what you think of my offer, that I may know what to do.

Yours respectfully,

BARZILLAI PINKHAM.

P.S.—There is a very good store, better than this, two blocks away, which I may decide to lease, if I cannot make satisfactory arrangements with you.

"Have you answered this letter, Mr. Gibbon?" asked Wren.

"Yes. That is, I have written that I will take the matter into consideration, and will decide as soon as possible. What impression does the letter make upon you?"

"I think Mr. Pinkham is a very shrewd man, and that the place is worth considerably more than he offers."

"I see you are a sharp boy. That is my own opinion.

"Now," continued Mr. Gibbon, "you will appreciate my difficulty. I have not been in San Francisco for ten years. I know of course that property must have enhanced very much in value, but how much I cannot tell."

"Have you no friends in that city by whose advice you may be guided?"

"No. I could of course put the matter into the hands of a real estate agent, but he might defraud me for his own advantage, and at all events his commission would be very large."

"If you could only go out to San Franciso yourself, sir——"

"It would be the best thing, no doubt, but my health will not admit it at present, and the lease will soon expire. I have thought, therefore, that I might send you."

"But, sir, I am an inexperienced boy."

"I have thought of that. Neither have I known you long. But I have observed that you have pluck and determination, and, as I think, good judgment. Besides, you can easily secure information and advice when you reach San Francisco."

"That is true, sir. If you see fit to put the matter into my hands, I will do my best for you."

"So I believe."

"Is Mr. Pinkham to know that I am your agent?"

"Do you think it advisable?"

"No, for it would put him on his guard, and he would attempt to deceive me."

"That is my own thought. I merely asked you to get an idea of your shrewdness."

"I will endeavor to follow your instructions, sir."

"Suppose everything were left to your discretion, what would you do?"

"I would inquire the price of property in the immediate neighborhood; I would try to form an idea of the amount of repairs needed, provided the building is to stand, and I would also try to find out whether there are any other parties who desire the property in case your tenant succeeds in getting possession of it."

Mr. Gibbon smiled approval.

"It is evident," he said, "that you don't require any instructions. The method you have outlined you may consider to be the method I wish you to follow. The next thing will be your compensation."

"That, sir, I leave entirely to you."

"You can safely do it. There is another matter also that I shall put in your hands."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PETER MITCHELL TURNS UP AGAIN.

ABNER GIBBON paused a moment and then proceeded: "I have reason to think that a cousin of mine is living somewhere in California, and probably in poverty—

Margaret Bentley is about ten years younger than myself, and in my early days she was a great favorite of mine. She married a man of showy manners, but intemperate and thoroughly unprincipled.

"For a good while I kept track of her, notwithstanding her husband was continually changing his residence. Some years since, I lost all trace of her, but am led to suppose that her husband, James Ransom, scraped together money enough to go to the mines. I doubt if he succeeded any better there than elsewhere. Now for the sake of old times I wish to find and help Margaret Ransom, if she can be found. I have no clue except the name, but possibly you may hear something of her."

"Has she children, sir?"

"She has a son about your age, I should think, and I believe there is a little girl younger. I will give you a photograph of her taken about the time of her marriage, and that perhaps may assist you."

"Very well, sir. I will do my best."

The iron box was opened and Mr. Gibbon took from it five hundred dollars.

"This will do to start upon," he said. "Later on I shall open an account with the Bank of Nevada in San Francisco, and can let you draw on me there."

"But, sir, five hundred dollars is a large sum. I don't think I shall need any more."

"We cannot tell what contingencies there may be requiring an outlay. For instance should you find my niece and her family, she may stand in need of immediate assistance.

"Knowing your character I don't think I need to caution you take care of your money. You may be thrown among adventurers and men of doubtful character, who may seek to rob you."

"They will hardly suppose that a boy of my age will have much money."

"True. It is best that that they should think you no better supplied than most boys are."

An hour before Wren was to start on his long journey he was walking through the village when his attention was drawn to a woe begone figure, dusty, travel stained, and with a general air of demoralization, advancing towards him.

There seemed something familiar about the figure which led Wren to scrutinize it more closely.

"Peter Mitchell!" he exclaimed in astonishment, as the man's identity was revealed.

The wayfarer turned suddenly.

"Wren Winter!" he cried. "I am so glad to meet you!"

"Where have you come from, Mr. Mitchell?"

"I have escaped from the Indians," said Mitchell, in a tone of nervous fright. "Do you think they will pursue me?"

"No. You are as safe as I am. But tell me, how did you escape?"

"After you went away I felt worse than before. Think of it! I was the only white person at the Indian encampment."

"When I left they were trying to make an Indian warrior of you."

"Yes; that frightened me. So I pretended to be sick. But that made matters worse. The old woman who adopted me brewed some terrible drink which I had to take. I thought it would kill me," and Peter shuddered. "So I gradually got well.

"Then there was something worse. My adopted mother decided that I must be married. She picked out a girl with high cheek bones, and a greasy, copper colored complexion, and I was told that she was to be my squaw."

"Poor fellow!" said Wren, laughing.

"It was no laughing matter, I assure you," said Mitchell, gloomily. "It was a terrible reality."

"Did the girl seem to like you?"

"I don't know. She was willing to marry me, and I an engaged man! What would my friends in Minneapolis have said?"

"Probably you would never have seen them again."

"That was what I was afraid of."

"Why didn't you tell your adopted mother that you didn't want to be married?"

"So I did, but she told me that it was the custom in the tribe for every one to marry as soon as he was old enough. That seemed to settle the matter, and I knew there would be no use saying any more. The only thing was to run away."

"Good! I like your pluck."

"So I played foxy and pretended that I was resigned to my fate."

"Was that the way you expressed yourself?"

"Well, I don't remember. At any rate I said I was willing."

"And then?"

"They thought they were sure of me, and I went about as I chose. So yesterday I took a walk and didn't go back."

"I see. What are your plans?"

"I shall go back to St. Paul as soon as I can."

"Have you money?"

"Yes, I have enough to get there. Won't you go back with me?"

"I am to go in a different direction."

"Where?"

"I shall start for California in about half an hour."

Mitchell stared at Wren in amazement.

"To California!" he exclaimed. "You never told us you were going there."

"No, because I had no such intention when we set out on our expedition."

"What gave you the idea?"

"A gentleman in this town, whose acquaintance I made lately, sends me out on business."

"Will it pay you?"

"I don't know how much, but I am sure

he will treat me liberally. It is about time I went to the depot. If there is anything I can do for you before I go I shall be glad to be of service."

"Yes, Wren, there is something, but I don't like to speak of it."

"Don't be bashful."

"Is there a dry goods store in this place?"

"No, I think not. Why?"

"The fact is, Wren, I blush to say it, but I have worn this shirt and collar for a week. It is terrible, isn't it?"

"The shirt? Yes; I should think it might be," said Wren with a smile.

"I am positively ashamed to be seen. I left my gripsack at the Indian camp. If I had started with it, they would have known I was meaning to escape."

"I think I can put you in the way of getting some new clothing. There is a general store in the next block, and I noticed yesterday that they had a supply of shirts and collars."

"Thank you ever so much. I shall feel like a new man when I am able to make a change."

"I must leave you now, Mr. Mitchell. Give my regards to Cooper and Dickinson when you see them. I am sorry I shall not be able to attend your wedding. You seem to be in demand among the ladies with an Indian wife offered you besides the bride who is waiting for you in St. Paul."

At four o'clock Wren took the train. He was in good spirits as indeed he had reason to be, and was especially pleased at the escape of Peter Mitchell.

I do not propose to give in detail an account of Wren's journey to the Pacific coast. He enjoyed it immensely, and made some acquaintances on the way.

On the Central Pacific Road he fell in with a bright and energetic looking business man, who asked him his destination.

"I am going to San Francisco," answered Wren.

"Have you ever been there before?"

"No."

"Going on business?"

Now Wren was wise enough to keep his actual business a secret, as, if known, his plans might be frustrated.

"Well, I don't know if you will call it business," he said. "I am hunting for some people named Ransom.'

"Are they relations of yours?"

"No; they are related to a gentleman who employs me. Do you live in the city?"

"Well, I do business there. I live just across the bay in Oakland. What does Ransom do?"

"He was engaged in mining when I last heard. Do you know any one of the name?"

"Ransom! Ransom!" repeated the man musingly. "There was a Deacon Ransom—he was deacon of a Baptist church—living at San José. Perhaps he might be the man you are after?"

"No, I think not," answered Wren, with a smile. "He would be more likely to be keeping a saloon, than to be connected with any kind of a church."

"So? Are you going to look for a situation in San Francisco?"

"Well, I might," answered Wren cautiously. "By the way, what is your principal business street?"

"Montgomery is quite a business street. Then there is Kearny, and Market Street. The Palace Hotel is on Market Street."

"I suppose lots on Market Street command high prices?"

"Yes, they rate pretty high."

"What for instance?"

"From three to ten thousand dollars, I should say; that is in the neighborhood of the Palace Hotel."

Wren listened to this statement with interest.

"Evidently," he thought, "Mr. Pinkham would make a good thing of it if Mr. Gibbon accepted his offer."

"Are you proposing to buy?" asked his new acquaintance jocosely.

"If I could get a lot for a hundred dollars, I might invest," laughed Wren.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SCHEMER.

WREN went to the Russ House, an excellent hotel where the terms were moderate.

Mr. Gibbon had set no limit to his expenditure, and he might, had he so chosen, have gone to the Palace Hotel. But he felt that he ought to be considerate, and not be too lavish with money not his own.

After a good night's rest and a good breakfast Wren took a walk about the city and managed to walk up Market Street, past the property of his employer.

He found that it answered to the description which had been given him.

There was a two story frame house, or store building, and beside it two vacant lots. These were of full city size, twenty five feet wide by one hundred.

The store building seemed from the outside to be in good repair. There was a sign over the door which read:

PINKHAM.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Wren never used either, but it was essential that he should see the interior, and he entered.

The store was twenty five feet wide, and about forty in depth.

It was well stocked apparently. Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, and pipes from the cheap clay ones to the expensive meerschaum, were there in profusion.

Of course Wren had no idea of the cost of these articles, but it seemed to him that the stock was of considerable value.

Behind the counter stood a stout, com-

fortable looking man, with a shrewd face. He appeared like a man who would be good at a bargain, and whom it wouldn't be easy to over reach.

Without seeming to do so, Wren took a careful survey of the store and its interior. He knew nothing of rents in San Francisco, but it seemed to him that fifty dollars a month was a small sum to pay for such accommodations, especially as the floor above, which was used as a tenement, was included.

Mr. Pinkham was serving a customer, and two others were waiting. Wren was glad of this, for it gave him an opportunity to look about at his leisure.

Had he been a man his scrutiny might have attracted notice, and possibly suspicion, but no one was likely to suspect a boy of sixteen of ulterior motives.

When the customers were waited upon, Mr. Pinkham turned to Wren.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he asked.

"I should like to look at a pipe," answered Wren,

"What kind of a pipe—cheap or expensive?"

"One that will answer for a present to a friend."

"Do you want something pretty nice?"

"I suppose you have a large assortment?" said Wren inquiringly.

"You won't find a better assortment in the city," answered Pinkham complacently.

"Show me something for about fifty cents."

Wren looked over the articles that were submitted to him, and made a leisurely choice of an article at the price he had named.

"Don't you want a supply of tobacco?" asked the shopkeeper.

"No, sir; not today. You may give me your card if you please."

"With pleasure. You are a stranger in the city, are you not?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because every one in San Francisco knows my place,"

"You are right, sir. I only arrived yesterday."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Russ House."

"Excellent hotel. You couldn't do better. Are you going to stay here long?"

"I am not sure. I am looking up some friends."

"What name?"

"Ransom."

"Ah! I don't know any one of that name. Do you think they live in the city?"

"I am not sure. Mr. Ransom, according to my information, went to the mines."

"People are very apt to drift from the mines to San Francisco."

"I suppose so. Were you ever at the mines?"

"Yes; I spent a year there, I got together about twelve hundred dollars, and with it came to the city."

"I suppose you can make money here as well as at the mines?"

"Quite as well, and better. Besides, there is less discomfort and exposure."

"I see there are two vacant lots adjoining your store. Do you own them?"

"Yes; that is, I am in treaty for them. They belong to a party out of the city. Probably they will belong to me in a few weeks."

"I think I should like your business," said Wren; "but of course I would have to learn it."

"Yes. A green hand would stand a poor chance of success. Have you any capital?"

"I think I could command a few hundred dollars."

"That might be enough to start in a small way, but you had better work for a couple of years in a cigar store."

"I suppose you have no vacancy?"

"Not just now, but I may have in a few weeks."

"How much would you be willing to pay?"

"To a hustler five dollars a week. You look as if you could hustle."

"I think I could," answered Wren, smiling.

"And you have some means of your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, you may come 'round, say this time next month, and I will see if I can do anything for you."

"Thank you, sir."

Two customers entered at this moment, and Wren sauntered out of the store.

"It is clear," he said to himself, "that Mr. Pinkham's business pays him handsomely. Still, his real estate speculation, if he could only buy the property at the price he offers, would pay him more handsomely still. I must try to find out how much it is really worth."

Wren obtained this information a good deal sooner than he expected.

He was sitting in the writing room at the Russ House that evening, looking over a copy of the *Evening Bulletin*, when his attention was draw to a conversation between two gentlemen who were seated near him.

"Well," said one, "what success do you have in finding a location for your new store?"

"I have found just the spot; but I am not sure whether I can buy it."

"Where is it?"

"Do you know Pinkham's cigar store on Market Street?"

"Yes."

"There are two vacant lots adjoining."

"Yes."

"On the improved lot is a building probably not worth two thousand dollars.

Now, these three lots are just what I want."

"Who owns them?"

"Pinkham says he does."

Wren opened his eyes in amazement. He would hardly have supposed the cigar dealer guilty of such an audacious falsehood.

"What is his price?"

"He is shy of naming a price. I offered him fifteen thousand dollars."

Wren was still more amazed. Pinkham proposed to give Mr. Gibbon three thousand five hundred dollars, and then sell the property for at least fifteen thousand.

"That of course includes the entire property, building and all."

"Yes, I meant it so. Pinkham, however, demands sixteen thousand, and wishes the right to move the building to some other location."

"Shall you consent to this?"

"I may do so. The building would be of no value to me. I should at any rate tear it down. I think, however, that fifteen thousand dollars is sufficient."

"It is certainly a good offer. Pinkham would do well to accept it."

"For some reason he wishes to delay. Perhaps he has another purchaser in view."

"He seems a shrewd fellow. Have you any other location in mind?"

"There is another place farther up the avenue, but I like this much better."

"Ah!" thought Wren, "the cat is out of the bag. I see that Mr. Pinkham is playing a very cunning game, but with the information I have just obtained, I shall be able to circumvent him."

Meanwhile the conversation continued.

"What sort of a fellow is this Pinkham?"

"He seems to me very grasping. He is not satisfied with a fair price. He intimated to me that he didn't consider eighteen thousand dollars too much."

"It will be worth that eventually."

"Yes, but I don't want to pay an enhanced value in advance. I shall go 'round and see him tomorrow, and see if I can't settle the matter."

The gentlemen were about to rise when Wren thought it time to put in a word.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will excuse my listening to your conversation, but I have important information to give you."

The two men looked at Wren in surprise. He was only a boy, and they could not understand what interest he could have in the matter.

"What is it?" asked the intending purchaser curiously.

"Only this, sir: Mr. Pinkham does not own the property you wish to buy."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WREN DOES A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

WREN'S statement was received with surprise, and, it must be confessed, with some incredulity.

"Mr. Pinkham does not own the property?" ejaculated the intending purchaser.

"No, sir. He has no more claim to it than you have."

"Then what can be his object in pretending to own it?"

"He is trying to buy it for a small price, and sell it to you at a large profit."

"Who, then, is the owner?"

"Mr. Abner Gibbon, at present residing in Steuben, North Dakota."

"Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"Yes, sir. It is on account of this very property that I am here. Mr. Gibbon is in poor health, and he has sent me out here to obtain and send him information."

"He seems to repose great confidence in you," said one of the men looking doubtfully at Wren.

"That is true. I hope it is not misplaced. However, I will explain that he had no one else to send.

"I may as well tell you that Mr. Pinkham sent him a letter very recently, asking to buy the property, but offering a very small sum. Mr. Gibbon has not been in San Francisco for several years, and was unable to judge what price he ought to ask."

"I see, Sanford," said the second man. "Pinkham is playing a shrewd game."

"Provided this young man's story is to be relied upon."

"I will show you my credentials, gentlemen," said Wren.

He exhibited a paper from Abner Gibbon, giving him full power to act in his place.

"Have you seen Mr. Pinkham?" asked the man called Sanford.

"Yes; but I have not let him know my errand or my authority. Mr. Gibbon suspected that he was trying to outwit him, and wished me to conceal them for a time."

"Has Pinkham a lease of the property?"

"Yes, but it expires in a few weeks. It was this circumstance that led to his opening negotiations for purchase with Mr. Gibbon."

"I see. Am I to understand, then, that you have authority from Mr. Gibbon to act for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are prepared to receive an offer for the property?"

"I am."

"You heard me mention to my friend the sum I had offered for it?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Yes. How should you regard such an offer?"

"I should like to take twenty four hours to consider. It seems to me from my present limited information to be a fair offer. I don't mind saying also that Mr. Gibbon is a different man from Mr. Pinkham. He will be satisfied with a fair price."

Sanford looked pleased.

"May I ask your name, young man?" he said.

"Wren Winter."

"Then I am free to say, that I am no longer surprised at Mr. Gibbon's choice of an agent. You seem to have a level head."

"Thank you, sir."

"And I shall feel safe in doing business with you. What terms of payment do you require?"

"What are you prepared to offer?"

"Half cash, the remainder payable in a year's time, to be on interest, of course."

"I shall not object to that; but, as I said I should like to take a day to consider."

"Very well, Oh, as to the building; do you make any stipulation as to that?"

"No, sir. If you can sell it to Mr. Pinkham, in case he wishes to remove it to some other location, you are at liberty to do so."

"That is fair, very fair! I see you don't mean to take advantage of me."

"I hope not, sir."

"Where are you staying?"

"At this hotel."

"Then suppose we meet here tomorrow evening?"

Wren inclined his head.

"I shall meet you here," he said.

During the next day Wren visited two real estate offices, and made inquiries in regard to the price of property, particularly on Market Street. The judgment he formed, from these investigations, was, that the price offered by Mr. Sanford was a fair one.

Meanwhile Sanford went 'round to call on the cigar dealer. As he expressed it, he wanted to have some fun with him.

When he entered the cigar store the dealer came forward to meet him with great cordiality. He felt very sure that he would obtain his price.

The only thing that troubled him was the fact that he did not yet own the property. However, he felt satisfied that Mr. Gibbon would assent to his terms. If necessary, he had decided to offer him five hundred dollars more, that is, four thousand dollars in all."

"Well, Mr. Pinkham," began Sanford, "have you decided to accept my offer?"

"What is it?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

Pinkham shook his head.

"You don't consider, Mr. Sanford," he said, "to what extent my business would be interrupted."

"I don't see that there need be any great interruption. You could hire another place and remove your stock to it."

"That would involve trouble and expense."

"Perhaps so. I have named my figure. What is yours?"

"Seventeen thousand dollars, and leave to remove the building to another site."

"By the way, Mr. Pinkham," said Sanford carelessly, "how long have you owned this property?"

"Oh, a considerable time," answered Pinkham vaguely.

"Probably it cost you a good deal less than I am offering you."

"Yes," answered Pinkham cautiously. "Of course it has risen in value. I don't doubt that it will rise on your hands also."

"It would take time, as it costs me a large sum. One question more, how soon could you place the property in my hands?"

"Probably in about a month," replied Pinkham.

He considered that he could probably complete his bargain with Mr. Gibbon within that time. In the event of Sanford meeting his terms he would, if necessary, leave the store in charge of his assistant, and go to North Dakota to expedite matters.

"Gibbon is so slow," he said to himself, "that I shall lose the sale unless I hurry him up. It is fortunate for me that his health is too poor to allow him to visit San Francisco. He would learn too much if he did."

"That is a long time," returned Sanford. "I can't understand the need of such a delay."

"Possibly I may be able to shorten the time—I will try to do so. Do I understand that you accept my terms?"

There was an eager expression of cupidity on the face of the cigar dealer as he said this.

"I will take a day to consider," replied Sanford deliberatetly.

"I can't give you the refusal of it," said Pinkham, disappointed. "There is another man—a very rich man—who is after it also."

"I will run the risk for a day," said Sanford calmly.

"Very well. I will give you the refusal of it for one day."

In the evening Sanford and his friend met Wren, according to appointment.

"Well, Mr. Winter," said Sanford, "have you arrived at any decision?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wren. "I have made careful inquiries, and it seems to me that you have made me a fair offer."

"Then you accept?"

"Yes, sir."

"I like your way of doing business," said Sanford in a tone of gratification. "In that case I shall buy of you, and not of Mr. Pinkham."

"Have you seen Mr. Pinkham?"

"Yes. I called on him this morning. He offers me the property for seventeen thousand dollars, with leave to remove the building."

Wren smiled.

"I think Mr. Pinkham will be very much disappointed,' he said.

"He is playing a bold game."

"Did you refuse his offer?"

"No. I took a day to consider."

"He is probably anxiously waiting for a letter from my principal."

In fact, Pinkham that morning dispatched a telegram to Abner Gibbon, to the following effect:

Please decide at once whether you will accept my offer for your property.

Mr. Gibbon received the telegram a day too late. The result of the delay was that he received at the same time a telegram from Wren, of this purport:

I have sold your property to a responsible party for fifteen thousand dollars. Half cash.

WREN WINTER.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. PINKHAM'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE next morning Mr. Sanford took Wren to the office of his lawyer, and the transfer of the property was duly made.

Wren received a certified check for seven thousand five hundred dollars, which he deposited in the Bank of Nevada, and the balance in a mortgage running for a year, with interest at ten per cent.

When the business was completed Sanford said: "Mr. Winter, I want you to come 'round with me to Mr. Pinkham's store."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"We ought to let him know that his schemes are foiled. A great surprise is in store for him."

Mr. Pinkham stood behind his counter. There was a complacent smile on his face, for all things seemed to be going his way; he had sent the telegram to Mr. Gibbon and was hourly expecting a reply.

Then, again, business had been unusually good through the entire morning. In the afternoon he intended to look up a new location for his store, having little doubt that the new purchaser would allow him to retain and remove the building.

"Pinkham, you're smart!" he said to himself with a smile of congratulation. "There are not many men who would have managed as well as you have."

It is comfortable to have a good opinion of one's self, but there is sometimes a chance of crowing before one is out of the woods.

As the clock indicated twelve Pinkham went to the shop door to look out.

"It is time Mr. Sanford made his appearance," he reflected.

As the thought passed through his mind he saw the man of whom he was thinking approaching. But he was not alone.

Rather to his surprise Pinkham recognized with him the boy who called upon him two days previous.

"It is rather odd that those two should know each other," he thought; but after all it seemed a matter of small importance.

"Good morning, Mr. Sanford," he said, smiling.

He simply nodded carelessly to Wren.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Sanford," he continued cordially. "I suppose you have thought over my proposition."

"Yes, sir."

"And have you come to any decision?"

"I decided yesterday to buy the property."

Mr. Pinkham beamed with satisfaction.

"I thought you would," he said. "You will not regret it."

"I don't think I shall. At any rate it is too late now for regrets."

The cigar dealer looked puzzled.

"I don't quite follow you," he said. "There certainly can be no regrets, but why do you say that it is too late for regrets?"

"Because I have already bought the property, Mr. Pinkham."

"You — have — already — bought — it," ejaculated Pinkham. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say—I have bought it and paid for it."

"It is very strange that I should not know anything of this," said the cigar dealer, in a tone of sarcasm. "I am not aware that I have sold it to you."

"You have not."

"But you said just now that you had purchased it," returned Pinkham, quite in the dark.

"So I have."

"You seem to be having a joke at my expense," said Pinkham, his face flushing with anger. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me how much you paid for the property?"

"Certainly. I paid fifteen thousand dollars."

"I don't know what all this means. I told you distinctly that my price was seventeen thousand dollars."

"I found another party who was willing to sell it for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Who was that party?"

"This young man here," answered Mr. Sanford, pointing to Wren.

Pinkham laughed heartily.

"Oh, I see, you are joking, Mr. Sanford," he said. "That boy I have seen before. He applied to me two days since for a place. He seems smart and I may give him a chance."

Wren smiled.

"I withdraw my application, Mr. Pinkham," he said. "I have already done something in the real estate business, and may do more."

Mr. Pinkham looked surprised,

"Have you got a place in a real estate office?" he asked.

"No, sir; but Mr. Sanford is correct in saying that I sold him this property for fifteen thousand dollars."

"This fooling has gone far enough," said the cigar dealer sternly. "I don't see any sense in it."

"Then," rejoined Wren seriously, "it

is time to explain. I came to San Francisco as the agent of Mr. Abner Gibbon, the owner of the property."

"You—a boy like you!"

"Yes, sir. He had confidence in me, and I think I have justified him in it. You made him a ridiculously low offer for the three lots, supposing that he would know nothing of the present market value."

"I offered him much more than the property cost him," said Pinkham.

"That is true, but you offered him much less than the present market value."

"I don't believe you are what you represent. It is ridiculous that a boy should be trusted with such a responsibility."

"I have seen his credentials, Mr. Pinkham," said Sanford, "and I am satisfied. You undertook to negotiate the sale of a property you did not own. Whether this was honorable I leave you to consider. I am at present the owner of the property, and you are my tenant. I understand that your lease will expire in a few weeks."

"I shall be glad to lease it from you," said the cigar dealer in a changed tone.

"That is impracticable, as I propose to erect a building on the three lots. But I have an offer to make you. You may have your store if you will move it off at once."

The cigar dealer finally accepted this offer, and began the task of removal the next day. His disappointment had been great, but he sensibly decided to make the best of circumstances.

A few days afterwards Wren received the following letter from his employer:

MY YOUNG FRIEND:

I received your telegram, but waited to receive your letter before writing to you. I was very much surprised at the price at which you sold my lots on Market Street. It is so long since I was in San Francisco that I by no means realized the great advance in the value of real estate.

Of course I am much pleased at your success. Some of my friends here have charged me with folly in trusting an important matter of business to so young an agent. But the result has justified my judgment.

I do not propose that you shall be a loser by your successful service. Before you left me, I decided that I would allow you ten per cent if you should sell my property to advantage. Had you sold it for five thousand dollars, I should not have complained. As it is, your percentage, or commission, will amount to fifteen hundred dollars, which I authorize you to deduct from the cash purchase money, and use for yourself.

One thing more. Should you see any good mode of investment, I authorize you to invest the six thousand dollars remaining for me according to the best of your judgment. What you have already done gives me confidence that you will act judiciously.

I shall be glad to have you write me when you have taken any steps in my interest.

I hope you will not forget the other commission, to hunt up the Ransom family. If you find them, and they are in need of assistance, give it to them at once.

Yours truly,

ABNER GIBBON.

When Wren received this letter it gave him a thrill of pleasure to find that his action was so heartily approved, and also to feel that, by the generous commission paid him, he was placed beyond pecuniary anxiety.

There were now two matters for him to attend to. First, the investment of his own money and Mr. Gibbon's. Next, the endeavor to trace the Ransom family.

At that time the favorite investment in San Francisco was in mining stocks. Men, women, and children invested, and it was not surprising that Wren should catch the infection.

At the present time conservative buyers avoid this form of investment, but then there was a wild speculative feeling prevailing.

Still living at the Russ House, Wren began to institute inquiries. He made the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, staying at the same hotel, who had more than once taken kindly notice of him. He had the reputation of being very wealthy.

Finally, Wren took him into his confidence, and asked his advice.

"My young friend," he said, "this is an era of speculation. Some of the stocks that go up rapidly are not worth what they bring in the market, yet the holders, if they don't hold on to them too long, will probably make handsome profits."

"Can you recommend me a safe investment?"

"I won't guarantee the safety, but if you buy Eldorado, now selling at ten dollars a share, you will in all probability double your money in four weeks—perhaps in one week."

"I will take the risk," said Wren.

He bought one hundred shares for himself, and three hundred for Mr. Gibbon's account, and deposited the certificates with his bank.

"I might buy more," he said; "but I don't want to take so great a risk."

"You are wise," said Mr. Brutham. "I will keep you advised of anything in the history of the mine likely to affect values."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WREN OBTAINS A CLUE.

How to obtain information of the Ransom family was a problem that perplexed Wren. Whether they were in the city or country was uncertain, and if the latter, California was a large State, and the search was likely to be a long and tedious one.

Wren was disposed to think that Ransom might be at the mines, and it occurred to him that by interviewing miners, of whom a reasonable number, on reaching the city, put up at the Russ House, he might stand a chance of securing some knowledge of the missing family.

Time passed, however, and he could hear nothing of the Ransoms.

But one day about four weeks from the time he reached San Francisco, he chanced to be conversing with a miner who had just arrived, when he asked his stereotyped question:

"Have you ever met a miner named Ransom?"

"You mean Jim Ransom likely?"

"Yes," said Wren eagerly. "His name was James."

"Knew him well," interjected the miner, expectorating between his words. "Are you a friend of his?"

"I never saw him, but I am prepared to be a friend to his wife and son. He had a son, didn't he?"

"Yes, a puny looking, delicate boy. The wife, too, was delicate. She made a pretty poor choice of a husband."

"That is what I heard. Where did you come across them?"

"At Red Gulch, Sierra County. He was working, or pretended to be working, at mining, but he was lazy, and drunk half the time, and his poor family suffered for the necessaries of life. We miners chipped in, and every now and then sent flour and other supplies to Mrs. Ransom.

"She was a nice little woman, and was very grateful. But I'll tell you what riled us. Jim, after a debauch, would go home and take his share of the food which he ought to have earned himself."

"How long since you left Red Gulch, Mr. Thompson?"

"It's all of three months. I visited two or three other places on my way to 'Frisco."

"Then you are not sure whether Mrs. Ransom and the boy are still there?"

"No, and I'm not sure whether Jim is still living. He was drinking himself to death as fast as he could,"

"I think it must be the party I want to find," said Wren thoughtfully.

"Are they relations of yours?"

"No, but I am commissioned by a cousin of Mrs. Ransom to find her out and help her."

"Is he a rich man?"

"Yes; moderately rich."

"Then I hope you'll find her. She has led a pretty hard life ever since I knew her—she and the boy. When Jim was under the influence of liquor he was ugly.

"Once he undertook to beat her, but a party of us miners told him he'd be lynched if he ever did it. He was a big fellow, but he was a coward at heart, and he held off and contented himself with calling her names."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Thompson. I shall start for Red Gulch tomorrow."

"Good! If I've sent a friend to the little woman I shall be glad."

"Were you lucky at the mines?" inquired Wren.

"Well, sometimes I was and then again I wasn't. I ought to be well off, but a man from 'Frisco came and set up a gambling house there and I was just fool enough to lose half my pile there.

"One night, after losing two thousand dollars, I swore off. It was high time, for I had but two thousand dollars left. I started away from there the next day. I made expenses on the way, and I've got that sum salted down in a bank here."

"Did Ransom ever gamble?"

"Not to any extent. He never had money enough, All that he could pick up went for drink. His family got none of it."

"Did Mrs. Ransom depend entirely on charitable contributions from the miners?"

"No. She gave out that she would mend and repair clothing, and she got considerable work of that kind. We miners were not very handy with the needle, and we were glad to pay her for her work."

"Didn't her husband try to get her earnings from her?"

"Yes, but she was too cunning for him. She put them in the hands of a man who kept a grocery store, and that gave her credit with him for groceries. She didn't dare to keep much money in the house."

"What sort of a house did she live in?"

"It was a small cabin with two rooms. There was scarcely any furniture, and the whole building wasn't worth over fifty dollars."

"Did the boy do any work?"

"He ran on errands for his mother, but he was not strong enough to work at the mines, and that was about all the work going."

Armed with this information Wren started on the succeeding day for Red Gulch. The journey was a long and fatiguing one, as the mining town was off the line of railroads, and indeed at that time there were but few in California.

The last twenty miles were accomplished in a rude wagon that jolted over rough roads in a manner far from comfortable.

He had for a traveling companion a stout German who answered to the name of Schmidt, a man scarcely up to the average height, but with a liberal circumference.

"Are you going to work a claim?" asked Wren by way of filling up the time conversationally.

"No, my son; I'm going to open a saloon," answered the German.

"Is there none at Red Gulch already?"

"Yes; but Herr Frankenheimer wants to sell out. I shall take his place. I suppose you will be a miner?"

"I don't know," answered Wren. "I will look about first."

"I might want a young man to help me," said Schmidt, looking approvingly at Wren's face and figure. "How say you, my son?"

"Thank you, Mr. Schmidt, but I don't think I should like to work in a saloon."

"It's a good business, much easier than mining. The miners will bring me their

gold dust, and I will supply them with good beer and whisky. In five years I will be a rich man."

"I dare say you are right."

"I will pay you good money, and you shall have all the beer you can drink."

"That is a good offer," said Wren, smiling, "but I never drink beer."

"Never drink beer!" ejaculated the German, in amazement. "Don't you like it?"

"No; and even if I did, I don't think it would be good for my health?"

"Not healthy? Why, nothing is more healthy than good lager. Look at me now. Don't I look healthy? Why, I weigh two hundred and seventy five pounds. When I was a young man I was awful slim."

As Mr. Schmidt finished he surveyed complacently his ample proportions and ponderous limbs.

"Do you think it is a good thing to be so fat?" asked Wren.

"You call me fat! You should see my friend Herr Schick. He is a good twenty five pounds heavier than me."

"Has your friend Frankenheimer made made money enough to retire?"

"Yes; he is a rich man, is Frankenheimer. We came from the same town in Germany. We used to go to school together. He wrote me to come and buy him out. Have you been long in California, my son?"

"Not long. Only a few weeks."

"You are the same age as I when I came over from Germany, I think. I was sixteen."

"That is my age."

"When I land in America I have only one dollar and a quarter, but I did not starve. I find work right off."

"You were fortunate, Mr. Schmidt."

"Fortunate?"

"Yes, lucky."

"Well, I go on. I always have work, and I put my money by. I hope you will be lucky, too."

"Thank you."

"Will you stay long in Red Gulch?"

"No, I shall soon return to San Francisco."

"Ah, you have work there?"

"Yes; I have some business to attend to there."

Soon they neared Red Gulch.

It was an irregularly built mining village. The houses were chiefly cabins, for though some of the miners were well to do, they were content with rough living till they had made their "pile." Then they invariably pulled up stakes, and went to the city to enjoy it.

Some of them went East if they were satisfied with what they had accumulated.

The wagon halted in front of a long, rambling building of two stories. This was the hotel.

In front of it sat three or four black bearded men, smoking clay pipes. As Herr Schmidt descended from the wagon with some difficulty, an equally ponderous man came forward to meet him.

"*Wie gehts*, Schmidt?" he said cordially.

"*Wie gehts*, Frankenheimer? How you was?" and the two shook hands.

Just across the way was the saloon in which the two Germans were interested.

"Come over, my son," said Herr Schmidt, turning to Wren. "I treat."

"Thank you, Mr. Schmidt, but I never drink."

"Take me in his place," said a red nosed man, jumping up with alacrity.

"All right, my friend, I want to treat somebody."

Wren entered the hotel, if such it might be called, and applied for a room.

(*To be continued.*)

A DISGUSTED SERENADER.

A YOUTH went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And paused beneath the mansion's shade
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hilltop's rim,
But no fair maiden blest his sight,
And all seem dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before.
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

THREE SELF MADE AMERICANS.

Men who have fought their way to the front—Rounds in the ladder on which Andrew Carnegie climbed from penury to wealth—The qualities which command success.

By Matthew White, Jr.

WHEN you read about Patti singing in Carnegie Music Hall it taxes your imagination considerably to realize the fact that the man who made it possible for New York to own this beautiful building, less than fifty years ago was walking the streets of that same metropolis with empty pockets, no friends, and not a prospect of filling the one or of securing the other. Surely if any boy had excuse for being discouraged, that boy was young Andrew Carnegie, not yet in his teens, and who had come all the way from Scotland by himself to find fortune in the new world.

But this Scotch lad was possessed of the pluck that never flinches, and of the grit that keeps at it. When one city failed him he turned to another, and finally brought up in Pittsburg, where we find him firing a steam engine in a cellar. Doubtless the boy was glad to get work of any sort, but he was by no means contented to stay where he was, even during his period of boyhood.

He utilized all his spare time in learning the streets of Pittsburg and the location of the prominent buildings. Equipped with this much of qualification for the post, he went one day to the office of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company and applied for the position of messenger boy.

He got it, with a salary of $2.50 per week, of which he never failed to save a portion. He had not been in his new position a month when he aspired to learn telegraphy, which he accomplished in a surprisingly brief space of time. At fifteen he was at work in the train dispatchers' office of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a very important post for a boy of his age, but one that was so far from bounding his abilities, that he planned out an improved method of handling trains which was at once adopted by the road.

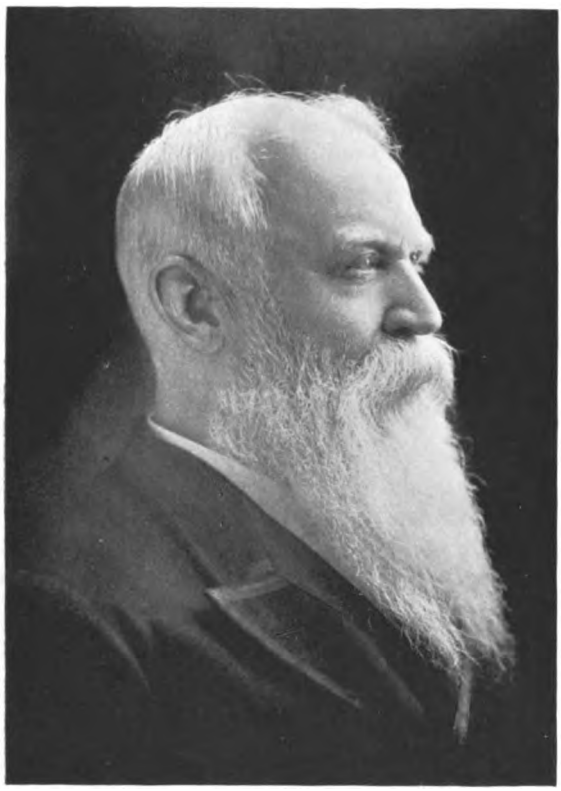
His rise after this was rapid. As his salary increased, he did not become prod-

Andrew Carnegie.

From a photograph by Macintyre, Dunfermline, Scotland.

igal, and so when a good opportunity for investment offered itself he was ready to take advantage of it. His first venture was in sleeping cars, at that time something new, and the proceeds from this enterprise he put in Pennsylvannia farms which soon began to spout oil.

He was by this time a rich man, but did not lose his head because of fortune's smiles. He took care of the thousands of dollars he possessed, with the same sagacity he had always used in portioning out the expenditure of the pennies by which his day's salary was reckoned in the era of his firing that underground engine.



William Morris Stewart.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Going into the iron business, it was not long before he became not only the magnate of of Pittsburg, but the greatest manufacturer of iron and steel in the world.

So much has pluck and perseverance done for the little Scotch lad who is proud to own allegiance to that country where he has fought his sturdy fight to independence and wealth.

That which costs us most is the thing which we most appreciate. We can believe then that there was no shirking of study by William Morris Stewart who was obliged to pay for his education by teaching mathematics in the Ohio school where he was still a pupil. It is a proverb that God helps them that help themselves, and in the case under consideration a judge of the Supreme Court in New York added some money of his own to the sum young Stewart had saved, which enabled the ambitious young man to enter Yale College.

He was a student here when the gold excitement of '49 broke out in California. Young Stewart caught the fever, and very likely wished he hadn't when the next year found him engaged in mining in the most literal fashon with pick and shovel. But he kept at it till he had accumulated money enough to enable him to carry out the ambition of his youth: the study of law.

Toil with the hands by no means got him out of the way of working with his brain, and he applied himself to Blackstone with such assiduity that in 1854 he was appointed attorney general of California. He filled other important positions on the Pacific coast, and in 1864 was elected United States Senator, a post he has filled so acceptably that he has now been sent back to Washington for the fourth time.

In the summer of 1892, when the Normannia was detained in New York harbor owing to the cholera scare, the passenger whose name was in the papers more frequently than any other was Senator McPherson, of New Jersey. But of the thousands who read about him then, there were doubtless few who realized the fact that the well known Congressman, returning from a pleasure trip to Europe, was once a butcher in Jersey City, a man of the masses in every sense of the term, living in a plain little house, and turning out with the volunteer company whenever there was a fire.

What qualities were there in young John Rhoderic McPherson, not possessed by other butchers in the neighborhood, that caused him to rise above the level of his fellows?

In the first place there was thrift. As his business prospered, he did not put his gains into vulgar display, or the appliances of luxurious ease, or the gratification of his appetites. He husbanded his resources and then, in the second place, as material things improved with him, he saw to it that in mental equipment he kept pace with the new order of things.

Of course this could not be accomplished without effort. It would have been much easier for the young butcher to spend his spare time in amusing himself than in striving to improve his mind.

No doubt he had many temptations to sacrifice the possible future for the actual and very alluring present. They were more frequent and potent in his case than if he had been as poor as most of the self made men have been.

Indeed it sometimes seems as if it were more difficult for a boy to make something of himself and rise above his environment, when he has some silver pieces to jingle against one another in his pocket, than when these same pockets are empty. So it does not invariably take the poverty stricken youth to make the self made man.

After being president of the Board of Aldermen, and filling the same position for the People's Gas Light Company of Jersey City, Mr. McPherson was elected to the State Senate in 1871. He was first sent to Washington in 1877, succeeding a man of the opposite party. He was re-elected to his seat in 1883, and again in 1889. His present term of service will expire March 3, 1895.

Senator McPherson's career is bright with encouragement to American boys. He comes from that class, larger by far than any other, of middle rank people to which most of them themselves belong, and the place he has made for himself in the world stands out as the goal at the end of that race course which is open to them all.

The three men, the formative period in whose lives has been sketched above, all started to mount the ladder from a different footing, and yet the difficulties with which each had to contend were all formidable. And what are the lessons to be gleaned from their careers?

That pluck weighs heavy in the scale against discouragement; that "where there is a will there is a way;" that self denial in the boy is an important element in the turning out of the self made man.

The opportunity is open to every young man to write his name as high, and higher, on the country's honor rolls as Carnegie, Stewart and McPherson have done. There is much talk about overcrowded professions and business houses that are overstocked with clerks; but the young fellow of sterling worth and persevering spirit can assure himself that there is a work for him to do in the world, and a chance to rise in the doing of it.

All the overcrowding is in the ranks of the men of commonplace abilities; set yourself a high standard, live up to it, and it will not be you who are striving for place, but many places that are striving for you.

John Rhoderic McPherson.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

The history of the famous school of seamanship at Annapolis—The system by which candidates for admission are appointed.

By Philip Andrews, U. S. Navy,

PART I.

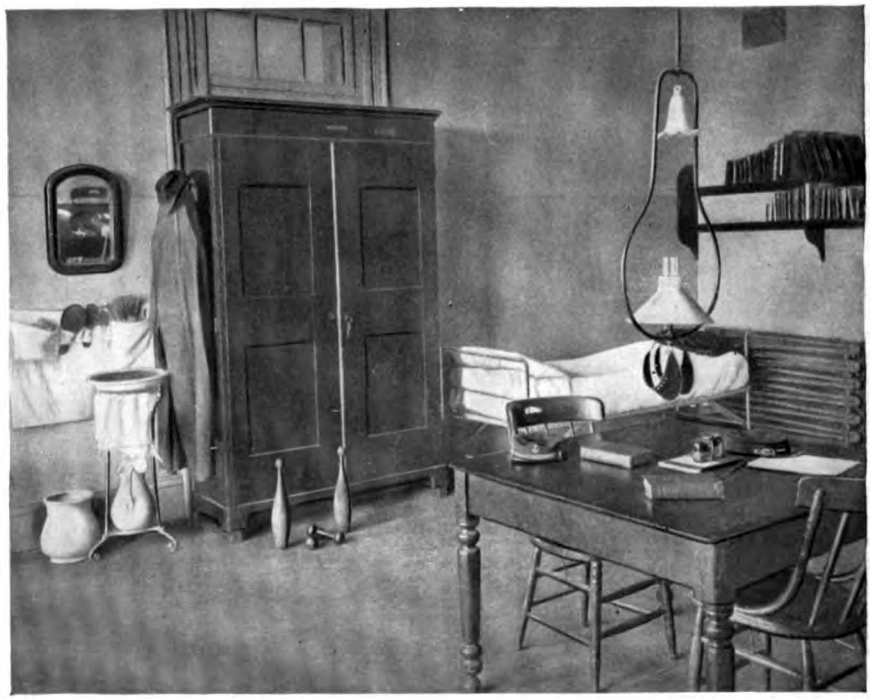
THE United States Naval Academy was opened at Annapolis, Maryland, October 10, 1845, during the administration of President Polk.

To the Hon. George Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy at this time, is due the credit for the foundation of what now is one of the best educational institutions in the country. Previous to 1845, there had been no regular course of instruction in seamanship, though a small number of midshipmen were instructed at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia.

The course at Annapolis was, at the start, five years, the first and last years being spent at the Academy, the intervening three at sea.

In July, 1850, a new plan and organization of the naval school went into effect, after recommendation by a board of officers. It provided for a course of seven years, the first two and last two spent at the school, the intervening three at sea. The name of the school was changed to the United States Naval Academy, the corps of instructors was enlarged, the course extended, and the present system of separate departments, with executive heads, was adopted. A vessel was attached to the Academy, and annual practice cruises were begun.

In 1851, another change was made which left out the three years at sea, and thus made the four years of study at the Acad-



A Cadet's Room.

Various Uniforms and Costumes.

Cadets' Mess Room.

emy consecutive. This is the present system continued from that date, and it has been found much more satisfactory than years of broken instruction, as during four years the cadets acquire fixed habits of study, and have the necessary practical drill during the year, and on their practice cruises.

In May, 1861, at the outbreak of the civil war, the Academy was moved to Newport, Rhode Island, where it remained till May, 1865, when it was reopened at Annapolis.

At the outbreak of the war the three upper classes were detached and ordered to active service, officers being very much needed. These men were promoted very rapidly, and soon gained considerable rank in the service by what to them was a lucky chance. Promotion before the war was even more slow than it is now.

In 1866, a class of acting third assistant engineers was ordered to the Naval Academy for instruction. Their course embraced steam engineering, mechanism, chemistry, mechanics, and practical exercise with the steam engine and in the machine shop.

One class of engineers was graduated, and, after an interval of four years, a new class was admitted. This began in 1871 and was kept up till 1874, when Congress changed the course for cadet engineers to four years. The first class to graduate under this law was the class of 1878.

In 1885, the separate classes of cadet midshipmen and cadet engineers were abolished, and all cadets were entered as naval cadets, and took a course of study, combining the courses heretofore held separately. As it was not possible to go over all the ground which the separate classes had studied, the combined course was much abridged, particularly the engineering department.

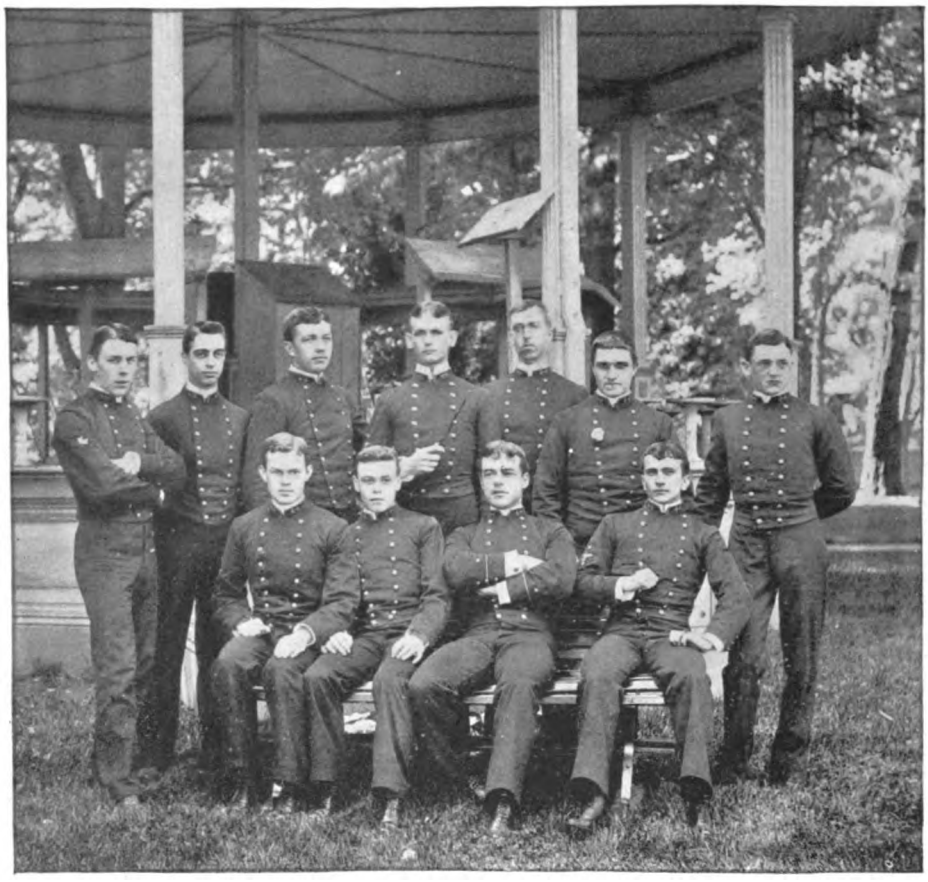
After the four years at the Academy and the two at sea, the law provided that graduates should be appointed to fill vacancies in the line, engineer and marine corps; but at least ten of each class were to be commissioned whether there were vacancies or not, and as many more as there were vacancies.

The surplus graduates received certificates of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's sea pay, amounting to $950.

Line, engineer, and marine officers must, by law, be graduates of the Naval Academy. Paymasters and surgeons are appointed from civil life, after passing examinations.

A line officer's duties are connected with the care, discipline, and management

Cadets at Gun Drill.



The Cadets' Choir.

of the ship and her guns; engineer officers have the care and management of the complicated machinery which now forms such a large part of a man of war; and marine officers have their own companies of from thirty to fifty men each, on board ship.

In 1889, an act of Congress changed the system as follows: At the end of the third year, the first class, then beginning their fourth and last year at the Academy, are separated according to their aptitude and desire, into a line division and an engineer division, in the same proportion as the vacancies in the line and engineer corps for the preceding year. The cadets so divided pursue a course of instruction to specially fit them for the corps to which they thus become eligible. This division continues for the last year ashore and for the last two years at sea, where they are assigned to duties suitable to their future commissions as line officers and engineers.

During the four years when all cadets pursued the same course of study, it was found that few, if any, of them, had had enough instruction in steam engineering to fit them to take commissions as engineers.

During these years, up to 1889, the age of admission was fourteen to eighteen; now it is fifteen to twenty. Now not less than twelve are appointed to the line, two to the engineer corps, and one to the marine corps. At the present time there are about 240 cadets at the Naval Academy, six of whom are engineer cadets.

There are allowed at the Naval Academy one cadet for each Representative and delegate in Congress, one from the District of Columbia, and ten at large.

The Representative of each district makes the appointment outright, or after a competitive examination of applicants, as he chooses. The President appoints the one from the District of Columbia, and the ten at large.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A YOUNG REPORTER.*

By Earle E. Martin.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

GRANT DUDLEY, with a position as reporter on *The Salem Tribune*, is talking with his friend Bob White, a young law student, in the *Tribune* office, when Mr. Street, the proprietor, enters, rushes to the safe, throws it open, and after peering inside, falls to the floor in a faint. The boys take him to his room at the Hanover House, and in a lucid moment he starts to tell Grant that he has an enemy, from whose malevolence he has been saved by a paper he owned telling of a misdeed committed by that enemy. This paper he found had been taken from the safe, and he was at the mercy of the foe.

He is about to explain more in detail when he is overcome by unconsciousness again, and the matter is left in a mystery which Grant determines to do his best to unravel.

He takes Bob White into his confidence, and they resolve that the serious illness of the publisher, for he has temporarily lost his mind the physician tells them, must be kept from the public, lest it injure *The Tribune*, which Grant makes up his mind to run, with the assistance of Brown, the foreman.

Meantime, an attempt is made to rob the office of the paper, and afterwards Grant finds in front of the safe a half burned scrap of writing, referring to the neighboring town of Bolton and to some man whose name ends in "igg." Grant goes to Bolton to investigate, but while there discovers that a man is tracking him, from whom he has some difficulty in escaping.

Returning to the hotel late at night, Dudley finds that Dunk Peterson, a young reporter on the rival paper, *The Saturday Spectator* has been eavesdropping, and discovering the serious condition of the publisher of *The Tribune*, has hurried off with the news, resolved to make a sensation by announcing the fact in the next morning's issue of *The Spectator*.

Grant determines to frustrate this, if possible, and conceals himself behind a door in the *Spectator's* composing room, while Rappen, the foreman, Allison, a compositor, and Dunk Peterson set up the item which Dunk has written. The latter, in the excess of his joy over his enterprise, proposes something to drink, and while they are under the influence of the liquor, Grant rushes in, picks up the galley of type, and makes a dash for the street, dropping the galley, which pies, and spoils the *Spectator's* intended sensation.

The following day, when *The Spectator* is issued, Grant is electrified, upon examining a copy, to find an article describing his escapade the night before, and branding him as a thief. Shortly after, Bob White enters with the intelligence that Herman Valgrove, the owner of *The Spectator*, has sworn out a warrant for Grant's arrest, and fearing that this will interfere with his attempt to unravel Mr. Street's mystery, Grant flees to Bolton, where he searches for a clue to the identity of his mysterious pursuer. He finds a memorandum book which bears the name of a Salem bookseller, and Grant returns to Salem to ascertain the name of the man who purchased it. He finds that so many books have been sold, and over such an extended period, that it is quite out of the question for the bookseller to help him. Just as he is about leaving the store he is placed under arrest by the officer, who has been informed of Grant's return by Dunk Peterson.

CHAPTER XIV.

CALLED INTO COURT.

"WHAT is the matter?" asked the storekeeper in alarm. "Is that Grant Dudley?"

"None other," growled the officer; "and the young man is my prisoner. He's not so smart as he thought he was. You can't get ahead of me!"

The bluecoat was inclined to boast and brag about the arrest of the young editor, as if it were a great credit to his prowess.

In spite of the seriousness of the situation, Grant was able to see the humorous side; and he almost laughed out loud as his memory recalled the sight of the portly guardian of the peace rolling from the freight train.

"You wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't come back into your arms," retorted the young journalist. "Don't take too much credit to yourself!"

The policeman grew angry at this speech; and he seized his prisoner with a more savage hold.

"Don't be alarmed," said Grant with a drawling accent. "I shall not try to escape from you any more; for of course it would not be of any use. The criminal you get after might as well give up at once."

Which naturally caused the officer to wax still more wroth.

The journey to the magistrate's was not a long one; and in a few minutes Grant was before the clerk of the court, who was one of his friends.

"Here is the rascal!" announced the policeman proudly, as if he had bagged a noted criminal.

The clerk looked up and saw Grant Dudley.

"This is too bad," he said, recognizing his friend. "Is there anything I can do for you, Dudley?"

"Yes," answered the young editor. "I wish you would send a messenger after Bob White."

The policeman stood close to Grant, guarding him as if he expected him to make a bold dash for liberty at any moment.

**The first 13 chapters of this story, covering three weekly and one monthly part of* THE ARGOSY, *will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 25 cents.*

"You needn't be afraid of his escaping," said the clerk. "He'll not try to get away. You can go now; and I'll be surety that he either gives bail or goes to jail."

The policeman did not wait to quarrel with the clerk; but with a growl, he turned and left the room.

In the hallway he passed a young man, who walked rapidly and with a cringing step.

"You got him?" asked the young man.

"Yes, I got him," replied the burly guardian of the peace, proudly. "But that fool clerk in there is going to let him get away again."

"We'll see about that," replied the other; and he walked into the magistrate's office.

Dunk Peterson entered the room like a man of business.

When he saw Grant Dudley, he affected an appearance of sudden surprise.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Grant very curtly.

"I thought you had left town," went on Dunk, with a sneer.

"I have been out of town on business, and I didn't get back till this evening."

"Come off!" retorted Dunk Peterson. "I know all about your story. Do you generally get off trains on the side opposite the station when you return from your business trips?"

The truth flashed upon Grant. Dunk Peterson, it was evident, had been near the railroad station, and had seen him slip from the train.

He had followed Grant to the stationer's store, and then he had posted after the police officer.

"Wait, old fellow," thought Grant; "my turn will come next."

But he did not make any audible reply to Dunk's sarcastic question.

Before Dunk had proceeded further with his irony, Bob White arrived with the messenger who had been sent after him.

"Hello, Grant!" exclaimed the young law student. "Where are your prison stripes?"

Then perceiving that Dunk Peterson was a member of the party, he checked himself.

"Can I speak to Bob privately?" asked Grant of the court clerk.

"Yes, certainly," returned the clerk. "Mr. Peterson and I can step outside, or you can have that little anteroom there."

"I object to that!" said Dunk promptly. "That fellow ran away from the officer this morning, and you don't know at what time he'll try to escape again."

"It is none of your business," retorted the clerk; and the officious reporter cowered beneath the look which the searching eyes of the official gave him.

"Well, you ought to be careful," whimpered Dunk.

"You can get out of here," said the clerk, disgusted at the action of the fellow. "Do you hear me?"

Peterson slipped out of the room, but he was determined to have some revenge.

"I'll get Mr. Valgrove," he said.

After Dunk was gone, Bob and Grant had an earnest conversation.

The clerk offered to withdraw, but the boys would not allow him to do so, and he was present while they talked.

"I've got to get a bondsman," said Grant.

"No, you don't want to spend the night in jail, that's sure," replied Bob.

"Whom can I get?"

"Oh, I will fix that," answered Bob. "Maybe Mr. McPherson will go on your bond; or wait, I can get my father to do it, I'm sure."

"No, don't," protested Grant. "Send for my father, and let him do it."

But in spite of the young editor's protests, Bob stepped into the telephone closet.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. White alighted from his carriage in front of the magistrate's court, and entered the dark and forbidding building.

"Yes, Bob was telling me something about this affair," said Mr. White, after it was explained to him that Grant had been arrested on a warrant sworn out by Mr. Valgrove; "and I shall be perfectly willing to go upon your bond for your appearance in court."

Mr. White signed his name to a piece of legal paper, guaranteeing that Grant would appear before the court when his case was called, or a sum of money fixed by law would be forfeited.

Bob's father offered to take the boys home in his carriage, but both declined the offer with thanks.

Having bidden the accommodating clerk good night, they walked arm in arm up the street.

"How did you come out in your search?" asked Bob, with some curiosity as to the result of the trip to Bolton.

"I thought I had a clue," answered the young editor; "but I find that it is very slight indeed."

Then he related to his friend, who listened with attentive ears, the story of the adventures which had befallen him since he left the newspaper office so early in the morning.

"And then you don't know which one of the fifty purchasers the book may belong to?" asked Bob, when Grant had completed his narrative.

"No; I am almost as much at a loss as I was before."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Bob, with a lawyer's keen sense. "For my part, I believe that the address in the book may help us more than we suspect."

Why had he not thought of it before, Grant Dudley asked himself?

"Splan & Co., Cincinnati."

To be sure, the address would help him to find the burglar's accomplice and through

this knowledge he believed that he could discover the burglar.

The burglar and Mr. Street's unknown enemy, he felt, were one and the same person.

"Why, yes; I'll hunt up that Splan & Co., Cincinnati, right away," answered Grant, delighted at this line of action, which he had not thought to follow before. "That was a splendid suggestion, old fellow."

"With the aid of that book, I believe we shall be able to find the thief."

Bob White spoke hopefully; and the view he took cheered Grant not a little, although the young editor was inclined to see the situation on its darker side.

"What am I to do about my arrest though?" asked Grant presently.

"Can you prove your innocence?" inquired the other.

"No; that is the trouble. I really took the type," replied Grant.

Neither of the boys spoke for several minutes; but at last Bob White broke the silence.

"You are in for it, I am afraid," he said. "The best thing you can do is to pay your fine, and——"

"But theft is not punished by a fine," said Grant. "The penalty is imprisonment."

True enough! Bob White had forgotten a point in his law.

Grant Dudley could not win back his liberty by paying a fine; if he were proven guilty, he would have to go to jail for some definite period according to the extent of his guilt.

The circumstances which surrounded the young editor were enough to strike terror to a stouter heart.

Imprisonment stared him in the face.

The two boys went down to the Hanover House to pay a visit to Mr. Street and inquire his condition from the nurse.

Grant knocked at the afflicted editor's door.

There was no response; but the boys saw through the transom that a light was shining in the room.

After a moment's pause the young editor and his companion pushed the door gently open, and entered the room.

The professional nurse was asleep upon a cot, seeking to gain a little rest while his patient, as he supposed, slept.

But the patient was not asleep.

Seated before his writing table, with the gas jet above him burning brightly, Mr. Street was busily engaged over a manuscript.

His pen went rapidly across the pages, and leaf after leaf fluttered to the floor.

"Are you better, Mr. Street?" asked Grant.

The editor was so busily occupied with his work that he made no reply to the boy's question; instead of that he went on with his work.

Grant Dudley walked over to the corner where the writing desk stood, and picked up one of the sheets from the floor.

It was covered with the senseless scrawl of an idiot.

CHAPTER XV.

A FORLORN FAILURE.

"SEE this!" said Grant to his companion, as he gazed at the scrap of paper. "This is nothing but a scrawl. The poor man's mind is gone!"

Grant had spoken the truth,

The editor's pen flew over the pages, writing nothing, leaving behind it only an aimless, meaningless track of ink.

Bob White looked at the sheets of paper in astonishment.

"Crazy as a loon," he said then, as he glanced at the editor.

Mr. Street continued to write away, as if his dying hour had come, and there was still some precious message which he wanted to convey to men.

The presence of the boys in the room, and their low conversation, awakened the nurse, who had learned through long practice to sleep lightly.

"Ah, what is the matter?" he asked, as he arose.

"Poor fellow!" he continued, seeing what Mr. Street was about. "His mind has failed utterly."

With a little persuasion the nurse succeeded in getting Mr. Street to close his writing desk and retire for the night.

The afflicted journalist seemed to be more obedient to the nurse and more mindful of his wishes than of any one else's.

Having said good night to the nurse and assured themselves that Mr. Street was no better, but worse, if indeed there had come a change, the boys went home.

The next day was Sunday, a day always spent in Salem with Sabbatarian peace and quiet.

After dinner Bob went over to Grant's house, where the young editor kept himself the livelong day, not caring to go out until the great sensation which *The Spectator* had caused the day before had subsided somewhat.

Quite unconscious of what he was doing, Bob White had carried away with him the night before, when he left the Hanover House, a piece of Mr. Street's manuscript,

When he reached home he found the paper still clutched in his hand, although his mind had been so occupied that he had not seen that he had carried it from the hotel.

When he discovered the paper, he held it close to the light, and gave it a more searching glance.

Then he made a discovery, or at least he believed that he made a discovery.

There was something more in the idiotic scrawl than a mere track of ink.

There were traces of words here and there; and Bob thought that he saw a proper name among the rest.

If he were right, he decided that he had made a valuable discovery.

Accordingly, when he went to Grant Dudley's house Sunday afternoon, he took the strange piece of paper with him.

Showing the manuscript again to the young editor, Bob asked:

"Can't you see something there besides a mere scrawl?"

Grant studied the piece of paper intently for several minutes without saying anything.

There were evidently traces of well formed letters here and there.

"Hello!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Yes, I see a name here in two different places. It looks like Splan, or something near it."

"Exactly," said Bob. "That's what I made it out."

"I tell you!" exclaimed Grant with greater feeling. "That was the name I found in the red morocco note book in Bolton!"

"Then the Splan fellow knows Mr. Street and the burglar both, that's evident," said Bob, jumping at a hasty conclusion.

"Yes."

"I tell you we are getting a good deal nearer to solving this mystery," cried Bob, delighted at the identification of the name.

"Where does this Splan live?"

"Cincinnati, according to the address which this gives," answered Grant, consulting the note book which he had found lying by the fence in Bolton.

"Then on Monday," returned his friend, "you must set out for Cincinnati to discover what you can about this Splan. I feel it in my bones that we are getting at this mystery."

"But on Monday I have to answer in court," replied Grant.

Surely enough, it was as he said; and when Monday came, it found Grant Dudley, the young editor, arraigned at the bar of the magistrate's court at Salem.

The news had spread with the rapidity which is characteristic of sensations; and the court room was well filled with spectators who had come through curiosity.

"The case of Grant Dudley," announced the magistrate's clerk; and Grant stepped forward to the bar.

There was an audible murmur which ran through the throng of spectators as the boy took his place.

"I am here," he replied.

"If you please," interposed Lawyer McPherson, who appeared as Grant's attorney, "if you please, your honor, we would like a postponement for one week."

"What reasons do you assign?" the magistrate inquired, glancing at Mr. McPherson with a scrutinizing gaze.

"If you please, we have not our evidence complete as yet," answered Mr. McPherson.

Bob and Grant had taken Mr. McPherson into their confidence, and had explained to him that it was necessary for Grant to first dissolve the mystery which hung over Mr. Street and save the newspaper from the disaster which the publisher seemed to think hung over him and it.

"The appeal is granted," announced the judge briefly. "The next case is that of Tim Flannigan for drunkenness."

Bob and Grant left the court room with bright faces and happy hearts, although both of them knew well enough that Grant was guilty and would eventually come to punishment.

However, they had won their point, and time was to be allowed Grant in which to unearth what he could concerning the burglar and Splan & Co., and Mr. Street's secret.

A week's respite! Grant vowed he would make the most of it.

There were two other people who left the court room with different feelings.

These were Rappen, the foreman, and Dunk Peterson, the unprincipled reporter.

Both scowled fiercely when the judge announced a week's postponement.

Mr. Valgrove was not present, and the two boys and Mr. McPherson wondered at the fact in view of Mr. Valgrove's having sworn out a warrant for Grant's arrest.

"Dunk Peterson didn't seem to relish the postponement," said Grant to Bob, after they had left the court room.

"No; he was not at all pleased," answered the young editor's chum. "Ever since you beat him in the high school exams, he seems to have had a spite against you."

"Yes," returned Grant.

Then changing the subject, he added:

"But I must be off for Cincinnati to see that Splan if I can. I've only a week in which to work, and then I must stand trial. There's no time to lose. Will you stand by *The Tribune* while I'm gone?"

"Indeed I will," replied Bob. "That is, I'll do what I can and the best I can."

"It's all any one could ask," said Grant.

It was now ten o'clock; and half an hour later the young editor was lounging in a plush chair, on the fast mail bound for Cincinnati.

Salem was scarcely two hours ride from the Queen City of the West; but notwithstanding that it was close at hand, Grant had not often gone there.

Where Splan & Co. where located he could not tell; but he believed that with the aid of a city directory he could discover after he had reached Cincinnati.

As the train sped on, now by drowsy villages, now down long ravines and past broad corn fields where the crops refreshed by the recent heavy rain, ripened in the hot summer sun, Grant busied himself with conjectures concerning Mr. Street, the unknown enemy, and the equally unknown Splan & Co.

Theory after theory sprang up in the young editor's mind; but none of them proved in the least satisfactory.

Before he reached Cincinnati, he confessed that he would have to give up the case until he saw Splan & Co., and discovered who had probably dropped the red morocco memorandum book which he had found in Bolton.

Arrived at the Grand Central Station, Grant made his way up Central Avenue until he found a convenient drug store.

He entered the shop, and asked if he might consult the city directory.

He found a copy of the directory fastened to a counter for the convenience of customers; and he turned eagerly to the letter S.

Would he be able to find Splan & Co.?

The name was by no means uncommon; and yet Grand found only one firm which had the exact name as it was written in the book—Splan & Co.

They were attorneys in one of the large buildings which front on Fountain Square.

Grant was a little confused by the bustle of people who thronged the vicinity of Fifth and Vine Streets; but without serious difficulty he made his way to the tall building in which Splan & Co, had their offices.

In the corridor of the building the young editor found a marble and gilt bulletin of the firms who were located there, and he soon learned that Splan & Co. were on the sixth floor.

Entering an elevator, he was whisked upward, and found himself in the hallway of the sixth story.

To his right there was a sign:

SPLAN & CO.
ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

Here was the place he had sought; and Grant entered the outer door.

He found a young man at a table, and asked him:

"Is Mr. Splan in?"

"Do you want to see him? What is your name please?" asked the clerk.

"Grant Dudley, of *The Salem Tribune*."

The clerk entered the inner office, and returned in a moment with:

"Walk in; Mr. Splan is at leisure."

The young editor entered the attorney's private office, and found there a gray and portly man seated at a desk.

"What can I do for you?" asked the attorney.

"I should like to know if your firm has had dealings with any one in Salem?" asked Grant, coming directly to the point of his visit.

"I don't catch the drift of your question," replied the attorney.

"Have you had correspondence or acquaintance with any one in Salem?" Grant repeated.

"What business is that of yours?" demanded the lawyer bluntly.

"I have found something which undoubtedly belongs to some of your clients or friends, but I cannot tell which one. Your name was on it."

"What was it?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not feel like telling you," said Grant, with ill advised candor.

"Then I do not feel like telling you the names of our clients in Salem," retorted the lawyer. "Good day," and he wheeled around in his office chair so significantly that Grant involuntarily got up and walked out,

His visit to Splan & Co. had been a forlorn and ignominious failure.

As the young editor entered the outer office, he met a man whom he knew; and the meeting filled his mind with a surging sea of thoughts.

He listened to a new and undreamed suspicion.

The man was Mr. Herman Valgrove, the owner and editor of the Salem *Saturday Spectator*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

HAD the walls of Splan & Co.'s office fallen at that moment, Grant Dudley would not have been more surprised.

Mr. Valgrove!

Of all persons he was the last whom Grant expected to find in Cincinnati.

He would not have wondered to have seen Mr. Valgrove at the trial which had taken place that morning in the magistrate's office in Salem. To tell the truth, he had wondered why Mr. Valgrove was not present at the proceedings.

But in Cincinnati!

What business called the editor of *The Spectator* to the city, Grant asked himself? And immediately an answer presented itself.

It was an answer which involved suppositions never before suggested to the boy, an answer which startled him in spite of himself.

Mr. Valgrove apparently did not notice the young editor, or if he did, he dropped no sign which indicated that he recognized his fellow townsman.

Without a word to the clerk in the outer office, the owner of *The Spectator* walked directly into Mr. Splan's inner room, and the door was closed behind him.

"Is it possible?" Grant asked himself, as he saw Mr. Valgrove enter Splan & Co.'s. "Is it possible?"

A peculiar chain of circumstances had connected itself in Grant's mind; and the question he asked was in regard to this chain of thought which flashed upon him.

Splan & Co.—the red morocco memorandum book—the man who had dropped it—the burglar whose accomplice the man was—Mr. Valgrove—Splan & Co.

This was the order in which the thoughts flashed upon the young editor's mind; and although he did not invite it, one conclusion

fastened itself more and more firmly on top of them.

He could not shake it off.

The burglars's accomplice had some connection with Splan & Co., and so had Mr. Valgrove, the editor of the Salem *Saturday Spectator*.

It was evident to the boy that Mr. Valgrove was either the accomplice himself, or he had some connection with that person.

Perhaps Mr. Valgrove was the burglar, or perhaps—

Grant suddenly bethought himself of the prosecution which Mr. Valgrove had brought against him for stealing the galley; and this additional recollection fixed the belief firmly in Grant Dudley's mind.

Mr. Valgrove knew more than he might care to have other people learn concerning Mr. Street's secret!

It was true that Grant had slight evidence to support his theory.

Perhaps the burglar who had broken into *The Tribune* office the night that he imagined he saw a face at the window, had no other connection with Mr. Street's illness than that he chose a time for his work almost simultaneous with the journalist's strange and sudden affliction.

Perhaps, again, the man who had pursued the young editor through the streets of Bolton after nightfall the Friday before, was not the burglar's accomplice; and perhaps the letter signed with the three letters "i-g-g" had nothing to do with the burglary at all.

Perhaps the red morocco book had not been dropped by the man who chased the young editor into the yard in Bolton; and perhaps Splan & Co. had dealings with a score of people in Salem, and in Bolton.

All these things were possibilities, and any one of them was sufficient to overthrow the theory which Grant had built up in his mind.

But the young editor did not consider this.

To him the burglar had left the scrap of paper in the office; the burglar was the one who had stolen the missing document from Mr. Street, and had caused him to go crazy over the loss; the burglar's accomplice had followed him (Grant) through the side street of Bolton; the burglar's accomplice had dropped the red morocco memorandum book; the burglar's accomplice was—if he was not Mr. Valgrove, Mr. Valgrove could tell who he was.

"This begins to clear matters up!" exclaimed Grant to himself; and filled with his new idea, the young editor resolved to wait at the entry to the building until the editor of *The Spectator* should come out.

Fully an hour had elapsed before Mr. Valgrove made his appearance from the elevator; and in the meantime young Dudley had become rather impatient at the delay.

When Mr. Valgrove came out of the building, Grant took good care that the journalist from Salem did not see him; but he followed after him at a safe distance.

Once or twice he lost sight of him, but it was only to see him again after he had gone further.

In two stores Mr. Valgrove stopped, and Grant lounged before some shop windows until the man made his appearance again.

It was the first time that Grant had ever tracked any one in such a manner; but he had little difficulty in keeping Mr. Valgrove in sight.

The editor had no idea that he was being followed; and he walked on innocently enough, without making any attempt to conceal his path.

Grant followed the *Spectator* editor as far as one of the leading hotels, but when Mr. Valgrove walked up the steps of the magnificent hostelry, Grant felt that he should have to give up his pursuit.

For half an hour Grant lounged before a shop window not far away.

At the end of that time the young editor made up his mind that Mr. Valgrove did not intend to go elsewhere in the city during the afternoon.

"Probably he's going home on the train tonight," said Grant, and he abandoned his post of watch. "I believe that his whole business in the city was to see Splan & Co. If it is, that begins to throw more light on the mystery."

Grant Dudley was a boy who jumped at conclusions to a great extent, a practice which the newspaper business frequently cultivates; and he did not realize on what slender pretexts he was building up a theory of Mr. Valgrove's guilt.

"I believe that I will go up town and see Bob Grayson," said Grant, after he had eaten his dinner in a restaurant. "It is past two o'clock, and he will likely be through with his work.

Accordingly, the young country editor from Salem made his way in the direction of one of the great newspaper offices of Cincinnati.

Bob Grayson was a boy who had worked in the printing office of *The Spectator* at Salem four years before, and had been a member of the high school a part of the time that Grant was a pupil there.

Although Grayson was older by three years than Dudley, there was a warm feeling between the two young men; and they had been the best of friends in Salem.

Grant was only eighteen; but Grayson treated him as if he were of his own age.

High up in the reporter's room of one of the afternoon papers at a quarter to three, Grant found his old friend, whom he had not seen for more than a twelvemonth.

"Glad to see you," said Grayson, getting up from his desk. "How's Salem?"

They had an interesting talk, in which they spoke of old times and old friends.

Grant learned that Bob Grayson was now a full fledged reporter on the paper; and it

was evident from the work he was doing that he was getting to be one of the most trusted members of the staff.

The young editor from Salem was well pleased to hear of his friend's success; and he was intensely interested in the methods which prevail in the news gathering department of a great paper.

Some day Grant himself hoped to come to the city and make his mark as a leading journalist; but he believed the time was distant several years.

Bob Grayson introduced him to the city editor, a young man of five and thirty, with brown eyes, and a slow, good natured drawl.

Grant little dreamed that this man could think and act like lightning in times when quick action was needed; and that is a necessity every afternoon in the office of a city evening paper.

"On *The Salem Tribune*?" asked the editor with good natured interest.

"Yes," answered Grant. "But I have been there only a few months."

"Think of coming to the city some time?" went on the other. "Most people do."

"Yes, some time," replied the young editor from the country; "but there are many things for me to learn first where I am."

"That's good," said the editor, pleased at Grant's common sense, "Don't be in too big a hurry to come here, or to go East; and when you do move, you'll be prepared to make your mark on one of the big papers."

At three o'clock on an afternoon paper the work for the day is mostly done; and Bob Grayson was at leisure to take Grant through the composing rooms, high up under the roof, and into the press rooms, down under the pavement, where three great presses were roaring at their work, and three great endless rolls of blank paper were spinning through the machinery and coming out—perfect newspapers!

Grant had never before seen newspaper work on such a magnificent scale.

He was loath to leave, but it was necessary for him to go, or he would miss the train back to Salem, which left Cincinnati at a quarter past four in the afternoon.

Bidding Bob Grayson good by, and thanking him for his courtesy, Grant hurried back to the Grand Central station.

His train, he found, was already standing in the long, noisy trainsheds.

"Wonder if Mr. Valgrove will be aboard," thought Grant. "It is more than likely that he will."

The young editor did not care to be seen by his fellow townsman.

It would be easier to unravel the mystery and determine Mr. Valgrove's part in it, if that gentleman did not know that he had been tracked through the streets of Cincinnati, or that any one from Salem was near at hand when he entered the office of Splan & Co.

With an aim to escape Mr. Valgrove's notice, Grant boarded the rear platform of the last car, and made a survey of the passengers before he entered.

The *Spectator* editor was not in the coach, and Grant made a similar search in the car further forward.

Seated near the front of this second coach, Grant discovered the editor; and he wisely withdrew to a seat near the rear door of the last car.

It was scarcely three minutes later when the engine was backed up to the train, and, with a warning clang of the bell, the train was slowly rolling out of the Central Station.

Once beyond the smoky confines of Cincinnati, and out into the fresh country, the train ran very rapidly.

It was a light train and one of the fastest on the road, considering the number of stops it made.

There was a delay of five minutes at a small station for a belated freight, which was to have been upon the side track.

Then the train started again, running more rapidly than before. Fences and trees flashed past the car windows like a blurred painting; timid passengers clutched at the railings of the seats.

Suddenly there was a short, sharp blast from the engine, then came a jar as the air brakes were applied, and with a crash Grant Dudley felt the car floor rise beneath his feet.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It was a railroad wreck. Grant Dudley, the young editor, knew that some terrible catastrophe had occurred; but his mind was so dazed by the sudden shock that he could not realize the nature of it.

He lay motionless beneath two shattered seats of the car.

For nearly half a minute everything in the coach was as still as death. Not a sound was heard, except that of hissing steam from the distant engine.

Then arose the cries of the wounded. The shock of the collision must have been great, for the rear car was hurled aslant the coach before it, and almost every seat in it was wrenched and twisted from its fastenings.

The floor was bulged up in the center, where its weight rested upon the roof of the other car.

Grant was not seriously hurt, although the blood was flowing from his forehead, where he had struck violently against the arm of a seat.

Painfully he crawled out from his place of imprisonment, and looked about him. It was a sad scene which was presented.

Men and women in the forward part of the car were pinioned down by the seats which had been hurled upon them by the

sudden shock of the collision. Their moans were awful to hear.

Grant and two or three men, who were fortunately in the rear of the coach like himself, went to work with a will to relieve their suffering fellow passengers.

"Lend a hand here!" shouted one of the men; and he and Grant tugged bravely away at a seat which fastened a woman to the floor.

The work of rescue proceeded as rapidly as willing hands could push it. Grant broke the glass in a window, and the bodies of several women, limp but living, were passed out to hands waiting to receive them.

Many of the workers were themselves badly injured; but in their anxiety to save the less fortunate they thought nothing of their own bruises and scars.

Luckily it was summer, and the "deadly car stove" was not present to add its horrors to the wreck.

"Can you get that seat loosened a little?" asked a well dressed, elderly man, the last whom the rescuers in the rear coach reached.

"All right; we'll have it out in a minute."

"Easy, please," groaned the man.

Every movement of the workers about him, seemed to cause him pain.

"Twist it over to the right now," he directed, setting his teeth.

"Now lift me up," he added, as the seat was loosened.

Grant and two other rescuers picked up the man as carefully as they could and carried him to the window.

The rescuers had not had time to inquire into the cause of the wreck, but when the last of the injured ones was passed from the car window, they themselves left the coach, and went to see what other work was to be done.

Awful as the twisted interior of that rear car had seemed to Grant, the scene there was not to be compared with that presented on the exterior of the wreck.

The light passenger train had met a heavy freight, and although both engineers saw the danger when they were a quarter of a mile apart, the freight was so long and heavy, and the passenger train was running at such high speed, that the collision could not be averted.

Both engine crews had stood bravely to their posts, and by good fortune they had escaped with nothing worse than frightful bruises, and scalds from escaping steam.

When Grant leaped from the car window, and gazed upon the wreck, the two engines were reared back upon their haunches like great animals, clasping each other.

The heavy freight cars were jammed one upon the other, and some of them were turned half way across the track.

The worst work of the wreck was wrought upon the baggage and express car of the passenger train. The heavy engine before it, and the two heavy coaches behind it, had caught it as in a vise, and mashed it like a frail paper box.

On the grassy bank beside the track the rescuers laid the bodies of the more severely injured. By good Providence, not one had been killed, although it seemed almost impossible that one should have been in the baggage car when the shock came, and yet have escaped death.

The baggage master, to be sure, was cruelly injured, and the people who knelt beside him on the grass, doubted if he could ever recover.

The work of rescue was carried on much more rapidly than one would imagine. Ten minutes after the whistle had sounded its warning, all of the injured had been carried from the train; and it became apparent that the catastrophe was not nearly so frightful as it might have been but for the bravery of the gallant engineers.

Brakemen were dispatched in both directions to flag approaching trains and warn them of the danger, and to carry the news of the wreck to the nearest telegraph station, where it could be flashed to the offices of the railroad.

In less than half an hour after, the wrecking crew, with its cables and derricks, would be dashing on a clear track to the scene of the disaster, and from another direction, as fast as the wings of steam could carry them, a corps of doctors would be hurrying.

Grant Dudley and the two or three men who had done the work of rescue in the rear car, went back into the coach to secure some baggage at the suggestion of some ladies.

One woman, who sobbed half hysterically, said that she had a bottle of arnica in her traveling bag, and that she never rode on the railroad without it.

"You don't know when you're going to have an accident," she wailed. "Get it, and it'll help these poor people."

The woman herself was not hurt; but Grant shared her feeling for the wounded passengers, and he resolved to get the bottle of arnica.

He entered the rear car acccordingly, and the men went with him to get out the other hand baggage.

Without much difficulty the party succeeded in getting out most of the valises; and among the lot was the woman's hand bag with the precious bottle of arnica.

"Oh, thank you," she said to Grant. "This will be of great service, indeed."

She offered her treasured bottle to the women who were bathing the heads of several wounded and unconscious passengers.

Grant was glad that he could be of some service; and he decided that he would go into the second coach and secure what loose baggage was there and bring it out to the passengers.

This coach was jammed against the

crushed sides of the baggage car; and the rear car lay half across the roof. The most seriously injured of the passengers had been taken from this part of the train.

The roof was badly crushed; and the confusion in the car was far worse than that revealed in the rear coach. Grant, however, was able to make his way in by the open window where the passengers had escaped.

Another of the rescuers, who admired Grant's pluck and willingness to help, followed him.

Grant crawled slowly along over the upturned car seats.

"This is much worse than in our car," said the man.

"Yes, indeed," answered the young editor. "I do not see how any one escaped alive from this place."

He crawled farther into the car, working along toward the front end, where most of the loose baggage had been hurled, as is the general rule in railroad wrecks.

He passed a Gladstone bag and some other hand satchels back to the man, who carried them out of the car by way of the window, by which they had entered.

He then, with some difficulty, edged his way further toward the front of the car. Here he found several more valises.

Two or three of these were torn and split by the twisted timbers which had struck them: and wearing apparel and toilet articles were scattered about.

One of the valises, which was cut almost in two, had contained papers; and these were strewn among the wreckage.

Grant reached out his hand to collect these, and as he picked up the first one, his eye was attracted by a familiar handwriting upon the back of it.

He looked at the paper more carefully; and there in Mr. Street's own writing were the words:

"James J. Street."

"Whew!" whistled Grant; "and Mr. Valgrove was in this car! This is getting decidedly interesting!"

The young editor reached forth his hand, and started to pick up two more of the scattered documents.

He had not heard any one enter the car, until a slipping seat behind him told him that such was the fact.

Grant looked sharply around; and there behind him stood Mr. Valgrove, the editor of *The Spectator*.

Grant was startled.

"Hold on! What are you doing there?" demanded Mr. Valgrove. "That is my valise!"

"I'm in here getting out this baggage," said Grant; and he slipped the paper into his coat pocket.

As Mr. Valgrove stooped forward, he saw the action of the young editor.

"Stop!" he cried. "Those papers came from my valise!"

Mr. Valgrove attempted to seize Grant; but the young editor had slipped past him, and was making his way as rapidly as he could over the broken car seats to the rear window.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"STOP, THIEF!"

"STOP, thief!" yelled Mr. Valgrove angrily, as he saw that the young editor was making haste to get out of the coach. "Stop, thief!"

Grant Dudley, however, paid no attention to the cries of Mr. Valgrove, but hurried all the faster to escape from the car.

The glimpse that he had caught of the paper made him believe that it had some bearing on Mr. Street's mystery, and he determined to preserve and read it at all hazards.

Mr. Valgrove called out lustily, and although Grant paid no attention to his cries, they attracted some notice from the crowd of distracted people outside the car.

Grant reached the window and dropped to the ground before Mr. Valgrove could prevent him, and walked rapidly away.

He did not escape the notice of the passengers, however.

"Stop, thief!" Mr. Valgrove was still shouting from the depths of the wrecked car; and the passengers, congregated on the outside, heard his cries, and comprehended their meaning.

"A thief in the baggage!" some one exclaimed as Grant dropped to the ground. "Somebody has been rifling the valises! There he goes!" and the man pointed to Grant, who was walking rapidly away.

"A thief!" echoed the hysterical woman with the arnica bottle.

Seeing the retreating form of Grant, she asked, "Is that he? Why, that's the boy who got my arnica bottle. No wonder he was so willing. I wonder if he stole anything from my valise."

The woman hastened to examine her satchel, and satisfy herself that its contents had not been tampered with.

Grant was not far away when Mr. Valgrove reached the window. He was very red in the face, as he thrust his head from from the car.

He caught a glimpse of the retreating youth, and waving his arms frantically, cried out:

"There he goes! Why don't you stop him?"

The crowd had already been wrought up to some excitement by the shouts of the *Spectator's* editor when he was confined in the car.

Now, when he thrust his head from the coach and pointed toward Grant, several of the passengers were aroused from their inactivity.

"All right! We'll catch the rascal!" they shouted, and after Grant they went.

Thieves frequently ply their trade at the scenes of fires, accidents and wrecks; and

nothing so angers a crowd as the action of a thief who would thus take advantage of people's misfortunes.

The muttered words that now rose on all sides boded no good to Grant Dudley.

If Grant had heard these threats, he would have run as fast as he could; but he believed that he would be able to slip out of sight with the precious documents he had found, before Mr. Valgrove could get out of the coach.

In this he was mistaken, he found; and when he saw the men set out after him, he put to his heels as fast as he could run.

"Stop, thief!" they shouted; but their command was in vain. Urged on by the thought of the paper in his pocket, Grant sped away.

The young editor had been one of the swiftest runners in the high school; and he had good need of his prowess in the race he was now running.

The pursuers from the wreck were so angered at the thought of a thief having pretended to be on a mission of rescue, merely to be better able to rob, that their very ire seemed to put speed into their limbs.

"They are gaining upon me," said Grant to himself, as he glanced over his shoulder. "I must get out of this some way."

But the way did not present itself, and the young editor ran on as fast as he could.

"They shall never get this paper," he decided, "until I have read it myself."

Run as he might, the race could have but one ending, it seemed. The enraged men from the wreck had been gaining steadily upon the young editor ever since the pursuit began, and they were now within one hundred yards of him.

Grant looked about him in despair. What should he do?

There seemed to be no answer to the question. Just then, however, as Grant started to run across a railroad bridge, a solution offered itself.

Around a curve a few hundred yards ahead a train shot into view. It was the wrecking train. Grant was barely able to get across the bridge before the train was upon him; but he escaped by a hair's breadth.

As the train ran upon the bridge, Grant looked behind to see if his pursuers had reached the other end.

He saw that they were twenty yards beyond the opposite abutment.

Just then the engine cut them off from his view, and him from theirs. The opportunity for escape had presented itself; and Grant Dudley was not slow to avail himself of it.

While the wrecking train was thundering across the bridge, Grant half ran, half fell down the steep bank of the stream, and disappeared in the thick underbrush which clustered along the water's edge.

He made his way through the growth of rushes and willows as rapidly as he could. It was slow traveling at best; but he was many rods away before his pursuers saw that the bird had flown.

Grant could hear the loud exclamations of surprise after the train had passed and the men found that their prey had disappeared.

"Where has he gone?" asked one.

"Jumped on the train," answered another.

"Impossible!"

"Where then?"

"Don't know, unless he's in the underbrush."

"Sure enough—the underbrush!"

The young editor heard the words, and knew that the pursuers would soon be beating about the banks of the stream.

Spurred to new endeavor, he hurried on as fast as he could, impeded by the thick growth of rushes. He must have gone half a mile before he took time to pause and rest.

"They'll hardly catch me now," he said.

When he had gone half a mile further, and the stream had made a long, sweeping curve, Grant ventured to move cautiously from the willows and look carefully about him.

Finding that his pursuers from the wreck were nowhere in sight, he became bolder, and left the cover of the brush altogether. He walked rapidly in the direction of a wagon road which he saw in the distance.

A half mile further on he reached a farmhouse.

"How far am I from Salem?" he asked.

"Ten mile," was the reply.

"Can I get any one here to take me there?"

"Fur three dollars, I reckon you can."

Grant agreed to pay the price, and in fifteen minutes he was on his way to Salem. The news of the wreck had not yet been spread abroad through the town.

Grant rushed to the office of *The Tribune*. It was six o'clock; but he found that Bob White and Mr. Brown were still in the building.

Briefly he told them the story of the catastrophe, and as he finished he added:

"Can't we get out an extra tonight?"

"Capital idea!" said the foreman. "I can have the printers back here in an hour, and we can get together fresh stuff for a four page extra easily."

"You and I can go to the wreck," said Bob.

"No; I can't either. I had to run away from the wreck," replied Grant. "If I go back there, I'll be mobbed for a thief. I'll explain it to you later. You go back to the wreck with this farmer; and I'll stay here."

"You seem to have been getting a reputation as an all round scoundrel" laughed Bob.

Then he added:

"There's another thing we'll be scooped on, if we don't watch out. *The Spectator* has rented a tent at Deer Creek Camp Meeting, and Dunk Peterson is there."

"Is that so?" gasped Grant, "I must get over there this very night."

Bob White sprang into the farmer's buggy, and the extra edition of *The Tribune* was under way, although through force of circumstances its young editor had nothing to do with the work.

Grant sat down in the office, and wrote out a passenger's story of the wreck, in the form of an interview with a person who had helped in the rescue.

It was the story of his own actions, minus his flight from the angered crowd.

After he had finished the account, he handed it to Mr. Brown, and the foreman had copy to occupy the printers until Bob got back with the names of the wounded and the particulars of the accident.

Poor Grant! He dared not go back to the scene of the wreck, and he dared not stay openly in Salem, for fear he would be arrested for robbery a second time.

The week of respite was a sixth part gone, and he felt that he had accomplished little. Perhaps the document he had found in the train would shed light on the secret, and give him a weapon by which to defend himself when he came to trial; but he had serious doubts on the subject.

The news that *The Spectator* had sent a special man to the Deer Creek meeting worried him. It would never do for *The Tribune* to be beaten; and he resolved to go at once and rectify the matter.

Perhaps he could secure some young man or woman whom he knew and who stayed on the grounds, to look after the interests of his paper.

Grant had not yet read the document which he had found in the railroad wreck that afternoon, and which bore Mr. Street's name. He decided that his examination of the paper could be deferred until later in the evening, and that he would go to Deer Creek at once.

There was no time to lose. The day was Monday, and the paper must go to press Thursday night. Accordingly Grant went to the livery stable and ordered a horse and single rig. Then he went to a restaurant and secured a lunch.

By the time Grant was well started to the Deer Creek Camp Meeting it was dark; but he was familiar with the road, and he did not have to give his whole attention to driving.

His mind was busy with the events of the afternoon. He had forgotten to tell his parents where he was, and he was sure that if they heard of the wreck they would be greatly worried.

However, Grant hoped to return to Salem that night.

As he drove on, he became more anxious to examine the paper he had found in the railroad wreck. If it really concerned Mr. Street, well and good; if it did not, then Grant wondered what explanation he was going to make of his conduct, and how he was going to prove that he was not a thief.

"If that is all a mistake, and not about Mr. Street at all," thought Grant, "I guess I'll have two charges of theft to account for. I must read that paper tonight without fail."

Deer Creek Camp Meeting was one of the most famous summer camp meetings in that section of the State, and the papers printed long accounts of its assembly. Grant, in the excitement of other events, had forgotten all about its opening, and he now hastened to correct his error.

The camp meeting was situated six miles from Salem, much in the direction of the railroad wreck.

An hour's drive through the dark brought Grant to a spot where he could see the lights of the camp flickering against the background of white tents.

The young editor got out of his buggy to hitch his horse to a tree just outside the inclosure. The lights there were poor, and in the darkness Grant had some difficulty in fastening his horse.

While he was busily engaged, Grant heard some one whisper:

"There he is!"

He turned sharply around to see who had spoken.

His head swam with a dizzy faintness, and he knew no more.

(*To be continued.*)

HOPE.

THERE is no grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast,
Although we may not hear it;
And if today the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring
The weary heart a blessing.

LIVING PICTURES.

Photographs that throb with reality—A new device that will enable an old man to see just how he behaved himself as a baby.

By George Holme.

MR. EDISON has invented a new machine, which he calls "only a toy," but which is likely to revolutionize photography, and a good many other things besides. It will not be many years until, instead of a photograph album filled with cardboard portraits, we shall have something beside which the old photographs will seem like the black and white silhouettes of our great grandfathers.

In a year or two, the absent son who is away at college, or out West, can send home a little black box, which his family can have adjusted to the household electricity; then, when one looks into a hole, the young man can be seen engaged in a spirited game of football, or sitting in his room laughing with his chums over some college joke, or riding a broncho on the ranch. Every movement will be exactly and accurately reproduced, and the figures will go about as easily and naturally as though they were alive.

If the phonograph is also attached, the cries of the players may be heard, and the shouts of the crowd; the "good story" which the chum is telling may reach the ears, and the laughter which follows; or the cries of the cowboy. In short any scene may be reproduced, exactly as though it were all passing at the bottom of that little box!

If there has been an arrangement made to throw the picture upon a screen, it can be shown up moving, speaking, full life size, and, as soon as color photography is perfected, in all the natural colors exactly as they appeared.

A boy who is a baby now, may keep until he is an old man—may keep for his great great grandchildren—a perfect representation of his mother rocking him to sleep, and a reproduction of every note of the cradle song she sings, if his family has been thoughtful enough to secure it.

The theaters will be revolutionized. Instead of sending his companies out on the road to perform, the manager who has a great play and a great stock company in the city, will have photographs taken of them as they go through their parts, and will have every inflection of their voices registered in a phonograph. Then the players will be reproduced life size upon a screen, and the voices brought out to match the acting, so that a play may be given over and over again exactly as it appears upon the city stage, at very small cost.

When a great actress like Bernhardt or Madame Duse comes to America, speaking only French or Italian, a photograph of her acting may be made, and fitted to English words spoken into the phonograph by some one who can read but not act. So we may enjoy foreign actors in English.

Every little country town may presently have its theater stocked with dozens of plays done by the most famous actors in the world, which can be produced over and over again at will. The town opera house may come to be like the town library, free for everybody to stroll in and out.

The new machine may do for the world what printing did. It once was, that a professional storyteller went about from house to house and entertained the host and his family. But printing brought books and magazines within the reach of everybody. Why should not this new machine bring every scene on earth directly to the eye of the beholder?

We need not go to the magazines or books except for reference. Each week or month there may be sent to the town theater perfect representations of the great events or the world. We might, had the kinetoscope been invented a little earlier, have had a reproduction of the meeting between the German Emperor and Prince Bismarck, and have heard every word they said to each other.

Instead of reading tales in the magazine, we can have the author thrown upon upon the scene, and hear him tell his own story. Everything could be made real and present.

The poorest and humblest could have the refining influence of the greatest music. Mr. Edison says that he shall not consider his machine as perfect, until he can throw out a picture of a musician seated at a piano with his hands flying over the keys, and every note coming out exactly as it was struck in reality.

Today the kinetoscope is utilized as a "nickel in the slot machine," which will soon be on every street corner. By dropping a nickel in the slot you may see a man being shaved, or two athletes performing upon a bar, or two men sparring. Many of them are portraits of well known people.

It may be interesting to learn how it is done. Mr. Edison says that the idea occurred to him several years ago, but he only worked at it at odd moments, as he thought of it as a toy.

The effect is produced by moving before the eye forty six photographs in one second. The machine is so much quicker than the eye that we do not see this done. The stationary part of the picture remains before the eye as solid as though it never moved, but in reality the machinery is all the time whizzing past your vision.

There is a great difference in the rapidity with which people see. Sight is, as you know, but a tiny photograph of the object before you, taken upon the eye, and carried by little nerves to the brain. When anything gets wrong with those little nerves, we see badly.

As Mr. Edison says, with the perfection of the kinetoscope, no man need die to the world.

The nerves of some people move very rapidly, and those of others are sluggish. Some men can have twenty five photographs a second move before their eyes, and see only one picture, not being quick enough to detect the changes; but the average man must have as many as forty six pictures a second passing before his eyes before the representation looks continuous.

Have you ever noticed a circular saw in motion? It looks exactly as though it were stationary, because it is moving so rapidly the eye cannot follow it. This is the principle of the moving pictures.

Mr. Edison had first to invent the camera for taking his photographs. They had to be taken as rapidly as they will be exhibited.

He had a house built in his yard in West Orange, New Jersey, which the workmen call the "Black Maria." It is covered with black tar paper, and is lined throughout with black felt. It turns upon a pivot, so that it can be swung around to meet the sun, and the roof can be taken completely off. The house is forty five feet long, but so light that one man can turn it upon its pivot.

The camera contains a roll of film which is moved by electricity, and the objects to be photographed are placed in the strong sunlight against the black lining of the box, and as they move, they are one and all recorded with the rapidity of lightning in the camera.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

And hast thou come from flower decked fields,
Where still thy bright companions sing,
To cheer our winter weary hearts
With tidings of the coming spring?

A dreary welcome hast thou found,
For bleak and rude the north wind blows,
And chill upon the northern slopes
There linger yet the winter snows.

But, undismayed, thou sittest still
Upon some tossing, leafless tree.
Warbling, in clear and liquid notes,
Of bloom and beauty yet to be.

Thou 'mindst me, little azure wing,
Of hope! which, in the human heart,
Sings on through desolation's hour,
Refusing to depart.

Ida D. Monroe.

A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY;*

OR,

THE MIAMI CONSPIRACY.

By W. Bert Foster.

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

JACK HARDWICK, whose mother was an Indian, is brought up, after the death of his parents, by Major Peterson, an intimate friend of his father. He and Tom Peterson are great chums, and the summer after their graduation from school they camp out on an island in one of the great lakes.

Tom, while out fishing, is overtaken by a storm, shipwrecked, and picked up by a strange schooner, the Jeannette, whose captain, Rolf Ericson, seems to know all about his father. He gives Tom a boat in which to return to the island encampment while his own, the Sylph, is being repaired. Arrived here, Tom is horrified to find that Jack has disappeared. He is all the more alarmed because Ossinike, a half crazy Indian relative of Jack, has made several efforts to get the boy in his power and induce him to head an uprising of the Miamis against the whites.

Subsequently Tom discovers that Captain Rolf Ericson, who is a smuggler, has spirited Jack away, for the purpose of delivering him into Ossinike's hands for a consideration. Accompanied by the major, and Dan Cheney, a boatman, Tom sets out in pursuit of the Jeannette in the Sylph, which has been repaired, and named Molly in order to throw Ericson off the scent.

Arrived at the smugglers' retreat, Tom goes ashore, and falls in with "little Net," a girl who lives with "Old Nance," an old woman who dwells in a hut in which Dan Cheney believes Jack Hardwick is confined. But Tom thinks he is in the smugglers' cave, and barely escapes capture by Rolf Ericson in trying to assure himself of this fact.

Returning to the vicinity of the hut, he intercepts Indian Joe, a half breed, in the act of carrying off little Net. He rescues her, and in the struggle shoves the half breed over the cliff.

The major has neglected to inform Tom of Rolf Ericson's true character, so he resolves to array himself on the side of the smugglers, thinking that if Ossinike and his followers are beaten off, something may happen to enable them to rescue Jack Hardwick.

He makes all haste to the smuggler's retreat, but fails to reach it before the Indians, and is compelled to hide to keep from being discovered. Contrary to Tom's expectations, Jack is not in the cave. Tom sees the savages carry off everything of value, including a heavy, oaken chest, and follows their trail along the shore, until he hears the sound of oars. He investigates, and finds the noise comes from the Molly, which is being propelled up the stream by Indian Joe, whom he feared he had killed.

Tom watches him guide the boat to a sheltered spot, and while the Indian is fastening it, makes him a prisoner. Tom then escorts his captive back towards Old Nance's cabin, and meets his father and Dan Cheney on the way. The major informs Tom that the Indians have killed Old Nance and captured Jack, and that Little Net has been abducted by Rolf Ericson.

They decide to pursue Jack's captors, and press Indian Joe into their service as guide. The half breed tells them that the Indians' destination is Devil Mountain, a long distance away.

They set out, and, after a fatiguing journey, reach the mountain before the Miamis, who, however are not far behind.

While descending the slope, they are startled by a noise which, while at first merely a low rumble, gradually increases to a dull shriek, which seems to fill all space with its terrifying and supernatural clamor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE HEART OF THE SINKING MOUNTAIN.

THE sound that had startled the three Americans and their companion, Indian Joe, was indeed most uncanny, but after the momentary confusion into which it had thrown them, all but the half breed had ascribed the noise to some natural cause.

His face, however, betrayed the liveliest terror. All the superstition of his ignorant nature came to the surface at once and he sprang up with a shriek of terror.

Jabbering something in his native tongue, which the others could not understand, he sprang away from the camp and ran like a a deer down the declivity toward the plain.

Dan, ever on the outlook for treachery on the half breed's part, was the first to recover from the surprise occasioned by this maneuver, and, seizing his rifle, he drew bead upon the terrified Indian.

"Don't shoot him, Dan!" cried the major. "He's scared out of his wits,"

"Scared—nothin'," responded Dan, in disgust. "He's sharper than a weazel."

There was a puff of smoke from his rifle and Indian Joe was seen to stagger forward almost to his knees. But the next instant he gained the cover of a heap of rocks and disappeared.

"Winged him, by hookey!" cried Dan. But even as he was about to spring forward on the half breed's trail, there came a sudden shock which threw all three to the ground.

The terrible sound which had filled the air with painful vibration but the moment before, ceased instantly and the earth

**The first 30 chapters of this story, covering eight weekly and one monthly part of* THE ARGOSY, *will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cents.*

heaved and trembled as though in the throes of a new birth!

Tom fairly dug his fingers into the hard ground, for it seemed to him that the law of gravitation was done away with, and that there was danger of his losing his hold on Mother Earth.

The sensation of the earthquake was fairly nauseating, also, for while it lasted all three were deathly sick at the stomach. Then the movement ceased as suddenly as it began.

"Between you and me and the gate-post, I don't think but dreadful little of this place," Dan declared, the first as usual to gain his equilibrium. "I hope we'll be able to fool those Injuns, get your friend, and light out of here in short order. I don't believe in all this foolishness the Miamis have about this region, but I don't like it a little bit!"

"It was an earthquake," said the major. "Only a slight shock, but quite as heavy as I care to experience."

"And that durned Injun," continued Dan, in vexation. "He's had time enough to get well out of our reach by this time, unless he was hurt worse than I thought. Lucky he hasn't any firearms with him.

"Come, major, you and I'll have a look for him, any way. You keep your eye peeled, Tom, and shoot the scamp if he shows his head about here. He'll either kill us or betray us if he can. If there'd been any possibility of our finding our way up here without him, I'd never have agreed to lugging the fellow with us."

The major picked up his rifle and followed Cheney down the slope; but although they searched for fully half an hour among the rocks they discovered no trace of the half breed.

Finally they gave up the attempt and returned to the camp.

"His escaping will likely mean trouble for us—and very serious trouble, too," said the major. "He'll make his way to his friends, and the minute Ossinike hears of our presence here he'll make plans to defeat us. He may even take Jack elsewhere."

"Don't you believe it," Dan hastened to assure him. "Those Injuns are coming here. They will have some sort of ceremony (a good part of which will be stuffing their skins with grub, by the way), and the old fellow will declare your boy their chief. Then we shall see what we shall see. They'll be here, sure!"

And so it proved. The trio of Americans kept watch and watch during the night, and just at daybreak Cheney roused the others and told them the Indians were marching through a pass far down the valley.

As the sun rose over the barrier of the eastern range, they were able to make out a long column of figures approaching from a southerly direction.

"We'd better change our location," Dan suggested. "For some reason I don't believe that that half breed will trot right off to Ossinike and tell him that we're here, for I think he feels too sore headed about those other fellows clearing out Ericson's cave without his getting a whack at the plunder. Still, he may, and we don't want to be found in the same spot."

"But what about breakfast?" asked Tom, who had arisen from his hard bed with the appetite of a healthy boy.

"Young man," said Dan promptly, "if we get one square meal a day while them Injuns are here we shall be precious lucky. I reckon that the tremblin' of this pile of rocks has frightened every critter away from the place—I haven't even seen a bird since we came yesterday—and game will be so fur away that we shan't be able to go after it; an' if we had it here, we wouldn't daster build a fire to cook it. So you can see just what a fix we're in."

Nevertheless after they had sought a place of concealment further up the mountain side, and had seen the great company of Indians encamp upon the plains below them, Dan took his rifle and declared his intention of making a raid after food of some kind, and departed, despite the major's protestations.

Tom and his father spent the day in watching the maneuvers of the Miamis.

The Indian encampment was established about half a mile from the base of Devil Mountain and near the river; tepees were erected very rapidly, one party doing nothing all the forenoon but to cut poles and fir branches from the forest for that purpose,

It was evident that Ossinike proposed to conduct the whole exodus in truly primitive style, the arts of the hated white men being left behind by the Indians at their more peaceful settlements near Lake Huron.

There were but few women among the tribe that had journeyed to this deserted plain, and still fewer children. Altogether, the major and Tom decided, there were about three hundred of the Indians in the encampment—quite a goodly company, yet how miserably small compared with the great race which they sought to oppose under the direction of their insane leader!

"All those fellows can't be fools," the major declared, after examining the camp through a powerful field glass. "In some way they hope to profit by thus leaving their homes and journeying so far into the wilderness. Some, you notice, are dressed in the war dress of the tribe—just as you saw them the night they captured Jack, Tom, but by far the greater part are dressed in the cast off garments of their former neighbors."

"I wonder where Jack is," Tom responded thoughtfully.

"Oh, he is there somewhere, never fear," the major said cheerfully. "Our first work should be to let him know that we

are here. Then he will be on the lookout for an opportunity to escape."

"And the quicker we do that the better," Tom rejoined. "Just as soon as it is night, father, I want to go over there near the camp and scout around. Perhaps I can find out just where they are keeping him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," declared the major sharply. "Either Dan or I will do all the scouting there is done. It was all very well for you to go dodging about that smuggler's hiding place, but this is a very different matter, young man. Indians are not white men."

Tom felt rather aggrieved at this decision, but he thought that perhaps his father was right in the matter.

True, he *had* been successful in evading the Indians for the whole of one night while scouting about Manitoulin Bay, but he might not be so successful another time.

"What am I going to do—stay here in camp, or hang on to either your or Dan's coat tails?" he asked.

The major laughed.

"Don't get huffy, my boy. I tell you one thing we'd both best do while Dan is away. We ought to find some place that will afford us not only shelter, but, on a pinch, will serve as a place of defense. A cave or something of the kind is what we want.

"Suppose, now, that we separate and you go in one direction and I in another, and meet here again in three or four hours. Search this side of the mountain thoroughly, and, if possible, find some sort of a cavity in which we three, and perhaps Jack with us, can stand a long siege if need be."

Tom fell in with the plan at once and turned north along the mountain's base.

He took the greatest care in endeavoring to keep himself hidden from the Indians who were spread out on the plain before him, and, although he was certain that his movements were hidden behind the huge boulders, he was quite startled to see, after having traversed a distance of half a mile, a party of ten or a dozen of the Miamis leave the camp and rapidly approach the mountain.

Tom dodged back among the rocks to a spot which he decided was quite impregnable and awaited the Miamis' approach.

He had little fear that they had seen him, yet Indian Joe had possibly arrived at the camp and told of the presence of himself and his companions in the mountains. This party might be setting out in search of them.

On arriving at the mountain's base, however, the Indians turned towards the north as though intending to skirt the eminence rather than venture on its slopes.

Tom followed them for some distance, and finally decided, from their actions, that they were examining the great pile of rocks more out of curiosity than aught else. After a time one of the men turned back, and the others proceeded without him.

The main party had hardly disappeared, however, when the single Indian was joined by a figure which dodged out from behind a great boulder on the edge of the plain. Tom, who was an interested spectator of this, saw by the Indian's actions that he had been entirely unprepared for the meeting.

The new arrival was none other than Indian Joe, and, after the first moment of surprise on the Miami's part, he entered into an excited conversation with the half breed.

Tom saw that Indian Joe limped badly, and mentally decided that Dan Cheney *had* winged the fellow after all; where he had been all the previous night and thus far into the day, or why he had not gone to the encampment, were mysteries, however.

Judging from their gestures and tones, both the men were becoming rapidly enraged, and, knowing Indian Joe's temperament, Tom was almost confident that there was serious trouble brewing.

And this suspicion proved well founded. Indian Joe was working himself into a fearful rage, and at length something which his companion said to him seemed to be the final straw.

The half breed was unarmed, but he threw himself upon his companion with all the fury of a wild beast.

With a considerable effort the Miami, who was a tall, powerful man, threw him off; but Tom, from his position above the two angry men, saw something which glittered in Indian Joe's hand. Without the other being aware of the fact the treacherous half breed had drawn his companion's knife from its sheath.

With a parting expression of what Tom supposed to be contempt, the unsuspicious Miami turned his back upon his antagonist and walked away. He had not got ten feet, however, when the half breed, with a snarl of rage, sprang squarely upon his shoulders and bore him to the earth.

Three times he plunged the long knife blade into the Miami's back, and then springing to his feet again he limped hastily away, leaving his victim lying motionless where he had fallen!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT CEREMONY.

HAD Tom Peterson dared to do so he could hardly have saved the Miami's life, so quickly did the treacherous half breed spring upon his victim, and fearing that the other Indians might be back in search of their companion, the youth did not think it safe to even remain in the vicinity long enough to ascertain whether the man was dead or not.

Indian Joe had disappeared among the rocks to the northward, and not wishing to fall in with him, Tom turned back, and pressed up the mountain's side in a westerly direction, intent upon finding a hiding place for himself and his companions.

His course led him through a narrow ravine, out of which innumerable defiles led, most of them, upon examination, proving to be but "blind" openings.

At length, however, he found one that lead upward by a most tortuous path, to the table lands above. From this height he could easily overlook the entire Indian encampment, but he had to guard his movements well or his presence would have been discovered.

In his anxiety to avoid betraying himself to any watchful Indian on the plain below, he was forced, at times, to crawl upon his stomach from rock to rock.

Progress in this serpent-like manner was at best, but slow, and he was thankful when at length he reached two huge boulders, which stood close together just at the foot of the rise. Between these he crawled and had no sooner done so than he uttered a cry of surprise and satisfaction.

There, well hidden behind the boulders, was the mouth of a tunnel, which led downward into the very heart of the mountain.

For an instant he hesitated about entering; but remembering that they had seen no sign of wild beasts about the eminence, he decided that it was not likely to be a lair.

So, stooping almost double, he entered the passage, and by the faint light which came from a long crack overhead, explored the cavity for some fifty feet.

After traversing the tunnel thus far he discovered that it led to an almost circular apartment, lighted dimly from overhead, and both dry and sheltered.

At one side a tiny stream of water trickled out of the rock, rippled across the floor, and disappeared down a narrow shute at one side, It was an ideal place in which to withstand a siege, should that necessity occur.

"I reckon father won't find a better place," Tom thought, as he left the cavern and made his way southward along the foot of the declivity which rose steeply from the table land. "And now, if Dan only brings back some grub we can live like kings until we are able to communicate with Jack."

He arrived at the spot where they had camped the previous night, just after midday, and found his father already there. Dan Cheney, however, had not yet arrived, and the major decided that it would be best to await his return before making any further move in the matter.

He listened with some anxiety to his son's account of the crime committed by Indian Joe, for the murdered Indian would, of course, be missed by his friends, and the finding of his dead body would probably lead to a thorough search of the vicinity.

"I found nothing in the way of a retreat, Tom," the major remarked, "so it narrows itself down to your find, my boy. I am anxious for Dan to return, that we may go to it and thus be fortified against the Indians should they take it into their head to come up into the mountain."

But they were forced to postpone their departure until far into the afternoon, for not until then did Dan reappear, weighted down with a huge package of half cured venison, and almost dead with fatigue.

"There's been a party of the reds 'round at the back of the mountain all the afternoon," he said; "so I had to stay over there in the woods and part cure this stuff. If we can put it in a cool place I reckon it will keep, with what little smoking it got. I killed the deer 'bout an hour after I left you."

As soon as Dan heard about the treachery of Indian Joe and Tom's find on the table lands above them, he urged the retreat to the cave at once.

"No tellin' when them red demons will find out that their friend is missing, and they may be mad enough to forget their superstitious fear of the place and try scouting for the murderer. Them fellows I saw on t'other side of the mountain must have been the party Tom saw start out in that direction. They've reached camp by this time an' likely found that t'other one ain't come in.

"But they're not likely to hunt him up tonight. Now, Tom lead the way to this cave of yours and keep your eye peeled for that treacherous scamp, Joe."

Tom had little difficulty in guiding his companions to the mouth of the tunnel, for he had carefully noted its position, and the landmarks which surrounded it, earlier in the day.

"You've done well, Tom," Dan declared, with enthusiasm, examining the little crypt by the light of a lucifer. "We can have a fire here, for the smoke will escape so slowly that even Ossinike's folks with their sharp eyes, won't notice it."

"That is, we *could* have a fire," said Tom "if we had any fuel."

"We can get that," Dan responded cheerfully. "There are a few stunted trees just above us, and if I wasn't so terrifically tired, I'd go out and get some branches."

"What's the matter with my going?" suggested Tom.

"No, you don't," the major interposed. "You shan't go out at this time o' night to have that sneaking Indian Joe sticking a knife between your ribs."

"Guess you're right, major." Dan remarked. "Better chew a little 'jerked meat' and crawl in between your blankets, Tom. Let your father have the first watch, for *I'm* dead tired."

He lay down and was asleep almost immediately and Tom soon followed his example.

The three Americans were undisturbed during the entire night, but just before sunrise Dan, who had the last watch, aroused the others in some excitement.

"Crawl out here and take a squint down the valley," he said, leading the way to the mouth of the tunnel. "There's something going on, but what it is, is more than I can make out, it's so plaguy dark."

Major Peterson and Tom hurried to the opening between the two great boulders and peered down into the half darkness which shrouded the plain.

The eastern sky was fast becoming rosy with the dawn, but the peaks of Devil Mountain were yet untouched by the sun's rays, and objects in the valley between the two ranges were hardly discernible.

But although they could see so little, the Americans could distinguish the sound of many voices as though in low conversation. The noise was not near, yet it plainly reached their ears.

The morning was very still; the atmosphere was, in fact, oppressive, and perhaps noises penetrated farther than usual.

At length the sun shot up above the eastern mountain wall and on the instant all the weird, fantastic outlines of the upper cone of Devil Mountain were bathed in a blood red flood of light.

It was a wonderful transformation scene, and Tom's eyes were fastened upon it for several moments. When he again looked below the explanation of the sounds they had heard was apparent.

On the barren plain between the base of Devil Mountain and the river was gathered the whole company of the Miamis who, now that the sun had risen, stood in silent ranks facing the huge pile of granite in which they superstitiously believed dwelt the Spirit which guarded their tribe.

As they stood there in the dim light of the early dawn, their figures but half revealed to the onlookers, they were really a formidable company. The partial light hid their nondescript costumes and general hang-dog appearance, and had not the three Americans remembered these facts as actually existing they would not have failed to be impressed by the sight.

In solem silence the concourse stood while the sun mounted higher and higher above the screening mountain tops.

Then there appeared at the door of one of the larger tents in the encampment a party of ten or a dozen individuals who with slow and silent tread marched out upon the plain. When they reached the rear ranks of the assembled Miamis the crowd moved aside and allowed the new comers to pass through.

Major Peterson stepped softly back into the tunnel and quickly reappeared with his glass. This he brought to bear upon the proceedings and intently examined the small party of Miamis who had now passed entirely through the ranks of the assembly.

"The leader there is Ossinike," he said, speaking in a whisper as though he thought his voice might reach the ears of the assembled Miamis. "One of the others is Jack of course—see, the old man leads him out by the arm. Evidently he isn't entirely sure that the boy won't make a break. Now the old chap is going to pow-wow."

All but two of the smaller party fell back to join the first rank of their brethren and the taller of the two individuals began to address the crowd. The sound of his voice reached the three Americans, but what he said was inaudible.

They could see, however, as he warmed up to his subject, his arms waving like those of a windmill, and his tones rising to an excited shriek.

"Look at that old scarecrow," said Dan in disgust. "I'd like to pick him off. I believe I could do it, too, from here."

"What a bloodthirsty fellow you're getting to be," said Major Peterson. "Ossinike seems to be giving them quite a lecture. Wish I was near enough to hear what he is saying."

"I wish Jack would cut and run," replied Tom anxiously. "If he'd only make for the rocks I'd run down and meet him and bring him up here."

"But he doesn't know we're here and probably he doesn't think it a very cheerful prospect for escape," said the major. "Hello! what does this mean?"

This latter exclamation was caused by the sudden and marvelously orderly formation of the listening Indians into a solid phalanx of twenty or more men abreast, and, surrounded by the first rank or two of this suddenly formed battalion, Ossinike and his nephew approached the boulder strewn base of Devil Mountain.

Suddenly Tom, who had the glass, grasped his father's arm in excitement, exclaiming:

"See there! See that post they've set up there? What does it mean?"

The major and Dan Cheney, their eyes directed to a spot a little in advance of the moving column, were visibly astonished.

Near the foot of the rise a tall pole had been firmly planted, and about this post was heaped a great quantity of wood.

"What does that crazy headed fool propose to do?" gasped the major, almost betraying his presence to the Indians by springing out from the shelter of the boulders; but Dan held him back.

"Don't get rattled, major," said the boatman. "I don't reckon they'll do anything like *that*. Why should they? It's probably some nonsense of Ossinike's Let's wait and see what follows."

"Guess you're right, Dan," said the major, his sudden anxiety appeased. "They wouldn't be likely to bring the boy 'way up here to kill him."

Arriving within a few paces of the post, which had evidently been planted under cover of the darkness, the Indians spread

out into a half circle, leaving Ossinike, the individual the spectators supposed to be Jack Hardwick, and several others near the pole.

Then from the rear appeared four of the Miamis bearing an object on a stretcher.

This object appeared to have the form of a man, and of this the three Americans were quite certain when the stretcher was put down and the figure raised by the bearers and placed on its feet against the post.

"Good heavens! They're going to burn him!" gasped Tom in great excitement.

"Dan, we can't stand idle and see such a barbarous thing as *that* done," cried the major, turning to his friend.

"What can we do?" demanded Cheney. "Go out there and give ourselves away and spoil it all?"

The figure was bound to the post with great celerity, the wood heaped about it, and almost instantly the fire leaped up and wrapped the tall post in a mantle of flame!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HAND OF FLAME.

As the flames licked up the light wood that had been piled against the post, a great shout went up from the assembled Miamis.

For a moment there was some commotion among them, and then, to the great surprise of the startled spectators on the table lands, a figure darted out of their midst and sped away from the fire up the mountain side,

Tom covered the fleeing figure with his glass at once, and the next instant shouted:

"It's Jack! He's giving them the slip!"

It was indeed Jack Hardwick, the old chief's nephew, who had evidently seized what he thought a good opportunity to make his escape.

The attention of the three Americans on the height was at once drawn from the burning form at the post to the youth who was bending every sinew to his endeavor to escape from his captors.

Jack was remarkably fleet footed, but in ascending the mountain, he darted from side to side, as though expecting a volley of bullets to follow him.

The Indians, however, were several moments in discovering his escape, and then, led by old Ossinike, they pursued him with loud yells.

The leading Miamis had hardly reached the base of the declivity, however, when something occurred which stayed the whole band.

There was a sudden rumbling noise, which seemed to come from the very bowels of the mountain, and the huge mass of rocks quivered and shook as though in the terrific throes of creation!

A great yawning crack opened at the foot of the declivity, and ran in a zigzag line out upon the plain, separating the fleeing boy from his pursuers. Then the terrific jar of the earthquake threw him to the ground, but his friends in hiding on the mountain side braced themselves and watched the scene in terrified amazement.

The Indians were mowed down like grass by the heaving earth, and all, uttering wild shrieks of terror, remained upon their faces while the phenomenon lasted.

Truly, if there were aught needed to assure them of the presence of a supernatural power upon the mountain, this timely manifestation was all sufficient.

A fine, powdery dust, raised by the brisk wind which had suddenly sprung up, for a moment hid the scene, as the trembling subsided and the terrifying noises grew fainter.

When the cloud passed, the fugitive, so wonderfully assisted by the earthquake in his escape, had disappeared, and the Miamis were racing across the plain like a drove of frightened sheep. The fire had burned down as well, and all that was left was the tall, blackened pole and a heap of glowing cinders.

"Where's he gone, Tom?" exclaimed the major, when the commotion had subsided.

But Tom, even with his glass, was unable to discover the whereabouts of Jack Hardwick.

"It isn't possible that he could have fallen into that crack, eh?" suggested the major, with anxiety.

"Not likely," Dan responded promptly. "Any way, 'twouldn't have hurt him much if he had, very probably. There's lots of those same cracks on the other side of the mountain, and there's none of them more than four feet deep."

"But how will he know we're here?" demanded Tom, handing the glass to his father. "If we'd only signaled to him when he was running!"

"And given the whole thing away to those Injuns?" Dan exclaimed, in scorn. "Well, I guess not."

"If Jack had only known of our presence here, we could quickly join him and make our escape from the vicinity before the Miamis rally from their fright."

"But, as we can't do that," Dan responded, "we'd best lay low and wait till he comes across us. After this fright you may be sure that the Miamis won't come very near the mountain, and your friend will be safe as long as he remains upon it. That is," Dan added to himself, *sotto voce*, "if it wasn't for the danger of his meeting Indian Joe."

"Why can't we scout around and find him?" Tom suggested. "Surely we can discover him before he gets a chance to go around to the other side of the mountain."

Dan looked doubtful at this, but the major appeared to favor it.

"Perhaps the boy is right, Cheney," he said. "It would never do to let Jack get away from us as well as from Ossinike. He may go across the mountain and reach the forest on the other side, while we are mooning about this cave."

"Don't you believe it," the other returned promptly. "Ossinike will look out for that. See there."

He pointed as he spoke toward the Indian encampment near which the horde of stampeded Miamis had halted.

Evidently the old chief already had them partially under control again, for, with the cunning of a madman, he was sending off little parties to surround the mountain and thus cut off all retreat from it. The Indians were sent out in companies of five or six, and the anxious watchers on the mountain side counted fully forty of these companies.

"They'll patrol the territory pretty well," Dan said at length. "We're shut up here like rats in a box, and I reckon the youngster's right, major. Let's separate and see if we can find the boy. Once found, we'll find some way of slippin' through the fingers of them rascals."

First they ate their apology for a breakfast, and then, after agreeing on a code of signals in case of need, they separated at the mouth of the tunnel and departed in the several directions agreed upon, Tom turning toward the northern portion of the table land, and approaching the spot where he had seen Indian Joe's attack on the other Miami.

Naturally his progress was extremely slow, for ere he left the shelter of one boulder he made sure that his course to the next one could not be observed from the plain.

He could see two or three of the parties of Indians who were guarding the mountain, and it certainly appeared impossible for any one to escape from the eminence in daylight. After nightfall to guard the place successfully would be a harder matter.

The Indian women and children were very busy in the camp on the river's bank, and about midday most of them, and some of the men beside, bore the food they had been cooking to the several groups of sentinels about the mountain's base.

It was past two o'clock when all were served, and then the Miamis made a move which none of the Americans had expected.

Tom had by that time searched the ravine by which he had gained the table land on the day before, and every little defile which led out of it as well, but had found no trace of Jack Hardwick. Occasionally he glanced at the plain on which the Indians had made their camp, and about three o'clock was startled by seeing a file of nearly half a hundred Miamis leave the river bank and approach the base of the mountain.

As they came within the circle of huge boulders which guarded the foot of the declivity, the Indians spread out in a fan shaped figure and approached the mountain cautiously, examining every covert as they pressed on.

Their intention was too apparent to be mistaken. Recovering from the immediate fright caused by the wonderful display of the mountain's subterranean upheaval, they were about to thoroughly search the eminence for Jack Hardwick.

"Well, unless they have better luck than I have had, they won't bother Jack right off," Tom thought grimly, as he watched the vagabond crew advance slowly up the mountain side. "It won't do any good for me to stay here and get snapped up, however; I'd best made tracks for the cave. Unless they come on quicker than they are moving at present, they won't get far before dark.

"Seems io me this is a pretty foolish thing for them to do, any way, for there isn't light enough left for them to cover much ground today. Ossinike must be getting rattled."

But had Tom known all that went on in the Indian encampment he would have discovered that the old chieftain had really no great power over his people. The Miamis were a lawless, disreputable set who, to a great extent, had followed the old man for plunder and rapine, and cared very little for the establishment of the old rites and ceremonies of the tribe, and, for that matter, for the establishment of the old man's nephew as chief.

They lacked Ossinike's fear of the Spirit which ruled the mountain, as well, and despite his remonstrances had set out upon this expedition to find the fugitive. One of their number also had been missing since the previous day, and the older men of the tribe had become suspicious.

These things Tom of course did not know; but he did know when the searchers came across the dead body of the Miami, stricken down by Indian Joe's knife the day before.

The Indian who found it gave a shout which called all the others to him, and the search for the fugitive was not resumed under half an hour.

Unless they were far less sharp than he had every reason to believe them, Tom knew that the Indians would not fail to see that the murdered Miami had lain there over night, and that would at once lead them to suspect the presence of others beside Jack Hardwick on the mountain. Having made this discovery, the Miamis would doubtless make it even harder for any one to leave the vicinity by day or night.

Tom did not wait to see what the Miamis did with the body of their companion, but hastened up the ravine and climbed to the table land above as rapidly as possible.

Once there he crept from shelter to

shelter, and in a little over two hours arrived at the entrance to the tunnel in which his friends and himself had spent the previous night.

He could neither see nor hear anything of the Indians who were searching the lower slope of the mountain, but he doubted not that they were there, and that there was a possibility of their reaching the table land and discovering the cave before the rapidly approaching night shut down.

Before venturing into the tunnel he signaled as agreed upon, and received an answer from within.

His father had returned—unsuccessful in the search as Tom had been himself—but Dan Cheney still remained absent. The major and his son chewed a few bits of the half cooked venison in gloomy silence, and then the former spread his blanket and lay down to sleep, while Tom took his rifle and stationed himself at the tunnel's mouth again.

The sun had disappeared by this time, and the evening shadows were hurrying across the plain below and blotting out the forest on the opposite slopes.

A point of light appeared here and there in the heavens as the stars began to peep out, and the calls of the belated birds, flying to their homes in the forest, became less frequent.

The dozen or so Indians visible from his station, became, instead of human figures, huge shapeless masses of shadow, moving silently about as the sentinels were slowly drawn in around the base of the mountain.

Occasionally, also, Tom distinguished the flitting forms of those who were patrolling the lower slopes of the eminence, and as they still persevered up the declivity, it seemed almost impossible that the mouth of the tunnel would escape their scrutiny.

"If Dan would only come!" thought Tom, with almost a groan. "He could advise us what to do. Now, if the Indians *should* learn of our presence here, and besiege us, our forces would be separated and therefore weakened."

As he muttered these words he stepped out a little from the tunnel's mouth, and, still hidden by the deep shadow cast by the huge boulders, turned and looked along the serried and broken cliffs overhead.

Their bold outlines were but faintly visible now, for the night was coming on apace; but as he gazed a wonderful thing appeared upon the granite wall above him, and he cried out in alarm at the strange sight.

Some distance above the table land was a smooth piece of the cliff, outlined only by the lighter shadow about it. Suddenly, upon the surface of this wall of rock, a huge hand appeared—a hand of flame, which in an instant, flashed out of the surrounding obscurity, and appeared distinct, and unutterably terrifying, against the black background of the cliff. The blue flame, which outlined the ghostly hand, danced and flickered as though fanned by the breath of the wind; yet the night was very still.

The huge index finger pointed southward, away from the barren eminence, and from its commanding position on the wall, could be seen from every portion of the plain between the base of Devil Mountain and the river.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

THE blazing hand that had appeared so mysteriously upon the surface of the towering cliff was seen not alone by Tom Peterson. His own cry of surprise was drowned amid the sudden clamor which arose from the Indians below him.

Evidently the sight filled their superstitious minds with apprehension, for they could but attribute the flaming signal to a supernatural cause.

Their voices had hardly subsided, however, when a still further manifestation of the power which had exhibited the fiery hand was shown.

Lower down the mountain side another point of light appeared, which grew with marvelous rapidity into the form of still another hand, the first finger, as before, pointing away from Devil Mountain in the direction from which the Miamis had come.

Hardly had the weird flame outlined this index hand when another flashed into view upon a boulder in the vicinity, and Tom, whose eyes were closely fixed upon the point, could have sworn that the lines of the hand appeared as though drawn in graceful curves by some mysterious artist.

This suspicion was verified as still another of the flaming hands sprang into being on the smooth side of a boulder not a dozen rods away from his own position.

For a moment he could explain the mystery no better than could the Miamis; but he at least accredited it to human agencies, while to them it was absolute magic.

As hand after hand appeared upon the mountain side, flaming up brightly for a moment and then slowly fading away, a great cry arose from the fear stricken Indians and they stampeded from the spot, their dark forms flitting across the barren plain in rapid retreat toward their camp.

At the instant of the first noise of their departure, Tom, from his hiding place between the huge boulders, saw a dark form pass quickly across his line of vision, and the next instant the lines of a hand similar to the others, blazed forth from the very rock against which he leaned.

Determined to find an explanation of the mystery, the youth dropped his rifle

and sprang forward upon the individual, whose form was dimly outlined in the light of the flaming hand.

But although he caught the stranger unawares, his charge was not wholly successful. His antagonist uttered a low cry, and then, without further parley, turned and grappled with the young American.

Tom had seized the fellow about the waist, pinioning one arm to his side; but the stranger's other arm being free, he at once put it to good use, and encircling young Peterson's neck, he tried to force him backward over his bended knee.

But Tom was a practiced wrestler; the exercise had been a favorite one with Jack Hardwick and himself, and they were quite evenly matched; but in the present case the young American decided at once that he had met a foeman worthy of his metal.

Back and forth they staggered on the rock, finally reaching the piece of turf before the entrance of the cave. On this their feet had a better hold, and in quick succession Tom tried two or three feints and tricks which he had learned; but each effort was met with a skill that, to Tom's mind, was wonderful.

In the few seconds they had been struggling neither had uttered a word, but Tom had done some rapid thinking.

He might have called out and aroused his father, or signaled as agreed upon, and perhaps Dan Cheney would be within earshot; but in seizing his antagonist as he had about the waist, Tom discovered that the fellow was without weapons, and he was strongly opposed to summoning help when there was but one enemy.

Tom made several other discoveries, too, when he grasped his man, and one was that the fellow was dressed only in deerskin leggings and moccasins, and that the upper portion of his body was entirely bare. This being the case, the American at once put him down as an Indian; but *what* Indian was a mystery.

At first he thought it might be the half breed, Indian Joe. But this fellow seemed to be in full possession of the muscles of every limb, and Tom knew that Indian Joe had been recently wounded in the leg.

And still the wrestling match went on, each antagonist striving to gain an advantage over the other. They were bathed in perspiration and panting for breath as they staggered back and forth across the turf.

Once Tom was forced to his knees, but by an almost superhuman effort he recovered himself and strained to lift the other from his feet. But his foe seemed planted as firmly as one of the great boulders beside which their battle raged.

Time after time Tom tried the tricks that he had learned, but the silent stranger, who seemed to stand wholly on the defensive, always met them with a counter move. Then, as though by inspiration, a feint he had practiced some with Jack, came to him.

He gave way a little and allowed his man to press him closely; then his limbs stiffened, his muscles strained to their utmost, and he sought to break the other's hold and throw him on his back.

It was a trick Tom could have sworn none but himself and Jack knew, yet his antagonist seemed to be expecting it, and instead of being caught napping he undercut the American, and quicker than the latter could explain it, he was flung with stunning force upon his back.

At that instant there was the sound of hasty footsteps near at hand, and as the stranger turned to fly he was seized by a grasp too powerful for him to resist, while Dan Cheney's voice asked:

"What's the matter here? Who are you? Speak, or by the Lord Harry I'll choke every drop of wind out o' you!"

"Hold on, Dan," cried Tom, staggering to his feet, and at the sound of his voice the stranger uttered a startled cry.

"Is that Tom Peterson?" gasped the unknown, and at the words the young American rushed forward and flung both arms about his whilom antagonist.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! what a fool I was! Why didn't you speak?" he murmured.

"Great Scott, Tom, have you got him at last?" gasped Dan, releasing his captive.

"It's Jack! It's Jack!" Tom declared, rather deliriously.

"Yes, it is I—or what is left of me. Who's with you, Tom?" demanded his chum.

"Father and Dan Cheney—you don't know him, Jack——"

"Where is the major?" interrupted Dan, as calmly as though the finding of a fellow after a search of six weeks was a most common occurrence.

"In the cave, asleep."

"Then I'll wake him. The Injuns have lit out and we must do the same at once. Not a moment to lose if we want to get away from here before they rally."

Dan hurried into the tunnel the instant he had spoken. Every moment was precious and he fully realized it.

"How came you here, Tom?" Jack asked, as Cheney disappeared.

"We arrived before the Indians themselves did, and have been spying on them ever since. We saw you escape this morning when they burnt that poor creature at the stake. What a horrible thing——"

But here Jack interrupted him with a low chuckle.

"That wasn't a man, Tom," he said; "only a dummy. I'll tell you all about it later. I've been dodging about these rocks all day, and after they began to search the mountains for me I thought I'd give them a bit of a scare. My! but didn't they scatter?"

"How did you do it?" Tom inquired.

"I tell you, it startled me when I first saw it."

"It's as simple as can be. I had some matches; they got damp. Rub damp matches on any comparatively dry surface at night and you can get as many ghostly effects as you please."

"I see; and you had the fingers all pointing one way so that that rabble would take it as a warning to sneak, eh?"

"That's it, Tom. But how did you find your way here?"

"That's a long story, chum, and one that I'll postpone until later."

"And little Net?"

"Poor little Net was carried off by that villainous Ericson; but Dan swears he'll have her back."

"Poor little thing indeed," said Jack gravely. "She's in bad hands. I presume that by Ericson you mean the captain of that schooner?"

"Yes—and a bigger villain doesn't go unhung. But, Jack you're not half clothed. Where are your other things?"

"I'm lucky to get off in these togs," responded Jack grimly. "I had a wolf skin over my shoulders, but when I ran for it this morning I had to leave it behind. As it was, if it hadn't been for that fortunate earthquake, I should have got caught 'most likely. But that broke up even Ossinike, I reckon."

At that moment Dan, with the major, appeared at the tunnel's entrance bearing the blankets and what little food was remaining, with them.

"Jack, my boy, is it indeed you?" Major Peterson exclaimed, clasping the youth's hand. "You have arrived most opportunely, so Dan tells me."

"I guess Mr. Cheney is right," responded Jack. "Now is our chance to escape from the mountain before the effect of their fright quite leaves the rascals."

"Short stories now, gentlemen," interrupted Dan briskly. "Follow me and we'll put just as many miles as possible between us and this place before tomorrow morning."

He struck off down the hillside at once, picking his way carefully among the rocks and chasms, and guided more by instinct than by sight, led the retreat from Devil Mountain.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JACK TELLS HIS STORY.

Not a word was uttered by the quartette as they fled from the table land, pursuing a southerly course among the rocks and boulders to the edge of the great plain which surmounted the trembling mountain upon every side.

Then, according to Dan's whispered directions, they bent their bodies as much as possible, and in this stooping posture moved across the level toward the forest in which they hoped to find shelter for a time.

The Indians seemed to have entirely deserted the vicinity and fled to their encampment on the river bank.

Not a sound broke the stillness of the night, and unchallenged the little party made their way across the plain in the dim starlight. Two hours, or thereabouts, after leaving the tunnel they reached the edge of the forest and plunged within its friendly shadow.

"Let us find some spot in which to rest, Dan," said the major. "These boys must be half dead with both weariness and hunger."

"It's risky to stop here," declared the boatman, "but perhaps we can travel enough better to make up for it afterward."

He led the way to a little clump of firs through the thick branches of which the beams of the now rising moon could hardly penetrate, and all hands threw themselves upon the ground.

The package of smoked venison was produced, and Jack fell upon his share with a ravenous appetite, for he had eaten nothing for twenty four hours.

"Tell me how you followed and found me, major," he said, when his hunger was satisfied. "I could have shouted for joy when little Net told me that old Tom was scouting about that cabin. How did you get up there so quickly? Tell me everything from the time you were caught in that blow off the Ducks, Tom."

"Tell him, Tom, and if Dan and I think you need any help we'll put in our oars."

So Tom began the narrative, and never did story teller have a more interested listener than was Jack. With one of the blankets wrapped about his bared shoulders he leaned forward with his eyes upon Tom's face and drank in the story of how his friends, spurred on by their love of him, had persevered against all obstacles and at last had him safely with them once more.

He was visibly affected by this thought when Tom ceased speaking.

"I have never deserved such friends," he said brokenly, seizing a hand of both Major Peterson and his son. "You, major, have been like a father to me, and Tom, if ever I forget what *you* have been through for me for one instant I deserve to live and die like those ignorant savages from whom I have just escaped!

"I thank you, too, sir," he added, turning to Cheney; "I owe you all more than I can ever repay."

"We have none of us done more for you than you would have done for us, my boy," said the major. "I know your father's son well enough for that. But, Jack, tell us about yourself and all that has befallen you."

"First tell me, did you get my note by little Net?"

"Yes; but too late to act upon it before the Indians got to the cabin."

"And Tom says the child was carried

off by that fellow who led those villainous smugglers—for such I judged them to be!"

"Yes; but I'll get her yet!" interposed Dan fiercely.

"I am with you there, my friend," said Jack heartily. "I was greatly interested in the child, for she pitied me and did all she dared to make my lot easier. But for a very strong feeling of loyalty to the old woman and this Ericson, I believe that she would have found means of helping me to escape.

"After Tom had been kind to her, however, she was quite broken down—poor little wild thing that she was!—and agreed to carry my note to the boat. I did not know where Tom would be, so I impressed upon her mind the necessity of getting the letter out there.

"The old woman was killed, I believe, was she not?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," replied Tom. "We had no time even to bury her."

Jack wrapped the blanket about his half naked form, and, leaning back against the butt of a tree behind him, continued his story in a low voice:

"After Tom left me that afternoon, and before the Sylph was two miles out into the lake, I saw that there was trouble brewing, for the whole sky was overcast, and the wind began to howl among the trees on the island like a pack of fiends. I saw, then, that Tom had been caught foul by the gale and would not likely get back to camp until the storm blew itself out—perhaps not until morning.

"Nevertheless, I did not sleep much that night, and was prepared at any time to receive a half drowned boy and roll him in warm blankets," and Jack laughed a little.

"But, as you all know, Tom didn't come, nor did he come all that next day, nor the day following, and perhaps you can imagine my feelings. Of course I knew that there was a great probability of his having been picked up by some passing vessel—perhaps by a steamer bound for Chicago or Detroit—and in that case he might be a fortnight in getting back; yet, at times I could not help fearing that the Sylph, stanch boat though she was, might have been wrecked and Tom be lost.

"I had no means of leaving the island, or I should have done so, made my way to the mainland and telegraphed to you, major; but that was out of the question, and all I could do was to wait with what patience I could command.

"As I say, two entire days passed, and then, during the third night, while I lay wakeful and restless within the tent, a sound without aroused me, and on rising and going to the entrance I found the fire burning brightly and several men standing about it.

"At once, upon my appearance, they sprang upon me, and of course I was no match for them. They rolled me in a blanket, tied it about me as though I was a roast being made ready for the spit, and lugged me to the shore of the passage between the islands, where they threw me into their boat.

"I noticed that a short, thick set fellow—a half breed whom I afterwards heard called Indian Joe—was their leader, and under his direction they rowed me to the schooner which lay in the offing.

"Of course I didn't know that it was a schooner then; in fact, half smothered as I was by the folds of the blanket, I knew very little of what occurred. I only knew when they reached the vessel that they bore me at once into the cabin and into a small stateroom off that cabin.

"Here I was unbound, though a towel still muffled my lips, and I found old Ossinike and that rascally Ericson looking at me. I knew then that my capture was due to my uncle's instigation.

"After daylight I was wholly freed from my bonds. At the time I did not understand why I was gagged so long, but now I know that it was because Tom was aboard the schooner. After they had set him ashore, however, Ossinike removed my bonds with his own hands, and they gave me a good meal.

"Then he commenced to talk to me, and, against my will, even explained the nature of the uprising which he and several of the other visionary Miamis had planned, and how they were determined to establish me in the place once held by my grandfather as chief of the tribe. I could plainly see that Ossinike believed every word he said and that he thought that by some supernatural power his people would be able to triumph over the whites."

Jack stopped speaking for several moments and seemed to be musing upon what had passed during his captivity.

"I tell you what it is," he said at length, "I never before realized how much *Indian* there is in me. What he said fired my blood, and at times I almost forgot what was due my friends and myself, for he kept at me day and night, about leading the people.

"When I think it over," he pursued, hesitatingly, "what better am I than that half breed, Joe, for instance? I am a half breed, myself, and it certainly is not good to mix two bloods as they are in me. The result is that the most vicious traits of both nationalities are enhanced."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Tom indignantly.

"You say 'nonsense'; I say it is not. I tell you that there have been times—aye, many of them—during these past two months, when I have been upon the verge of agreeing to all my great uncle's requests, apostatizing all the beliefs and knowledge acquired during my life, and throwing myself body and soul into the old man's crazy schemes.

"You think me crazy myself to say such

a thing? Ah, it is only too true. Once an Indian, always an Indian. What better am I than other half breeds?"

"I will tell you what better you are," said Major Peterson sternly, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "Your mother was a full blooded Indian, it is true; but she came of a noble ancestry—her father was a *man* in every sense of the term—and she herself was an educated Christian woman. Your father—Tom Hardwick—was one of God's noblemen; a truer or braver man never lived, and when you, John, give voice to such words as those you have just uttered, you insult the memory of both your parents!"

Jack was deeply moved by his guardian's earnestness.

"You are right," he said contritely. "I will not again talk like that. At least I owe it to the memory of my father and mother not to admit the faults which may be mine."

"Spoken like your father's son!" said the major heartily. "Now go on with your story, my boy."

(*To be continued.*)

MY BLACK AND TAN.

I HAVE a dainty playmate, dear,
As is none other to me here
Of my own clan;
A brass girt collar decks his throat,
And shines like silk his glossy coat
Of black and tan.

Companion of my lonely walks
He trots beside me oft, he talks
As best he can.
Then, wild with sudden glee, will rush
And bark defiance at a thrush,
Hie! black and tan!

Across his puzzled brain there throng
Confused ideas of right and wrong;
He has no plan
Of conduct for his daily guide,
The god he worships dwells inside
His black and tan.

But should the world prove cold to me,
Or should my fellows eager be
My faults to scan,
One faithful heart, I know, would ache,
Were I with life for aye to break,
Ah! black and tan!

You're very human, little friend;
I wonder if perchance you end
Where I began?
Maybe I used to prance and bark,
And my complexion (save the mark!)
Was black and tan.

Maybe we're not so far apart;
Where is the point from which I start
To be a man?
Come, shake a paw, and let us think,
If we can find this missing link,
My black and tan.

M

MA'AM HALLECK'S BOY.

By E. M. Halliday

HE never did anything the rest of the boys did, because his mother wouldn't let him. When the other boys got a dory and went off for a day's fishing Luke always stayed at home.

When the rest of us went in bathing, Luke always stood on the shore. That was while he was a little fellow.

The other boys used to make fun of him for a coward, but after he had whipped two or three of them they stopped that.

The mothers of the other boys used to shake their heads and say: "Wait until Luke grows up, and then he will go off as his father did."

Nobody ever believed that Ma'am Halleck's husband had been drowned. He went off to the China seas, shipping from Boston, instead of from Falmouth, and nobody knew on what ship.

Usually when a Falmouth woman's husband went to sea and never came back people talked about the year he was "lost," but nobody ever mentioned Halleck.

One mean boy taunted Luke when he was a little fellow with having a runaway father, but the rest of us were all glad when Luke gave him a thrashing.

We boys never went to Ma'am Halleck's, and we couldn't have told whether it was because we weren't asked, or because we didn't want to go. We all liked Luke well enough, what we knew of him.

He was a strong, sturdy, handsome fellow, and his mother was as strict with him as she knew how to be. They lived in a little house up in the town, and Ma'am Halleck kept a little shop where she sold needles and thread and candy balls.

Girls used to buy her candy balls, but we boys never did. She had a way of looking at a boy that wasn't pleasant.

I know now that she must have been a mighty handsome woman in those days. She had red cheeks, and big black eyes, and hair with a crispy little wave in it.

She never smiled, and her thick black eyebrows were drawn together in a fierce kind of a frown. I used to look at my little pale mother and be glad she didn't look like Ma'am Halleck.

I don't believe Luke ever did anything he wanted to until he was fifteen years old, and was as big as a man; then one day he come down to the wharf and asked my uncle, David Green, if he didn't want to ship a cabin boy on the Pleasant Days.

Uncle David nearly always took out a Falmouth boy, and all of his sailors came from around home; which is about the best recommendation a captain can have.

"Does your mother know you're thinkin' of shippin', Luke?" Uncle David said.

"No she don't," replied Luke, sort of short.

"Now that ain't no way to do," Uncle David told him. "Here's your mother gettin' along, and wants a man about. You ought to stay home and take keer of her. She needs you a sight more than I do. I'm goin' to take Abram here along," giving me a tap on the shoulder.

"Take me too, Cap'n Green," Luke pleaded in an anxious kind of a voice. "I won't ever learn anything here at home. I can't even swim."

"Um—huh," Uncle David said. "What's all this water here fur, 'ceptin' fer boys to swim in. You ain't so tied to your mammy's apron strings as that, be you?"

"Yes, I am," Luke answered, and his eyebrows met exactly as his mother's did.

"Supposen now," Uncle David went on; "I ain't expectin' it to happen, but supposen now my ship was to sink away out on the Atlantic? How'd you git ashore if you can't swim? Abram here can swim, but he couldn't carry you."

But Luke wouldn't see any joke at all, and Uncle David stopped laughing.

"I'd like to take you along first rate, Luke. I knew your father when we were boys. I ain't seen him since before he married your ma. He was here and I was there, and we never happened to get home at the same times, but he was a good sailor, they tell me. I need an able bodied seaman, and I'd like to take you, but it's just out o' the question."

"Let me go as an able bodied seaman then," Luke said.

"You don't know a splice from a knot."

"I can learn."

"You'd better stay at home with your mammy."

Uncle David was staying at our house, and that night there was a knock at the door. It didn't sound like a woman's knock, but like the thud of a good big fist.

Father got up from the supper table. He'd come in late from fishing that day, and mother made us all wait until he got back.

She thought it didn't hurt us to go hungry for a little while, and it made it so much more cheerful for father than eating alone.

When father opened the door, a woman, wearing a red shawl that showed bright in the lamplight, stood there. We could see that it was Ma'am Halleck.

"Is David Green here?" she asked.

"I guess so," Uncle David said, coming forward. "How do you do, Mrs. Halleck? It's been a good many years since I saw you afore. Come in out of the wind."

"I want to know, David Green, if you are thinking of taking my boy to sea with you?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"That's all I want to know. Whether there was a man here mean enough to rob a widow of her only child," and she turned and went away before anybody could catch his breath.

"It's a shame somebody don't steal the cub long enough to teach him something," Uncle David said, as he sat down again.

Father screwed up the flame of the lamp to make it brighter.

"I wouldn't blame the boy for going anywhere. That woman is as hard as marlin spikes. She treated Halleck just as she treats the boy. Scold! scold! scold! He went off, and the boy will do the same thing. She cares for him, of course, but she don't show it. She never kept supper waitin', an' went hungry until nine o'clock of a chilly night," and father looked loving like at mother.

We didn't see anything of Luke for the two or three days before the Pleasant Days went out. All the other boys went down to say good by to me.

It was my first voyage, and mother was crying, and telling Uncle David that if he didn't treat me well, he needn't ever come back to her.

"I'll do it," Uncle David said. "He'll get the rope's end regular, whenever he needs it. I've got too much respect for your way o' fryin' fish, Mirandy, to mistreat any boy of yours."

There are a lot of bug-a-boo stories told about cruel sea captains, but none of them ever sailed out of Falmouth harbor. They were Falmouth men, and they had to deal with friends and relations, and they acted just about as they did when they were at home.

We'd been to sea twenty four hours, and as the fresh wind that had flung Ma'am Halleck's red shawl around that night had kept up its steady blowing, we had made first rate time.

It didn't seem much different to me, so far, from the fishing trips I used to take with father. I couldn't believe that it would be months before I would see home again.

Ligie Hurst, the first mate, came into Uncle David's end of the cabin with somebody behind him. I had chills down my back when I saw that it was Luke Halleck.

Uncle David looked up and went on chewing tobacco, just as usual.

"Stowaway!" Hurst said, pointing to Luke.

"What you got to say for yourself?" Uncle David asked.

"Nothing. I knew you had work to do. You can ship me on to another ship as soon as you reach a port. I'll work my way until then."

"What'll your mother say?"

"She ain't carin' for *anybody!*" Luke Halleck said.

"Don't talk that way!" Uncle David said, and then he turned to Hurst. "Give him something to eat, and let him wash decks."

And that was the last of it. I knew Uncle David didn't blame him.

Luke worked like a slave. He was crazy to learn everything. We were about the same age, and were together a good deal of the time when our work was done.

When we touched at Rio, there wasn't any question of Luke being sent to another ship.

He was a good deal bigger and stronger than I was, and learned faster how to climb, and to manage sails and ropes. Uncle David treated both of us exactly as he treated the rest of the sailors.

We went clean around Cape Horn, and came up to Valparaiso, and it was there that the queer thing happened.

We were glad enough to get into the beautiful harbor there, and off into the town. It was the first city that Luke and I had ever had the run of, and it wasn't half as curious at first as it would have been if we had had more experience. We were so green that we thought every city was just like this one.

We didn't know one word of Spanish, but Luke went into a book store and picked up some sort of a double book, with sentences in English and in Spanish side by side, and by holding that open most of the time and using our eyes, we managed to get along.

We had spent one day in the city, and were starting out for another, when we ran across a marine from an English man o' war that was lying in the harbor. It isn't very often that marines and sailors on tramp ships have anything to do with each other, but as Luke and I didn't know that, it didn't make any difference to us.

The marine seemed to be looking about as much as we were, and glad enough of English speaking company. I thought he told us some pretty tall tales, though.

Finally, down almost on the edge of the bay, we came across a long house, not very large.

"D'ye see th' smoke risin' from it?" the marine asked, in a mysterious whisper. "That's where they burn the yellow fever patients."

"Burn 'em?" Luke repeated.

"Yes! *Burn 'em!* There's always more or less yellow fever here, and when a man gets it, if he's a poor man particularly, they take him to the hospital. They *call* it a hospital. But"—the marine's voice fell almost to a whisper—"nobody ever comes out alive. They give 'em something to make 'em sleep, and then they *burn 'em!*"

"Stuff!" I exclaimed.

Nevertheless, after that we always noticed the mysterious hospital as we came by, and when the black smoke rolled out, we shuddered as we thought of some poor fellow being burned alive.

Luke used to clinch his big hard hands.

"I'd like to get at 'em," he said more than once.

"What would you do if you got the fever, and they took you in there?" I asked him.

"I'd fight!"

And I, remembering how he could lick anything at home, believed he'd have to be pretty sick, and they'd have to give him quieting medicines pretty quick to hold him there.

One night it was almost dark when we got down to the wharf to take our boat, joining the other men who had had a holiday. Just as we came along by the hospital a carriage drove up. We saw a man get out, and heard an awful noise.

Two other men climbed out of the carriage, having between them a man with something over his mouth.

He was struggling horribly.

I felt chills all over me. Here was one of the fever cases being taken in to be burnt up, and the man knew where he was going.

I stood still for a second, and then it seemed as though I must do *something*. But before I had half a chance to think what it would be, Luke was in the thick of things.

He jumped at those men, and one of them went down on the pavement like a stone, and the sick man was pulling with all his might away from the other.

In that rush I thought he was awfully strong for a sick man.

Luke blazed away again. "You heathen!" he cried.

But his arm was pushed aside. I sprang forward to help him, but the fever patient turned and hit Luke an awful crack.

It seemed an ungrateful thing to do, when the boy was trying to keep him from being burned up.

Luke went down like a shot, and lay there. Other men ran out of the hospital, and some of their foreign policemen came up, and before I knew it I was marched away, and the last I saw of Luke he was being carried insensible into the hospital.

I don't suppose any boy was as miserable as I was that night. I knew Uncle David would scour the city to hear of us the next day, and he might find me.

I had my doubts, though, about his being able to get me out. I had always heard that it was next to impossible to get a man out of a foreign prison.

As for Luke! Big fifteen year old that I was, I wanted to turn my face to the wall and cry.

If he got into that hospital he would surely take yellow fever, and then they would treat him as they did the other patients.

I got to sleep some time before morning, and along about ten 'o'clock my cell was opened and Uncle David, looking pretty severe, stood there with the guard,

"Well, what's all this?" he said.

I found out that the first people he had gone to were the police. I told him how it was, and I begged him to go at once and see about Luke, before they burned him.

"You young fool," my uncle said. "That is the city hospital for the insane! I hope they have put that young tornado in a strait jacket. The only surprising thing to me is that they didn't put you in as well.

"I don't know, though, but it might have been harder to get you out of there, than here. I want to tell you that this is your last holiday on shore, and your wages are going to be docked until your fines are paid. I'll teach you one lesson."

I was glad enough that that was all it was going to amount to.

The sun was hot as we went off towards the hospital, but I tell you the sunshine and the fresh air felt good!

We found Luke, after Uncle David, who could talk a little Spanish, had told how he had been the victim of the marine's practical joke,

He was lying up stairs on a narrow white bed, with his head bound up. He had been pretty badly hurt.

"It was a violent patient," the Spanish doctor said. "The young man was fortunate in not being killed—or more seriously hurt. We have a patient who came here many years ago, who had lost his memory from a wound upon the head. He also is a United States man. I will bring him." And off he started like a whirlwind.

Presently he came back, followed by a big man who had something sort of familiar about him. I couldn't say just what it was.

"He cannot speak English now," the doctor explained. "He is well except that he remembers nothing before the blow. He had to be taught to talk like a little child, only it was much harder work.

"These are compatriots, Jules," he added, at least that is what Uncle David always said the doctor said. I don't know Spanish myself.

It sounded odd to hear the doctor call that big fellow, Jules. He looked, except

that he wasn't so brown, just as though he was going out fishing from Falmouth that morning.

He stared at Uncle David and me, and we stared at him, Uncle David looked as though he was going to say something, and then he looked past us to the bed where Luke lay, all bandaged up and with his mother's big black eyes gazing at us.

The man's eyes went there too. He turned as pale as death. I thought seeing the bandages made them ill, but it wasn't that.

He looked back into Uncle David's eyes and then Uncle David got a little pale too, and there the two men stood staring at each other as though they were trying to see through each other's faces. Then the man looked back at Luke and opened his mouth to speak—and stopped as though the words choked him.

I believe we all felt what was coming. The man pointed to Luke, and seemed to struggle, and then he said in English: "Who is he?"

"He is your son, Luke Halleck," Uncle David answered.

But I don't believe the man heard him. The sound of the English words seemed to awaken him from a dream.

He put his hand to his head and stared wildly at Uncle David, and then he fell back on the floor in a kind of faint.

Uncle David sent me to the ship while he stayed to see how it came out.

Sure enough it was Luke's father. He had been hurt in Valparaiso. The blow had sort of deadened his memory, and all those years, about thirteen, he had lived in the hospital, never knowing who he was or where he came from.

He bore every appearance of being a Yankee sailor, but there was no proof of it. The asylum people had tried all sorts of experiments with him, and when the Spanish doctor saw us he thought we looked like him, and so brought him in to see us.

Well, when he came to, he knew Uncle David, and the first thing he asked of Luke was how his mother was.

When Luke confessed he had run away his father wanted to give him a rope's ending then and there; or he said he did.

"I suppose you thought your mother scolded. Let me tell you she never did half enough, if you ran away and left her alone!"

He and Luke together sat down and wrote her a long letter, and said they would be home on the Pleasant Days. Luke's head was better, and we took him on board and set sail.

Everything went all right until we were right on our own coast. Many vessels had sighted us, and we knew our folks knew that we were almost in, and were watching for us.

It was blowing a regular gale when we turned in the night before we expected to drop anchor, and Ligie Hurst, the mate, said he'd advise going out to sea a little further.

He never hesitated about giving Uncle David advice about anything, but Uncle David never took it. He might have this time, but you never saw anything so crazy to get home as those two Hallecks were. And Uncle David was just worked up enough to give in to them, and the consequence was it looked for a while as though none was ever going to get home,

The waves rolled us about like a plaything, and the wind whistled through the rigging, and then took to cracking things, and finally sent a mast overboard. The Pleasant Days was finally washed into her own harbor, while hundreds of anxious men and women, with sons and husbands and brothers on board, stood and watched her. Then lines were shot over our bows by the life savers.

The waves were rolling high, and it was considered impossible for a boat to live in them, but down through the crowd came Ma'am Halleck with her red scarf around her head.

"Men!" she cried (my mother's told me of it many a time) "My husband and my boy are out there, and I am going to them. Who will go with me?"

A regular cheer went up,

We saw them coming, and Luke and his father hung over the side. We hadn't a boat; they had all been washed away.

Well! I never expected to see Ma'am Halleck have hysterics, but she did—just about. I suppose she had kept up the strain just about as long as she could, and when she saw things were all right at last, and there was no need for her to keep up longer, she just went to pieces, so to speak.

I went back in her boat to my own mother, and as I got out, the last thing I heard Luke say was: "Mother, I ain't learnt to swim yet!"

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

CATCHING A DEVIL FISH.

ON the shores of California there are a good many curious sea creatures, among them the great mussels which the Chinese prize so much for their flesh and for their pearly shells. They are called abalones, and one often weighs five pounds. Two boys were out fishing for abalones the other day, when one saw a long, black serpent-like thing waving about in the water. He touched it, and before he could move, the strong, slimy black arm of an octopus was wrapped about him, pulling him in.

Before the octopus could get a better hold, the boy succeeded, after a great deal of hard fighting, in liberating himself. By this time his comrade was at his side, and the two endeavored to take the large fellow alive, but, after futile attempts to get some sacks around him, the monster scrambled over the rocks and made for the sea.

The boys went back to examine the cavity from which the octopus came. They wanted to ascertain what the devil fish had been eating, and as soon as the water was clear, saw at the bottom a large abalone. They endeavored to draw it out, but while fishing for the shell they struck another octopus, which became infuriated, and dangled his long, snake-like arms right and left in the air, and churned the water for several feet around. The boys were frightened and retreated.

When it had quieted they went at their work of capturing it very cautiously, and succeeded in landing the fish. They brought it to Pacific Grove, where it has excited much interest.

THE GROWTH OF THE TELEPHONE.

WHEN an invention is really necessary, really furthers the work of the world, it is bound to grow in efficiency. Men work at it doggedly, through seeming impossibilities.

On the 17th of March, 1876, the telephone patent was granted. Since that time there have been granted in the United States 770 patents relating to telephones, and 2,110 patents upon telephone appliances.

At the beginning of 1894 there were in the United States alone, in round numbers, 440,800 miles of telephone wire, of which 91,500 miles were underground; 552,700 telephones and 1,350 telephone exchanges; connected with these exchanges there were over 232,000 subscribers; the number of connections between the lines of these subscribers in a year reaches 600,000,000, and the telephone exchanges provide employment for 10,000 persons.

These facts speak for themselves, and depict more eloquently than could any amount of additional statement the immense influence exerted by "the still small voice" on society, business, and the people at large. Consider the time saved to each of these 232,000 persons by the 2,500 conversations forming his share of the 600,000,000.

THE WHITE HORSE OF BERKSHIRE.

ALMOST every part of England has some local tradition or curiosity which has grown up in the hundreds of years since its history was recorded, but there is nothing more interesting than the white horse of Berkshire and its "scouring."

The white horse is formed by an excavation in the side of a hill which covers two acres and represents, seen from a proper distance, a horse in the act of galloping. It is cut through the steep green hillside, into the white chalk cliff beneath.

Tradition says that the figure was carved to commemorate the victory of King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, afterward Alfred the Great, over the Danes at Ashdown in the year 871. On the hill above are the remains of an ancient encampment, consisting of eight acres surrounded by a rampart. The figure has been honored by a fête which is held every year, by the inhabitants of the country round about. It lasts two days and is called "The Scouring of the White Horse." The people meet for a general merry making and to clean out the trench which makes the drawing, and keep it white and fresh. There is no fête in England so curious and characteristic of peasant life as this.

DO WE EVER FORGET?

SOCRATES said that the memory was like a cage, and that every thought was like a bird let loose in it. Sometimes we could catch them readily, and sometimes we could not. The memory teachers say that they make a lot of separate little cages of our minds in which thoughts are classified. That any are lost, the philosophers will not agree. A poor servant girl in a German town was attacked by a violent fever. She was totally uneducated, but during the progress of the disease she became possessed—according to the priests—by a very polyglot devil. She kept repeating whole sentences of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Sheet after sheet of these ravings was taken down, but no one could discover their meaning. At length her physician determined to investigate her antecedents.

It was ascertained that, many years before, she had been employed by a learned ecclesiastic, whose habit it was to pace up and down, in a passage connecting with his kitchen, reading aloud his favorite books. The scattered phrases which penetrated to the servant's ears, were now reproduced by her and identified as quotations from the old, priest's pet authors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD READER, Pawtucket, R. I. The regular publication day of THE ARGOSY is the 15th of the month preceding date.

H. L. P., Philadelphia, Pa. The first chief justice of the supreme court of the United States was John Jay, whose term extended from 1789 to 1795.

T. J. L., Jersey City, N. J. According to recent measurements the tallest peak on the North American continent is Mount Logan, in Alaska, 19,500 feet high.

M. S. J., Portsmouth, N. H. The greatest marine disaster in history was the wrecking off Spithead of H. M. S. Royal George, 1782, when 600 lives were lost.

B. N. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. No, the lion is not the strongest of all beasts, albeit he is their king. In strength of limb the tiger excels him by several degrees.

APIARY, Kingston, N. Y. Rubbing the affected part with a blue bag, such as is used in the laundry, is said to be an excellent remedy for the sting of a bee.

C. E. Mac., Kansas City, Mo. There is no premium on the five cent piece with the letter V, too many of them having been struck off before the error was discovered.

T. B. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y. The banshee, in Irish legend, is a type of female fairy, whose appearance at a house was supposed to foretell the death of an inmate.

H. M. K., New York City. The center of population in the United States is now twenty miles east of Columbus, Indiana. In 1800 it was eighteen miles west of Baltimore.

F. B. S., Chillicothe, O. The largest passenger engine in the United States is run on the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railroad. It weighs sixty five tons.

J. H. B., Utica, N. Y. We still have on hand binders for the last five volumes of THE ARGOSY, price 60 cents each. When ordered by mail 12 cents additional must be inclosed for postage.

R. W. B., New York City. A good place to send juvenile papers, magazines, etc., when you have read them, is the Children's Aid Society, Fourth Avenue and Twenty second Street, in your city.

CRUSOE, Philadelphia, Pa. Lieut. Peary and party have been wintering at Bowdoin Bay. The sealing steamer Falcon is to carry supplies to them, and bring them back during the coming summer.

OLD READER, Brooklyn, N. Y. It would require too much space to explain the game of chess here. You will find it very thoroughly described in Marache's "Manual of Chess," published at 18 Ann Street, by Dick & Fitzgerald, and costing 50 cents.

E. H. F., Scranton, Pa. The name of the father of Ex-President Harrison was John Scott Harrison, himself the son of President William Henry Harrison. The family is not related to Carter Harrison, late mayor of Chicago.

CARIMOO, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Stars don't fall. What are popularly termed "falling stars" are aerolites or meteors. Look up the words in any large dictionary. 2. The original of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is situated in the north of Ireland.

F. H. C., Tremont, N. Y. Macadamized roads are so named from Mr. John Macadam, an Englishman, who, in 1819, published an account of how he had built a road out of clean flints, granite clippings, and stones broken to six ounces' weight.

UNDER AFRICA, Pittsburg, Pa. A subterranean stream large enough to be dignified with the name of river, exists in the District of Miers, Department of Lot, France. It has been navigated for two miles and presents a series of wonderful grottoes.

S. M., Philadelphia, Pa. We have no copies of the *Boys' World*, which was merged with THE ARGOSY in 1887. There were fourteen numbers of the paper issued, and the first story was the serial "The Knights of Steel" by the editor, Matthew White, Jr.

CHOIR BOY, Rochester, N. Y. The word Easter is derived indirectly from the Teutonic Ostara, meaning the goddess of dawn or spring. The earliest date on which this great festival of the church can fall is the 22d of March; the latest, the 25th of April.

CURIOUS, Boston, Mass. Some few years before Fulton's side wheel boat, the Clermont, made its famous trip up the Hudson, a trial of a boat with a screw propeller, the invention of John Fitch, was made on Collect Pond, New York City, the site now occupied by the Tombs prison.

SAILOR BOY, Hudson, N. Y. The distinguishing marks on the smokestacks of the big transatlantic liners are: American, black with white bands; Cunard, red with black top; North German Lloyd, cream colored; Hamburg-American, black; French line, red with black top; White Star, bluff with black top.

W. H. W., Chattanooga, Tenn. 1. Your question has been answered by the publication of "The Diamond Seekers." 2. The author named, being engaged in the railroad business, is not writing any stories at present. 3. It is possible that we may print a baseball serial in THE ARGOSY during the coming season.

A. B. C., Burlington, Ia. 1. As to how long a boy should read in a day, that depends entirely on the state of his health, the condition of his eyes, and the other demands on his time. 2. It was Pinckney, of South Carolina, who said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." 3. New York City has about forty daily papers.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

AMBER MINES.

ALTHOUGH amber is the gum of what is called a coniferous tree, that is, a tree bearing cones like the pine, it is now mined out of the earth, being found imbedded in a sort of blue clay, in Northern Prussia, near the Baltic Sea.

No one knows where these trees grew, or when, but the insects which are found imbedded in the amber tell us something.

There are over two thousand different varieties of these insects, many of which are entirely unknown today.

It is very interesting to see how some of them have changed, as for example, the common fly.

Much of the amber is found down under the sea, and the right to mine it is sold by the Prussian government, for about a quarter of a million dollars a year, and the amber miners take out about one million dollars' worth in that time.

SOME TRICKS OF LIGHTNING.

IT is not always the first shock of electricity in lightning which does so much damage. The discharge acts by induction upon all the conductors in the vicinity, and sometimes plays some very odd and curious tricks.

Not long ago a house was struck by lightning. In the house was a broad, polished, but unvarnished, table, covered by a piece of Turkish embroidery containing metallic threads. The induction current leaped from one metallic thread to another, and burned into the table the pattern of the embroidery, shaded in browns.

There is a story told, for whose truth we cannot vouch, that a flash of lightning came into a room, shocked all the inmates, and when it was gone, left a perfect silver plated cat on the sofa. The silver had been taken from the handle of a sword on the wall, and coated over the cat, to the most minute hair.

THE WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN the ship carrying the dynamite gun sailed for South America all the world waited to see the result. A *Cosmopolitan* correspondent with a vivid imagination wrote a story of what might happen with the new instruments of destruction. It is a story of a possible naval battle; a great iron clad armed with the new rapid fire batteries, opposed to a wooden ship with a dynamite gun.

At the supreme moment, the service of the ship went on mechanically. Every man did his duty, but the thoughts of all were concentrated upon the black tube at whose sights Jordan stood cool and collected, while the enormous shell, with its charge of five hundred pounds of dynamite, was hoisted into position. Slowly the shining brass cylinder moved into place, and the long projecting muzzle moved upward. Would the lever never fall? This was not war!

What chance had man against this fiendish product of chemistry, which could level mountains and scatter granite into dust! What endurance of courage or desperation could withstand the hailstorm of those relentless machine guns!

"Twenty four hundred yards!"

"Fire, Jordan!"

It was time. Scarcely had the ponderous shell left the muzzle, when the tube was pierced by a six pound rapid fire shot and rendered useless; a second carried away the sight, and a lucky shot from the long distance battery of the ironclad penetrated the coal protection bunkers, and in an instant the waist of the Pentheroy was enveloped in a dense mist of burning steam.

Jordan, oblivious of all about him, in drawing the lever, had stepped forward on the carriage block, to follow the flight of his shell. He watched the heavy mass shoot upward through the stream of shot and steel poured against it. One of its metal wings fell; but on it sped, unharmed, in the yellow sunlight.

It was descending sharply now, and the guns of the Meloban were silent. For half a second it disappeared in the wreaths of smoke, to reappear again as it plunged into the water, ten feet away from its target, fairly abreast of the boilers. Then the sky seemed to fall apart and the sea to be lifted from its bed.

Half stunned by the roar of the explosion, for a moment, Jordan could distinguish nothing. Then he saw that the side of the majestic ship had been crushed like an eggshell. A pillar of steam leaped from the rent, as the great billow of water entered the shattered side, and, rolling heavily, the Meloban slowly parted amidships and disappeared.

But the modern vessel was a wreck as well. When warfare means total annihilation for both parties, what country will dare resort to force? It is time to "ground arms!"

ICE FLAMES.

THERE is a sheet of water in Kansas which ought to be popular with skaters, as it furnishes illumination for the sport at night. Not long ago a small boy was skating on Doniphan Lake when he tripped and fell. Some parlor matches which were in his pocket were ignited and he found himself beside a hissing flame of gas. Curiosity seekers went immediately to the lake and a fire was started by piling some brush over a white spot in the ice, puncturing the ice, and touching a match to the fume. The entire lake was covered with spots, and they were opened and the gas burned out of them until it became work instead of play. The illumina-

tion was kept up until after dark, when the effect was better. It takes about a minute to burn the gas out of a spot as big round as a washtub.

The smaller the hole in the ice the longer it takes the gas to escape. The flame shoots up fully a foot, and looks exactly like gas coming out of a pipe with the burner removed. The gas has no smell, at least the investigating committee detected none.

It is claimed that it is a vegetable gas that is always found in newly formed lakes, and is caused by the decomposition of vegetable matter. It escapes without attracting attention as a usual thing, but is imprisoned when the water freezes.

RED SNOW.

THERE have been at various times in the history of the world curious falls of rain and snow, which in earlier days were regarded as omens of remarkable events about to take place.

In France in the fifteenth century there was a fall of red snow which sent the people into the churches praying, until it melted and ran away. But today any curious phenomenon is met with delight instead of fear, and instead of going into a church to pray, the people who see it go to a scientific laboratory to analyze and see what it is made of.

In Colorado, a few years ago, at the head of Cross Creek, some prospectors found red snow. It contained minute red insects. The Dr. Kane expedition to the Arctic regions found red and blue and green, and even black, snow, all coming from the color of the animalcules which it contained.

NATURE'S FAVORITES.

IT has often been a subject of wonder why Sheffield, in England, continues to keep the greatest cutlery works in the world against all competition. It will be found in looking at any trade that the great centers are clustered around localities where natural conditions exist for its development. The river Don, which flows by Sheffield, has a water peculiarly fitted for tempering steel.

The lime that is in it, with some other constituents, has been analyzed time and again, and attempts have been made to reproduce it in an artificial way, so as to secure the proper result, but with little avail. So it stands.

The German, with all his art and patience, can only take up the knife after it is tempered, and grind it, and in that the artisan of that country beats the world. It is said that no employee in a German house in this country carries a German pocket knife.

The matter of location has also much to do with Alabama iron, and in this respect it is the cheapness of production. The iron is not good for every purpose, and often other ores have to be brought and mixed with it, but standing alone it has the advantage of mountains of iron above, coal below and limestone near by to make it a favored spot, and to make it possible to manufacture iron cheaper than elsewhere in the world. The linen industry of Ireland is another case in point.

The cotton industry of Fall River, Massachusetts, holds its sway because it is located between a lake of fresh and a bay of salt water. This is not to say that excellent goods are not furnished elsewhere in all these branches. The linen industry seems to be the most handicapped. Good, yes, excellent cutlery is made in America; iron is produced everywhere, and the supremacy of Alabama is yielded to slowly; cotton mills have sprung up in many sections, but there is a certain amount of handicap in each industry difficult to overcome away from nature's favored locality.

WORK AND WEATHER.

Do you find it easier to work or study on a fair, bright day than on a dull or rainy one? If you do, it is not owing to the fact that you are peculiarily constituted, but because there is something in the atmospheric conditions that brings about dullness or alertness of mind, as the case may be. At least this is the theory of a Dr. T. D. Crathers, of Hartford, Connecticut, who, in a late number of *Science* tells of an insurance actuary who, in a certain state of the weather, is so liable to make errors in computation that he finds it advisable to suspend his labors till a more favorable season. Dr. Crathers solicits letters from people who know of similar experiences. His plan is to tabulate the facts after a sufficient number of them are collected, when he hopes some valuable results will be obtained.

In commenting on the foregoing, the New York *Tribune* advises its readers not only to take note of the looks of the sky, but also of the behavior of the barometer. It should be reported whether the barometer has been falling, and had become nearly steady, or had begun to rise. It does not matter so much how low or how high the mercury goes, as which way it moves, and whether it moves rapidly or slowly. As soon as a person begins to study barometric indications, he will perceive that there are two kinds of clear days; one with a low and nearly steady barometer, and light breezes or none, and the other with a rising barometer and northwesterly winds. The *Tribune* ventures the opinion that it will be only on the latter class of days that distinct exhilaration will be felt, while on the former kind of days any departure from the average working conditions will be toward impairment of energy, keenness, and accuracy.

With a falling or steadily low barometer, conducive to fog, dampness, and rain, the surface winds supply air which has been in contact with the earth for many miles, and is liable to be laden with a good deal of impurity. Such winds have more or less of an ascensional tendency. But when, after a depression, the barometer begins to rise, there is a descent from aloft, as well as the more conspicuous horizontal movement, and therefore the air is much purer as well as drier. Its electrical condition, too, is changed.

By careful analysis of the returns we ought to be able to discover the true cause of this variability in working conditions, and to plan our labors with reference thereto, calling to our aid, in the latter process, perhaps, a cheap aneroid and a weather chart showing the approach of "highs" and "lows."

QUALITIES THAT WIN.

AT HOME WITH WILD BEASTS.

We talk about human nature as though it were something distinct and peculiar; but animal trainers say that their pets have very much the same traits as children. They have loves and memories.

Mr. Mehrman, who manages the great group of animals—tigers, leopards, lions, bears, and dogs—that act and play together at Hagenbeck's, tells some very interesting things about them. He takes them when they are about fifteen months old, and first teaches them not to be afraid of him, but to know that he is always there to give them what they want; the rest is easy.

Philadelphia, who trained the lion that rode horseback, has gone back to Germany because his lion became unmanageable, and would not act any longer.

"The man was to blame," Mehrman said in his broken English. "A child, now, you always tease him, you never say, 'It is good!' Presently he not care whether he do his task or not. So with the lion! Philadelphia think, 'Oh—I tease the big fellow, I stir him up.' The ladies they *shiver!* They say, 'So brave!' But the lion he do not like it. He tear Philadelphia."

So Mr. Philadelphia has gone, and another man has the lion.

One of the Hagenbeck trainers lately went over to Bridgeport, where the Barnum circus has its winter quarters, and went into the elephant house. There were two elephants that had been in his care in Hamburg twelve years ago.

"Baby!" he called, as he entered, and the largest elephant began to trumpet, and they all gathered about him, trumpeting with joy, and trying to touch him with their trunks, giving every evidence of a loving welcome to an old friend.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

Professor John Tyndall, who died in England not long ago, ranked as the first scientist in the world. He said that he was made to study by a chance word.

When a young man he was intended for the ministry. He had a great taste for mathematics, and joined the Irish Ordnance Survey, and became a surveyor. One day one of his superior officers asked him what he did during the five hours' leisure time he had daily. Young Tyndall admitted that he took it easy and did nothing in particular.

"Why don't you study?" was urged. "I only wish some one had given me this advice when I was a boy. Here I am, in a subordinate position, because my youth was wasted. With five hours a day spent in study you can master any subject."

From that day, with the exception of a brief period, to the time of his death, Tyndall did nothing but study, study, study.

He had an eminently practical mind, and saw everything so clearly that he was able to put it into simple language. This made him very popular with the masses.

One old man said, going over an article of his: "It sounds so foolish you wonder why you never knew it anyhow."

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

There is a great deal of maudlin sentiment put into books, and which passes muster for moral teaching, about the man who rises and never forgets his early companions, but comes back and devotes his time and money to them. The fact is, if a man under ordinary circumstances does not rise in the world, it is for lack of the essential qualities in himself. Nobody ever had any worse "luck" than some of the men who have achieved the highest success. Difficulties only spurred them on. A man who has energy, honesty, self respect and ability, owes a debt to the unfortunate, but he is under no sort of obligation to the thriftless.

Jacob Tome, the Philadelphia millionaire, was once a hostler. He was a very clever man, who never neglected an opportunity. One day in his later life, a man who had been a fellow hostler in Tome's early years, and who had never risen above that, approached him for the loan of two hundred and fifty dollars. He was informed that he could have it upon producing proper security.

This demand for security incensed Mr. Tome's hostler friend, who, turning to him, said: "Why, dang it, Jake, weren't you and I hostlers together?" and received the reply: "Yes, and you're a hostler still."

ONE WAY TO OVERCOME A BAD HABIT.,

Buffon, the naturalist, said that he was indebted to his habit of early rising for ten or a dozen of his volumes. He hated to get up in the morning, but he realized that he was dozing away the freshest of his ideas, and conquered his sluggishness.

"In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six.

"The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to con-

fess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats.

"The day following he employed force, and I begged for indulgence. I bid him begone; I stormed; but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day by the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after."

A PHILOSOPHER.

THERE is no use in dwelling upon the inevitable. If a thing cannot be changed there is but one sensible course to take: forget it.

Napoleon, in the course of his Italian campaign, made prisoners of a Hungarian battalion. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting, by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, etc., concluding by saying that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa. "You must be old," said Napoleon. "Yes; I am either sixty or seventy," was the reply.

"Why, colonel," remarked the Corsican, "you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years a little more closely?"

"General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them."

A FLEET CAPTURED BY CAVALRY.

THERE is a curious incident in French history which has seldom been recorded. We hear a great deal of the Reign of Terror in France because it was a terrible and picturesque epoch; but little is popularly known of the armies of half a million men, led by Generals Roche, Pichegru, and Joudan, that went out to protect the frontier. These generals were sent forth with instructions that they were to win or die. Defeat was not to be thought of. Through the snows of winter, they made their way, many towns capitulating upon their approach.

General Pichegru advanced into Amsterdam, shouting: "The French Republic forever!" The Dutch fleet was ice bound in the Zuyder Zee, the harbor of Amsterdam, and the French general rode out upon the ice with his companies of cavalry and compelled it to surrender!

Probably this was the only time in the history of the world that ships were captured by soldiers on horseback. The government of Holland collapsed and the country was annexed to France.

Had Napoleon been a Dutchman the story would have had a very different ending. Upon one occasion when he saw his adversaries strongly intrenched upon ice, he sent a few well directed cannon shots, which plowed up the ice and drowned the soldiers. A few shots from the ships would have finished the Frenchmen.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

JUST after the battle of Waterloo an English clergyman died, and in his will left five hundred pounds to the bravest man in England.

The Duke of Wellington was consulted as to whom this man should be. He said: "The success of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the closing of the gates of Hougomont. These gates were closed in a most courageous manner, by Sir James Macdonnel. To him belongs the money."

Sir James replied: "I cannot claim all the credit. My sergeant John Graham closed the gates."

So the battle of Waterloo depended upon one sergeant, and his fame was a legacy of five hundred pounds!

AN INSTRUMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was not a man of principle, but he was a man of discrimination and observation and through cultivating these he has left a name behind him, and an impress upon the world such as millions of good men never made. It was the case of the one talent being put to account. He appreciated plants of all sorts, and was eager that other people should understand their good qualities.

Three hundred years have passed since he lived in Ireland, in the County of Cork, on the vast estate which had been bestowed upon him; but the yellow wall flowers which he brought to Ireland from the Azores still flourish in the very spot where he planted them.

Near by, at Youghal, near Cork, on the shores of the Blackwater estuary, stands the Affane cherry which he planted. Some cedars which he brought to Cork are still growing at a place called Tivoli. Four yew trees, whose branches have grown and interlaced into a sort of summer house, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his garden at Youghal.

Raleigh tried to make tobacco grow in Great Britain, but the climate was not found suitable to it. He succeeded, however, by introducing the habit of smoking it, in making it grow in plenty of other places.

More important to the world than the spot where Raleigh sat and smoked his Indian weed is another spot in his garden at Myrtle Grove, in this same Youghal. This spot is still bounded by the town wall of the thirteenth century. It was there that Raleigh first planted a curious tuber brought from America, which throve vastly better than his tobacco plants did.

This tuber Raleigh insisted was good to eat, though common report for a long time pronounced it poisonous. Some roots from his vines he gave to other land owners in Munster. They cultivated them and spread them abroad from year to year.

This plant was the Irish potato. Before many generations it became the staple food of the Irish people—almost the only food of a great many of them.

It was the "Irish potato" which came back to America and became the groundwork, so to speak, of the American farmer's and workingman's daily breakfast and dinner. Sir Walter's curious experiment in acclimatization became an economic step of the very first consequence; and the spot at Youghal, which was its scene, deserves marking with a monument much more than do the places where the blood of men has been shed in battle.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

THE MOON HOAX.

THERE have been many literary hoaxes, but the most successful one in this country, and one which had a far reaching effect, inasmuch as it was the first great introduction which the New York *Sun* received to the world, was what is known as the Moon Hoax.

It was in 1835, and Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, was at the Cape of Good Hope making observations. The *Sun* was only a penny paper, with a young Englishman named Locke for an editor. He conceived the idea of writing a piece of fiction which should be interesting and astonishing and yet bear every semblance of truth. The Edinburgh *Scientific Journal* was then publishing the reports of the marvelous discoveries being made by Herschel, and the *Sun* story was supposed to be a copy from the advance sheets of the supplement of this journal. It told of a great telescope which Herschel was using, which brought the moon seemingly within eight miles of the earth, and it gave a clear account of this telescope and its marvelous discoveries. It told of mountains and plains with curious animals and plants, and great creatures like men with the wings of bats.

Journalists everywhere were deceived and indignant that a penny sheet should have got ahead of them. One of the New York papers said that they had received a copy of the supplement but did not care to print it. Many quoted the article, giving the *Sun* no credit, but leaving the inference that they also owned a copy of the famous supplement. M. Arago in the French Academy asked the French government to send a deputation to confer with Herschel.

The hoax was discovered by Professor Jones, of Georgetown College, who saw the inaccuracies in the descriptions of the telescope. And of course it was only a few days before the bubble burst. Locke was never forgiven for having made a laughing stock of a whole world.

THE "TIMBER CRUISER."

THE "Timber Cruiser" is the man who searches out timber lands in the great Northwest. He has all the woodman ways of the Indian and the trapper, and is usually the first outrunner of civilization. He must have a wonderful memory, and when he comes in from a two months "cruise" be able to locate all the hemlock timber in a hundred square miles.

He undertakes the most arduous journeys without providing more than a blanket and a few days' provisions; he confronts all kinds of dangers, mindful of their inconvenience, but fearing them not, because he studies nature on a commercial basis. In brief, he is a true philosopher; always prepared for the unexpected; happy, because ignorant of the relative values of comfort and discomfort, and brave, because he is an egotist who believes thoroughly in his own abilities.

His is the task of locating the land scrip that capitalists and large corporations have purchased from the government. He precedes the woodsman, the axe, and the saw, just as the post trader precedes the teacher and the preacher. He is to the advancing lumberman what the Don Cossack is to the Russian hosts.

The location of a choice tract of timber is a secret to be guarded with his life. Weeks, even months, may intervene before the lands can be "taken up" and entered upon the records at Washington. The pathless forest is his home, solitude his companion, and, like his brother on the "multitudinous seas," he often dies alone, and his unburied body becomes part of the elements of nature he so intimately courts. He is new to literature, unknown to song and story.

AN UPSIDE DOWN PEOPLE.

THE Chinese live on the other side of the earth, and it appears as though they not only walked on their heads, from our point of view, but did everything else the wrong way.

Old men fly kites, while children look on. The seat of honor is on the left hand, and to keep one's hat on is a sign of respect. We drink our wine cold and our tea hot; they drink their wine hot and their tea cold. Their mourning color is white. Their family names are spoken first, and John Smith in China would be Smith John. Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats and satin boots, and go on a night attack with fans and lanterns, being more afraid of the dark than of the enemy. Children sit in school with their backs to the teacher and study aloud. In the opinion of a Chinaman the understanding is in the stomach.

The principal article of furniture in the house of a well to do Chinaman is a camphor wood coffin. They always burn their fireworks in the day time.

If you offend a Chinaman he will kill himself upon your doorstep instead of killing you.

In the temples of Confucius there are no priests. Each man comes and worships the deity in his own way. Some of his proverbs are: "Worship as though the Deity was present," "Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things," and, curiously enough, Confucius wrote, "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

Even in the golden rule the Chinaman went backward.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

Too much cannot be said against practical joking of any kind. It is stupid and cruel, to find laughter in the mortification or injury of

another. The recent hazing tragedy at one of the Eastern colleges recalls a hazing joke which ended as fatally, and gave rise to a famous expression.

Some students in a medical college had a trick of hazing every new man who entered. They would bind him hand and foot, and carry him before a tribunal, and there try him for some crime. He would be convicted, and sentenced to the block to have his head cut off.

A student named William Patterson came along, who was put through this ordeal. He was led into a room where a masked executioner stood, and his head placed on the block. The headsman lifted his axe, and brought it down nowhere near his head; but when they went to lift Billy Patterson he was dead. He had died of fright. The question then came up: "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

AN IRISH LEGEND OF ST. PETER.

A STUDENT of Ireland has been writing for a London journal a series of papers upon Irish characteristics. He tells an old Irish legend which gives a conspicuous example of unconscious Irish humor, and is a curious instance of the decidedly easy familiarity with which religious ideas are treated by legends of this class.

Our Lord, walking with St. Peter, asks for admittance into a peasant's hut for the night, where they are most hospitably received. When leaving the next morning, St. Peter, with that forwardness of initiative of which the Gospels give so many instances, urges his Master to reward the peasant's hospitality.

"I think not. It is better as it is," was the reply.

"It's a shame for you," says St. Peter, "you *must* do something for him;" an admirable dramatic touch, showing how well the impulsive character of St. Peter is understood, and how thoroughly it has been realized by the common people.

Whereupon our Lord gives way, and tells his entertainer to look in a certain place, where he will find a hidden treasure.

The next year our Lord and St. Peter return to the same spot, and find a grand castle in the place of the hut. They ask for a night's lodging, announcing that they are travelers who received it a year ago; but the powdered footman comes back with a sharp refusal, saying the place is no hotel, and slams the door in their faces. Whereupon, after a brief silence, says our Lord to St. Peter, "I told you so!"

THE HIGHLAND PAGANS.

AWAY in the remote Highlands of Scotland, where not even Mr. William Black, the novelist, has ever penetrated, there is yearly observed what is called the Beltein. The ancient Gaelic god was Bel, and this yearly festival is in his honor.

The Highlanders may go to church all the rest of the year, but they remember the old heathen god of the tribes when his festival comes around. On that day the inhabitants of a number of villages take all sorts of provisions and meet at a certain hill top. They take up square patches of turf and build an altar upon which they make a fire. They throw into a kettle, eggs and butter and honey, and when it is hot, they each fill a vessel and pour it around them on the ground, calling upon the invisible spirits.

They then take out curious cakes of oatmeal baked into a semblance of nine knots. They stand with their backs to the fire, and throw the knots in succession over their left shoulders, crying: "To thee, for preserving my horse. To thee, for preserving my wife." This done they burn cakes to the evil spirits, and when it is all over, they go amicably home, after eating all the provisions left.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

EVERYBODY has been amused by hearing that the Blarney Stone which was exhibited at the World's Fair was a paving stone dug from the streets of Chicago and slipped into a case from Ireland.

"Kissing the Blarney Stone" is an old saying for cultivating a flattering speech, and the ruined old Blarney Castle in Ireland where the original stone remains, is visited by thousands every year.

The stone is said to be endowed with the property of communicating to the tongue which comes in contact with it, the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, with soft talk of all sorts, which is known as "blarney." There might be many more people with the "gift," were it quite determined which is the blarney stone. The legend goes that the stone was brought to Ireland by a Phœnician colony, and that the inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage made use of its powers. Some adventurers stole the stone, and being driven into Cork harbor, hid their treasure in the groves of Blarney, whence it was taken to be used in the tower of Blarney Castle. There is an old song written by Richard Alfred Milliken in 1798:

> "There is a stone there
> That whosoever kisses,
> Oh, he never misses.
> Don't hope to hinder him,
> Or to bewilder him;
> Sure he's a pilgrim,
> From the Blarney Stone."

The stone used to be supposed to be one built into the wall, about twenty feet from the top, but so many people risked their necks trying to reach it, that the guides changed their minds about that being the charmed stone, and pointed out one only a few feet below the window. Tourists then crawled out of the window, and while the guide held their legs, stooped over and kissed the magic block.

But the Jeffreys family, to whom the castle belonged, took it out and put it beyond reach on the top of the turret. A crazy man came along one day and pushed it off to the ground, on striking which it broke into three pieces.

Cormack MacCarthy built Blarney Castle in the fifteenth century, and his descendant, Cormack McDermot MacCarthy, who made Carew the laughing stock of England in 1602 by putting him off with witty promises to leave the Spaniards and join England, was the man who first talked "blarney."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

A BIG SUCCESS.

THE ARGOSY magazine has gone with a rush all along the line. The new form was hailed with acclamation. One dealer who took 500 of the April number, sold them out at once and ordered 200 more. Another who had been disposing of 4 copies of the weekly edition, sold 20 of the monthly, and made his standing order 50. And so it goes, all over the country. The subscriptions, too, have been pouring in with unexampled rapidity. The monthly issue is a great go.

THE SCOPE OF THE ARGOSY.

THE ideal we have set for THE ARGOSY is a high one. There is no young people's magazine in the world with the scope that this one has. The union of good, spirited fiction, with a choice assortment of general literature, illustrated superbly and presented in artistic shape, is a new departure in the world of periodical literature that marks a distinct era in publishing.

THE ONLY WAY.

IT is true that every great civilization has fallen not by the inroads of enemies alone, but by a moral decay in the country itself. There is only one way to be great, and that is to be good : to be pure.

This is not spoken from the standpoint of religion, but from common sense. If a man be made to see that when he does a thing he knows is wrong ; is untruthful, dishonest, cowardly, ungenerous, he is putting not only the seeds of disease into his mind, but into his successful career in life, this world would be a better place.

INDEX FOR VOLUME SEVENTEEN.

THE index for Vol. XVII of THE ARGOSY is now ready, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp. This is the last volume in weekly form, and contains the thirty numbers from August 16, 1893, to March 24, 1894.

BOUND VOLUME SEVENTEEN.

THIS handsome book is now ready. It contains serial stories by Alger, Foster, Youmans, Optic, Moffat, White, Putnam, Browne, Davidson, and others ; short stories galore by writers skilled in the concoction of these difficult pieces of literature ; together with special articles on a great variety of subjects, all appealing with peculiar directness to young people with inquiring minds and endowed with a love for boyish sports and manly pastimes.

The price of this attractive volume, comprising over 400 pages, is $1.50, postage 30 cents extra.

A FORTUNATE FIND.

SINCE our last issue , in which we announced that Vols. I, II, IV were out of print, we have discovered some stray sets which we have had rebound, and now offer for sale at $5 each. This is the last opportunity to secure these early numbers, and for those desiring to own complete files of THE ARGOSY is a chance that should not be passed by.

Each of the three volumes contains the numbers for a year, and a wealth of serial stories by all the favorite writers. The price is remarkably low for such rare books.

As they are too bulky to go by mail, express charges are to be paid by receiver on delivery.

A NOVEL SPORT FOR COLLEGE BOYS.

WHILE the game of football can in no sense be called sublime, it certainly seems a step in the direction of the ridiculous for college students to turn from the sphere of pigskin to the wooden top. That is what some of the boys at Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have been doing this spring, and it has even been suggested that intercollegiate top spinning contests may become a sporting feature of the year at the above named institutions of learning.

Perhaps, though, the young men are only playing a deeper game, and in taking up with a childish pastime are seeking to show the faculties, by the power of contrast, the manly side of football.

THE OTHER HALF OF GENIUS.

THE quality that sets the great man apart from his fellows is energy, coupled with invincible determination. This can do everything that can be done in the world. and no talents or opportunities will make a man without it.

Look at the greatest *self made men* that have lived: The discoverer Columbus was a weaver; Franklin was a printer; Burns a plowman; De Foe was a shoemaker's boy, and afterward a cabin boy; Virgil was a Roman baker's lad, and Hogarth an engraver's apprentice; Sir Richard Arkwright was a barber; Sir Humphrey Davy was a

a currier's apprentice; even Shakspere himself was poor and a menial.

What is it besides "energy," genius, and "invincible determination," that enabled these men to turn their genius to account? Books do not write themselves nor can a new world be discovered without taking a journey to look for it.

OUR PUBLICATION DAY.

WHILE MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is issued on the first day of the month for which it bears date, THE ARGOSY is put on sale two weeks previous to that period. That is to say, the June number will be ready the middle of May. By this arrangement those who take both MUNSEY'S and THE ARGOSY will receive a magazine once a fortnight.

A CALL FOR BACK NUMBERS.

So great has been the demand for bound volumes of THE ARGOSY that the publishers are in danger of losing their own private files. In order to keep these full, we now offer a year's subscription to any one who will send us, in good condition, the numbers of Vol. XI (Nos. 417–442); also the same for the issues of Vol. XII (Nos. 443–455). The sets must be complete and in a good state of preservation, or they will be of no use to us.

COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

WE allow 20 per cent commission to those who wish to act as our agents in securing subscriptions for THE ARGOSY. But no one will be recognized as an agent until he has sent in five subscriptions, when he will be credited with one dollar.

A NOBLE LIFE.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS, who recently died in Philadelphia, was one of America's self made men, of whom the country had every reason to be proud.

Somebody said once that a self made man was a good deal like a house built by a carpenter who had never learned a trade: it lacked finish. But this could not be said of Mr. Childs. He began life as a poor boy, without education, or any resources whatever save his own pluck and perseverance. He early avowed his purpose of owning a great newspaper, and when it was possible to purchase the *Ledger* at a comparatively small price, he took it, and made of it a journal whose honesty in every department was unquestioned.

Mr. Childs, by his cultivated mind, his fine manners, his generous heart, made himself the honored and beloved guest of the great and noble in every country he visited. When he died he was educating over six hundred young girls to be self supporting, and there were thousands of men and women who owed their start upon profitable and honorable careers, to his care, advice, and financial help.

When he passed away busy men, men who were moving the nation, the government, the financial world, put down their work to do his memory honor. Every class felt that a friend was gone.

He left his great fortune in the hands of his wife, who had always been his friend and adviser in all of his work.

THE ARGOSY'S FUTURE.

TEN cents a month for a magazine such as THE ARGOSY has become, is very little money, and with economy the order of the day, "money talks" in a way that the originator of the phrase did not have in mind when he invented it. In its monthly form THE ARGOSY not only presents a rich array of serial stories, of illustrations, of departments, and miscellaneous reading, but presents it in a shape that is in every way worthy of preservation, and the publishers are determined that each month shall show an advance on the one preceeding.

Undoubted merit and low price—are not these the harbingers of a future for THE ARGOSY rich in boundless possibilities.

ALREADY DOUBLED ON ITS FORMER CIRCULATION.

As we go to press with this issue dealers are reordering on the April number with a persistency that has already carried our circulation to a figure double that reached in weekly form. The boys everywhere are delighted with the change, and when they see the further improvements, such as an added form of illustrations, presented in this number, they are certain to become more enthusiastic than ever. And, as elsewhere stated, it is our aim to constantly give our readers agreeable surprises of this nature.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE NOBILITY.

Do not despise any honest work. There is a great deal of false pride in the world. The idea has gone abroad that in England a man who is known to be engaged in trade can never climb very high on the ladder that leads to social distinction and the truest fame.

But here is the Earl of Rosebery, who has just stepped into Gladstone's shoes and become in consequence the most renowned man in Great Britain—recognized as the biggest milk dealer in London. To be sure, he went into the business on a grand scale at the start, and did not grow up in it, neither does his name appear on the wagons, but he does not seek to conceal his connection with the traffic; and for the matter of that there is Lord Rayleigh, also in the milk line, and with the fact set forth in all the glory of paint on all his carts.

STAMP COLLECTING.

OWING to the immense number of varieties of postage stamps now issued, or being issued, by the various governments, and the great expense attached to making anything like a complete collection of them, many collectors are turning their attention to the stamps of one country, or group of countries.

This doubtless enables one to make a much better showing in his chosen field than if he divide his attention, but the young collector will probably obtain more pleasure, and certainly will gain more information, from making his collection a general one.

Nearly every country has some common varieties, and with the great number of countries and principalities now issuing stamps, the collector will not find it difficult, or very expensive, to collect hundreds, from every part of the world.

The modern collector runs little risk from counterfeit stamps. There was a time when these were quite numerous, but nowadays they are rarely seen. None but the scarce varieties will pay to counterfeit, and these imitations are seldom good enough to deceive even a novice. Of course if people buy stamps without examining them, they may expect to be swindled now and then.

The best way to do, is to examine every stamp very carefully before purchasing, and if it is a rare specimen and you are not confident of your ability to distinguish between genuine and counterfeit, either submit it to the judgment of some friend who is an expert in stamps, or *don't buy it.* If you do get cheated any time, make it your rule never to buy a second stamp from the person who has once sold you a counterfeit.

Perhaps the most interesting of recent issues, is that of Hawaii. Since the deposition of the queen, the provisional government has made use of the old designs, indicating the change of government by surcharging.

The new stamps, are thus described in the *Hawaiian Star:*

The one cent stamp is oblong in shape and orange in color. In the center is the new Hawaiian coat of arms, which is like the old one, except that the crown is absent and eight stars take the place of two ancient taboo sticks. The legends "Hawaii" above, and "One Cent" below, engraved upon scrolls, complete the design.

The two cent stamp, of the sepia shade of brown, contains a fine engraving of Honolulu harbor, with the sky and mountains in the background. This stamp is also oblong. "Hawaii," in white letters, and "Two Cents," in the same, fill the space sabove and below—spaces which make a square about the view like a frame. On each side is the word "Postage."

The five cent stamp has a groundwork of carmine red. A horseshoe shaped scroll arches half the surface, and contains the words "Hawaiian Islands Postage." In the lower corners are two numerals 5. The middle of the stamp contains a picture of the Kamehameha statue, set amidst tropical foliage.

The ten cent stamp is very striking. It is of vivid green in color, and a big, white five pointed star stands in the center with palm trees waving about it. Below is a scroll with "Hawaii," and below that, under a fancy turn of dashes, is the denomination mark.

The twenty five cent stamp is colored blue. A fine medallion of President Dole is at the right as the design is looked at, and from behind it, inclining toward the left is an Hawaiian flag, beyond and under which is a distant view of palms. An anchor under the medallion and the mark 25c. in a small square in the lower left hand corner and "Hawaii, 1893," above, complete the design. The only faults are the likeness of the flag to the British colors, the stripes not being well brought out, and the 1893 on an 1894 issue.

Rather a novel suggestion was made recently by a reader of THE ARGOSY, in reference to designs for the U. S. postage stamps. It has always been customary to print portraits of famous men on our stamps, but, as doubtless the reader has noticed, no living man is thus honored. The suggestion mentioned is this: Have all the stamps of the same design, and have that design the portrait of the President of the United States.

This would allow a change every four years, unless, of course, the president should be elected for a second term. This method would mark each epoch in our country's political history, and would give the people of every quarter of the globe an opportunity to see the face of the presiding officer of the world's greatest republic. Of course, as now, the different values would be plainly discernible, and printed in different colors.

The most valuable collection of postage stamps in France is considered worth from $500,000 to a million, and is owned by M. Von Ferrary. This "Prince of Philatelists," as he is called, is a wealthy man, and has been an enthusiastic stamp collector for many years.

M. Von Ferrary employs two secretaries (one of whom is a prominent Parisian stamp dealer) to assist him in his correspondence and stamp purchasing.

Quite a number of countries are using, or have used, the figures of indigenous members of the animal kingdom, in their designs for stamps. Among these may be mentioned: New South Wales, represented by the kangaroo, emu, and lyre bird; Japan, by the peacock; Western Australia, by the swan; New Foundland, by the dog, seal, and codfish; Canada, by the beaver; Liberia, by the elephant and rhinoceros; Peru, by the llama; Guatemala, by the quetzal; Borneo, by the crocodile; and Perak, one of the divisions of the Straits Settlements, by the tiger.