THE ARGOSY

ISSUED MONTHLY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

VOL. XX. APRIL, 1896. No. 1.

The Argosy [v20 #1, April 1895] (Frank A. Munsey & Company, 112pp, 6½" x 9¼")
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Suddenly Jock stooped and took the clever little animal into his hand

See story, "The Other Ferret," page 91.

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A REGIMENT ON DUTY

How the famous Seventh answered the call for active service in Brooklyn—What a national guardsman must expect when he exchanges the drill hall for the field.

By Private K. J. Adams

FEW of the members of the Seventh Regiment had any idea, when they sat down to breakfast on Sunday, January 20, 1895, that their next morning meal would be eaten under very different circumstances.

It had seemed almost out of the question that we should be called out to quell the Brooklyn trolley riots. Had not the opportunity for active service at Buffalo been denied us? It was too bad that all the other regiments should have their share of work and we be left at home.

So, when the summons did come, late Sunday night, it was responded to with an alacrity that was surprising. Each sergeant

Car in Company D's Quarters, Ridgewood.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

and corporal had his squad to notify and assemble, and the incidents attendant upon this gathering of the men would have been amusing had not the seriousness of the occasion robbed them of humor.

The immense audience in the Metropolitan Opera House, listening to the Sunday night concerts of the famous foreign singers, was intensely excited, when, during the intermission, it was announced from the stage that Quartermaster Sergeant Fisher, of the Seventh Regiment, who was supposed to be in the house, was ordered to report at once at the armory for active service.

From all parts of the city and surrounding suburbs they came hurrying in. Telegrams were sent to those out of town, and by one o'clock eight hundred of the members had reported for duty

Fatigue uniforms, overcoats, and leggings were donned, blankets and ponchos (rubber blankets with a hole in the center) distributed, and the men were advised to get as much sleep as possible. Those who could secure chairs or tables were fortunate, the floor being the portion of their less favored comrades. The officers were provided with cots.

These accommodations were palatial, however, compared with those provided for us later.

At four o'clock reveille was sounded, rousing every one to a state of bustling activity. Haversacks and canteens were given out by the quartermaster sergeants of each company, as well as mess kits of knife, fork, spoon, tin cup, and plate.

Interior of a Car Used as Quarters.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

The roll of "assembly" echoed through the huge building an hour later, when the companies were formed in their respective positions on the main floor, where twenty rounds of ball cartridges were served out to each man.

At 5:15 on the morning of January 21, the Seventh Regiment marched out of their armory under orders for active service, for the first time in twenty years.

The gray coated soldiers filed up the stairs of the Elevated Railroad, filling train

Major Abrams, Commanding Ridgewood Detachment, and Staff.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

after train to overflowing. Down to the City Hall and over the bridge we went, taking the Elevated again on the Brooklyn side as far as Halsey Street, where the regiment disembarked and marched to the Halsey Street car stables.

Here the regimental headquarters was established, and Companies A, C, F, H, and K, under command of Major Kipp, were stationed.

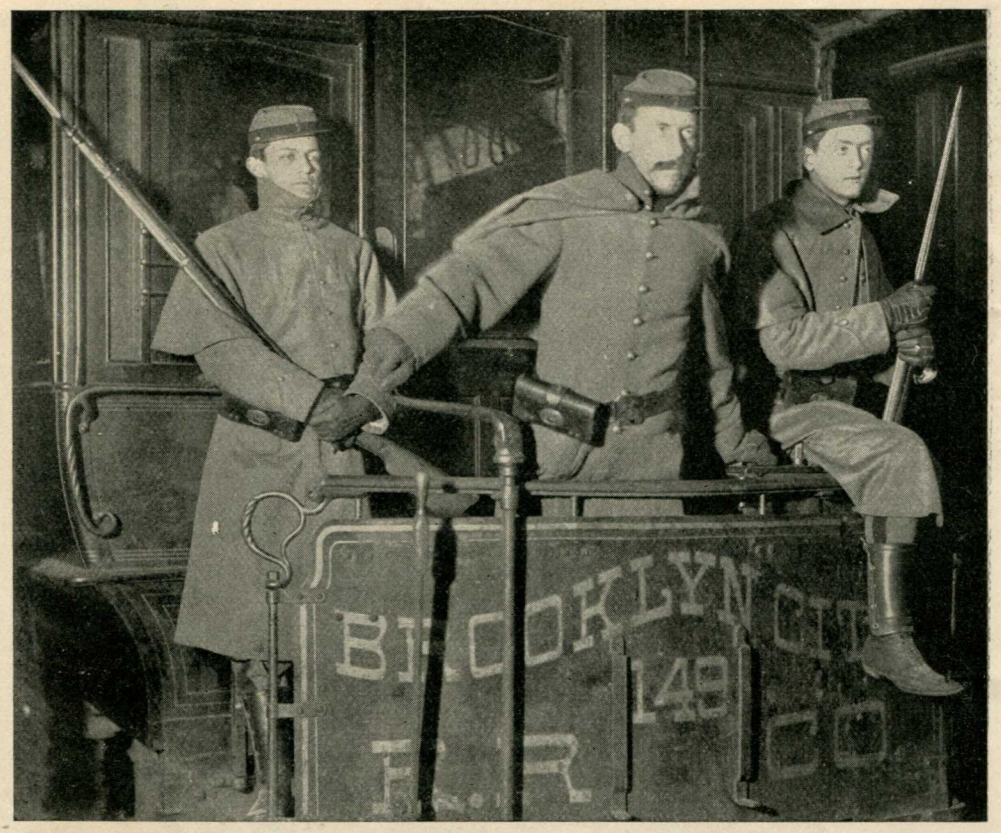
The Alabama Avenue stables were in need of a guard, so Companies E and I, under command of Captain Rhoads, marched over there at once and established themselves as comfortably as possible.

One of the stations most in need of protection was the power house and stables at Ridgewood. Here the motive power for many of the trolley lines was generated, thus making it a particularly favorable point for the strikers to seriously cripple the railroad companies by cutting wires and injuring machinery. Companies B, D, and G, under Major Abrams, were detailed for the purpose of guarding this important post.

Forming a street riot column, taking up the thoroughfare from curb to curb, they marched a mile and a half through jeering crowds to their quarters. The streets were full of slush and many of the men were without overshoes.

To add to our discomfort it began to rain hard, wetting our overcoats through. We were very thankful to reach the stables, where we speedily established ourselves in the empty cars standing in the sheds.

Company D were fortunate in having the repair shop for their quarters. Captain Fisk found it was steam heated and quickly secured it for his men. No sooner were they inside than a rush was made for the eight empty cars waiting to be repaired. One of these was reserved for the captain, Lieut. Mazet, Lieut. Clark, and 1st Sergeant Towle. The other cars accommodat-



Guarding a Car.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

ed eight men each, so that some of the unlucky ones had to sleep on the floor.

We had some breakfast before leaving the armory, but by noon were frightfully hungry from the exercise we had undergone.

Hot coffee and sandwiches were served out, and men who were usually satisfied only with Delmonico fare ate corned beef and dry bread and drank coffee out of tin cups with the utmost relish.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a car was run out of the stables—the first since the strikers began hostilities. A detail from each company was left to guard the quarters and the others were posted in every street a block away from the stables with strict instructions to let no one pass.

The car was run down Myrtle Avenue surrounded by a strong guard. The crowd was very threatening, jeering and hurling stones, thus making a free use of the bayonet and butt necessary.

One or two shots were fired over the heads of the mob. The men doing guard duty in the streets near the stables suffered from the snow and icy water in which they were compelled to stand, and to this was added the annoyance of more rain. About nine o'clock the last car was back from the ferry, and guard was relieved by the night picket squad.

Never were men more thankful than these to get to a dry, warm spot. Plenty of hot coffee, sandwiches, canned roast beef, canned corned beef, tongue, canned baked beans, and a big box of hard boiled eggs made life seem worth living again. Quickly spreading our ponchos on the floor and putting our folded blankets over them, we crowded between the folds, and drawing our overcoats over the top rested our heads on our haversacks and went to sleep.

Reveille at 5:45 the next morning roused us from our unwonted couches. Cramped, lame, and sore we tumbled up to answer roll call.

This preliminary over, every man promptly made a break for the sink to perform his morning ablutions.

There being but one faucet and one sink for one hundred and seven men, it was a case of first come first served. Soap was scarce and towels almost unknown. A bunch of clean cotton waste filched from the supply box of the shop was a luxury. Breakfast was served to us, or rather we were served to breakfast, in the large boiler room of the power house.

Each company entered the room in single file, passing round a table where they were served with hot coffee or bouillon, bread

Guarding the Halsey Street Stables.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Commissary Department at Alabama Avenue.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

and butter, and canned corned beef. My ! how we did eat and what a jolly crowd, laughing, talking, and munching, all at the same time ! During the week the food became better, steaks and chops taking the place of the canned meat, and potatoes being added to the bill of fare, as well as canned fruit. Sergeant White and his able corps of cooks achieved the acme of their success, when, on the following Sunday, they gave us roast turkey and mince pie for dinner.

On Tuesday afternoon we went on picket duty again until 7 p.m. in the same positions as on the previous day

The strikers' headquarters were quite near one of our picket lines, and there were a few men disposed to be unruly.

In the main, however, the mob was respectful, and only in one or two cases were individuals violent.

About seven o'clock all the pickets were withdrawn, with the exception of the sentries on night guard, Major Abrams refusing to needlessly expose the men to bricks and stones thrown from the housetops.

Taps were sounded at nine thirty, and all men were required to be in their quarters and in bed.

The weather was extremely cold, the wind making the quarters very draughty, and the squads detailed for guard duty sleeping near the doors suffered a good deal.

Each member of the squad was on duty two and off four hours during the night, thus making the tours of duty comparatively easy.

The men filed in for breakfast at about seven o'clock the next morning, and attacked the corned beef hash, coffee, and bread and butter with vigorous appetite.

At roll call a squad of eight men was detailed for police guard.

Their duty was to clean up the quarters, put everything in order, wash the mess kits, and put the quarters in the neatest possible condition previous to inspection, about 11 a.m., by Captain Valentine, surgeon of the battalion.

If the quarters were not properly policed the corporal of the guard was at once notified by the inspector.

About eight o'clock the companies were formed and detailed for picket duty along Myrtle Avenue, at intervals of one hundred feet to prevent disorder during the running of the cars.

The men were ordered to keep everybody moving along their posts, and to allow no loitering. No conversation was permitted with citizens, and all windows were ordered to be kept closed.

If the command to close the window was not immediately complied with, the men were ordered to fire at the window.

The strict enforcement of this order resulted in a number of shots being fired during the day, but the argument of cold lead was productive of much good as it brought to the people a realizing sense that the soldiers were there on a serious errand.

The necessity of keeping the windows closed was best understood when a brick, dropped from a third story window, just grazed your head and shivered on the pavement. By the time one had a chance to look up, the cowardly thrower of the missile had dodged back beyond the reach of a bullet, leaving you in a state of uncertainty as to when to expect the next visitation.

This line of duty was followed out for several succeeding days. The quarters took more and more the aspect and discipline of a military camp.

Reveille was sounded at 5:45 a. m., followed immediately by roll call. Breakfast at seven to eight, dinner twelve to one, supper at six, tattoo at nine o'clock, and taps at nine thirty.

Experience had taught the men to arrange the cars for sleeping quarters, in what was, under the circumstances, rather luxurious style.

The board signs from the tops of the cars were laid across the seats, on them being placed the sections of the grating from the floor, two sections reaching from side to side. Upon these were placed the rubber ponchos, and on top of all were put the blankets folded once. Fixed in this manner, each car held very comfortably eight men. During the day the gratings were removed from one end of the car, leaving the other end as a lounging place.

The gratings were not of a yielding nature, and our sides were somewhat corrugated in the morning, but at all events it was a big improvement on the hard floor, and those who did not occupy cars were quite envious of their comrades who did.

On Sunday, about eleven o'clock, there was a company inspection, the men presenting the best appearance possible considering the hardships they had undergone. Many had a week's growth of beard, but despite this fact, or maybe because of it, they looked very soldierly.

In the afternoon many friends and relations of members of the battalion visited the quarters and expressed great surprise at the neatness and order of the camp, and a large crowd of visitors watched the men at supper, and were astonished at the ease and facility with which the commissary took care of its four hundred hungry invaders.

At reveille on Monday morning, January 20, the welcome order of Colonel Appleton directing his men to prepare to leave Ridgewood was read. This news was greeted with cheers, and the camp was at once a scene of bustling activity.

At eight o'clock the battalion marched out of its quarters to the Elevated station, having been relieved by the Forty Seventh Regiment.

Back over the Bridge to the City Hall Park we went, and a happier set of men never crossed that noble structure.

All the way up Fifth Avenue the regiment was greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs.

Reaching the armory at eleven o'clock, the men turned in their campaign outfits, and after a brief speech from the captain, were dismissed.

Nearly every man made a bee line for a bath tub, a luxury which for eight days had been conspicuous by its absence.

A MARVELOUS DELIVERANCE.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

HERON LAKE in northern Maine is the finest skating pond in the United States, and the settlers and trappers who live along its edges would put to shame many professional skaters in a ten mile run across the smooth ice. When the winter comes down from the broad belt of Canadian woods just north of the lake, and closes up the river St. John, the placid water of every pond shimmers like glass in its icy coating.

A few bubbling springs at the source of the streams keep the ice from forming there, and the moose, wild deer, bear, and wolves come down to these isolated spots to quench their thirst on cold days.

At the head of Heron Lake, sheltered by a wooded bluff, Jack Long found an open pool which the coldest weather could not freeze over, and here he spread out innumerable traps for beaver, fox, sable, wolf, bear, moose, or anything of value that might stray that way for water.

It was a long distance from his rude shanty on the upper bend of Long Lake, but with a pair of skates and strong legs he could make the journey in good time. The trip always paid him, for while the other traps might be empty, one or more of those near the pool always had something securely caught.

Jack was only nineteen, but a good trapper and a thorough backwoodsman, acquainted with all of the nice points of his craft.

He was, however, boy enough not to fall entirely into the old ruts of those around him, and he was not averse to entering into the spirit of modern improvements. So one day he manufactured a large sail, which when he was going with the wind on his skates, would enable him to increase his speed without any exertion on his part. When attached to his sled the sail would waft a small load of skins along very easily.

The old trappers called it a "boyish prank," and looked upon Jack as a mere youngster to indulge in such childish playthings. But Jack got more pleasure out of his simple invention than any one imagined, and on several occasions he gave others a lift when the wind was in his favor, so that the trappers began to look with more favor upon his "toy."

It was in the winter of 1889 that the sail saved Jack's life, and after that one trapper after another overcame prejudice enough to ask the boy to make a similar one for him. Today nearly every skater on Long or Heron Lake has a sail outfit to help him in his daily trips on the ice.

The incident was so strange, and so much more like fiction than truth, that it is best told in Jack's own modest way.

"There ain't much to it that's very interestin', unless a feller likes to hear of adventure, an' danger, an' that sort of thing. I don't claim any glory in it, fur I didn't do anything myself. I was so scared that I guess I must have been led by a spirit. I'd never thought of the thing myself alone —couldn't nohow.

"I went down to the traps up at the head of Heron Lake late one afternoon in Febr'ary, but I didn't calculate that it would take me so long. The wind was dead against me, an' I jest folded up the sail an' tied it to the sled. The farther I went the harder the wind howled down the lake. I could hardly skate against it, an' I would have turned back if I hadn't thought of the fast trip I would make goin' the other way when I got to the traps.

"Well, I managed to get to the pool finally all out of wind. It was dusk then, an' I could see several dark objects on the ice near the traps. I thought I had plenty of furs. But when I got there the furs were chiefly alive.

"A pack of a dozen wolves were surrounding my traps, tearing to pieces the last prisoner that had been caught. They were snapping and snarling savagely, an' I did not venture too close. There ain't much danger from wolves in the daytime up in these woods, but it's jest as well to make yourself scarce at night.

"It was gettin' dark by this time, an' I decided to retreat. The wolves hadn't discovered me, an' so I untied my sail, an' got it ready for use.

"I was nearly fixed to start when two or three of them came bounding over the ice toward me. The sudden patter of their feet upset my peace of mind, but I had enough sense left to shoot twice at the leaders.

"I am generally a good shot, an' two of the fellers dropped over and kicked their feet into the air. While the others pounced upon them I unfolded the sail and spread it out to the breeze, abandoning my sled at the same time.

"It took no time for the wind to fill the sail, an' I had all I could do to keep myself from tumbling over. The sail pulled and jerked, and soon hurried me along at a terrific gait. I carried a long pole to steady myself. But the wolves were already after me, and gaining. I could hear the tip tap of their feet upon the ice.

"I knew, however, that as soon as the full effect of the wind was felt by the sail no living creature could catch me.

"It was not really a race for life. In a few minutes I was gliding along so swiftly that my pursuers were distanced, I could not look around without losing my balance, but their snarls and pattering grew less and less distinct.

"I was that tickled at the success of my invention that I shouted aloud at the growling fiends behind me.

"I think they must have been half a mile in the rear, but still pursuing, when I heard a noise directly ahead of me. It was the long drawn out cry of a wolf, followed by several others.

"The sound appeared to come from the middle of the lake.

"This was something I had never bargained for, an' I felt kind of creepy

"It was moonlight an' I could see nearly a mile ahead of me on the glassy ice.

"When I went a little further I could see a large pack of wolves scattered around, completely heading me off at every point where the lake was the narrowest. They had killed a moose on the ice, and had just picked his bones clean.

"There was no escape in either direction. I could not sail through that pack without getting pulled down by some agile leader, nor could I turn around an' go against the wind.

"I don't know what made me do it, but I closed my sail, an' then skated hard for the nearest shore. Mebbe I thought the wolves wouldn't see me do this. But they ain't blind creatures by any means. By the time I had taken off my skates I could see both packs joining in the pursuit.

"I don't understand why I hung on to my sail after that. I dropped my unloaded rifle and the skates, an' then climbed up the bluff with the sail in my hands. It was steep climbing, and the pole of the sail helped me.

"At the top of the bluff I thought I would hurl it down at the wolves, but Providence I guess interfered. I clung to it and started on a dead run.

"It was darker up among the rocks and bushes, an' I lost my way completely, jest runnin' blindly ahead. I stumbled over stones and trees, an' wondered where I would finally land. I knew now that it was a race for life, an' one that would go sorely against me in the end.

"Well, them wolves gained upon me in a jiffy. They kinder lost the scent at first, but they soon picked it up again an' came on like the wind. When I heard them crashin' through the bushes close behind me I felt that all was up.

"I kinder sickened an' felt weaker than a child. I rushed out into a clearin' to die where I could see the moon and stars.

"As I stumbled forward I found myself at the very brink of a steep precipice, and down below in the valley I could see the light of some settler's cabin. I was at the edge of Yawning Gap, an' that light was from Ben Nevins' home. If I could but reach that I would be safe.

"But the wolves were upon me, an' a steep valley five hundred feet deep stared me in the face. In my desperation I let go a series of wild yells. I would die at the feet of my friend in the valley rather than be pounced upon and torn to pieces by the wolves.

"I swung my sail over my head an' shouted and yelled so fiercely that the wolves stopped a moment. Then—I don't know why—I unloosened the sail. Probably I thought it might protect me, or that it would frighten away the hungry creatures. But I think it was Providence.

"At any rate something seemed to say to me to hold that sail over my head when I jumped.

"It was a large, square piece of canvas, equal to three large umbrellas, and by holding on to the middle of the pole an' keeping the lines tight at the end, it formed a pretty fair flying machine.

"I jumped clean out over the chasm with another yell. One big wolf jumped after me an' fell down into the valley with a piteous cry. At first the sail didn't work well, but in another second I found myself descending much slower than I expected.

"It was an awful sight below me, an' it made me weak to think of it. I clung to the pole with one hand an' to the sail ropes with the other.

"Down, down, I went, held up by my strange parachute so as not to fall too rapidly.

"I glanced down again. Over half the distance was covered, and things below began to assume shape. A little further an' I could see Ben Nevins standin' there, looking with wonder at my strange appearance. Then he raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot, for Heaven's sake, don't shoot,' I cried.

"He lowered his rifle an' stepped back. A moment later I fell plump down at his feet with a shock that seemed to break every bone in my body.

"Ben jest stared at me. He couldn't understand whether I was a human being or a visitor from heaven. I never saw a man so mixed up in all my life.

"'Can't you help a feller?' I asked. 'I think I'm dead.'

"'Jack Long!' was all that Ben could grunt, until we'd got inside of his cabin.

"Then I told him the whole story, an'

he wouldn't believe it until he went out an' examined the broken sail an' the dead wolf near the precipice. But if the wind hadn't been blowin' pretty stiff an' in jest the direction it was, I'd been as bad off as the wolf."

HOW TOM BECAME A STOCKHOLDER.

By Fannie E. Newberry.

"TOM!" called his mother, as that youth stopped just inside the outer door to shake the raindrops from his clothing, "don't take off your things till you have been for Kate; I promised you should call for her if she was not here by nine."

"Humph! where is she?" grumbled Kate's brother, knocking his wet mittens against the door jamb. "Nice night to keep a fellow out in, I should say! Do you know it's raining pitchforks?"

"Of course it's raining, but you knew that when you first went out, didn't you? She is visiting Josie Remby, and you'd better take the big umbrella; I think Kate did not have hers."

Tom knew his mother's decided air meant business, so he ventured nothing further, but plunged moodily into the dark and stormy night once more, keeping his discontent for silent company.

Soon he found himself before a large frame house, whose well lighted windows seemed laughing at the weather.

He was presently admitted to the most aristocratic boarding house Goshant could boast, and led past the general parlor to a private one reserved for the Remby family.

They were late comers in Goshant, and were looked upon as great acquisitions to the society of that new, and still somewhat raw, Western town.

Mr. Remby gave himself out as an artist, studying the surrounding mountain scenery, and occasionally strolled forth with a jointed easel slung over his shoulders and a portfolio under his arm, much to the admiration of the loungers before the bank and post office, who felt that a "tenderfoot" neither staking out claims nor organizing mining companies must indeed be either a genius or a crank.

There were no special evidences of his work in this pretty room, however and indeed it was understood that Mr. Remby had not cared to remove his masterpieces from his New York studio to these Western wilds.

A half finished painting on an easel did hint of the painter's art, but it seemed to Tom that it had not progressed a stroke since he last called for Kate, a week ago. He told himself, however, that Mr. Remby was probably waiting for an inspiration, and then forgot that picture in the prettier one of the two girls rising to greet him.

Beside Kate Avery in her plain dress, Josie Remby seemed actually dazzling.

Tom did not quite approve of all her bows, bangles, and bangs, nor of her numerous flashing rings—that is, he would not have wanted Kate to wear them—but, all the same, they made her look exceedingly pretty now to his unaccustomed eyes, and he felt both flattered and nervous as she cried out,

"Oh, Mr. Tom, how good of you to come! Won't you sit down? I think you've met my mother. Kate was getting anxious, for papa is out and we had nobody to send with her this black night—*do* sit down!"

Tom bowed, awkwardly enough, to the pale invalid, well wrapped and sunk in the depths of an easy chair, then seated himself on the edge of the stiffest one he could find.

"Must you go at once?" asked Josie, looking from brother to sister. "It's early yet, I'm sure."

"Yes, I think I must, Josie," returned Kate in her honest way. "Mother likes us to keep early hours."

"And I've got my geometry to learn yet," added Tom.

"Well, if you must, you must. I'm sorry, but I'll get your things. I laid them in papa's room—it's the one I had when we first came, you know, Kate, but papa got me to change with him because it has an outside door and——"

"Josie!" interrupted her mother sharply,

"Well, what have I said now? You're always snapping me up for nothing!" cried the girl in a petulant, spoiled-child manner.

The invalid only sighed, closing her eyes in a weary way and Josie continued, with a playfully defiant air,

"As I was going to say, papa is so restless, nights, he likes an outside room so he can walk about outdoors if he wishes to. He says restlessness always goes with the artistic temperament."

As she finished speaking she passed into the room at Tom's right, leaving the door ajar.

He could not see inside it as he sat, but happening to raise his eyes, he quickly noticed that a mirror hanging opposite him reflected a part of its interior.

It was an ordinary bedroom, but in one corner stood a small wooden chest, bound and clamped with iron, and beside it the easel and portfolio so familiar to all Goshanters.

"Ah," thought Tom, "he keeps his painting things in that chest, I suppose.

They must be heavy, for it looks good and strong."

Thus thinking, he saw the outside door, which was at right angles with the chest, open suddenly and a man, Mr. Remby, enter. He was muffled to the eyes.

"What are you doing here, Josie?" he asked in a quick, sharp tone.

"Getting Kate Avery's wraps, papa," was the unconcerned reply. "Where have you been? You're wet through."

"Oh, to the post office—and so on."

He helped her gather up her guest's belongings with an air of impatient hurry, and almost thrust her back into the parlor, then shut the door to with a slam.

But, like most Goshant doors, it had shrunk since it was hung, and now the rickety latch failed to hold it in place. The very violence of its closing caused it to spring open once more.

Only a crack, to be sure, but through that crack, reflected in the mirror, Tom could still see a bit of the lighted interior—that bit of it that held the iron bound chest.

Tom somehow felt interested in that chest, and as nobody noticed him, continued to gaze, while the invalid lay back with wearily closed eyes, and the two girls lingered over their leave takings, as girls will.

Tom, looking, saw Mr. Remby kneel down and unlock the chest, then take from it several articles which he so quickly consigned to various pockets that the boy had but a passing glimpse of them.

They certainly were not palettes and brushes, though; indeed, they seemed more like locksmiths' tools, Tom thought, though oddly shaped even for those. Next he drew forth a small, heavy bag, so it seemed; perhaps a tobacco bag, and placed that, with extreme care, in an inner pocket, buttoning his coat above it. Then he approached the door communicating with the parlor, and Tom dropped his eyes and arose.

"Mrs. Remby," said the artist, flinging the door wide, then noticing the young people, he bowed to each with a courteous good evening, and finished to his wife, "I've been wired from Denver on business, and am going to try and catch the 10:10 train. Good by to you all—I haven't a minute to spare."

He was a good looking man, with a heavy mustache and bright, black eyes, and now smiled pleasantly as Josie ran to kiss him and ask when he would be back.

"Oh. not for several days," he returned carelessly. "Now don't hinder me, dear."

He crossed the room and bent above his wife a moment, and Tom saw the frail hand lying on the arm of her chair clutch it suddenly, as if she had been startled in some way, and he thought Mrs. Remby must be very fond of her husband to so dread his leaving her even for a few days.

Then Josie kissed him again in a loving, lingering way which showed how close was the tie between father and child, and with a sudden thought drew off one of her glittering rings—a diamond set between two emeralds—and thrust it upon his little finger.

"That's for remembrance!" she said prettily, and Mr. Remby, returning her sweet upturned look, answered, "I never forget my Josie!"

Tom thought it all like a scene in a story, and said something of the kind to Kate, as they plodded home beneath the big umbrella.

"They're so different from the folks here," he added in his slow way. "They must be awful rich—just look at Josie's rings, and they're real diamonds and things, too."

"Yes. She says her papa thinks them a good investment," explained Kate. "I s'pose that's why she has so many."

"But I always supposed artists were poor."

"Oh, no; not New York artists," said Kate, who knew as much about the fraternity as a prairie chicken; "they're 'most always rich. Anyhow, Mr. Remby is."

"Then he must have to work harder than he does here," contended Tom stoutly. "I don't believe he's made a single picture since he came."

Kate did not answer. They had turned the corner by the bank, a new brick structure with a door on either street, and two great plate glass windows in front.

It was brightly lighted by electricity, for Goshant would have electric lights and an opera house, though there were no sidewalks to speak of, and only such drainage as nature provided. Kate stopped to peer in.

"Wonder if father's here yet?" she murmured, while Tom began a vigorous three-times-three tattoo on the locked door. "Yes, there he is," she went on gaily; "let's make him go home with us. He's figured up long enough."

"Time's up, daddy!" laughed Tom, as a finely formed, good faced man came forward to let them in; "you'll have a headache tomorrow if you don't quit."

"Got it now," laughed Mr. Avery.

"Now, father—and you know how mother scolds when you will work so late!" chided Kate in a grandmotherly way.

The father patted her cheek fondly, and readily submitted to being led homewards by his adoring children, and as they cozily pattered on, arm in arm, one would have said they were all of an age, and that the golden one—just verging to maturity.

Next morning father and son walked down town together, as usual.

It was delightful after the storm, and the little mountain town looked its best, if you made no account of the deep gullies in the street, and the red black mud washed up to the very doorsteps. Certainly the air was clean and fine enough to grace a morning in Eden.

A lively squaw, with her bright eyed pappoose set up on its cradle board beside her, was getting her baskets and blankets ready for the day's sale, and a train of well laden burros was setting out disconsolately for a weary tug over the mountains, driven by a sullen half breed in a wolfskin cap.

Before the groceries and saloons was the usual set of lounging cowboys in sombreros and leather leggings, their sturdy mustangs stamping impatiently under heavy Mexican saddles, waiting for their masters to finish their drinking bouts and ride back to the ranches.

Mr. Avery and Tom exchanged greetings with everybody, Western style, the various "Howdys" returned them denoting respect and good fellowship.

Thus they reached the side door of the bank, there to be met by the Chinese porter, with a face the color of ashes.

"Sh! Bank's been lobbed" he muttered in a hoarse whisper. "Me just find him —you come see!"

"No! When—where—how?" cried Mr. Avery in a breath.

"Him alle blow up—muchee heap lubbish. You see!"

The two followed him closely, only to break into a cry of horror at the devastation committed.

The iron door of the vault was blown from its hinges, and the great safe, supposed to be both fire and burglar proof, was literally torn to pieces.

Its contents were gone. All the hardly won "dust" of the miners, deposited here for security till it could be turned into land and homes, was stolen.

No wonder Mr. Avery grew whiter than the Chinaman, and groaned so heavily Tom's hair stiffened with terror. It was an awful—an almost irreparable loss.

But the cashier soon rallied to his duty, and Tom was despatched to summon the resident officials, while his father sought the telegraph office.

As the boy went tearing down one of the steepest streets he nearly ran into a dainty figure toiling upwards. who gave a laughing exclamation and turned to gaze after him.

It was Josie Remby, in one of her stylish outing costumes, and she seemed disgusted when she found herself not even noticed, continuing her upward climb with a shrug of her shoulders and a muttered remark about "cowboy manners."

Of course the bank robbery soon became known, and the doors were closed, while heavy placards announced that all losses would be made good (though how was a bewildering question !) while others offered rewards for any information regarding the burglars.

By noon a detective from Denver was on the spot, and Tom gazed upon him with awe and wonder.

It had been the dream of his earlier boyhood to be a detective himself, and he was not even yet quite free from the craving. The detective, who was named Silsby, seemed to fancy Tom, too, and let him hang about him as much as he cared to.

Together they poked about in the débris, while the stunned bank officials stood miserably around, looking on, and sometimes the detective would put forth a question in an incidental sort of way

"Must have been considerable noise here; what did people make of the explosion, eh?"

Mr. Silsby's eyes rested upon the president, who answered,

"Well, we're used to the explosions in the mines, you see; then, last night was stormy with some thunder, and the reverberations are loud among these hills."

"Yes," added a director; "then, the building next door is vacant, and nobody would be in the offices above after midnight."

"And they were having a big blow out in Jack Gill's saloon on the other corner," put in another.

"I see," said Silsby; "any strangers in town?"

"The usual outlay," returned Mr. Avery; "ranchmen, miners, and cowboys, that's all."

"You forget the new minister!" suggested the teller facetiously.

"And those long haired kodak men always turning up for a snap shot at the mountains," added the clerk, glad of a gleam of humor at last.

"This thing took a whole gang," said Silsby, "and a gang that knows its business, too. This is no 'prentice work, I can tell you."

So they commented, poked, and wondered, having fresh spasms of excitement as bits of news came in—first, that the baker's spring wagon was gone, and next that Jack Gill's best horse was missing.

Both were found next day, the half starved horse tied to a tree in Platt's woods, and the wagon as empty as the animal, and giving no more signs of what had happened.

It was noon of the third day, and the workmen clearing away the rubbish had gone to dinner. Tom, waiting for his father, was kicking about in the dust heap when Silsby entered, his brows bent in a perplexed frown.

"See here, Tom," he said finally in a confidential tone, "you're a boy who sees things. Now, haven't you lighted on any strangers about here lately? This job bears the marks of a certain Nat McCormick and his pals, about the slickest craftsman known, and he always works with dynamite and the finest tools. He's never been caught but once, and then he escaped before they got him in hock. They tell me he was born a swell and shows it. Hasn't any *gentleman* been seen hanging around lately? Try and think,"

"Nobody," began Tom, then stopped and looked at Silsby in a dazed way. "A gentleman?" he questioned hoarsely. "A *gentleman?*"

"Yes," impatiently; "do you know of one?"

Tom's eyes sought the floor. It could not be. Josie's father? Oh no, no! It was out of the question.

Something glittered in a crack of the splintered floor, and to gain time he stooped and poked the thing out with his thumb nail—then gave a cry and stood up, looking so white Silsby reached out a hand to steady him, even as he cried sharply,

"Well, what is it?"

Tom held up the bauble in his shaking fingers. It was a ring, set with a diamond between two emeralds.

"I know whom it belongs to!" he whispered. "I know who dropped it! He *is* a gentleman, and his daughter is my sister's friend."

"Whew-w!" whistled the detective. "This grows interesting. Tell us all you know."

Tom obeyed, bnt before he was half through the man was off on a run, and in less than an hour Tom was ushered into a secret meeting of the bank officials, to give his evidence. As he finished with all he had seen in the Remby parlor Silsby took up the word.

"I have convinced myself this so called Remby did not leave town on the 10:10 train that night, and am sure he did leave, with your bags of gold, in Jack Gill's wagon before morning. His pals may not have been seen in town at all, but I have no doubt the cowboy who started the drinking at Gill's was one of them. Tom evidently saw him making ready for the job when at the chest, and, as we already know, they bored their way through the wall of the empty store next door. That painting business is a pretty good blind, for the man really is well educated, and can doubtless draw a little. Now, Mr. Avery, your son and daughter are the ones to work this thing up. So long as we keep the Rembys in sight so sure are we to catch the thief."

It was not a pleasant task now set the young people—that of feigning friendship for such a purpose—but no choice was left them, and they played their part well, though Kate cried over the matter, and Tom, feeling like a sneak thief himself, resolved that nothing should ever tempt him to be a detective in reality!

One day Josie informed her dear friend in strictest confidence—mama did so hate to have their affairs gossiped about—that papa was not coming back, but had sent for them to join him in New York. Obeying orders, both brother and sister went to see the young lady off, and Tom took note that the tickets bought were, indeed, for that city.

He knew, too, as he bade Josie good by through the window of the parlor coach, that the old miner just entering a common car was Silsby, and wore a detective's star beneath his flannel blouse.

Six weeks later Tom met Mr. Remby, alias Nat McCormick, once more. He was behind the bars of Goshant's new jail, awaiting trial.

He looked Tom over with his keen eyes and said,

"I understand I owe my capture to you and my daughter's ring that I lost that night. Well, it had to come! But I want you to know she is utterly ignorant of all this. Even now she thinks I have gone to study art in Rome—poor little girl!"

His voice broke, and Tom turned away with a sore feeling at his heart, in spite of his pride in the thought that he had saved the credit of the bank, and had, himself, been made a stockholder for his "valuable services as a detective"!

A WEATHER JINGLE.

THE sparrow he keeps hidin' out,
The possum's layin' low;
The rabbit, he will frisk about
And track up all the snow.

Ketch him, Tiger, ketch him!
Fling him high and flat;
Go ahead and fetch him—
Rabbit, fine and fat!

The doves are moping in the wood,
The raccoon's in the "holler";
The cold, it makes the possum good—
He's worth a half a dollar!

Ketch him, Tiger, ketch him!
Find out where's he's at;
Go ahead and fetch him—
Possum, fine and fat!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A WILDCAT HUNT IN THE SOUTH.

By H. C. Turley.

JOHNNY came running up to the house with his eyes as big as saucers. He was fairly panting for breath. Johnny is a little, black, pop eyed darky built like a flea and almost as quick in his motions.

"Judge, dere's a drate, big wilecat obah yondah in us's cotton feel. Pa says, please, suh, fetch Tannah en Argus en de balance, en ketch 'im, please, suh. He done kotch ma's old blue hen (de one's got dem seben chickens). Rangah wus skeered ob him, en done runned plum ondah de house. Hit's mose big as Shep, en hit's eyes's right yallow.

"I wus skeered to come tru de cotton, but pa he said hit 'ud ruddah eat hen dan me. Please, suh, come right off, please, suh."

Johnny, being highly excited, delivered this address very much like pouring shot out of a shovel.

"All right, Johnny!" I replied. "You call Reuben, while I blow for the hounds."

I blew a few toots of the horn, and Argus, Tanner and Buck came pell mell, racing each other all excitement and eagerness, as though they knew there was fun on hand.

Then old Kate came trotting leisurely along, as though she thought, "Those young hotheads cannot accomplish much, without the benefit of my experience."

We put the tri-couple on the three young dogs and left old Kate free.

Off we started, Reuben, Johnny, four hounds, and "de judge," for "Uncle "Abe's cotton field.

Tanner—the red dog—could not be silent to save his life, but now and then would open his mouth and let out his deep toned bay.

Reuben would strike him with the strap and scold until Tanner would look at him reproachfully as though he said, "Indeed I could not help that, Reuben." But in a few moments the same offense would be repeated, to be followed by the same correction and the same mute apology.

We passed through Smith's field, by Rachel's house and struck the lower end of the long hollow that comes diagonally down through Abe's field. There we halted and I asked Johnny which way the wildcat went with the old blue hen.

"Hit comed right obah into dis heah hollow, but furder up yondah."

"How long ago, Johnny?"

"Why des 'fore I stawted obah to ax you-all to come."

"Reuben, you keep the young dogs quiet until I whoop for them, then turn them loose quick and come on."

"Hello! Here's old Shep."

"Well, let him remain with you. He is a good dog in the briers and splendid in a fight. Came, Kate, hie on, old girl.'

Old Kate walked on a little way and then struck a trot and finally, in open places, her wolf-like gallop, circling ahead of me.

Kate is not fast in a chase any more, being thirteen years old, but she is almost as tireless as the water wheel at the old mill.

She had not apparently scented any trail, but all at once, as though she had run against a "live wire," she stopped (this was her first wildcat) with her nose elevated, her nostrils twitching, her muscles quivering, and her every bristle trying to get up more erect than its neighbor.

Then, with the maddest sounding yell hound ever gave, she charged into the briers.

I whooped instantly for the young dogs, fearing the wildcat might kill old Kate in the brier patch, and knowing that she had courage to fight old Nick himself if he smelt like "varmints."

Fortunately for Kate the briers were so dense that she did not reach the wildcat in her first mad rush, but became entangled long enough for the cat to slip away.

Kate was making such a fuss that I thought she had laid hold of the game and went in to help her if I could, but her fuss was nothing, compared to the pandemonium that broke loose when the pack reached us.

Old Kate had got out of her brier trap, and they all got away on the hot trial together.

Now that quartet of hounds have the finest notes of any four I ever heard run together; that is, when they are trailing. But Kate had seen the wildcat, and the scent was so hot that the young dogs, seeing sober old Kate so wild, caught the fever of excitement.

The din was something fearful. The wildcat had cleared the brier thicket and had turned down the hollow, running just beside the thicket, but clear of it and along the edge of the cotton.

Out came the hounds and down the hollow they went, like the clatter wheels of eternal wrath.

Old Shep was in the pack, trying to be a good hound instead of an honest old shepherd dog.

We knew the trouble for the dogs had not begun yet, and would not until the wildcat had tried his legs and had found that those foxhounds possessed better ones. Then he would begin his sharp practice among the trees and briers.

Reuben was posted well up the hollow and I took up my post down toward the lower end of it. We wanted little Johnny to stand in the brier patch midway between us, but, no siree ! He wished to hang on to my "galluses" and I could neither coax nor kick him away from me.

The wildcat ran down the thicket for Williams' cotton and we began to fear that we should miss the fight, when we heard them coming back.

The pack would run in full cry for a little spell and then there would be a lull. We knew by that, he was growing tired and was exercising his wits to deceive the hounds.

He could not fool old Kate long, however and they would soon "jump" him again.

A wildcat leaves a more broken, irregular trail than the fox, as he will resort more to logs, leaning trees, and bushes, and then,

The dogs were almost frantic in their eagerness to get at his feline majesty.

about half a mile, into Smith's field, where a footpath crosses the hollow. He crossed there and came up on the other side, dodging into the thicket at times to fool the dogs, and out and on again.

I felt quite sure that he would only make one round before he took to the bushes, but he headed the hollow and came down again, as Reuben says, "jist clawin dirt."

On this round I got the first sight of him and did not feel like blaming Ranger—a very small dog—for being "skeered ov him." He was an exceptionally large wildcat, and we knew the blood would fly when the dogs clinched him.

Away they went down the hollow, yelling like fiends, and, instead of crossing at the path, kept on down to about Peter as he jumps away off, the dogs think he is "treed," but he has gone on and is probably repeating the same trick.

Then, again, a wildcat's track becomes "cold" much sooner than the track of fox, or of coon. This does not bother an old, trained hound so much, as our big wildcat found, for he had old Kate, the best hound I ever saw, to deal with.

Finally they brought him up almost to me, but were pushing him so hard that he went up a small sassafras tree that stood about midway of the thicket. The dogs bayed him there and I called to Reuben that the wildcat was "treed."

We had no gun with us, but each carried a stout club.

I proposed cutting a good stick for

Johnny. His teeth were fairly chattering at the thought of approaching the tree, and he assured me that he did not have the slightest desire for a stick. I believed him.

It was a picture—a living picture—to see the five dogs below, almost frantic in their eagerness to get at his feline majesty, who crouched on a limb of the tree not more than ten feet above them.

Shep was the only dog that "wasn't saying a word." He was sitting just out of the madding crowd, perfectly still, with his gleaming eyes fixed on that tremendous wildcat. Occasionally, he would glance at me, but without turning his head, as though he said, "Well, get him out of that tree and we'll do the rest."

Shep is a beauty. He is a glossy black on the body, some tan on his legs and face, and his breast is snow white. When he is sitting, his breast resembles a frilled cambric shirt bosom. I have seen him sit, still as a statue, except his bright eyes, for a quarter of an hour, while the boys were trying to get a coon or possum out of a tree. No matter how many other dogs were present, you might rest assured that Shep would be the first to lay hold of the game.

But here was something a great deal more dangerous than a coon, and Shep had never fought a wildcat. I love the old fellow and desired that he should only take his fair share with the other dogs, and so told Reuben to hold Shep until the wildcat jumped.

There was a fine, clear place for a fight, all around the sassafras tree, but how to get the wildcat out?

We could not shake him out, as the tree was too large for that. I did not relish the thought of climbing up there and punching him out. He was evidently ready for war and appeared to be every inch a fighter.

Such a wildcat, as that old rascal was, is a dangerous brute.

They are not cowards by any means. About three years ago, a very large one came daily into our neighbor's yard and carried off a sucking pig. He exhausted the whole litter and came no more.

Have you ever seen a wildcat? I wish you had been with us, to see that old villain as he crouched on the limb ready to spring upon us.

The was no beauty of color, shape, or feature, about him: his great, glaring, yellow eyes; his pointed ears, with their tufts of hair—usually erect, but then laid flat back; his long, lithe body a dingy reddish brown mixed with gray and dotted, over all, with small, black spots.

His four long legs, as supple yet as strong as though the sinews were steel wires, and his short tail were drawn under his body.

There was no sight of those horrid claws, which were to do such vicious execution, but still he was a frightful object as he glared down at us. I wondered why the dogs were so eager to fight him.

He kept up an almost continual growl, which sounded much like that of an angry house cat when she growls at the dog, but this growl was louder and more fierce.

I went down to the bayou and found a few stones about the size of goose eggs, and slipping up behind the wildcat, while he was watching Reuben and the dogs, I made a center shot with the first stone.

It hit him so hard and so fair that, not anticipating such an attack from the rear, he was knocked off his balance and fell, before he could make a spring, right down among the dogs.

Reuben, seeing how the wildcat was coming down, let go of old Shep, and they all seemed to lay hold at once.

You may wonder what pleasure or satisfaction there is in such sport.

If you had been with us then you would never wonder again. I was wild with excitement and anxiety, and an intense desire for that wildcat's life. The anxiety was for my good, brave dogs.

Reuben was yelling in a manner that would have made half a dozen savages ashamed of their best efforts in that line.

Johnny was a sight to behold once and remember. I had time for but one glance at him and will never lose the picture from my mind. It was a most ludicrous combination of fear, joy, and horror.

Twice we were in doubt as to whether the wildcat would whip the dogs, or they would succeed in killing him. He was snarling and fighting like a fiend and as he was equal to five mouths—each of his terrible feet being a most effective weapon—it was a very fair combat.

Every now and then you would hear a growl of rage change into a yell of pain, and a hound would spring back, as the blood flew, only to rush in again with added determination, for they were all courageous dogs.

Well! They, at last, killed that terrible wildcat, but they were not such sleek, pretty dogs when the battle was over.

They were muddy, bloody, hot, and exhausted. We took them down to the bayou and washed them. Johnny shouldered the big wildcat (he wasn't at all "skeered ov him" now) and we marched homeward.

You never saw a prouder pack of dogs, or a more pompous little darky.

The hounds received a few stitches and had their wounds well dressed and were soon all right again. Shep and old Kate came out of the fight without a single serious scratch. They seemed to know better how to avoid the claws.

The dogs all beg me, every morning, as well as they can, to take them out again. If I go out on the back gallery at daybreak, or a little before that, Tanner fairly shouts. The others may whine, but whining doesn't express Tanner's feelings.

THE BOY INVENTOR.

By André Louis Bagger

III.

MY EXPERIMENTS WITH A MAGNET.

MY first acquaintance with magnetism dates back to the time when Santa Claus, one jolly Christmas, presented me with a little wooden box, having a sliding cover and containing two tin swans, gorgeously painted and hollow inside, together with a magnet looking like a thin slate pencil, painted red except the tip, which was the natural color of the metal.

The bills of the two swans were also painted a bright scarlet, and protruding from each bill was a tiny piece of steel, also left bare and unpainted, like the point of the magnet.

The two swans were placed in a basin of water where they would float beautifully like *real* swans in miniature (being hollow); and by placing the end of the magnet in proximity to the bill of either one, without actually touching it, however, they could be made to swim all around the basin.

By a little practice and skilful handling of the magnet, *both* swans could be made to follow it simultaneously, and a boy ten years old, as I was then, could derive lots of fun and pleasure from this simple little magnetic toy.

I did, at all events, and used the magnet for many other purposes long after the swans (which proved to be of very thin metal and exceedingly frail) had ceased to exist.

It occurred to me, after the two attempts I have already told you of had proved to be failures, that the object sought so much to be attained might perhaps be accomplished by the aid of magnetism, or the nearly allied force of electricity. I was familiar with the electro-magnet, and had myself made several by winding many yards of thin, insulated copper wire around empty spools, and dropping a magnetized bar of steel through the hole in the spool; and I was also the proud possessor of two or three horseshoe magnets of considerable attractive power, which had been presented to me by my uncle Örsted.

Such an outfit, it seemed to me, ought to form the nucleus of a perpetual motion machine, and, nothing daunted by my former mishaps, I began, boy like, to experiment in new directions, and to construct apparatus which would enable me to test the accuracy of my magnetic schemes.

The first one of these was very simple indeed, and was intended by me not so much to be a "machine" or "working power" as merely a way of demonstrating certain theories, which I had vaguely formulated in my mind as to the behavior of a magnetized body under certain circumstances. My apparatus consisted simply of a pedestal, about five inches high, on the flat top of which I placed my most powerful horseshoe magnet, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

I then placed a thin board (it was part of the cover of a cigar box, in which I had cut a shallow central groove) in a slanting position, with its upper end resting upon the pedestal or pillar just below the magnet, the poles of which overlapped it a little; and, finally I made out of a piece of tin, a curved gutter, and placed underneath the inclined board or platform, with its upper end resting against the pedestal and its lower end intersecting the inclined plane near its lower end.

At this point I cut a slot in the inclined board, and covered it with a hinged flap made of tin, which could only open upwardly, as shown in the cut, when pushed on from below so that it would, when it fell back again, cover and close the opening in the inclined plane. In the upper end of this, a short distance below the overlapping ends of my horseshoe magnet, I made another aperture, at the point marked A, of about the same size as the opening at the lower end of the incline, but not, as this, covered and closed by a hinged flap or trap door.

This is all there was of my apparatus, and you will see from the cut how very simple it was.

Upon the projecting end of the curved gutter, just at the lower end of the inclined plane, I placed a ball, B, made of soft iron; and my theory was, that, after first giving this ball a start by the hand, rolling it part of the way up the inclined board or platform, it would presently come under the influence of the magnet placed at the upper end of this, which would, of course, attract it, and thus cause it to run up the incline until it should reach the aperture, A, at its upper end.

But as this aperture intersected the path of the ball, the latter would drop through it when it reached that point, because being no longer supported by the incline, the gravity of the iron ball would overcome the attractive power of the magnet.

Dropping through this hole, the ball would fall upon the curved gutter below, and then roll down this till it reached its lower end, when the momentum of the ball would push open the hinged flap or trap door covering the aperture at the lower end of the inclined platform, and thus send it through this aperture back into its original position at the lower end of the apparatus, with sufficient momentum or impulse left to again start it a little way up the inclined platform—at least, a sufficient distance to bring it under the influence of the horseshoe magnet.

This would then again draw the ball up the inclined plane till it reached the aperture at the upper end; once more the ball would fall through and run back to its original or starting position; and so on—this would (as I firmly believed) be repeated over and over again, until the apparatus should be worn out or the magnet lose its power.

When, before building the apparatus, I —in great glee and not a little proud, I assure you—showed a drawing of it to

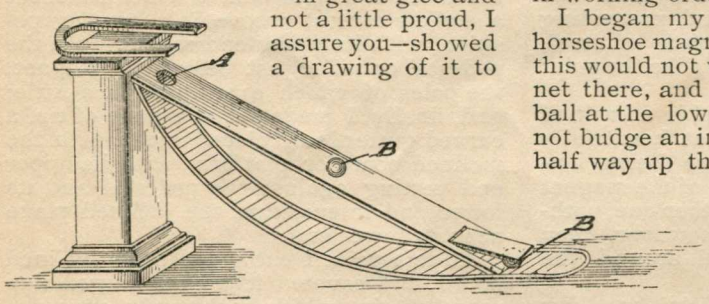


Fig. 1.

my distinguished uncle Örsted, he smiled, and, handing it back to me, said, "Well, my boy, suppose you try; but you will find that one of two things will happen, viz: 1st, *either* the attraction of your magnet will be so great that the ball, when it reaches the upper end of the incline, will jump clear over the hole and connect with the magnet like an armature; or, 2d, the gravity of the ball will be too much for the magnet to counteract after it has fallen through the hole, and, when it runs back, it will remain stationary at the lower end of the incline, with not enough power in the magnet to draw it up again. One of these two things is bound to happen, my dear boy; *which one* will depend upon the weight of the ball relative to the attracting power of the magnet; if this overcomes the gravity (or weight) of the ball, the former result will happen; and conversely, if the gravity of the ball overbalances the attraction of the magnet, the latter result is sure to be the consequence!"

"But, uncle," I asked, "is it not possible to so adjust or regulate the weight of the ball with reference to the attractive power of the magnet, that the two will exactly balance, and thus make it work?"

"In that event, my boy," replied Uncle Örsted, "there will be no motion at all; but the ball will simply remain stationary on the inclined plane at the exact point where the attraction of the magnet balances or counteracts the gravity of the ball!"

That was not encouraging to any great extent, to be sure, and seemed reasonable; but, for the matter of that, so did my scheme; and I made up my mind to try it, especially as it was very simple, and required very little outlay.

The only thing I had to buy, because I did not already have it, or could not make it myself, was the soft iron ball; this I had made at a blacksmith's shop, and I polished and finished it myself by rubbing it with emery paper. The size of the ball (it was a little over an inch and a half in diameter) was mere guess work.

After getting this ball made, the rest was plain sailing; and in less than twenty four hours after I had spoken to Uncle Örsted about it, I had the apparatus complete and in working order.

I began my experiments by placing a horseshoe magnet on top of the pedestal; as this would not work, I placed another magnet there, and yet another; but alas! the ball at the lower end of the incline would not budge an inch—not even if I started it half way up the incline by hand—it would invariably run back again the instant I removed my fingers.

On the other hand, if I brought it up too near and let go, it would fly to the poles of the magnets as if shot out of a cannon and would stay there, unless I pulled it away by main force, which it required considerable power to do.

As my uncle Örsted had prognosticated, it was either the one thing or the other; either no attraction at all, or too much of it. In any event, the long sought for and so earnestly desired solution of the vexed problem of perpetual motion appeared to be as distant as ever, as far as my humble efforts were concerned.

But "never give up!" was my motto, as it is with most boys of the age I was then; and I could not abandon the hope that, after all, I should be able to construct a perpetual motion machine, with either magnetism or electricity at the bottom of it.

My sister had, among other pets, a little Danish squirrel—a beautiful little creature, confined in an ornamental cage, from one end of which projected, as part of the cage, a wire cylinder hung upon pivots, so that this cylinder would revolve upon its axis, like a treadmill, when the squirrel got into it and commenced climbing up its wire sides.

The poor squirrel would not get up an inch higher; but it was good exercise for him in his confinement, and it was amusing to see the cylinder go round and round,

faster and faster until either the squirrel (whose pet name was Alert, called "Al" for short) had got enough exercise, or became disgusted because nothing was accomplished by his efforts, and desisted.

Be this as it may, Alert and his revolving tread mill give me the idea for my next and last project; and not very many days after I had discovered the fallacy of my ball-and-inclined-plane scheme, I had actually constructed an apparatus, of which the accompanying illustrations are faithful representations.

My idea was to construct a wheel in two parts; or rather, consisting of two separate rims, R and R^1, as represented in Figure 3, to be connected by a common hub, H. This hub was bored through centrally, and through the central bore was inserted an axle, A, upon which this two-part or duplex wheel could revolve freely and with a minimum of friction.

Figure 2 shows my duplex wheel in side elevation, and Figure 3 is a cross section through the middle of the wheel and its hub.

The two rims, R and R^1, of my wheel, which were made of poplar wood (I nearly always selected that kind of wood, where wood was used, because it is soft and is easy to cut or "whittle" with an ordinary jackknife, such as all boys have), were connected with each other and with the central hub, H, by means of spokes, S, for which I used eight lead pencils, bought at a penny apiece, and which, being cut down and shortened a little, answered the purpose admirably.

The hub, H, I made of a thread spool, and both the wooden rims were scooped out or hollowed on the inside, as you will see on referring to Figure 3, leaving a narrow opening or slot, which I have marked with the letter O, all around the rim of the wheel; and into this narrow peripheral opening I inserted a narrow magnetized bar of iron, M, which I had fastened by copper wire upon a block of wood, W as a support.

The wheel axle, A, was fastened at opposite ends in wooden pillars, PP, one on each side, and the whole affair rested upon a base plate or bed, consisting of a piece of pine board painted red.

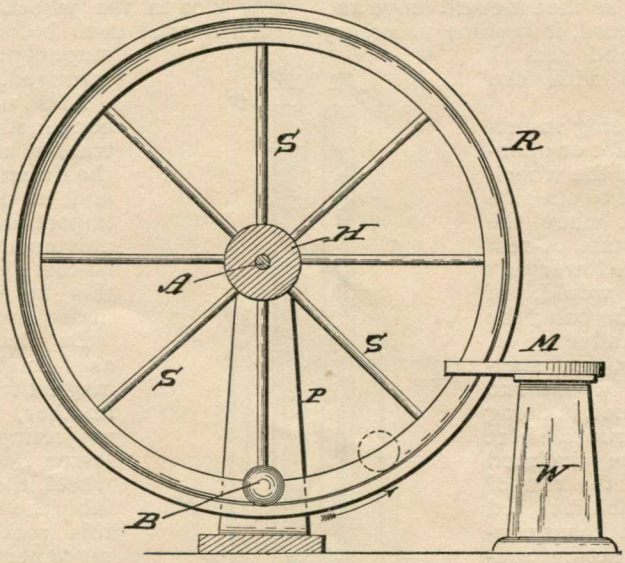


Fig. 2.

The identical iron ball I had used in my experiment with the inclined plane I ground off and reduced in size, till it weighed scant two ounces;and then I deposited it (before placing the two rims of the wheel together) inside the groove or recess formed within the wheel by scooping out the opposite sides of the rim, as you will see in Figure 3, where I have marked this iron ball with the letter B.

In order to make the scooped out recess inside of my wheel very smooth and even, I painted it with shellac dissolved in alcohol, which made a nice and very hard varnish, that I could polish finely by rubbing with No. ooo of emery paper—the finest grade that comes.

By careful rubbing and polishing, I made this inside groove exceedingly smooth, almost as smooth as glass or polished steel, so that my iron ball, B, could run in it, when the wheel turned round upon its axis, with very little friction and resistance. The magnet, M, was a very powerful one, and could easily support (as I found by actual experiment) a piece of iron, as an armature, weighing over three pounds.

As my iron ball, which was to be acted on and attracted by this powerful bar-magnet, weighed only a fraction over two ounces, I thought that I should have more than sufficient power or magnetic attrac-

tion operating on my ball after I had started my machine running.

As you will perceive at a glance, this was an adaptation of the squirrel's revolving wire cylinder, or tread mill; the wheel representing the rotary cylinder and the ball representing the squirrel or motive power inside of it. But as my iron ball was not endowed with life and power, as was the squirrel, so that it could move and act of its own accord, it became necessary to *vivify* it; and this I proposed to do with the magnet.

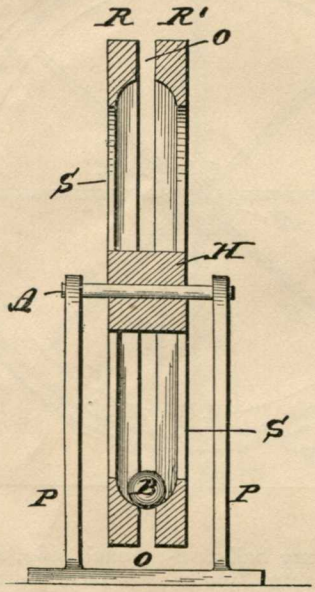


Fig. 3.

This magnet being inserted through the slot or opening in the rim of the wheel, a little above and to one side of the iron ball, when the wheel was in a state of rest and the ball in the lower part of the wheel, would, of course, attract the ball; the ball, under the influence of, and impelled by, this magnetic attraction, would run towards the magnet, in doing which it had to run a short distance up the inclined track formed by the rim of the wheel on which it rested and within which it was confined; so that, acting precisely like Alert when he climbed up the incline on the inner side of his tread mill cylinder my iron ball, in climbing or rolling up the inclined inner rim of the wheel, attracted by the magnet above it, would of necessity rotate the wheel, so that, while the ball would remain practically stationary, precisely like the squirrel in the tread mill, the wheel would go round and round, and continue to go round as long as the magnet continued to attract the ball inside of the wheel.

Now really was not that a bright idea and a pretty theory; one of which a boy of my age might well feel proud? It was an evolution of the ball-and-inclined-platform scheme, combined with the suggestion I had received through contemplating sister's squirrel and his maneuvers.

On the face of it, what could be more convincing? The little ball, vivified by the magnet, would become almost a living being, and, striving to reach the magnet, precisely as the squirrel tried, day after day to reach the top of his wire cylinder, it would result in the constant and continuous rotation of my wheel.

If I could demonstrate the correctness of this theory with my little experimental machine, there would, of course, be no difficulty in reducing my invention to practice by building a machine on a much larger scale, with a ball weighing, perhaps, many hundreds of pounds, operated or "vivified" by a magnet of corresponding proportions.

With the rotary wheel given, it was an easy matter to connect this, as a prime mover, with any sort of machinery that could be operated by power.

Sure enough, thought I, *this* time I have reached it! I cannot begin to describe to you with what anxiety and expectation I mounted the magnet in its block or bearing, and inserted its free end into the narrow slot in the wheel, expecting this to turn around even before I could get the magnet properly located and arranged.

Alas! nothing of the kind happened! The ball, it is true, would move a little in the direction of the magnet, and, in doing so, it would impart a slight oscillatory movement to the wheel; but no complete revolution could this be induced to make under any circumstances.

Do what I would and try as I might, by shifting the magnet from one position to another, and inserting its projecting end a greater or lesser distance into the wheel, the result was invariably the same; and, barring this rocking or oscillatory movement, the wheel made no sign of going round upon its axis, as any decent wheel with proper self respect is supposed to do!

And why not? Was my failure attributable to the unavoidable *friction* caused by the manner in which the iron ball was placed in the wheel?

Thinking that this might be the trouble, I reconstructed the machine by inserting a steel pin through the center of the ball, placed a small wheel on each end of this, and squared the recess within the wheel, so as to form a peripheral track on which these wheels could run. But the result remained just the same; the wheel would *not* go round.

After oscillating a few moments on its axis, just like a pendulum, it would gradually move a lesser and lesser distance, and finally come to a complete standstill, with the ball resting in the lowest part, utterly regardless of the proximity of the magnet, which, for all practical purposes, might as well have been a stick of wood.

Thus ended my third and last attempt to discover perpetual motion; and from that day to this—more than thirty years—I have never again meddled with the subject.

But these early experiments convinced me that the so much desired *perpetuum mobile*, or "machine that will run itself," is an *ignis fatuus*—a will o' the wisp, that is well calculated to lead even well grounded scientists astray, not to speak of ordinary laymen.

Since the time when I gave up my further efforts in that direction, thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent in experiments and experimental machines, not one of which has been a success; and, alas! what is much worse, hundreds of men have gone to the insane asylums, crazed by their studies over, and infatuation with, this subject. And how hard it is to give up, for good, a pet scheme or a hobby, and especially one that promises both honor and untold riches to the successful discoverer, only those who have ever had a hobby of that kind can appreciate and understand.

On the failure of my last scheme, I gave up for good all further attempts in that direction, but I determined, at the same time, if the opportunity should ever be afforded me, to thoroughly investigate the doings of other persons in this exciting and fascinating field.

Such an opportunity *did* offer many years afterwards, when I was in England on a lecturing tour; and in the British Museum, in London; in the Athenæum, and the libraries of the leading scientific institutions of that wonderful city I found material of a most interesting and instructive nature bearing upon this very subject.

Schemes, the most wonderful and acute, had been evolved, centuries ago, I found, looking toward the solution of the problem; and even to this very day, I learned, there is hardly a week that some enthusiastic inventor does not apply for a patent in the United States or England on an alleged perpetual motion machine of some kind or other.

If my readers have been interested at all in my own personal attempts, perhaps they will like to hear a little more about what has been accomplished or attempted by others in the same field. If so, THE ARGOSY may, perhaps, tell them something more some other time. But, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, "That is another story!"

THE DUNCE.

HE was a timid little lad,
With features ever looking sad,
Because his memory was bad,
  And knowledge came so slow.
The master thought him quite a fool—
The greatest dullard in the school;
Perhaps a man of gentler rule
  Might have not judged him so.

With weary heart and aching head
He rose at morn; he went to bed,
His slumbers oft discomfited
  With fear of coming hours;
And often he would long to be
Out in the meadows wide and free,
To shout and scamper merrily
  Among the birds and flowers.

Poor lad!—he shipwreck'd in a sea
Of Euclid and Latinity,
Of mathematic mystery,
  Of living tongues and dead;
He longed to cast away his book,
And ramble out where summer's look
Was bright on field and rippling brook,
  To learn of these instead.

To manhood thus the child did grow,
Within a dozen years or so
His former mates were proud to know
  The blockhead of the school;
His countrymen were glad to claim
The honor of his boasted name;
The land was ringing with his fame
  Who once was thought a fool.

ANDY GRANT'S PLUCK.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

Author of "The Young Salesman," "The Island Treasure," "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TELEGRAM.

"A TELEGRAM for you, Andy!" said Arthur Bacon, as he entered the room of Andy Grant in Penhurst Academy.

"A telegram?" repeated Andy in vague alarm, for the word suggested something urgent—probably bad news of some kind.

He tore open the envelope, and read the few words of the message:

Come home at once. Something has happened.

MOTHER.

"What can it be?" thought Andy, perplexed. "At any rate mother is well, for she sent the telegram."

"What is it?" asked Arthur.

"I don't know. You can read the telegram for yourself."

"Must you go home?" asked Arthur, in a tone of regret.

"Yes. When is there a train?"

"At three this afternoon."

"I will take it. I must go and see Dr. Crabb."

"But won't you come back again?"

"I don't know. I am all in the dark. I think something must have happened to my father."

Dr Crabb was at his desk in his library—it was Saturday afternoon, and school was not in session—when Andy knocked at the door

"Come in!" said the doctor, in a deep voice.

Andy opened the door and entered. Dr. Crabb smiled, for Andy was his favorite pupil.

"Come in, Grant!" he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me permission to go home. I have just had a telegram. I will show it to you."

The doctor was a man of fifty five, with a high forehead and an intellectual face. He wore glasses, and had done so for ten years. They gave him the appearance of a learned scholar, as he was.

"So you're a thief, are you?" exclaimed the indignant blacksmith.

"Dear me!" he said. "How unfortunate! Only two weeks to the end of the term, and you our primus!"

"I am very sorry, sir, but perhaps I may be able to come back."

"Do so, by all means, if you can. There is hardly a pupil I could not better spare."

"Thank you, sir," said Andy gratefully. "There is a train at three o'clock. I would like to take it."

"By all means. And let me hear from you, even if you can't come back."

"I will certainly write, doctor. Thank you for all your kindness."

Penhurst Academy was an endowed school. On account of the endowments the annual rate to boarding scholars was very reasonable—only three hundred dollars, including everything.

The academy had a fine reputation, which it owed in large part to the high character and gifts of Dr. Crabb, who had been the principal for twenty five years. He had connected himself with the school soon after he left Dartmouth, and had been identified with it for the greater part of his active life.

Andy had been a pupil for over two years, and was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar. In a few months he would be ready for college.

Dr. Crabb was anxious to have him go to Dartmouth, his own alma mater, being convinced that he would do him credit and make a brilliant record for scholarship. Indeed, it was settled that he would go, his parents being ready to be guided by the doctor's advice.

From Penhurst to Arden, where Andy's parents lived, was fifty miles. Starting at three o'clock, the train reached Arden station at five.

As Andy stepped on the platform he saw Roland Hunter, the son of a neighbor.

"How are you, Andy?" said Roland, with a cheerful greeting. "How do you happen to be coming home? Is it vacation?"

"No; I was summoned home by a telegram. Is—are they all well at home?"

"Yes, so far as I know."

Andy breathed a sigh of relief.

"I am glad of that," he said. "I was afraid some one in the family might be sick."

"I don't think so. I would have heard, living so near."

"Father is well, then?"

"Come to think of it, I heard he had a bad headache. I saw him yesterday, and he had a sort of worried look."

"At any rate it isn't anything serious. Are you going home? If you are I'll walk along with you."

"We can do better than that. I've got uncle's buggy on the other side of the depot. I'll take you, bag and baggage."

"Thank you, Roland. My bag is rather heavy, and as it is a mile to the house I shall be glad to accept your offer."

"Bundle in then," said Roland merrily. "I don't know but I ought to charge yo a quarter. That's the regular fare b stage."

"All right! Charge it if you like," r joined Andy, smiling. "Are your fo all well?"

"Oh yes, especially Lily. You an are great friends, I believe."

"Oh yes," answered Andy, with a

"She thinks a good deal more than she does of me."

"Girls don't generally appreciate brothers, I believe. If I had a sister sume she would like you better than

Roland dropped Andy at his gate.

It may be said here that owned a farm of fifty acres, t him a comfortable living, wh mented by the interest on three t dollars invested in government bo the farm was a house of moder which had always been a pleasant h Andy and his little brother Robert, generally called Robbie.

Andy opened the gate and walked up to the front door, valise in hand.

The house and everything about it seemed just as it did when he left at the beginning of the school term. But Andy looked at them with different eyes.

Then, he had been in good spirits, eager to return to his school work. Now, something had happened, he did not yet know what.

Mrs. Grant was in the back part of the house, and Andy was in the sitting room before she was fully aware of his presence. Then she came in from the kitchen where she was preparing supper.

Her face seemed careworn, but there was a smile upon it as she greeted her son.

"Then you got my telegram?" she said. "I didn't think you would be here so soon."

"I started at once, mother, for I felt anxious. What has happened? Are you all well?"

"Yes, thank God, we are in fair health, but we have met with misfortune."

"What is it?"

"Nathan Lawrence, cashier of the bank in Benton, has disappeared with twenty thousand dollars of the bank's money."

"What has that to do with father? He hasn't much money in that bank."

"Your father is on Mr. Lawrence's bond to the amount of six thousand dollars."

"I see," answered Andy gravely. "How much will he lose?"

"The whole of it."

This then was what had happened. To a man in moderate circumstances it must needs be a heavy blow.

"I suppose it will make a difference?" said Andy in inquiring

"You can judge. Your father's property consisted of this farm, and dollars in government

e ne essary to sacrifice the bonds, and ace mortgage of three thousand dollars the farm."

How much is the farm worth?"

Not over six thousand dollars."

ien father's property is nearly all way."

" said his mother sadly. "Here- will receive no help from outside and will besides have to pay in- a mortgage of three thousand t six per cent."

hundred and eight dollars."

"

ge ther then it will diminish our ther more than three hundred

dy."

about what my education has g father," said Andy, in a low

an to see how this misfortune was af ect him.

afraid," faltered Mrs. Grant, "that you will have to leave school."

"Of course I must," said Andy, speaking with a cheerfulness which he did not feel. "And in place of going to college I must see how I can help father bear this burden."

"It will be very hard upon you, Andy," said his mother, in a tone of sympathy.

"I shall be sorry, of course, mother, but there are plenty of boys who don't go to college. I shall be no worse off than they."

"I am glad you bear the disappointment so well, Andy. It is of you that your father and I have thought chiefly since the blow fell upon us."

"Who will advance father the money on mortgage, mother."

"Squire Carter has expressed a willingness to do so. He will be here this evening to talk it over."

I am sorry for that mother. He is a hard man. If there is a chance to take advantage of father, he won't hesitate to do it."

CHAPTER II.

SQUIRE CARTER.

When Mr. Grant entered the room, he seemed to Andy to have grown five years older. His face was sad and he had lost the brisk, cheerful manner which was habitual to him.

"Has your mother told you?" he asked.

"Yes, father." Then he added with indignation, "What a wicked man Mr. Lawrence must be!"

"I suppose he was tempted," said Mr. rant slowly. "Here is a note I received om him this morning."

dy took the envelope from his father's d opening it, read the following

D:

he time you receive this letter heard of the wrong I have done d the loss I have brought upon you. It is to me a source of the greatest sorrow, for I fear you will never recover from it. I am just ready to go away. I cannot stay here to receive punishment, for it would tie my hands, and prevent my making reparation as I hope some day to do. Why did I go wrong? I can't explain except that it was infatuation. In a moment of madness I took some of the funds of the bank and risked them in Wall Street. I lost and went in deeper, hoping to be more fortunate and replace the stolen money. That is the way such things usually happen.

I can say no more except that it will be my earnest effort to give you back the money you will lose by me. It may take years, but I hope we both shall live long enough for me to do it.

NATHAN LAWRENCE.

Andy read this letter in silence, and gave it back to his father.

"Do you believe he is sincere?" he asked.

"Yes; he has many good points, and I believe he really feels attached to me."

"He has taken a strange way to show it."

"He was weak, and yielded to temptation. There are many like him."

"Do you believe he will ever be able to make up the loss?"

"I don't know. He is a man of fine business talent, and may be able in time to do something, but his defalcation amounts to twenty thousand dollars."

"We must try to make the best of it, father. You have been spending three hundred dollars a year for me, besides the expense of my clothes. If that is saved it will make up your loss of income."

"But, my dear boy, I don't like to sacrifice your prospects."

"It won't be sacrificing them," said Andy, with forced cheerfulness. "It will only change them. Of course I must give up the thought of a college education, but I may make a success in business."

"It will be very hard upon you," said Mr. Grant sadly.

"No, father; I won't deny that I shall be sorry just at first, but it may turn out better for me in the end."

"You are a good boy to take it so well, Andy. I had no right to risk so much even for a friend like Lawrence."

"You have known Mr. Lawrence for many years, have you not, father?"

"Yes; we were schoolboys together. I thought him the soul of honor. But I ought not to have risked three quarters of my estate even for him."

"You can't be blamed, father. You had full confidence in him."

"Yes, I had full confidence in him," sighed Mr. Grant.

"And he may yet be able to make up the loss to you."

Though Andy said this, he only said it to mitigate his father's regret, for he had very little confidence in the missing cashier or his promises. He was repaid by seeing his father brighten up.

"You have cheered me, Andy," he said.

"I don't care so much for myself, but I have been thinking of you and your mother."

"And we have been thinking of you, father," said Mrs. Grant. "It might be worse."

"I don't see very well how that could be."

"We are in good health, thank God! and your reputation is unblemished. Compare your position with that of Nathan Lawrence, forced to flee in disgrace under a load of shame."

"You are right, wife. He is more to be pitied than I am."

"Is he a married man, father?"

"No; that is, he is a widower."

"While we are spared to each other. We must trust in God and hope for the best."

"Mother tells me you expect to get part of the money you need, from Squire Carter," said Andy.

"Yes, he has promised to take a mortgage of three thousand dollars on the old place."

"I have heard he is a hard man father. I don't think he is influenced by kindness."

"I can't afford to inquire into his motives. It is enough that he will furnish the money. But for that I might have to sell the farm, and then we should be quite helpless."

About seven o'clock Squire Carter made his appearance. Andy opened the door for him.

He was a tall, florid faced man, with an air of consequence based upon his knowledge that he was the richest man in the town.

"Good evening, Andrew," he said, for he was always formal. "So you are home from school?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come?"

"This afternoon, sir."

"I suppose you heard of your father's misfortune?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ha! it is very sad—very sad indeed. I quite feel for your father. I am trying to help him out of his trouble. He was a very foolish man to risk so much on that rascal Lawrence."

Andy was disposed to agree with the squire, but he did not like to hear his father blamed.

"I think he realizes that he was unwise, Squire Carter," said Andy. "Won't you walk in?"

"I suppose your father is at home," said the squire as he stepped into the front entry.

"Yes, sir; he was expecting you."

Andy opened the door of the sitting room, and the squire entered.

Mr. Grant rose from the rocking chair in which he was seated, and welcomed his visitor.

"I am glad to see you, squire," he said. "Take a seat by the fire."

"Thank you," said the squire, with dignity. "I came as I said I would. I do not desert an old neighbor because he has been unfortunate."

But for his patronizing tone his words would have awakened more gratitude. As it was, his manner seemed to say, "See how kind hearted I am."

Somehow Andy felt more and more sorry to think his father must be indebted to such a man.

"It is getting quite fallish," said the squire rubbing his hands. "I suppose I am more sensitive to cold as my home is heated throughout with steam."

"I hope we shall be able to make you comfortable, Squire Carter," returned Mrs. Grant, who had entered the room in time to hear this last speech.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Grant. I always adapt myself to circumstances."

"That is very kind in you," Andy was tempted to say, but he forbore. It would not do to offend the village magnate.

"I see you have sent for Andrew," observed the squire, with a wave of his hand towards the boy.

"Yes; I shall not be able to keep him at Penhurst Academy any longer."

"Very sensible decision of yours. No doubt it cost you a pretty penny to keep him there?"

"The school charge is three hundred dollars a year."

"Bless my soul! How extravagant! You will excuse my saying so, but I think you have been very unwise. It really seems like a wasteful use of money."

"Don't you believe in education, squire?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"Yes; but why couldn't he get all the education he needs here?"

"Because there is no one here who teaches Latin and Greek,"

"And what good would Latin and Greek do him? I don't know anything of Latin and Greek, and yet I flatter myself I have succeeded pretty well. I believe I am looked up to in the village, eh?"

"No doubt you occupy a prominent position, squire, but the boy had a fancy for the languages and wanted to go to college."

"I shall not send my son to college, though of course I can afford it."

"Perhaps he doesn't care to go."

"No; the boy is sensible. He will be satisfied with the advantages his father enjoyed. Supposing your boy had gone to college, what would you have made of him?"

"He thought he would have liked to prepare himself for a teacher or professor."

"It's a poor business, neighbor Grant. A schoolmate of mine became a teacher—the teacher of an academy—and I give you my word he's as poor as poverty."

"Money isn't everything, squire."

"It's a good deal, as in your present circumstances you must admit. But we may as well come to business."

CHAPTER III.

ANDY LEAVES THE ACADEMY.

"You need to raise three thousand dollars, I believe, neighbor Grant," began the squire.

"Yes, squire."

"Three thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

"I realize that," said Mr. Grant sadly.

"I was about to say it is a good deal to raise on the security of the farm."

"The farm cost me six thousand dollars."

"It would fetch only five thousand now. It wouldn't fetch that at a forced sale."

"But for my losses I wouldn't consider an offer of less than six thousand."

"Of course you are attached to it, and that gives it a fancy value in your eyes."

"It is good land, and productive. Then, it is well situated, and the buildings are good."

"Well, tolerable," said the squire cautiously. "However, that's neither here nor there. You want three thousand dollars, and I have agreed to let you have it. I will take a mortgage for two years, the interest being as usual at six per cent."

"Two years?" repeated farmer Grant uneasily.

"Yes. I am not sure that I can spare the money longer than two years. I give you that time to pay it off."

"But it will be impossible for me to pay it off in two years. In fact, it will take all my income to live and pay the interest."

"Of course that isn't my lookout."

"Do you mean that you will foreclose in two years?"

"Not necessarily. I may not need the money so soon. Besides, you may find some one else to take it off my hands."

"Can't you say five years, squire?" pleaded the farmer.

Squire Carter shook his head.

"No; you can take it or leave it. I am not at all anxious to take the mortgage, and if my terms are not agreeable, we will consider the negotiations at an end."

"I won't make any difficulty, squire. I accept your terms."

"That is sensible. I can't for my part see how five years would have been more favorable to you than two."

"My son Andrew is sixteen. By the time he is twenty one he might help me."

"There's not much chance of that—unless he marries a fortune," said the squire jocosely. "I suppose you will keep him at home to help you on the farm."

"We haven't talked the matter over yet. I will consult his wishes as far as I can. He can't earn much money on the farm. What are you going to do with your son?"

"Conrad will probably be a merchant, or a banker," said the squire pompously.

"With your means you can select any path in life for him."

"True; as my son he will have a great advantage. Well, as our business is arranged, I will leave you. If you will call at lawyer Tower's office tomorrow at noon, the papers can be drawn up, and I will give you a check for the money."

"Thank you, squire. I will meet the appointment."

"If you don't want Andrew to work on the farm I will turn over his case in my mind and see if I can get him a position."

"Thank you. I should be glad to have him well started in some business where he can raise himself."

As the term of the academy was so nearly completed, Andy went back, with his father's permission, to remain till vacation. He sought an interview at once with Dr. Crabb, the principal, and informed him of the necessity he was under of leaving the institution.

"I am really sorry, Andrew," said the doctor. "You are one of my best pupils. I am not sure but the best. There is scarcely one that I would not sooner lose. I shall be willing to take you for half price—that is, for one hundred and fifty dollars—till you are ready for college."

"Thank you, Dr. Crabb," replied Andy gratefully. "You are very kind, but even that sum my father, in his changed circumstances, would be unable to pay. Besides, it would be quite out of my power to go to college even if I were prepared."

"It is a thousand pities," said the principal with concern. "If you must leave, you must. I am not sure but I should be willing to take you gratuitously."

"Thank you; but I feel that I ought to go to work at once to help my father. It is not enough that I free him from expense."

"No doubt you are right. I respect you for your determination. You need not hesitate to apply to me at any time in the future if you see any way in which I can be of service to you."

"I think it will help me if you will give me a letter of recommendation, which I can show to any one from whom I seek employment."

"I will give you such a letter with great pleasure," and the doctor, sitting down at his desk, wrote a first class recommendation of his favorite pupil.

There was general regret in the academy when it was learned that Andy must leave them. One little boy of twelve—Dudley Cameron, a special favorite of Andy—came to him to ask if there was no way by which he could manage to stay.

"No, Dudley; I am too poor," said Andy.

"If I write to papa and ask him to send you a thousand dollars, will you stay?" asked the little boy earnestly.

"No, Dudley; you mustn't do anything

of the kind. Even if your father liked me as well as you do, and would give me the money, I could not take it. I must go to work to help my father."

"You will write to me sometimes, Andy?"

"Yes; I will be sure to do that."

The little fellow's warm hearted offer, and the expressions of sympathy and regret on the part of his schoolmates cheered Andy. It was pleasant to think that he would be missed.

On the closing day he received the first prize for scholarship from the hands of Dr. Crabb.

"You will take my best wishes with you, Andy," said the venerable principal. "Let me hear from you when you have made any business arrangement."

The farewells were said, and Andy set out on his return home.

He was leaving the old life behind him. A new one lay before him, but what it was to be he could not foresee.

He reached Arden in due course and set out to walk home. He had barely started when he heard his name called.

Looking around he saw Conrad Carter, the squire's only son, on his bicycle.

"So you've come home from the academy?" said Conrad curiously.

"Yes," answered Andy briefly.

He never could bring himself to like Conrad, who made himself offensive and unpopular by his airs of superiority. Indeed there was no boy in Arden so thoroughly disliked as Conrad.

"You'll have a pretty long vacation," went on Conrad, with a significant laugh.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Oh well, it's the best thing for you. I thought it foolish when your father sent you off to the academy. If the Arden grammar school is good enough for me it is good enough for you."

"There is nothing to prevent your going to the academy."

"I know that. My father could afford it even if it cost a good deal more. You wanted to go to college, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"It was very foolish for a poor boy like you."

"Of course your age and experience make your opinion of value," said Andy with a sarcasm which he did not care to conceal.

"I advise you not to be too independent," returned Conrad, displeased. "Are you going to work on the farm?"

"I may till I get a situation."

"I'll speak to father. He might take you for an errand boy."

"I don't think that place would suit me."

"Why not?"

"I want to go into some mercantile establishment and learn business."

"That's what I am going to do when I get through school. Of course there is no hurry in my case."

"I suppose not."

"I suppose you know that my father's taken a mortgage on your father's farm."

"Yes, I know that."

"If your father can't pay the mortgage when it is due, father will have to take the farm."

Andy made no answer, but thought Conrad more disagreeable than ever. By way of changing the conversation, he said, "That's a new bicycle, isn't it?"

"Yes; I got tired of the old one. This is a very expensive one. Wouldn't you like to own a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"Of course you never will."

"Then I must be content without one."

"Well, I must leave you. I'll come round soon and see you ride a horse to plow."

As Conrad sped away on his wheel Andy said to himself, "I shouldn't like to be rich if it made me as disagreeable as Conrad."

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARING FOR THE PICNIC.

THE change in his father's circumstances had come so suddenly that Andy could not immediately decide upon a plan of securing employment.

He was not idle, however. There was work to do on the farm and he took off his uniform, for Penhurst Academy was a military school, and donned instead a rough farm suit in which he assisted his father.

If he felt a pang of regret he did not show it, for he did not wish to add to his father's grief over his imprudent act of friendship.

It was while he was at work hoeing corn that Conrad Carter came up one day and leaning against the fence looked at Andy with an amused expression.

"Oho, you've turned farmer in earnest!" he said.

"Yes, for the time being," answered Andy composedly.

"You look fine in your overalls."

"Do you think so? Thank you for the compliment."

"You might as well keep on. You will probably succeed better as a farmer than in business."

"I mean to succeed in anything I undertake."

"You've got a comfortable opinion of yourself."

"While you, on the contrary, are modest and unassuming."

"What do you mean?" asked Conrad, coloring.

"I meant to compliment you, but if you don't like it I will take it back. Suppose I say that you are neither modest nor unassuming."

"If that is the way you are going to talk to me, I will go away," said Conrad

haughtily. "It is a little imprudent considering——"

"Considering what?"

"That my father can turn you all out at the end of two years."

"If that is the way you are going to talk to me, I shall be glad to have you go away, as you just threatened."

"Pride and poverty don't go together very well," said Conrad, provoked.

"I don't want to be either proud or poor," returned Andy, smiling.

"That fellow provokes me," thought Conrad. "However, he'll repent it some time."

In five minutes his place was taken by Valentine Burns, an intimate friend of Andy. His father kept the village store, and was one of the leading citizens of Arden.

"Hard at work, I see, Andy!" he said.

"Don't you want to help me?"

"No, I'm too lazy. I have to work in the store out of school hours, you know. Are you going to the picnic?"

"What picnic?"

"There's a Sunday school picnic next Thursday afternoon. Both churches unite in it. All the young people will be there. You would have heard of it if you hadn't been absent at school."

"I will certainly go. There are so few amusements in Arden that I can't afford to miss any. I suppose there will be the usual attractions?"

"Yes, and an extra one besides. There's a gentleman from the city staying at the hotel, who has offered a prize of ten dollars to the boy who will row across the pond in the shortest time."

"The distance is about half a mile, isn't it?"

"Yes; a little more."

"I suppose you will go in for the prize, Val. You have a nice boat to practise in."

"No amount of practice would give me the prize. I don't excel as a rower."

"Who is expected to win?"

"Conrad Carter confidently counts on securing the prize. There is no boy in Arden that can compete with him, except——"

"Well, except whom?"

"Andy Grant."

"I don't know," said Andy thoughtfully. "I can row pretty well; that is, I used to, but I am out of practice."

"Why don't you get back your practice?"

"I have no boat."

"Then use mine," said Valentine promptly.

"You are very kind, Val. How many days are there before the picnic?"

"Five. In five days you can accomplish a great deal."

"I should like to win the ten dollars. I want to go the city and look for a place, and I don't want to ask father for the money."

"Ten dollars would carry you there nicely, and give you a day or two to look round."

"True; well, Val, I will accept your kind offer. Is Conrad practising?"

"Yes, he is out every afternoon."

"I can't go till after supper."

"Then, begin this evening. You know where I keep my boat. I will be at the boat house at half past six, and you can meet me there."

"All right. You are a good friend, Val."

"I try to be, but it isn't all friendship."

"What else, then?"

"I want Conrad defeated. He is insufferable now, and if he wins the prize, he will be worse than ever."

Prospect Pond was a little distance out of the village. It was a beautiful sheet of water, and a favorite resort for picnic parties. Conrad Carter, Valentine Burns, and two or three other boys and young men had boats there, and a man named Serwin kept boats for hire.

But the best boats belonged to Valentine and Conrad. It was rather annoying to Conrad that any one should have a boat as good as his own, but this was something he could not help. He consoled himself, however, by reflecting that he was a better oarsman than Valentine.

He had been out practising during the afternoon, accompanied by John Larkin, a neighbor's son. John stood on the bank and timed him.

"Well, John, how do I row?" he asked, when he returned from his trial trip.

"You did very well," said John.

"There won't be any one else that can row against me, eh?"

"I don't think of any one. Valentine has as good a boat——"

"I don't admit that," said Conrad jealously.

"I would just as soon have his as yours," said John independently; "but he can't row with you."

"I should think not."

"Jimmy Morris is a pretty good rower, but he has no boat of his own, and would have to row in one of Serwin's boats. You know what they are."

"He couldn't come up to me, no matter in what boat he rowed," said Conrad.

"Well, perhaps not; I don't know."

"Well, you ought to know, John Larkin."

"My opinion's my own, Conrad," said John manfully.

"All the same you are mistaken."

"If Valentine would lend his boat to Jimmy we could tell better."

"He won't do it. He will want it himself," said Conrad.

"As matters stand now I think you will win the prize."

"I think so myself."

It may be thought surprising that nothing was said of Andy Grant and his chances, but in truth his boy friends in Arden had never seen him row during the last two years.

As a matter of fact, he had been the champion oarsman of Penhurst Academy, but this they did not know. During his vacations at home he had done very little rowing, his time being taken up in other ways.

"I wonder whether Andy Grant can row," said John Larkin.

Conrad laughed.

"He can hoe corn and potatoes better than he can row, I fancy," he said.

"He's a first rate fellow," said Larkin warmly.

"He's poor and proud, that's what he is. I called at the farm this morning and he insulted me."

"Are you sure it wasn't the other way?"

"Look here, John Larkin, if you don't treat me with more respect, I won't associate with you."

"Do as you like," said John independently. "I'd just as soon associate with Valentine or Andy."

"My father can buy out both their fathers."

"That don't make you any the better fellow. Why are you so anxious to win this prize? Is it the money you are after?"

"No. If I want ten dollars my father will give it to me. It isn't the money, but the glory that I think of."

"If I had your practice I'd go in for it myself. I shouldn't mind pocketing ten dollars."

"No doubt it would be welcome to you."

"Let me try your boat for a few minutes."

"You can have it for ten minutes."

"I would like it long enough to row over the course."

"You can't have it that long. I'm going over it again myself as soon as I have got rested from the last trial."

John Larkin got into the boat, and rowed very creditably, but was soon called in by the owner of the craft.

John began to ask himself what benefit he got from associating with Conrad, who showed his selfishness on all occasions.

"I wish he would get beaten after all," thought John; "but I don't know who there is to do it. Valentine is only a passable rower, and Jimmy Morris has no boat of his own."

Conrad came back in good spirits. He had beaten his former record by three quarters of a minute.

"I'm sure of the prize," he said in exultation.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOAT RACE.

As Andy rowed only in the evening, and Conrad practised in the afternoon, it chanced that the coming rivals never met, nor was Conrad aware that Andy proposed to dispute the prize with him.

Even at first Valentine was surprised and pleased to observe how Andy handled the oars. Before the evening was over he demonstrated the fact that he was a first class oarsman, much to the satisfaction of his friend.

"You must have had a good deal of practice at the gymnasium," said Valentine.

"Yes; the director of the gymnasium, who is an all round athlete, gave the boys special instruction, by which we all profited. He was a graduate of Harvard, and an old member of the university crew."

"That accounts for it. Your rowing has a style to it that Conrad cannot show."

"Probably he has never had any instructions."

"Whatever he has accomplished has come by practice. He pulls a strong oar, but there is a roughness and lack of smoothness about his work. Still he gets over the water pretty fast."

"And that counts. How does his speed compare with mine?"

"As you rowed tonight, I think the race would be a close one. But this is only the first evening. Keep on practising daily, and I will bet on you every time."

Andy looked pleased.

"I am glad to hear you say this," he said. "I shall not row for glory, but for the ten dollars, which I shall find very useful. You have a fine boat, Val. How does Conrad's compare with yours?"

"I should hardly know how to choose between them. His boat is a fine one, but mine is quite as good."

"And I suppose there is no other on the pond as fine."

"No; Serwin's boats are old style, and have been in use for years. If you rowed in one of those against Conrad you would be sure to be beaten."

"Then if I win I shall be indebted to you for the victory."

Valentine smiled.

"I should be glad to think I had anything to do with gaining the prize for you, even indirectly, but it will be due in a large measure to your own good rowing. Only keep up your practising."

"I will do so."

"I want you to win, and besides, I want Conrad to lose. I hope he won't hear anything of your entering the race."

Two days before the picnic Valentine happened to meet Conrad at his father's store.

"Are you going to enter the boat race at the picnic?" asked the latter.

"I am not certain."

"You have the only boat that can compare with mine. Have you been practising any?"

"I have been rowing a little."

"I shall have to look out," said Conrad, but his manner did not indicate apprehension. "Probably the prize will go either to you or me."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Suppose we have a little trial by ourselves. It may do us both good."

"I don't mind. When shall it be?"

"Say tomorrow afternoon."

"Very well. I will be at the pond at four o'clock."

"All right."

The two boys met according to agreement, and the race took place.

Conrad beat easily by eight lengths, although Valentine exerted himself to the best of his ability.

"That settles it," said Conrad triumphantly. "You can't row against me."

"I am afraid you are right," returned Valentine, with an air of chagrin.

"You will need more practice, though you row fairly well. I think you pull the best oar next to me," said Conrad, in a patronizing tone.

"Yes, I see that I must practise more."

"There will be no need for me to practise," said Conrad to himself. "I've got a dead sure thing."

It might have been supposed that Conrad would be indifferent to the money value of the prize offered, but he had extravagant tastes, and found his allowance from his father, though a liberal one, insufficient for his needs. He began to consider in what way he would spend the money, which he considered as good as won.

At length the day for the picnic dawned. The day previous had been unpleasant, and there had been considerable anxiety lest the weather should prove unpleasant. But greatly to the general satisfaction it was bright with sunshine, and the temperature was delightful.

The young people of both societies turned out *en masse* and looked forward to a good time.

The race had been fixed for half past three o'clock. At that hour the superintendent of the Sunday school came forward and said,

"Owing to the liberality of Mr. Gale, of New York, a boarder at the hotel, a prize of ten dollars has been offered to the best oarsman who may compete for it. Boats will start from the pier, and the course will be to the opposite bank of the pond and back. I am sure that this will prove a very attractive feature of our picnic. Boys who intend to compete will now present themselves."

The first to come forward was Conrad Carter. He was dressed in a handsome boating costume, and his manner indicated great confidence.

He looked round for Valentine, but the latter made no motion towards the shore, though his boat was in the pond drawn up with the rest.

"Aren't you going to row, Valentine?" asked Conrad, in surprise.

"No, I have lent my boat to Andy Grant."

At the same time Andy, in his ordinary attire, came forward, and stepped into Valentine's boat.

Conrad arched his brows in surprise. He had been disappointed to find that Valentine would not row, but he was quite as well pleased at the prospect of beating Andy.

He was rather surprised, however, as he had never heard that Andy could row.

"He must be a fool to think of rowing against me," he said to himself.

Next came Jimmy Morris, who took his place in one of Serwin's boats.

Two other boys also appeared in hired boats, one of them being Dennis Carlyle, a friend of John Larkin.

When the boats were in line, the superintendent gave the signal.

Conrad got the first start. The others kept together, a length or two behind Conrad. Andy did not appear to be exerting himself, but his strokes showed a smoothness that was lacking in any of the rest.

Mr. Gale, the donor of the prize, who was himself a very good rower, took notice of him.

"Who is that boy?" he asked, pointing to Andy. "I don't think I have seen him before."

"It is Andy Grant, the son of farmer Grant."

"Why haven't I seen him before?"

"He has been absent at school—at Penhurst Academy."

"He knows how to row. See how he handles his oars."

"I didn't know he was a rower."

"He is, and a good one. I shouldn't be surprised if he wins the race."

"What, against Conrad Carter?" asked the superintendent incredulously.

"Yes. It is easy to see that he has been trained, while Conrad, though he pulls a strong oar, rows like a country amateur."

Conrad was so intent upon his own work, that he had not had an opportunity of watching his competitors. When he had nearly reached the point selected on the other bank, he turned about and saw Andy close behind him.

Andy was not apparently exerting himself, but pulled a strong, steady stroke, and seemed quite free from excitement. For the first time Conrad saw that he was a competitor not to be despised.

After the turn Conrad and Andy led the procession. Next came Jimmy Morris, and last of all Dennis Carlyle.

The latter managed to catch a crab, and in his attempt to right himself tumbled into the water.

"Don't mind me!" he called out humorously. "I'm only taking a bath."

So the other contestants kept on, in the same order.

But this was not to continue. Suddenly Andy made a spurt, and forged ahead of Conrad. The young aristocrat could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw Valentine's boat, impelled by a competitor whom he had despised, take the leading place.

He flushed with vexation, and made a

desperate effort to regain his lost position. But he was excited and did not use his strength to the best advantage.

To his great annoyance he saw that Andy was continuing to gain upon him, and that without any great effort. His smooth, steady stroke was most effective. Even the unpractised eye could see his superiority to any of his competitors.

When the goal was reached he was five lengths ahead of Conrad, and twelve lengths ahead of Jimmy Morris.

It was a genuine surprise to the spectators, and a great shout went up, "Three cheers for Andy Grant!"

Andy smiled, and he raised his hat in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Mr. Gale pressed forward and greeted the young victor.

"You have done yourself credit," he said. "You know how to row. Where did you learn?"

"At Penhurst Academy; I was trained by a Harvard oarsman."

"He understood his business, and so do you. I have great pleasure in presenting you with the prize."

With sullen look Conrad listened to those words. Without a word he sprang on shore, and as soon as could turned his back upon the picnic.

"Conrad is terribly disappointed!" said Valentine. "You have made yourself famous, Andy."

CHAPTER VI.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

THOROUGHLY mortified and crestfallen, Conrad went home. He hoped to go up to his room without observation, but his father noticed his entrance.

"Well, Conrad," he said with a smile, "did you carry off the honors at the picnic?"

"No, I didn't," answered Conrad bitterly.

"Did Valentine Burns defeat you?"

"No."

"Who did win the prize?"

"Andy Grant."

Squire Carter was amazed.

"Can he row?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, a little."

"But he beat you?"

"I'll tell you how it was, father," said Conrad, who had decided upon his story. "I was well ahead till we got half way back when I got a terrible pain in my arm. I must have strained it, I think. Of course I couldn't do anything after that, and Andy, who was next to me, went in and won."

Squire Carter never thought of doubting Conrad's story. His pride extended to his family and all connected with him, and he felt satisfied that Conrad was the best rower in the village.

"Where did the Grant boy learn to row?" he asked.

"I heard him tell Mr. Gale that he learned at the academy."

"You don't think he is equal to you?"

"Of course he isn't. I am miles ahead of him."

"It was very unfortunate that your arm gave out. You had better speak to your mother, and she will put some arnica on it."

"I will," said Conrad cunningly. "I would rather have had any boy beat me than that upstart Andy Grant. He will put on no end of airs. Besides, I shall miss the money."

"That at any rate I can make up to you. Here are two five dollar bills."

"Thank you, father," said Conrad, as with much satisfaction he pocketed the bills. "It was lucky I thought about the strain," he said to himself. "All the same it is awfully humiliating to be beaten by that beggar."

"How do you think Conrad accounts for his defeat, Andy?" said Valentine the next day.

"I can't tell."

"He says he strained the muscles of his arm."

Andy smiled.

"If it will make him feel any better, I have no objection to that explanation."

"His father has given him ten dollars, so he will not lose any money. But he won't get any of the boys to believe his story."

"The money is very acceptable to me," said Andy. "If I had lost, my father couldn't have made it up to me."

At five o'clock, on his way to the post office, Andy met Mr. Gale.

Walter Gale was a young man about twenty five. He had a pleasant face, and his manner was genial. He had a strong sympathy with boys, and he was a favorite with them.

"Well, Andrew," he said, "have you recovered from your exertions in the boat race?"

"Oh, yes; I am used to rowing, and felt very little fatigue."

"I hear that Conrad was very much mortified by his defeat."

"I believe he is. He felt sure of winning."

"And he would have done so if you had remained out of the list."

"He told Valentine Brown that he strained the muscles of his arm, and that this defeated him."

"I should think better of him if he would acknowledge that he was fairly beaten. Are you at leisure this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then call upon me at the hotel. I shall be glad to know you better."

This invitation Andy was very glad to accept. He was drawn to the young man, and felt that he was likely to prove a sincere friend.

At seven o'clock he left the farm house, and on arriving at the hotel found Mr. Gale sitting on the piazza.

"I was looking for you," said the young man. "Come up to my room."

He led the way to a front corner apartment on the second floor. It was the best room in the hotel, and he had furnished it in the most comfortable and attractive manner. Pictures hung on the walls, and there was a book case containing a goodly array of volumes.

"What a pleasant room!" exclaimed Andy.

"Yes; I have tried to make myself comfortable. What I lack most is society."

"I wonder that you are content to live in the country. Are you not accustomed to the city?"

"Yes; but I had a severe sickness in the spring, and the doctors recommended me to absent myself for a time from the excitement of the town, and take up my residence in the country."

"Didn't that interfere with your business?"

Walter Gale smiled.

"Fortunately or unfortunately," he answered, "I have no business. Until two years since I was employed in an insurance office in the city. The death of an uncle has made me pecuniarily independent, so that I had leisure to be sick."

"You look in good health now."

"Yes; but I have a nervous temperament, and am obliged to be careful. Now tell me about yourself. You have been for some time at Penhurst Academy?"

"Yes; for two years."

"Do you go back there?"

"No; my father has met with serious losses, and can no longer afford to send me. I must stay at home and help him."

"And this is a disappointment to you?"

"Yes. I was expecting to go to college in a few months."

"I believe your father is a farmer?"

"Yes."

"Do you expect to assist him on the farm?"

"Till I can get something to do. I shall try to get some business situation. Business pays better than farming."

"I suppose you are a good Latin and Greek scholar?"

"Yes; that is, I liked the languages, and stood high in my classes."

"My own education is limited. Though I am rich now, I was a poor boy. At sixteen I had made some progress in Latin and commenced Greek, when my father's failure obliged me to seek employment. The uncle who has now made me rich would do nothing for me; so I left school half educated."

"You would be able to make up deficiencies now," suggested Andy.

"That is what I have been thinking of, if I can get a satisfactory teacher."

"I don't think you can find a classical teacher in Arden."

"I know of one, if he would be willing to undertake the task."

"Who is it?" asked Andy, puzzled.

"Andrew Grant," answered the young man, with a smile.

"Do you mean me?" asked Andy, with a wondering face.

"Certainly. You are fresh from school, and I am sure you would be competent to teach me."

"But I am only a boy."

"Age has nothing to do with a teacher's qualifications, except as to discipline. You wouldn't find me a very advanced pupil. I had read one book in Cæsar when I was compelled to leave school, and had begun to translate Greek a little. Now the question is, are you willing to teach me?"

"If you think I am competent, Mr. Gale."

"I don't doubt that. We will begin, if you like, next Monday. Perhaps, in order to avoid village gossip, it will be well to pass yourself off as my private secretary. Indeed I will employ you a little in that way also."

"I shall be very glad to serve you in any way."

"Then come tomorrow morning at nine and remain with me till twelve. Now about the compensation."

"Fix that to suit yourself, Mr. Gale. I am almost ashamed to ask anything."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, Andy. Suppose I pay you six dollars a week to begin with?"

"The money will be very acceptable, but I am afraid you will be overpaying me."

"I will take my risk of that. On the whole I will call it nine dollars a week, and we will spend the afternoon together also. I will send to the city for a boat, and you shall give me lessons in rowing."

Andy's eyes sparkled. Nothing would please him better, and the prospect of earning nine dollars a week made him feel like a millionaire.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A TRAMP.

It is hardly necessary to say that Andy's parents were equally surprised and pleased at his new engagement.

"You will like that better than working on the farm, I expect, Andy?" said Sterling Grant.

"Yes, father. I am willing to work, but I don't feel much interest in farming."

"It is hard work and poor pay, Andy, but I like it. I was brought up to it when a boy, and there is nothing else I can do."

"Andy is already beginning to get some advantage from his education," said Mrs. Grant.

Andy reported for duty, and during the first morning made up his mind that he should enjoy his new employment. Mr. Gale really desired to acquire a knowledge

of Latin and Greek, and worked faithfully.

To Andy it was like a review of his own studies, and he experienced a satisfaction in the rapid progress of his pupil. He felt quite at home with Mr. Gale, though their acquaintance had been so brief. When twelve o'clock came he was really sorry.

"What time shall I come over this afternoon, Mr. Gale?" he asked.

"At two o'clock. Can you borrow your friend Valentine's boat? I have sent for one, but it may be several days before it arrives."

"Oh, yes; I am sure Val will let me have it. He is a very good natured boy."

"I will be glad to pay for its use."

"I don't think he'd accept anything."

"Then I will make him a present."

Before he returned to the hotel Andy saw Valentine and obtained the loan of his boat.

At three o'clock Mr. Gale and Andy started from the boat house, and again Andy became a teacher.

The young man was a good rower, but Andy was able to give him some points. Sometimes they sat idle and let the boat float at will.

About four o'clock Conrad came down for his usual afternoon row. He was surprised and not altogether pleased at meeting Andy and his companion.

"Why are you not hoeing potatoes?" he asked.

"I've got a vacation," answered Andy, with a smile.

"Are you out for a row?" inquired Mr. Gale pleasantly.

"Yes," answered Conrad sullenly.

Though Walter Gale had nothing to do with his defeat, he could not quite forgive him for awarding the prize to Andy. He felt mortified whenever he thought of it, and wished Mr. Gale to understand that he was not inferior to Andy.

"I was unlucky the other day," he said; "I strained my muscles or I would not have been beaten."

"That was lucky for me, then," said Andy good naturedly.

"I didn't care so much for the money, but if I had been in my usual form, I should have gained the prize."

"Then you wouldn't object to a second race?" said Walter Gale quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"If you would like to try it again over the same course, I will put up five dollars."

Conrad hesitated.

He would not object to winning five dollars. Indeed he wished very much to have that sum, but he was not quite so sure that he could beat Andy as he claimed to be.

Should Andy win again, he would be obliged to concede his superiority.

"No," he said, after a pause; "I don't think I care to race again."

"Then I will make you another offer, but not so good a one. I row a little myself—indeed Andy is training me, so that I hope soon to row better. If you will row against me, I will pay you two dollars. That will be the prize."

"But suppose you win?"

"Then I keep the two dollars myself. It will cost you nothing."

"I'll row," said Conrad eagerly.

"Very well. We will appoint Andy umpire, or referee, whatever you call it."

Conrad was not altogether pleased with this selection, but he waived his objections, and the race was rowed, Andy giving the signal.

Conrad won by a dozen lengths, Mr. Gale making a very good second.

"You have won, Conrad," said the young man good naturedly. "Here is the prize."

Conrad pocketed the bill with a good deal of satisfaction.

"I will row you any day," he said.

Walter Gale shook his head.

"I must wait till I have improved," he said, "or you will beat me every time."

Conrad would much prefer to have beaten Andy, but the two dollars gave him not a little satisfaction.

"Mr. Gale must be rich," he reflected. "I wish I could get in with him.

"As Andy has to work on the farm," he said, "I shall be glad to go out with you any afternoon."

"Thank you, but I have made an arrangement with Andy, that will save him from the necessity of farm work."

Conrad opened his eyes in surprise.

Later in the evening when he met Andy at the village store, he asked, "How much does Mr. Gale pay you for going with him?"

"The arrangement is private, Conrad, or I would tell you."

"How much are you with him?"

"I go to the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning."

"What do you do then?"

"He calls me his private secretary."

"Do you get as much as three dollars a week?"

"I am sorry I can't tell you."

"Oh well, if it is such a profound secret. You seem to have got in with him."

"He treats me very kindly."

"Is he rich?"

"I don't know, but I presume he is."

"I don't see what keeps him in such a dull hole as Arden, when he could live in the city, and be in the midst of things?"

"At any rate it is lucky for me that he chooses to stay here."

"What on earth does he want of a private secretary?" demanded Conrad.

"Perhaps you had better ask him."

"Probably he only hires you out of pity."

"I won't trouble myself about his motives, as long as he appears to like having me with him."

Several days passed. The mornings were spent in study, the afternoons on the pond.

There had been no change in the program, so that Andy was surprised when one morning Mr. Gale said, "We will omit our lessons this morning. I am going to send you to Benton on an errand."

"Very well, sir."

"I have an account with the bank, and will send a check by you to be cashed."

"All right, sir."

"I will engage a top buggy for you at the hotel stable. I suppose you are used to driving?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And I suppose you know the way to Benton?"

"I have been there a good many times."

"Then there will be no trouble."

"When do you want me to start?"

"At eleven o'clock. That would get you home late to dinner. You may, therefore, stop and dine at the hotel in Benton."

This would make it a day's excursion. Andy liked driving, and the visit to Benton would be a pleasure to him.

"I will run home and tell mother I shall not be back to dinner," he said.

"Very well. Be back here at eleven o'clock."

"All right, sir."

When Andy reached the hotel on his return he found the buggy ready. Harnessed to it was the best horse in the hotel stable.

"A pleasant journey to you!" said Walter Gale, smiling at Andy from the piazza.

"Thank you, sir."

Andy drove off at good speed. It was a bright, clear morning. The air was invigorating, and his spirits rose.

He reflected upon his good luck in having found such a friend as Walter Gale. He had been unfortunate, to be sure, in being compelled to leave school, but the hardship was very much mitigated by Mr. Gale's friendship.

He had gone two thirds of the way when he overtook a man whose bloated look and shabby clothing proclaimed him to belong to the large class of tramps whose business seems to be to roam through the country in quest of plunder.

The man looked up as Andy reached him.

"I say, boy," he called out, "give me a lift, won't you?"

Andy was kind hearted, but he was repelled by the unsavory look of the man who asked him this favor. He felt that it would be very unpleasant to have such a man sitting beside him in the buggy.

"I think you must excuse me," he said.

"What for?" asked the man, with a scowl. "Are you too proud to take in a poor man?"

"I don't object to your being poor," answered Andy; "but you look as if you had been drinking."

The man replied by an oath, and bending over, he picked up a good sized stone and flung it at the young driver. Fortunately his condition made his aim unsteady, and the stone flew wide of the mark.

Andy whipped up the horse, and was soon out of danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MOMENT OF DANGER.

ANDY did not examine the check till he reached the bank in Benton. Then glancing at it before he presented it to the paying teller he found that it was for one hundred and twenty five dollars.

"How will you have it?" asked the teller.

"Twenty five dollars in small bills, the rest in fives and tens," answered Andy, as instructed by Mr. Gale.

The bills were counted out, and placed in his hands. To Andy they seemed a large sum of money, and indeed the roll was big enough to convey that impression.

As he left the bank he saw the familiar but not welcome face of the tramp who had stopped him, glued against the pane. He had attended to some errands before going to the bank which allowed the fellow time to reach it in season to watch him.

"I wonder if he saw me putting away the bills," thought Andy.

However, in a town like Benton there was little chance of robbery.

The tramp looked at him with evil significance as he left the bank.

"Give me a dollar," he said.

"I can't," answered Andy.

"I saw you with a big roll of bills."

"They are not mine."

"Give me enough to buy a dinner, then," growled the tramp.

"Why should I give you anything? You threw a stone at me on the road."

The tramp turned away muttering, and the glance with which he eyed Andy was far from friendly.

As directed, Andy went over to the hotel and got dinner. He took the opportunity to dispose of the bills, putting all the larger ones in his inside vest pocket. The small bills he distributed among his other pockets.

Andy started for home at two o'clock. He felt some responsibility, remembering that he had a considerable sum of money with him.

This made him anxious, and he felt that he should be glad to get home safe, and deliver his funds to Mr. Gale. Probably he would not have thought of danger if he had not met the tramp on his way over.

The road for the most part was clear and open, but there was one portion, perhaps a third of a mile in length, bordered by trees and underbrush. It was so short, however, that it would be soon passed over.

But about the middle of it a man sprang from the side of the road, and seized the

horse by the bridle. It did not require a second look to satisfy Andy that it was the tramp.

The crisis had come! Andy's heart was in his mouth. He was a brave boy, and it might well make even an older person nervous to be stopped by an ill looking tramp who was without doubt a criminal.

"Let go that bridle!" called Andy in a tone which in spite of his nervousness was clear and resolute.

"So I will when I have got what I want," answered the tramp.

"What do you want?"

"Look at me and you can tell what I want."

"I presume you want money, but I have none to give you."

"You are lying. You have plenty of money about your clothes."

"I said I had no money to give you."

"Didn't I see you get a roll of bills at the bank?"

"Very likely you did, but what about that?"

"I want some of them. I won't take all, but I am a poor man, and I need them more than the man you are taking them to."

"Whom do you think I am taking them to?"

"Squire Carter. He is the only man in Arden that keeps so much money in the bank."

"You are mistaken; the money is not his."

"Whose then?"

"I don't feel called upon to tell you."

"Well, that's neither here nor there. I want some of it. I'll be content with half, whoever owns it."

"You won't get any. Let go the horse, or I'll run you down."

"You're a smart kid, but you are no match for me. I don't scare worth a cent."

"Listen to me," said Andy; "if you should succeed in robbing me, you would be caught and sent to jail. How will that suit you?"

"It wouldn't be the first time I've been in jail. I'd just as soon be there as to tramp round without a cent of money."

Andy was not surprised to hear that he had to deal with an ex-convict. He understood that this man was a desperate character. He saw that he was a strong, powerful man, in the full vigor of life.

Any contest between them would be most unequal. He was but sixteen and the tramp was near forty. What could he do?

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, willing to try an experiment. "I've got two dollars of my own. I'll give you that if you'll let go my horse's bridle and give me no more trouble."

The tramp laughed mockingly

"Do you take me for a fool?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Do you think I will be satisfied with two dollars when you have a hundred in your pocket? Two dollars wouldn't last me a day."

"I have nothing to do with that. It is all I mean to give you."

"Then I shall have to help myself."

His cool impudence made Andy angry, and he brought down the whip forcibly on the horse's back.

Naturally the animal started, and nearly tore himself from the grasp of the tramp.

"So that is your game," said the fellow between his closed teeth. "If you try that again, I'll pull you out of the buggy, and give you such a beating as you never had before."

Andy remained cool and self possessed. To carry out his threat the tramp would have to let go of the bridle, and in that case Andy determined to put his horse to his paces.

The tramp relaxed his hold and the horse stood stock still, finding his attempt to get away futile.

"Well," said the tramp," you didn't make much by that move, did you?"

"Did you make any more?"

"By Jove! you're a cool kid. But after all you're only a kid. Now, do as I tell you."

"What is that?"

"Put your hand in your pocket and take out fifty dollars. You've got as much, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"That's right. Speak the truth. You may have more, but fifty 'll do me."

"Do you expect me to give you fifty dollars?"

"Yes, I do."

"I don't mean to do it."

Andy had satisfied himself that the tramp had no weapon, and this encouraged him. He could not hold the horse and attack him at one and the same time, but with a revolver he would have been at his mercy.

Besides, Andy's ears were keen, and he thought he heard the sound of wheels behind him. The tramp's attention was too much occupied, and perhaps his hearing was too dull to catch the sounds, as yet faint.

Thus it was that the other team was almost upon them before the tramp was aware of it. The new comer was Saul Wheelock, a blacksmith, a strong, powerful man, fully six feet in height, and with muscles of steel.

He had seen the buggy standing still on the highway, and he could not understand the cause until he got near enough to see the tramp at the horse's head.

He sprang from the wagon he was driving, and before the vagabond was fully sensible of his danger he had him by the coat collar.

"What are you about?" he demanded, giving him a rough shake.

The tramp turning, found he was in the hands of a man whom he was compelled to respect. He cared nothing for rank or learning, but physical force held him in awe.

He stood mute, unprepared with an excuse.

"Why, it's you, Andy!" said the blacksmith. "Why did this rascal stop you?"

"He wants me to give him money. I've just been to the bank in Benton to draw out some for Mr. Gale at the hotel."

"Why, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the indignant blacksmith, shaking the tramp till his teeth chattered. "So you're a thief, are you?"

"Let me go!" whined the tramp. "I haven't taken anything. I'm a poor unfortunate man. If I could get any work to do, I wouldn't have been driven to this."

"No doubt you're a church member," said the blacksmith, in a sarcastic tone.

"Let me go! I'll promise to lead a good life. This young man says he'll give me two dollars. I'll take it and go."

"Don't give him a cent, Andy. You can go, but I'll give you something to remember me by." He gave the tramp a vigorous kick that nearly prostrated him, and then getting into his wagon, said, "I'll keep along with you, Andy. I don't think you'll have any more trouble."

The tramp slunk into the woods, baffled and disappointed. If looks could have annihilated the sturdy blacksmith, his span of life would have been brief.

CHAPTER IX.

CONRAD'S SCHEME.

WHEN Andy told Mr. Gale the story of his adventures on the trip to Benton, he received cordial congratulations on his courage.

"You have shown a great deal of pluck, Andy," he said. "The next time you have occasion to go over to the bank for me, I will accompany you. Now, if you are not too tired, I want you to go down to the pond. I have something to show you,"

They walked side by side till they reached the pond.

Andy's curiosity was not specially excited. He talked with Mr. Gale on different topics, and had hardly time to consider what it was he was to see.

But when he reached the boat house, he saw floating at the small pier an elegant rowboat, built of cedar, and much handsomer than either Conrad's or Valentine's.

"Oh, what a beauty!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mr. Gale quietly; "you will have quite the best boat on the pond."

"I?" exclaimed Andy, in surprise.

"Yes, for the boat is yours."

"But I don't understand," stammered Andy.

"It is plain enough," said Walter Gale, with a pleasant smile. "The boat is yours. I give it to you."

"How can I thank you?" exclaimed Andy, grasping his friend's hand. "I can't believe that this beautiful boat is mine."

"You will realize it after a while. Let me tell you how I got it. It was built for a rich young man in New York, one of the Four Hundred, I believe, but as he received an unexpected invitation to go abroad for two years he authorized the builder to sell it for him at a considerable reduction from the price he paid. So it happens that I was able to secure it for you. Now let us go out for a row. It will be the trial trip."

Fifteen minutes later Conrad got into his boat, and started out. It was not long before his eyes were attracted to the new boat.

He could see at once, for he was a judge, that it was far more elegant and costly than his own, and he was seized by a pang of envy. His own boat seemed to him quite inferior, though but a short time before he had regarded it with pride.

He was curious to see the craft nearer to, and pulled up to it.

"That is a fine boat you have there, Mr. Gale," he said.

"So I think," returned the young man. "I feel quite satisfied with it."

"When did it come down?"

"I only received it this morning."

"How much did it cost?" asked Conrad, who was not troubled by bashfulness.

"A small fortune," answered Walter Gale, with a smile. "I am afraid I must decline to give the exact figures."

"I asked because I may ask my father to buy me one like it."

Conrad was perfectly well aware that such a request would be promptly denied. Squire Carter was not disposed to be extravagant, and he had even hesitated for some time before incurring the outlay required for Conrad's present boat.

The new boat was so elegant, so graceful, and so thoroughly finished in every part, that Conrad could not help coveting it. He was not very much to be blamed, for it was one that would captivate the fancy of any boy who was fond of the water.

"I should like to try the boat some time, Mr. Gale," he said.

"If the owner is willing, I am," returned the young man.

"The owner? Why, doesn't it belong to you?" asked Conrad, in surprise.

"No; it belongs to Andy."

"That boat belongs to Andy Grant?" exclaimed Conrad, with an incredulous frown.

"Yes; I have given it to him. You will have to ask his permission."

"I shall be glad to have you try it," said Andy pleasantly.

"Thank you, but I don't think I care for it," replied Conrad coldly.

He felt a pang of mortification to think

that the farmer's son should have a boat so much superior to his own.

"If you change your mind, let me know," said Andy.

"Conrad is jealous," remarked Walter Gale. "He doesn't like to have you own a boat that is superior to his."

"I think you are right, Mr. Gale. If the case were reversed I would not mind."

"Because you are not disposed to be envious or jealous."

When Conrad returned home there was a cloud upon his brow. It was easy for any one to see that he was in bad humor.

"What is the matter, Conrad?" asked his father. "You look as if you had lost your best friend."

"I hate Andy Grant," exploded Conrad, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Why, what has Andy done now? You haven't had a fight, have you?"

"No; I wouldn't demean myself by fighting with him."

"What is it, then?"

"He is always doing something to annoy me."

"I am still in the dark."

"He has got a new boat, far handsomer than mine. I shouldn't wonder if it cost twice as much."

Squire Conrad was surprised.

"Where did he get it?" he inquired.

"It was a present from Mr. Gale, the young man at the hotel."

"He must like young Grant very much?"

"It is ridiculous that a poor boy should own such a boat."

"I don't see how we can help it," said the squire philosophically.

He did not take the superiority of Andy's boat so much to heart as his son.

"I'll tell you how you can make it right, father."

"How?"

"By buying me a boat as good or better than the new one."

"Why should I buy you another boat? The one you have is only six months old, and it cost me a pretty penny, I assure you."

"That may be, but I shall not feel any more satisfaction in it now that Andy has a better one."

"All this is foolish, my son."

"Then you won't buy me a new boat?"

"Most certainly I won't," said the squire firmly.

Conrad's countenance fell, but another idea came to him.

"Suppose Andy is willing to exchange with me for something to boot?"

"You say the boat is a fine one?"

"Elegant."

"You may offer him ten dollars."

"Won't you say fifteen, father? I assure you it is worth much more than that difference."

"You can offer him ten dollars, and see what he has to say to it."

Conrad managed to see Andy the next day, and made him the offer.

"Do you think I would part with Mr. Gale's gift?" said Andy indignantly.

"He wouldn't care; and ten dollars is a good deal of money," said Conrad insinuatingly

"If you offered me fifty dollars I would say the same. I am not particularly in want of money."

"I suppose you say that because you are earning three dollars a week."

"Who told you how much Mr. Gale paid me?" asked Andy, smiling.

"Then he does get three dollars a week," reflected Conrad.

He redoubled his entreaties, but Andy refused firmly.

Half an hour later Conrad met on the street a shabby figure with whom we are already acquainted. It was the tramp who figured in an encounter with Andy when on his way to Benton.

"Young gentleman," said the tramp, with a whine, "you look rich and generous. Can't you spare a poor man a trifle?"

"You look as if you drank," replied Conrad, with brutal frankness. "Your nose is red."

"That's owing to a skin disease. I have belonged to the Temperance Society for five years."

"Humph! you don't look like it. Why don't you work?"

"Because I can find nothing to do."

Here a contemptible suggestion offered itself to Conrad.

"If you will do something for me, and keep mum, I'll give you two dollars."

"I'll do it if it isn't too hard."

"Then I'll tell you what it is. There's a boat on the pond that belongs to an enemy of mine. He is always crowing over me. Now if you'll manage this evening to set it on fire I'll give you two dollars."

"How shall I set it on fire? With a match?"

"No; I'll supply you with some shavings, a few of pieces of board, and some pitch. There won't be any trouble about it."

"Who owns the boat?"

Conrad described Andy.

"That's the boy who—— but never mind! I'll do it."

Once convinced that in this way he could get revenge on the boy who had humiliated and got the best of him, the tramp was only too willing to help Conrad in his scheme.

When Conrad went home at nine o'clock after supplying the tramp with combustibles, he said to himself,

"There won't be much left of Andy's boat in the morning."

(To be continued.)

A PLUCKY BOY EXPLORER.

How a young Frenchman pushed his way into closely guarded regions of Morocco—What perseverance and a friendly disposition did for Gabriel Delbul.

By George Holme.

LAST year a young French boy was chased out of Morocco by the sultan's cavalry. He leaned over the rail of the steamer and laughed in triumph as the vessel glided out of the harbor of Mazagan.

He had visited parts of the country where a white man had never before set his foot, and he was carrying back to France a story of adventures which reads like those in the "Arabian Nights." Moreover he brought back information concerning an unknown part of the world so valuable that the Paris Geographical Society has devoted twenty eight pages of the valuable space in its *Bulletin* to its recording.

Gabriel Delbul started for Morocco when he was only eighteen. He had no money to take escorts or to fit out an expedition. He had only his clever wits, and a manner and disposition which made him friends wherever he went.

He reminds one of the hero of Mr. Frank Stockton's story of the young man who took for his motto, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," and who asked so very politely for what other people had fought and lost their lives for, that he always obtained it.

Young Delbul had a very original idea. It was to be the guest of the country which he wished to explore. If he was to explore at all this was the only way in which he could do it.

He knew that he must first know the language, so he went to Tlemcen, on the borders of Morocco, and set about learning Arabic. All the time he was looking about for some influential person who might give him letters of introduction to the cadi of one of the border tribes. This accomplished, he believed that he could make such friends that he would be passed to the next tribe, and so on until he had covered the country.

But while he was conceiving this plan he was showing the determination and the pluck which was in him by making himself ready to carry it out in the smallest detail.

His youthful appearance he took care to exaggerate. Who would think of a boy being dangerous anywhere? He was not expected to know valuable information when he came upon it.

In Tlemcen he found a rich old merchant, El-Hadj-ben-Ali-Mohammed, who had dealings with the Angads.

Delbul literally sat at the old man's feet until he won his heart completely. He found the merchant ready to help him, and he honestly told him all of his plans, and took his advice.

When, after six months, the merchant thought that he was fluent enough in Arabic, he saw Delbul properly dressed as an Arab, and sent him across the border with letters of introduction to some of the cadis in northeastern Morocco.

At first he did not attempt to disguise himself. The cadis in these tribes had seen white men before, and it was enough for them that he was the boy friend of the Tlemcen merchant.

But one day a fanatic raised the cry that there was an infidel among them, and headed a mob against the boy.

But Delbul was ready for this. He had learned the koran and all the observances of the Mohammedan faith, and he made the people believe that he was a Turk on his way to visit other Mussulmans, and they let him go on.

After this he always traveled as a Turk.

When he came to the tribes of Beni-Buzegu he found that their cadi, with a large escort, was about to make a journey to Fez, the capital of Morocco, where only a few white men have ever been allowed to go, and then only under the greatest restraint.

Delbul brought all of his persuasive powers to bear, and induced Cadi Hamèda to take him along as one of the unnoticed boys in his escort.

It was in November, 1891, that they started upon the memorable journey over a country unknown to civilization.

The sultan of Morocco, Muley Hassan, gave them a house to live in, and Delbul, unsuspected, spent three months in Fez.

When the cadi who had brought him had his audience with the sultan, and went up to pay his tribute, Delbul went along in the suite.

All the time the young man was making friends. There were two cadis from the mountains south of Fez, who were delighted with the boy, and as it turned out, it was very lucky for him that they were.

In April, 1892, the party said good by to Fez, and started back, and Delbul thought his adventures were over when in reality they had just begun.

They found, when they came toward home, that some of the tribes had revolted against the sultan, and that the sultan's son, Muley Omar had started out with an army to put down the rebellion.

While they were looking for the cause of the rising, Muley Omar heard of a stranger in the camp of Hameda. He caused him to be arrested, and started him back toward Fez.

Now it happened that two men in the escort were of the tribe of Berber who live south of Fez, and owed allegiance to the cadi El-Hassan, who had been a friend of the boy at Fez. Delbul got in with them, and induced them to steal away with him to their own tribe.

Here he was received with joy. He was the first white man to set his foot upon this territory and he lived here for nine months, believing that he would never again be allowed to go back to his own country.

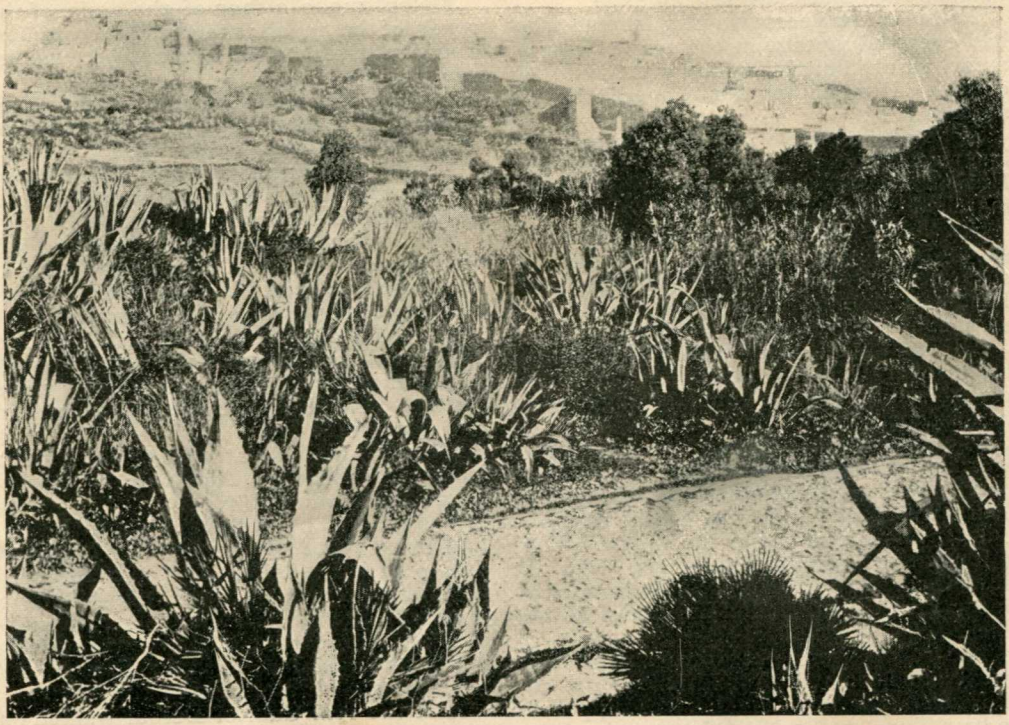
But the greatest adventure of all was in store for him.

Far below Fez, across the Atlas mountains, there is a land of mystery called the Oasis of Tafilelt. It is the place where the great political prisoners of Morocco are banished.

It was here, in this great expanse of green in the desert, that the reigning

Gabriel Delbul.

From a photograph by Graffe, Paris.



A "High Road" in Morocco.

The Market Place in Tangiers.

family of Morocco arose, and it is here that members of that family who have conspired against the sultan, are sent in exile.

Within a few years two Englishmen who had every advantage in the way of equipment, vainly sought to find a way into its depths. It remained for a mere boy to succeed.

Some of the people in Tafilelt arose in an insurrection against the sultan, and Muley Hassan himself headed an army which marched to put them down.

Gabriel Delbul, darkened by the African sun, dressed as a Berber with Berber speech, went with his mountain friends to Fez, passed muster as one of them, and went south in the sultan's service.

All went well until suddenly a storm broke over Delbul's head. A man had recognized him as the young stranger who had escaped on the way to Fez.

The sultan sent for him, but his happy knack of making friends served him even here. The potentate attached him to the court, which does not stay in the capital, but travels around with the sultan. The sultan's son, Muley-Abdul-Aziz, who is now the sultan of Morocco, became his bosom friend, and Delbul did about as he liked.

The rebels were put down and Delbul spent almost a month with the court in the oasis. All this time he was supposed to be a Turk and a Mussulman. A white man and a Frenchman, knowing as much as he did of the place, would never have been allowed to live.

Delbul made a map of the oasis, of the roads, of the canals; sketched the costumes, and can give a clear account of what he saw.

But all the while he was planning to escape. It must only be a question of time until the truth was discovered.

Finally the sultan and his suite started homeward. They came by way of Marakech, the second capital of Morocco.

By this time Muley-Abdul-Aziz, had left the expedition, and Delbul knew that it would go hard with him if were discovered. He resolved to escape at all hazards.

On the night of the 31st of December, 1893, he slipped away, and started to walk to Mazagan on the coast, eighty miles distant. He did this, traveling at night, in two days and a half.

He made his way at once to the French consul, M. Beudot. And now his cleverness came again into play.

The sultan sent parties in every direction, and the way to the steamers in Mazagan was guarded closely. But the Morocco cavalry were looking for a young Turk in flowing white robes. A gay young Frenchman in European clothes, chatting with his friends, calling back in French, did not attract their attention in the least.

And the real Gabriel Delbul walked on board the French ship and sailed away home under their very noses.

On the 16th of January, 1894, he reached France again, having had adventures which Dumas would have enjoyed telling, and having added stores to the world's knowledge of a shut in country.

Pluck and friendliness did it all.

Delbul showed his youth in this flight more than in any other thing he did. An older man would have waited for the return of his friend, the sultan's son, Muley-Abdul-Aziz. If he had not left in the way in which he did, he might now be able to go back to Morocco and, with added information and powerful friends, open that country to the world, for, as has been said, Muley-Abdul-Aziz is now its ruler.

There were some doubts felt concerning Delbul's remarkable story when he first returned to France, but sufficient evidence of its truth has been gathered. And the Moors have learned the facts in the case of their mysterious young visitor, and possess enough humor to be very much amused at the trick which was played upon them, and they have expressed a great deal of admiration for Delbul's wit and cleverness in escaping detection.

They remember him as a young Mohammedan who was very devout in all of the observances of his faith, and who expressed a great horror of an untruth.

Morocco is an interesting country even to those who are only allowed to skirt its borders. The natives call it Maghrib, which is a contraction of "Maghrib-el-Aska," meaning "the extreme west." The kingdom is situated in the northwest of Africa, just at the west of Algeria.

There were once three kingdoms here, Maghrib, Fez, and Tafilelt; and the empire extended away to the country of Timbuctoo in the south. But the rulers of Tafilelt conquered the other two kingdoms and turned their own old home into the Siberia of Morocco.

Nowadays the country is divided into four territories, Fez, Morocco, Suse, and Tafilelt. But in these there are thirty three different governments ruled by cadis. It was these rulers whom Delbul made into friends as he went through the land.

These cadis are the real sovereigns of the country and they scarcely acknowledge the dominion of the sultan when they are at home. But when they are called before him they must bow to his most despotic ideas. There are no written laws. This system allows the greatest corruption. The sultan calls upon the cadis for any revenue that happens to be wanted at the time, and the cadis go home and levy extortion upon the people.

There are about eight million inhabitants in Morocco, and about three hundred and fifty thousand of them are Jews.

A Jew is an infidel in the eyes of a Mohammedan, and may be treated in any fashion. A rich Jew is not apt to exhibit his wealth, for he would be quite likely to have it taken away from him.

The Moors, Jews, Arabs, and the negroes from the Soudan, who are still slaves in Morocco, together with the Berbers, make up the population.

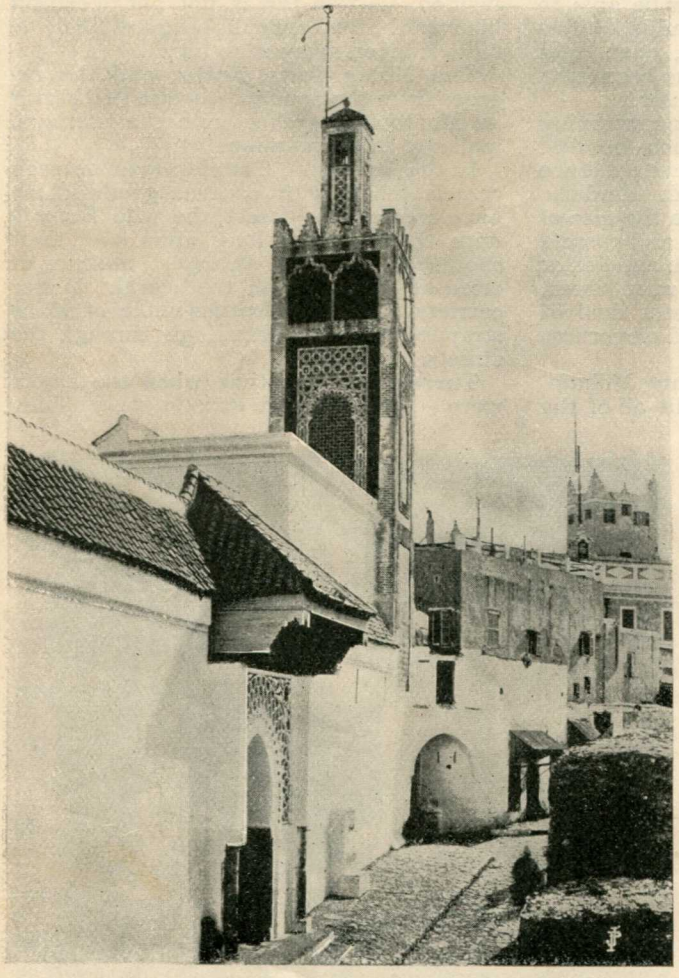
In the streets of Tangier may be seen camels laden with caravan goods which have crossed the desert, the wild Berbers with their curious long guns over their shoulders, and the strangest mixture of oriental races in all the world. Water carriers with their bottles made of skins strapped to their backs, go through the streets.

There was once a time when the Moors were a powerful and artistic race. They

A Moorish Water Carrier.

are far more civilized than the Bedouins and Berbers who live far in the deserts and the mountains, but they are much more cruel.

They went with the Arabs into Spain in 1091 to stem the torrent of Christian conquest, and they have left their mark upon that country for all time. In 1238 they were driven back to Granada, and here they held their kingdom until Ferdinand drove them out of Spain in the very year that Columbus discovered America.



A Mosque in Tangiers.

The beautiful Moorish architecture is one of the glories of Spain. They built their own cities in Morocco after this fashion in the beginning, but every year they deteriorate more and more. Many of the beautiful mosques are falling into decay.

The great industry of Morocco is the making of colored leather. They have a secret by which they can make any sort of leather extremely soft and white. It is said to be done by the use of two plants which are found in that country alone.

One curious feature of the leather dyeing is that each province dyes its leather a different color. All the red leather is made in the city of Morocco, all the green in Tafelelt, and the yellow in Fez.

Europeans come and go freely in the streets of the coast towns, or even in the second capital, the city of Morocco or Marakech itself, from which Delbul escaped. It is the hill tribes who are jealous of invasion.

This feeling grew out of their ancestral troubles with the Christians. It was not until 1814 that Christians ceased to be sold as slaves in the market places of Morocco. Time moves slower with these people than with us.

In the seventeenth century the navy of Morocco was formidable to the maritime nations of Europe, for it was manned by pirates. Men from Riff, one of the border countries, were a wild and cruel race who were the terror of the seas.

Instead of fighting them as they deserved, the countries of Europe paid sums to the government of Morocco to keep the Riff pirates away from their vessels. But the outrages grew worse and worse, until finally France made the sultan pay for her losses, and Spain followed suit.

But Spain was so hated, that she was compelled to send an army into Morocco and bombard her towns before satisfaction could be obtained. It was these jealous, fierce tribes of the interior who believe today that a Christian is a dog to be killed or sold into slavery, that Delbul visited, and whose inner life he learned as no one had ever learned it before.

He brought back to France sketches of the dress, of the houses, and stories of the life of the people, for he made them into his friends.

Morocco is supposed to be very rich in minerals, copper, gold and silver While it is nearly all a hilly country crossed by the Atlas Mountains, there are many beautiful, level plains, where cotton, hemp, tobacco, and fruits are raised for export.

Delbul, however had little to do with this portion of the country. It was the regions which the natives kept shrouded in mystery that he made contribute to the budget of information he brought back with which to astound France.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST ADMIRAL.

The story of the paragon of naval heroes—How Nelson served his country throughout a life of daring deeds, and died at the post of duty.

By Richard Mace.

A SICKLY, undersized boy the son of a clergyman in a country parish, Horatio Nelson, born in 1758, seemed very unlikely to become the greatest of England's naval heroes.

It seemed unlikely to every one excepting himself. From his childhood he comforted himself for every disappointment by declaring that he knew himself marked by destiny for some glorious career

"I *feel* that the opportunity will be given me," he would say. "I cannot be kept out of sight if I am on the field of glory, and I know that where that field of glory is, there Providence will direct my steps."

He was literally on fire all his life with that ardor and enthusiasm without which few men have ever obtained distinction. His small, weak frame, seemed no house for his fearless and bold spirit.

When Nelson was thirteen, his uncle, Captain Suckling, who commanded the warship Raisonnable —took him into the royal navy as a midshipman. But it was not until 1793 that the real Nelson flashed before the world. Then, on board the Agamemnon, he took part in the sieges of Bastia and Calvia in Corsica, losing an eye in the last named.

He was also engaged in the celebrated action of Sir John Jervis, with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. It was owing to a masterly and daring maneuver executed by Nelson in direct defiance of orders, that the battle was won.

Although the expedition which he had commanded against Teneriffe had failed, with the loss of his own right arm, it was admitted by every one that skill and valor in their highest degree had been displayed by Nelson, and upon his return to England he was received with popular acclamation, and the Order of the Bath was conferred upon him.

The next year he was put in charge of a fleet, and he signalized his first independent command by winning the battle of the Nile. He made the completest annihilation of an enemy on record. Only two French ships escaped, and this was said to be due to a wound in the head Nelson received. For this exploit he became Baron Nelson of the Nile, and for expelling the French from Naples the Neapolitan king made him Duke of Brontë.

Admiral Lord Nelson.

Nelson's next great exploit was the battle of Copenhagen in 1801 when he shattered the naval power of Denmark.

There had been bad blood between the latter country and England for some time; and the British welcomed the prospect of hostilities, particularly Nelson.

While in command of a comparatively small vessel, that doughty Briton had encountered a powerful Danish fleet, the admiral of which despatched a *midshipman* to the English vessel to inquire her name and number of guns.

Nelson keenly felt the indignity offered to him and his flag by the boy's visit, but

bottling his wrath, he gave the desired information, adding significantly that he was at liberty to tell his commanding officer that should the necessity arise his guns could be all well served.

When war was declared the Danes massed their fleet in the harbor of Copenhagen, and in addition the town was defended by numerous heavy batteries and all offensive and defensive appliances known at the time. Their position seemed well nigh impregnable, and, indeed, to anybody but Nelson it might have proved so.

But Nelson had a little account to settle with these same Danes. The battle waged with great fierceness, and it looked as though the gallant English tars had a hopeless task before them.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander in chief of the British fleet, took no active part in the battle, remaining outside the harbor with a small reserve squadron. He closely watched the contest, and finally became convinced that to continue the action meant annihilation, and signaled Nelson to withdraw.

The hero had no thought of retreat. His blood was up, and he was determined to win if it took every man and every vessel in his fleet. When informed of the admiral's signal, he remarked calmly to one of his officers that having but one eye, he had a right to be blind occasionally, and placing the spy glass to his blind eye he turned it in the direction of the distant flags, and then said complacently, "I really do not see the signal."

Then he issued the order: "Fly the signal for close action, and *nail it to the mast!*"

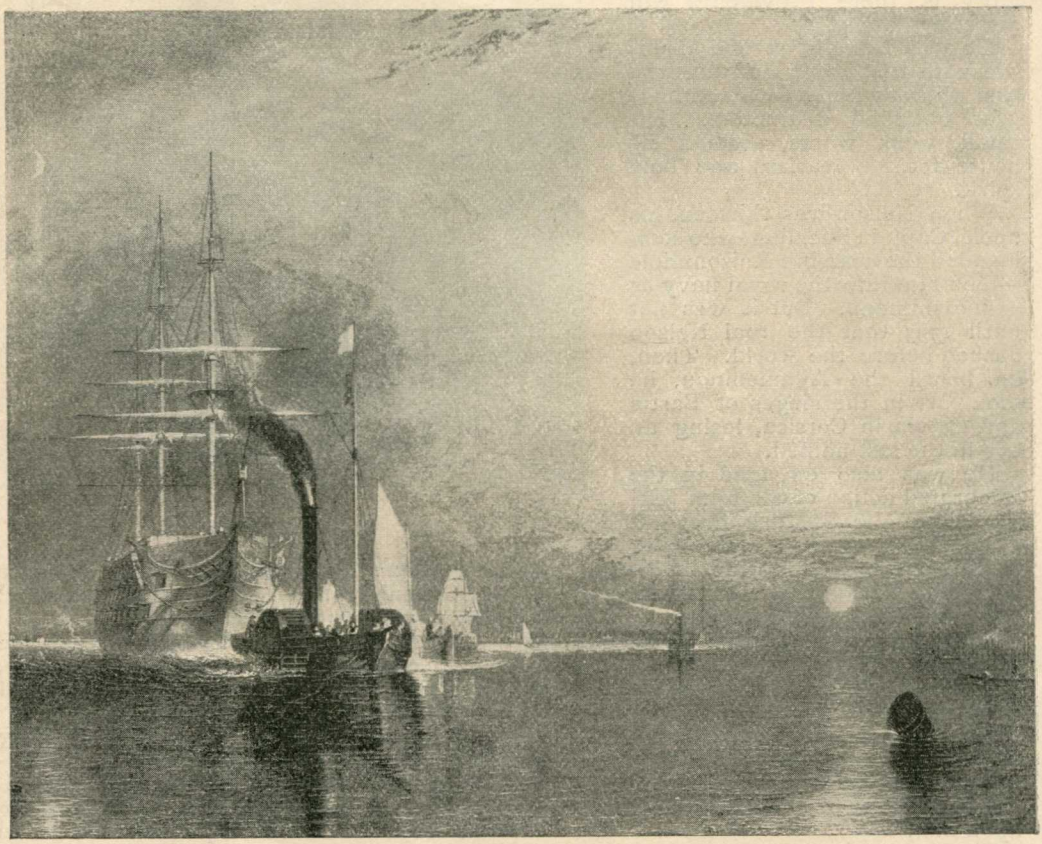
With the certainty of disgrace if he failed, he worked out his great triumph.

But Nelson's greatest glory came in Trafalgar bay, when the combined navies of France and Spain moved together in battle array.

This was on the 21st of October 1805. Nelson had twenty seven ships of the line and four frigates. The enemy had forty vessels. The odds were fearfully against him, but the admiral thought not of defeat.

"England expects every man to do his duty," was the signal he hoisted while bearing down upon the enemy a phrase which history will not let be forgotten.

In the heat of the action a musket ball struck the hero in the shoulder, and he was carried below. But the fight was already won, and France as a naval power was wiped out.



One of Nelson's Men of War.

From Turner's painting of "The Fighting Temeraire."

The Nelson Monument, Trafalgar Square, London.

Three hours later Horatio Nelson breathed his last, amid the roar of the cannons bellowing forth the news of his greatest victory.

Besides the Nelson column in London, of which an illustration is given, there is the Nelson pillar in Dublin, while in Liverpool a group of statuary commemorates the bravery of the man whom England delights to honor. This group represents Victory offering Nelson a wreath while Death snatches at his heart.

The view of the Temeraire will give the reader some idea of the warships of a hundred years ago. The contrast between them and a modern battle ship, like our own Iowa or Oregon, convinces us that while the world has made rapid progress in all branches of science, that of marine architecture has been the most noteworthy.

SAVED BY A SPY GLASS.

By Mark Vance.

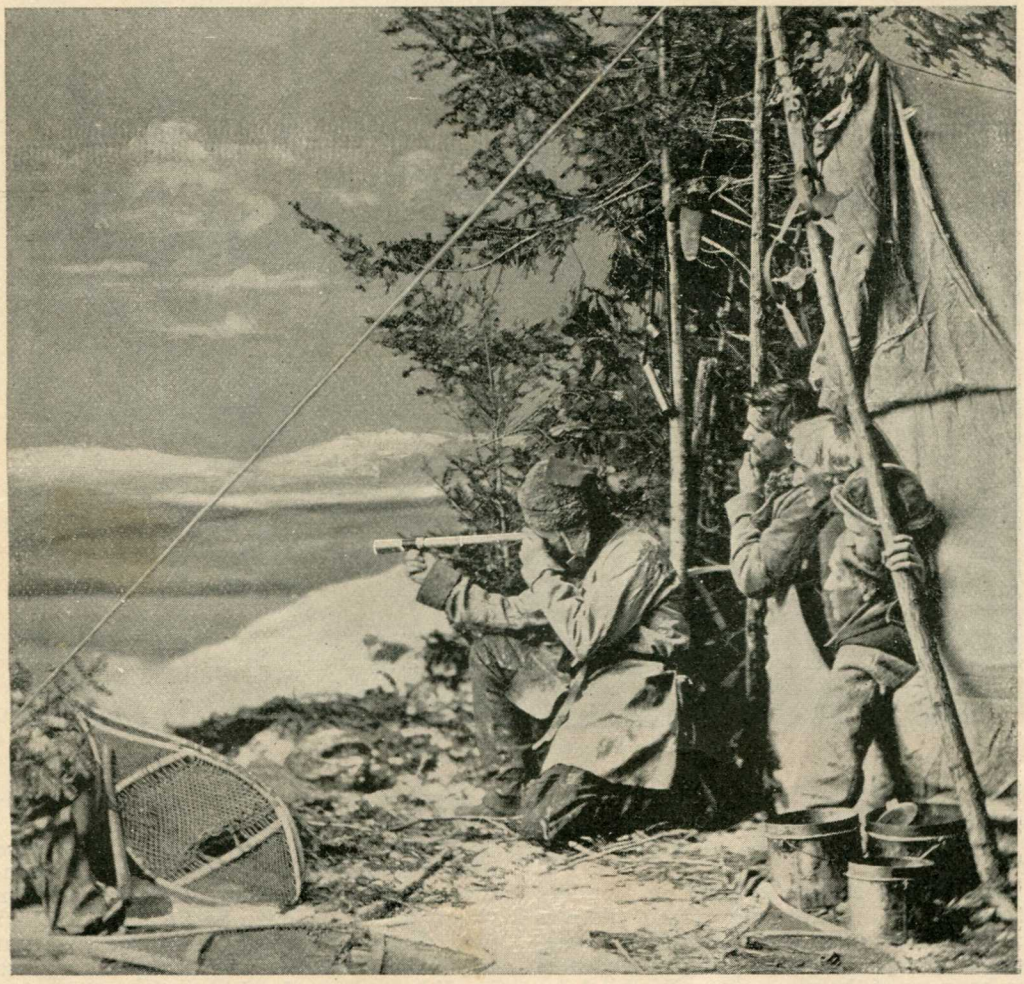
OUR winter hunting trip to the forests of upper Canada will never be forgotten by Harry Pope, and we three others will remember our terrible anxiety for some time to come.

For two years we had planned to go to the region south of Lake Temiscamingue during the holidays, and our parents having at last consented, four of us, Harry Pope, Ed Lee, Lester Hicks, and myself, had put our outfits and guns in order and were on the train bound for Mattawa two days before Christmas.

From the way people looked at our party we must have seemed an interesting lot.

Harry was tall, straight and wiry He had been brought up on the Western prairie, where his fondness for out of door life kept him in the saddle, rifle in hand, for months at a time. He had been an orphan for the last half of his twenty years, and had come East from his brother's home to take a course in Westman's Business College, where he met the rest of our party.

Lee, his opposite in everything but disposition, was of medium height, with a slight blond mustache. He was of rather slender build, and would give one an impression of being soft in a physical sense,



Through his telescope the doctor saw Harry s terrible plight.

but woe betide the youth disposed to presume upon that idea.

Ed was a runner of some note and had taken a number of prizes in his first days as a sprinter, and later at longer distances. He could box with great skill, but was never disposed to be combative, unless in self defense.

Our pet, and the one for whom we acted as a sort of bodyguard, was Hicks, one of those fellows whose sweetness of disposition make them loved by all who know them. A bright scholar and a devourer of good reading, Lester's voice always calmed any dissensions that arose among us, and his was the deciding vote on every occasion.

The writer was just an ordinary, everyday sort of chap, ready for anything in the line of hunting and fishing, a worshiper of Frank Forrester and Izaak Walton and all the host of writers who have followed them.

Our journey was uneventful, and before we reached Mattawa a good night's rest in the sleeper took away the fatigue of the previous day's bustle. There must have been a herd of phantom moose in that car, for we each killed one in our dreams.

Then the train pulled out of the station and left us standing in the early morning on the platform surrounded by our traps. We were objects of great curiosity to the few fur and blanket clad members of the community whose duties caused them to be on hand to greet us.

Antoine Labadoux, who was to be our guide on this long anticipated trip, had received carefully written directions to meet us at the train.

Of course we examined every one about the place, but none of them seemed to fit the guide as pictured in our mind's eye. Just as we had decided to ask one of the small boys who hovered around us, where Antoine could be found, he appeared.

Around the corner of the station he came, a tall, dark, half breed trapper, dressed in blanket cloth, with a fur cap and huge mittens. He carried a long rifle on his arm, and this weapon proved to be his constant companion.

Advancing with a pleasant smile he asked, "Ees this Meestair Pope?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Pope," answered Harry, and at once introduced us to Antoine, who immediately marched us off to his cabin on the outskirts of the town, where he had a good comfortable breakfast prepared of tea, bread, and venison steak, to which we did ample justice.

Having finished our meal we went to the store and bought a lot of woolen blanket clothes, mittens and heavy stockings. These we at once put on, as our ordinary suits were permitting us to gradually freeze to death, despite our heavy ulsters.

After we had been provided with snowshoes and had taken a few preliminary lessons, during which there were many ludicrous tumbles, we were ready to set out.

Each taking his gun and ammunition, a hunting knife and a light pack, we started in single file behind our guide, who was heavily laden with most of the provisions and an axe as well as his rifle, while we carried the tent and camping appliances.

On and on we tramped, the unusual exertion entailed by the snowshoes tiring us. By late in the afternoon we were ten miles from our starting point, and within half a day's march of our destination, a spot where Antoine had located a herd of five moose a few days before.

While the sun was still half an hour above the tree tops we halted, selecting a sheltered spot on a knoll overlooking a frozen brook, as our camping ground.

Setting Hicks and myself to scraping the snow off a space about fifteen feet square, Antoine felled a cedar tree and proceeded to cut off all the branches. Pope had in the meantime put up the tent, with Lee's assistance, at one side of the space we had cleared, and as soon as it was up Antoine covered each side clear to the ridge pole with a thick roofing of cedar branches to keep out the cold wind. This done he showed us how to cut off the ends and use them to make a flooring all over the bottom of the tent, nearly a foot thick and as soft as our beds at home.

With amazing quickness this tireless guide of ours started a fire at the other side of the bare spot, and Harry and I cut a good supply of wood for the night. Then Antoine got up a supper which was a duplicate of our breakfast, but oh, didn't it taste good after our long tramp in the cold, bracing air!

We sat around the fire afterwards while our guide told us of moose hunts he had had and of many other stirring adventures. We could have listened all night, and when the trapper told us to turn in our spirits were on the alert for the next day's hunt.

Rolled in our blankets and packed side by side in the tent like sardines, we slept as warm as could be wished, while Antoine lay outside with his feet to the fire, as he said the tent was too warm for him!

The sun was not yet up when we were awakened by a low whisper from Antoine, "Moose been here."

You may imagine it did not take us long to unroll and struggle to our feet, and we all started to whisper at once.

Before we were awakened Antoine had gone a short distance from the camp to get some wood to replenish the fire, when he suddenly came across a fresh moose trail.

As nearly as he could judge it was that of a large bull, and the animal had not been close enough to observe our presence.

To add to our excitement Antoine thought that the trail had been made but a

short time, perhaps half an hour before, and the moose was proceeding very slowly, stopping every now and then to browse.

We were all as excited as could be, and as quietly as possible loaded our rifles and prepared to follow the moose.

This, however, the trapper would not permit. He directed us to go back in the tent and sit on the floor, keeping watch through the opening at each end, while he went out to see where the moose was.

He seemed to think the bull was somewhere in the vicinity, though we could not understand why.

However, it was best to do as he said, for he promised to take us where we could get a shot before he took one himself.

He withdrew to the tent, and fell to discussing in a low tone who should have the first shot in case Antoine found the moose. The general opinion was that Hicks was to have the first chance, and then Lee. Harry said he would take the last, as he had had more hunting than any of the rest.

While we were talking Hicks looked out, and at once uttered a warning in an awed whisper.

Instantly we joined him in looking through the narrow space between the two end flaps of the tent, and there, not a hundred yards away, was the moose, strolling along in a very leisurely manner, having evidently neither seen nor scented us.

Pope was the only cool one of the four; the rest of us were so excited that we had a bad attack of buck fever and shook as though suffering from the ague.

Hicks finally calmed down so that he was able to take careful aim with his Winchester. The rifle cracked sharply in the frosty air, and the moose leaped straight up and then stood still, as if looking to see where the sound came from.

Harry's rifle jumped to his shoulder, and almost before it seemed that aim could be taken, he fired.

His sighting was true, though, for the bull gave a few strides, and then dropped heavily on its side.

With a loud hurrah we rushed to the prostrate animal and whipped out our knives to cut its throat as Antoine had instructed us the evening before.

Hicks, perhaps, to redeem his bad miss, drew his blade across the furry coat; but scarcely had the steel entered the flesh when the moose lashed out viciously with its hoofs, knocking Lee and myself several feet away, and upsetting Hicks and Harry under its very fore feet.

Hicks rolled like a ball out of danger, but poor Harry was pinned down by the furious animal, whose eyes seemed starting from its head with pain and madness.

Utterly unlooked for, this sudden turning of the tables was a stunning surprise, and for a moment we were helpless.

Hicks, however, was on his feet in an instant, and looking about for his rifle, which he found some distance away, half buried in the snow.

The moose, in the mean time, had attacked poor Harry with fiendish vigor and ferocity. Every effort Pope made to regain his feet was met by savage blows from the creature's sharp pointed hoofs, and each blow seemed to sink into his flesh until our very blood ran cold.

We were helpless, for in the excitement of seeing the bull drop at Pope's shot, our rifles were thrown aside as we raced to see the prize that we had so unexpectedly gained.

Hicks was deadly pale, but with what seemed to us marvelous coolness he dropped on one knee, and taking deliberate aim at the moose, pulled the trigger. The hammer snapped! He had forgotten to reload the gun.

Instantly throwing down the lever he slipped another cartridge into the chamber, but it refused to work; the blow from the hoof of the frantic animal had broken some of the mechanism.

With a groan Hicks dropped the useless weapon.

The moose was still at Harry, who now lay face down in the snow, apparently dead.

What could we do? Was there no help anywhere?

A loud shout from the side of the valley opposite our camp startled us, and the sight of a tall figure, followed a short distance behind by another, both fairly flying toward us over the snow, gave us renewed hope.

Closer came the first figure, and we could see it was an Indian trapper. His long black hair was flying in the wind and his eyes gleamed savagely as he saw the prostrate form beneath the cruel hoofs.

When within a few feet of the moose, who seemed to scent a dangerous enemy, he dropped his rifle and drew his long hunting knife.

With a mighty bound he leaped upon the animal. His left hand grasped the bull's horns, and his strong right drove the keen blade deep into its side.

Once, twice, three times, the shining steel descended, while the moose, lashing out madly with its fore feet, tried to disable this new and more fearful foe.

The Indian drove the knife in to the hilt for the fourth time, when the bull giving a lurch, fell over, now indeed dead.

For a moment we could not realize that the monster was killed. But without a moment's delay our rescuers rolled the animal to one side and bent over poor Harry's inanimate body.

"He's pretty nigh dead," announced the Indian.

Then taking a flask from his pocket he forced some brandy between our friend's lips.

We all fell to chafing Harry's hands and in a few moments his eyelids quivered and

then opened. A groan, low and intense, escaped him and then clenching his teeth he kept back all sound.

The second 'figure had come up some time before, and was a genial faced, elderly man with a brown beard, who now came forward and announced that he was a doctor. Had the earth opened we could not have been more surprised. It was almost too good to find a physician out in the wild woods of Canada when we were in such dire extremity.

Hastily cutting open his clothing the doctor examined our comrade and finally announced that his right arm was broken, as well as two ribs, and that it was certain that he had sustained internal injuries. At all events it was necessary for us to get him to Mattawa as soon as possible.

The doctor was returning with a party from a hunting trip and was encamped on the opposite side of the valley. Hicks' shot had awakened them, the subsequent events being watched through a glass until Pope was seen under the moose, when John Twelvetrees and the doctor started to our rescue.

A careful examination of the dead moose showed that Pope's bullet had "creased" him—that is, it had struck the skull and glanced off, stunning the animal until the cut at the throat revived it.

Antoine now came up. When he saw poor Harry lying like a corpse he was the picture of despair. He had been on the other side of the ridge and did not hear our two shots.

Why, he asked us, did we not wait until he came back before we approached the moose? And why, above all things, had we not observed that cardinal rule of all hunters, to reload our rifles before moving from where we stood? Had we done this all danger would have been averted.

Never to be forgotten was the kindness of the doctor, who helped us build a litter for Harry, and remained with us until we reached Mattawa. Antoine was beside himself with grief to think that any one under his care should have suffered such injury.

When we reached the railroad the doctor made arrangements to have a cot put in the baggage car, and went all the way to Montreal with us.

We reached New York safely, and Harry was at once brought to Lee's home, where with careful nursing he recovered. A good substantial sum was sent by us to John Twelvetrees, and Antoine, who did what he could after the accident, was not forgotten. But never again as long as we live will one of us forget to reload his gun before he approaches his game.

WHAT HE DESERVED.

A FANCIFUL TALE.

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

WHEN Mercutio O'Houlihan, on attaining his seventeenth year, announced to his venerable uncle, the prophet Nonesuch, that he had decided to leave his abode and go in quest of fame and fortune, lo these many centuries ago, that worthy sage bade him godspeed with much outward lamen- and more inward exul- tation.

"Go, my son," he said, extracting from a plethoric purse a threepenny bit, with the same reckless abandon one might have expected him to exhibit in parting with one of his large, soulful eyes—"go, and with you take this money, my blessing, and one last piece of advice. It is this: don't believe everything you hear."

The reader will probably wonder why Mercutio should have wished to go in search of fortune when he had such a generous relative. It must have been because the youth was greedy.

Be that as it may, Mercutio was an exceedingly well read youth, and all literature concerning fortunes, princesses, and so forth, which had happened to reach his relation's abiding place, had been seized upon by him and perused with avidity.

Of all the means of acquiring vast riches and other aids to happiness therein exploited, the easiest and most direct way, it seemed to Mercutio, was to encounter a fairy, one of those munificent spirits who in strange guises were, according to his beloved books, so often appearing to mortals, and by earning her good will, thereby obtain all that he coveted.

With heart and heels made light by the flamboyant buoyancy of youth, Mercutio strode onward, only now and then pausing to ascertain whether or not his uncle's benefactions had parted company with him by way of a hole in his only pocket.

Suddenly his heart gave a great leap, for he became aware that just ahead of him an old crone was hobbling, her ancient back well nigh breaking 'neath a tremendous load of faggots.

"Now, by my halidom," Mercutio quoth, "I am indeed in luck, for unless I am sore mistook yon ancient dame is a fairy in disguise."

Then, with a particularly winning smile, he accosted her, saying, "Permit me, good mother, to relieve your poor shoulders from the burden they bear."

Mumbling her thanks, the old party surrendered her bundle of kindling wood to the kind youth, who shouldered it right merrily, and onward strode for about eleven miles, until his back seemed broken, and every bone in his body cried out for very pain.

Finally the ancient woman's hovel was reached, and Mercutio relinquished his burden, and stood waiting for her to offer him three wishes, or something of that sort.

But, no; she thanked him warmly, effusively even, and then passed into the house.

But Mercutio was not the youth to be disposed of thusly, and plucking up courage he followed her, and asked what recompense was in store for him to repay his aching joints and bruised back.

"Alas, good youth," the old woman replied, "I am scandalous poor, and can pay you nothing."

"Come off, good mother!" ejaculated Mercutio. "Are you not a fairy in disguise? Come, confess; you see I'm onto you."

The supposed fairy regarded the young man with undisguised astonishment, which he promptly decided was caused by his shrewdness. Gradually she took in the situation.

"Ah," she said at length, "you think I'm a fairy, do you? And that is why you carried my sticks for me, is it? Otherwise I suppose I might have struggled on unaided."

"Sure," chuckled the youth, now firmly convinced of the correctness of his supposition.

"You shall not go unrewarded, young sir; what is it you desire?"

"Ten million dollars, a safety bicycle, and to marry a beautiful young princess," responded the young man glibly, having previously thought out and rehearsed his answer.

"Is *that* all?" said the dame, accentuating the word "that."

"Better make it twenty million dollars," said the boy thoughtfully, after a moment's reflection.

"'Tis well," she said; "obey my instructions and you will get what you deserve. Follow yonder road in a northeasterly direction until you encounter a large, powerfully built man. Be sure that he is very large and powerful, as otherwise he might not be able to give you so much. Do not speak to him, or the spell will be broken; but approach him from behind and administer to him the most vigorous kick of which you are capable. The harder you kick him, the better."

Thanking his benefactress, the young Mercutio continued his journey, his already light heart and heels made lighter by the fairy's words. Men he met, many of them; but none seemed huge and robust looking such as his fairy patron had directed him to find.

In entering a village, late that afternoon, he stopped a small and grimy urchin, saying,

"Prithee, boy tell me where I may find the biggest and strongest man hereabouts, that I may kick him and get what I deserve."

The gamin eyed him quizzically.

"Please, sir," said he finally, "is your life insured?"

"Irrelevant questions are malapropos, my child," responded the youth loftily. "I pray you, tell me where I may find such a man as I have described to you, without further ado."

"Slugemio, the blacksmith yonder, is the mightiest man in Hobolem," said the small boy ruminatively. "But if you kick him you ——"

But Mercutio was already striding rapidly away.

Now, Slugemio was a mighty man, six feet tall and three broad. His biceps were the wonder and admiration of the country for miles around, and his fierce, repellent face, half covered with a grisly beard, would have made almost any man think twice before being rude to him.

But Mercutio had no fear. Armed with the fairy's injunctions, he quickly and quietly approached the unsuspecting artisan, and deftly administered to him a kick that fairly lifted that mighty man off his feet.

Then the blacksmith fell upon the young man, and smote him hip and thigh, as the saying is. Not a square inch of his body but was decorated with gobelin blue or somber black. Finally when the son of Vulcan had satiated his appetite for young men, the remnants of the once gay young Mercutio gathered themselves together, and slowly and painfully retraced their steps in the direction of the abode of the prophet Nonesuch.

As he passed the hut where he had last seen his fairy benefactress, that old lady was sitting on the doorstep, imbibing ozone. As the would-be multi-millionaire ambled painfully by, her thin lips compressed themselves unpityingly over her toothless gums.

"That young man has evidently followed my advice," she told herself. "Well, he's got what I told him he'd get—what he deserved."

It was many a long day ere the young Mercutio's bruised body and wounded spirit had healed sufficiently to enable him to resume his quest for fortune. The next time he started out, he took an entirely different direction, but underwent an ordeal which was none the less trying. I'll have to tell you about that, though, some other time.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR.*

By William D. Moffat,

Author of "Belmont," "The Crimson Banner," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Pen Rae learns that he is regarded as a drone by the townspeople of Wilton Junction, he leaves his mother and younger brother, Will, and goes to New York to take a small position on the *Herald*, which Mr. Austin Terry, one of the editors, and an old friend of Mrs. Rae, secures for him.

Uncle 'Lias, an old negro who drives the boy to the station, tells him that he saw his father, who has not been heard from for many years, the week before, on a train which stopped at Wilton Junction, and likewise produces an envelope bearing a New York address, which he declares that Mr. Rae dropped. After enjoining old 'Lias to secrecy, Pen boards the train, taking with him the scrap of paper for future investigation.

Acting on Mr. Terry's advice, Pen engages a room at Mrs. Buet's boarding house. There he becomes acquainted with Bob Lecky, his landlady's nephew, who undertakes to show him around.

Pen has sundry experiences during his next few days in the metropolis. Then, one evening, accompanied by his friend Bob and Carl Moran, a young German, he goes to the theater.

While walking home after the performance, the boys encounter a crowd of rough men, and Pen is rudely jostled. Upon extricating himself, he looks around for his friends. Then he suddenly becomes conscious that his gold watch, his mother's parting gift, is gone.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER ARREST.

BOB LECKY and Carl Moran now came hurrying up.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Bob, as he noticed Pen's disheveled appearance and distracted manner. "Did they maul you?"

"My watch! Gone! They've stolen my watch!"

"Your watch? What, those fellows took it?"

"Yes! yes! It's gone! What shall I——"

"Quick, then!" interrupted Carl Moran, glancing after the mob. "We haven't a second to lose. Let's follow them."

And the three set off on a run down the avenue.

"What can we do?" asked Pen breathlessly.

"I don't know," answered Carl; "but let's follow them a while and see. Rae, you keep behind; they will recognize you. Bob and I will run up among them and try to find out who has your watch. While we do that, you stop the next policeman you see and bring him along with you."

Bob and Carl then hurried ahead, while Pen followed nearly half a block behind, keeping a sharp lookout for a bluecoat. As usual, however, in such cases, policemen were scarce, and Pen's hopes sank low as corner after corner was passed without a sign of an officer.

The crowd ahead had now passed Twelfth Street and was approaching Abingdon Square. Pen could see nothing of his two friends. They were no doubt in the very midst of the mob.

Just as they reached the square a disturbance occurred. The crowd massed itself more solidly at one point, and from that spot came shouts of anger and the sound of blows.

The excitement grew rapidly. The roughs tumbled one way and another, the whole mass rolling first toward the iron fence and then out into the gutter. Pen paused, not daring to approach nearer.

A moment later and there was a great outcry:

"Look out! The cops! The cops!"

The ranks, with mingled shouts of alarm, swayed back and broke in confusion. Above all the noise rose two heavy voices like the roar of mad bulls, and a couple of massive policemen plunged through the crowd, scattering the roughs in every direction.

"Fightin' are yez! Get home there, every mother's son of ye! No back talk! Come, get a move on."

The crowd needed no encouragement. Singly, and in groups, up and down the avenue, across the square, and down the side streets, they ran like so many rats, and as the scene of action cleared, Pen saw another policeman standing close by the iron fence, holding two of the culprits by the collar.

Seized with the hope that one of them might prove to be the thief that had robbed him of his watch, he ran forward for a closer look at them.

As he came near, the light of the electric lamps fell full upon the faces of the two

**The first 8 chapters of this story appeared in the March issue of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 10 cents.*

captives. They were Bob Lecky and Carl Moran.

Bob was struggling vigorously under the grasp of his captor.

"I tell you it's all a mistake!" he cried. "We weren't fighting. We were only——"

"Here, shut up now! Don't lie about it," growled the policeman roughly. "Didn't I see yez fightin'? And weren't ye just goin' to clip yer man on the jaw when I grabbed ye? What do ye mean tellin' me ye weren't fightin'?"

"But he was a thief," exclaimed Bob. "He had stolen a watch from a friend of mine, and I was only trying to get it back, when—there he is now," he added, as he saw Pen come up. "He will tell you all about it."

The policeman turned towards Pen, as did also his fellow officers, who, having now dispersed the crowd, rejoined their companion.

Pen, in a trembling, excited, and awkward manner, told the story of the robbery of his watch.

The policeman listened incredulously without losing his grasp on Bob and Carl.

"Well, that sounds all very nice," he said roughly, "but the fact of it all is, ye've both been caught in a free fight on the street, and ye'll have to come along with me. Ye can keep your story for the sergeant at the station house. Here, Jake, collar one of these chaps, will ye?"

"If we've got to go to the station house, we will walk there. You won't have to drag us," said Carl Moran.

With that they set off, a policeman holding each boy by the arm, and a small group of street loafers bringing up the rear.

They were not long in reaching the station house, where the policeman who had Bob Lecky in charge, made his report to the sergeant, giving his own coloring to the facts, which naturally did not prepossess the superior officer in favor of the boys.

"Well," he said, frowning severely at Bob, "what have you to say?"

Bob paused. He scarcely knew what to reply, conscious that the truth would avail nothing after the policeman's story.

Carl Moran was the first to speak.

"We are not to blame, sergeant," he said. "Our friend here," pointing to Pen, "had his watch stolen by a lot of roughs, and we were only——"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the sergeant. "Hasn't Blake just told me that story? And a pretty fishy one it is, too. Have you anything else to say?"

Both boys were silent. While they were hesitating for a reply, a side door opened and a tall man in the full uniform of a police captain came hurriedly out of an inner office and started towards the outer door.

Bob's face lighted up.

"Oh, Captain Maynard!" he cried out eagerly.

The officer turned, and then, with a surprised expression, came forward.

"Why, Bobby, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed, shaking Bob by the hand.

Carl and Pen heaved a sigh of relief, while the sergeant's face changed quickly.

"We're in trouble, sir," said Bob quickly, "and all because the truth is too fishy a story for the sergeant."

Captain Maynard looked at the sergeant.

"I may have made a mistake, captain," said the latter hurriedly. "The young men were taken in a free fight on the street, and appearances were against them. Of course if they are friends of yours——"

"Let's have the truth, that's all," interrupted the captain. "Let them tell their story and then judge them."

And the judgment now was predetermined in favor of the boys as it had been against them before the appearance of Captain Maynard.

First Pen told his story in detail. Then Bob told how he and Carl had mingled with the crowd of roughs, and by chance had hit upon the very one who held Pen's watch; how, thinking that Pen would soon appear with a policeman to assist them, they had grappled with him boldly; and how they had been set upon and were in the thick of a free fight when the three officers appeared and arrested them.

"So out of that whole crowd you succeeded in capturing the only two innocent ones—that was hard luck," remarked the captain, glancing at the policemen.

The three bluecoats looked foolish, and said nothing.

"Didn't you know that you were taking a tremendous risk in grappling with that fellow right in the middle of his gang?" continued the captain, addressing Bob. "Roughs of that kind are desperate. They might have beaten you half to death."

"I didn't think of that," answered Bob promptly. "My only thought was about that watch and the rascal that stole it standing right there in front of me. I was going to get that away from him if it cost me a limb."

"You've got the stuff we like," said the captain with a smile, as he tapped Bob on the shoulder. "When you grow older you ought to join the force. We need your kind."

The boys were at once released, and Bob introduced his friends to Captain Maynard.

"I am very glad that I happened to be around tonight," said the captain. "It is very rare that I am here at this hour."

"And I never thought of its being your precinct," responded Bob. "My wits were clean gone, anyhow, and if you hadn't turned up so luckily I don't know what I would have done."

"And now about this watch," said the captain, as he and the three boys left the station house. "I will see what can be

done. We will keep a sharp eye on all pawn shops in the precinct, and will follow up any clue we find."

"Do you think there is any chance of getting it back?" asked Pen anxiously.

The captain turned to Bob.

"Would you recognize the thief if you saw him again?" he asked.

"No, I am afraid not," answered Bob. "I got only a bare glimpse of his face, and then it was in the shadow."

"I guess your watch is gone, then," said the captain to Pen. "You see we really have nothing to work on."

Pen's head fell, and he turned away in silence.

Bob and Carl talked briskly as they walked home, but Pen heard nothing of their conversation. Their excited comments on the incidents of the evening, their self congratulations on their lucky escape through Bob's acquaintance with Captain Maynard, even their expressions of sympathy, were completely lost on him.

He hurried home without speaking, and leaving his companions abruptly at the door, he ran quickly to his little back hall bedroom and shut himself in.

"Guess I'll go cheer him up a bit before I turn in," said Bob, as he told Carl good night.

"No, better not," answered Carl. "You don't understand Rae. I think I do, partly. He isn't like the rest of us fellows. His kind like to be left alone. They have feelings that others can't appreciate. You heard him say it was his mother's watch. Better leave him alone."

CHAPTER X.

PEN'S DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THE next day, Sunday, completed Pen's first week, and an eventful week it had been. During the afternoon he wrote a long letter to his mother, telling her of the many things that had happened—all but two, and those the most important: the experience of Friday night, which he dared not tell, and the loss of the watch, which he could not bring himself to mention, hoping against hope that in some unforeseen way he might regain possession of it and so save his mother the pain that he knew the loss would give her.

But of other things he wrote fully—of his work, his impressions of Mr. Terry and the other newspaper men, of his boy acquaintances, particularly Carl Moran, of his life in the city, and especially of his first experience at the theater.

Of the play it seemed as if he could not write enough, and as he wrote it an idea suddenly occurred to him.

Why not prepare a criticism of the play for the paper?

Here, certainly was the chance he had been looking for. He had heard the dramatic men of the paper talk about their affairs at the office, and he felt sure that he could catch their style if he applied himself to it.

The notion took firm hold on him. At the first opportunity Monday morning he went to the files of the paper and spent some time reading the dramatic criticisms that had appeared during the past few weeks. He studied the style carefully, even copying down certain phrases that struck him as peculiarly forcible and expressive.

With this preparation he went straight to his room after dinner, and, closeting himself there, devoted the evening to the writing of his great dramatic criticism.

At first he wrote rapidly in glowing sentences. Then, when several sheets had been covered, he went over his work again and again, pruning and altering it in accordance with the ideas he had formed from the morning's reading, modeling his style closely after that of the paper, and adopting some of the phrases he had culled from its columns.

Finally the work was done, and with considerable pride he laid the sheets of paper in order, and numbered them. Even then he was not content, but he must read them over once more before going to bed.

The following morning about eleven o'clock, Mr. Terry, who had been too busy at first to look up or speak when Pen appeared, called him and assigned him an errand to the Astor Library.

"Now is my chance," thought Pen, and he quietly laid his manuscript on Mr. Terry's desk.

"Eh, what's this?" asked Mr. Terry, running his fingers rapidly through the sheets.

"A dramatic criticism, sir. I went to the play the other night, and I thought it would be a good thing to write up for the paper. Bearing in mind what you said about coming to you first, I thought I would show it to you and get your opinion."

Mr. Terry glanced at the title at the head of the first sheet.

"Why, bless me, Pen," he exclaimed, "this is not a new play. 'Alabama' has been a favorite for over two years."

"I—I suppose so, sir," answered Pen; "but I didn't know that would make any difference."

Mr. Terry could not help smiling.

"Only new plays receive critical notices in the papers, Pen," he said. "New plays, or old plays revived—at any rate a new event in the theater. 'Alabama' has been running steadily for a long time."

Pen's face fell.

"And so—so this notice would be useless?"

"Certainly—and while I am about it," went on Mr. Terry, in a less hurried and gentler tone, as he noticed Pen's embarrassment, "let me tell you that dramatic criticism is a special class of work and is assigned to special writers."

"So there would be no use in my trying it."

"It would be a waste of time for you, at present, except as practice in writing."

Pen turned away in confusion and hurried away on his errand.

After he had gone, busy as he was, Mr. Terry took up Pen's manuscript and read it over carefully. More than once, as the borrowed phrases, easily detected by his experienced eye, met his glance, he smiled indulgently. At times he could scarcely help laughing, the mixture of boyish exuberance of expression, of flowery phraseology, with a crude imitation of journalistic style, formed a combination so odd and incongruous.

He shook his head regretfully, however, as he noted the extreme care with which the manuscript had been prepared, the neat white sheets of paper nicely laid in order, the clean, delicate handwriting, and the pains that had been taken to remove all blots and stains.

"Too bad," he said aloud, laying the manuscript down on the desk. Then he added, as he took up his pen to resume his work,

"I will write to her again tonight. This will be a good excuse."

When Pen returned later in the day, Mr. Terry took the time to go over his manuscript with him, thinking he might at least make it profitable to him as a lesson in composition. He pointed out the faults of style pleasantly, but with frankness and honesty, and offered many suggestions to guide him in the future.

Pen gave his employer close and careful attention, and thanked him for the suggestions, but his pride was considerably touched as he saw his finely spun sentences fall to pieces under Mr. Terry's criticisms.

In his isolated life at Wilton, with only his mother's encouraging words to guide him, he had come to look upon the work of his pen as a finished literary product. Now he found himself in the attitude of a schoolboy having his first composition overhauled by a teacher.

He was ready for any criticism on his choice of subject and the best way to treat it, for on those points he felt his inexperience, but he was not prepared to have his words and sentences torn to shreds as if he were an ignorant scribbler.

It cost him a struggle to suppress his mortification and annoyance as he took his poor manuscript back to his desk and tossed it to one side.

A short time afterwards Mr. Terry left the office. Then Pen took up the sheets again and slowly turned them over.

"Can it be so bad?" he thought. "Mother has always praised my work—and she is a good judge of writing, as well as Mr. Terry."

With that thought came a sudden resolution.

"I will send it home to her tonight, and she shall be the judge," he said, thrusting the manuscript into his pocket.

And so it came about that Pen's dramatic criticism and Mr. Terry's letter reached Mrs. Rae by the same mail.

CHAPTER XI.

PEN'S POEM.

NEWSPAPER men are keen and quick observers, so, before the first week was over, Pen had been pretty accurately "sized up" by the members of the staff and others connected with the paper.

A few words here and there, while at his work in the reference library, or passing through the offices with messages, were his only communications, for Pen was shy and reticent, but this had been quite sufficient for the shrewd men about him, who soon came to know him as "The Somnambulist," a term that had first been applied to him by a reporter on account of his dreamy, absent minded way.

As time went on a good deal of quiet fun was made of him. He was never the victim of practical jokes, for Mr. Terry's patronage protected him from that, but he was frequently the butt of jests, while his ignorance of practical affairs, and the curious blunders resulting from it, afforded no end of amusement.

One afternoon, while Pen was out on an errand, an editor connected with the city department came into Mr. Terry's office.

"What can we do with stuff like this?" he said, throwing several sheets of paper down on the desk.

Mr. Terry recognized the paper and handwriting at once, but concealed the fact.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's a story about something that happened on Broadway last week, written by your young clerk."

Mr. Terry paused a moment.

"Poor boy!" he thought. "My criticism must have hurt him more than I thought. He has made up his mind to do without me."

Then he took up the manuscript.

"Well, what is it like?" he asked.

"Perfect rubbish—the wildest stuff I ever saw. We can't do anything with it. Look for yourself."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Terry, glancing over the matter; "I see. Well, suppose you leave it with me. I will speak to the boy about it."

When Pen returned to the office, Mr. Terry turned to him.

"I believe you are something of a poet," he said.

Pen looked around in surprise.

"How did you know that, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, your mother told me so—in a recent letter. I understand you have had several poems printed."

Pen smiled with pleasure.

"Yes, sir; in the Wilton *Press*."

"Have you any verses in manuscript?"

"Yes, sir; several."

"If you don't mind, I would like to see them."

"I would be very glad to show them to you."

"Very well. Bring around two or three of them when convenient."

"I will, sir, tomorrow."

Accordingly the next morning Pen brought in three short poems that he had selected with great care from the many scraps in his portfolio.

"Ah, thank you," said Mr. Terry. "Just leave them with me for a while."

Some time during the afternoon Mr. Terry called him from his work.

"I think these are very creditable, Pen," he said, "and I have spoken to our literary editor about this one in particular. We will print it if you wish."

Pen's heart leaped joyfully. The poem Mr. Terry had selected was entitled "Honeysuckle," and had been written in the arbor summer house at Wilton on the afternoon when he overheard from 'Lias' lips the unflattering opinion of the town concerning himself.

"I am very—very glad you like it," he said, his voice trembling with pleasure.

"All three are good," responded Mr. Terry. "Your mother was right in praising them. I think you might place the other two in some one of the weekly literary papers. Try them."

"Thank you, sir, I will."

"And another thing, while I am about it, Pen," went on Mr. Terry; "Mr. Chase of the city department handed me this manuscript of yours. The story it tells is no longer news—it's over a week old, so I am very sorry he can't make use of it."

Pen flushed deeply as Mr. Terry handed him the manuscript.

His mother, in her answer to his letter, had avoided commenting on his dramatic criticism, and had only urged him to lean wholly on Mr. Terry's advice.

"He knows journalistic affairs, and he is your best adviser," she had said.

But this had only touched Pen's pride still more, and settled him in a resolution to find out what he could accomplish on his own merits.

And this was the result. His work had come back to him, while his friend had offset the disappointment by securing for him the acceptance of one of his poems.

He was sadly confused, and gazed in an embarrassed fashion at the floor, quite conscious that Mr. Terry had read him like a book.

But his friend hastened to relieve him.

"Every one must learn, Pen," he said encouragingly. "You haven't got the swing of this sort of thing yet, but you can pick it up in time. At any rate don't get discouraged. Your verses show what you can do, and, after all, there is a higher class of literary work than mere newspaper scribbling."

And with these encouraging words Mr. Terry let the matter drop.

It was a proud day for Pen when his poem appeared. The earliest copy he could obtain was marked and sent home to Wilton, bringing him back the next day a warm and affectionate response from his first and only admirer, his mother.

A second copy was clipped and the clipping carefully pasted in his precious scrap book beside the few other verses of his that had appeared in the Wilton *Press*.

These, too, had given him a feeling of pride in their day, but how they dwindled now into insignificance beside that new clipping from the *Herald!*

Pen lost no time in following Mr. Terry's advice concerning the other two poems. He sent them the next day to two weekly papers—and then awaited results.

They were not prominent papers, belonging to that extensive class known as "home periodicals," but Pen understood that their circulation was large and widespread over the country, and accordingly he was anxious to find a place in their columns.

Day after day went by without his receiving any response either in the form of acceptance or declination. Mr. Terry advised him to be patient.

"Don't try to hurry the matter," he said when Pen asked his advice. "Periodicals have their routine, and you must abide their time. Wait a while yet."

So Pen waited, and the days ran into weeks with no more satisfactory results.

It was now approaching September, and one morning he determined to ask Mr. Terry's permission to take a few hours off in order to look up the offices of the periodicals and find out what had become of his poems.

But Mr. Terry did not appear that morning at the office, nor did he appear all that day. Late in the afternoon, however, Pen found the following note on his desk:

Come to my rooms tonight about eight o'clock. Do not fail. I want to speak to you on an important matter.

AUSTIN TERRY.

CHAPTER XII.

PEN IS LELT TO FIGHT HIS OWN WAY.

WHEN Pen reached Mr. Terry's rooms that evening he found him with his coat and vest off, bending over two leather trunks that lay open on the floor.

The apartment was in great disorder. Clothing, toilet articles, and papers were strewn about everywhere; wardrobes and bureau drawers stood open and half empty; and the furniture was pushed back against the walls to clear a space in the center of the room.

"Come in, and sit down anywhere you

can find a place," said Mr. Terry hastily, when he saw Pen. "You must excuse my not stopping my work. I have very little time to spare, and I can talk just as well while I pack."

"Are you going away, sir?" asked Pen.

"Yes; most unexpectedly. I had no warning of it until this morning?"

"When do you go?"

"Tomorrow afternoon—by the Northern Pacific Railroad. I am going to Japan."

Pen caught his breath.

"That is a long trip for a sudden one."

"I am accustomed to that," answered Mr. Terry. "My experience as foreign correspondent has taught me to be ready for short summons and long trips. As you know, my work on the paper relates altogether to foreign affairs. I used to be the regular foreign correspondent, and was on the go nearly all the time. Of late years things have been quiet abroad, and I have had little to do but editorial work. It so happens that Mr. Bennett now wants a man to go to Japan, and he selected me for it. I received notice of it this morning, and I am to start without delay."

Pen said nothing, but he looked uneasy.

"I know what you are thinking of," continued Mr. Terry. "You are wondering what will become of you when I am gone."

"Yes, sir; that was in my mind. You see, I came as your assistant, and——"

"I understand; but I don't think you need feel at all uneasy. You are helping the other editors also, and I see no reason why your work should not continue just the same as if I was here."

Pen looked relieved.

"I thought of you first of all this morning when I received my summons, and it made me a little uneasy for a while, for I felt that I had assumed a responsibility in recommending you to come to the city."

"Oh, I don't want you to feel uneasy on my account, sir," Pen hastened to say. "I consider all that you have done as so much kindness, and I could not expect you to do more."

"It would be no kindness to suggest your coming here and then leave you in the lurch," responded Mr. Terry. "I felt a sense of responsibility to you and to your mother. But, as I have said, I see no cause for uneasiness. I spoke to Mr. Brace about you—he is in the literary department you know—and he told me he could keep you busy, and would look after you a little, so that I think will fix you all right.' As for myself, I am not at all unwilling to go away again. It is the kind of work that suits me best, and I have been chafing more or less ever since I have been in the office. I like change—travel and adventure of any kind—anything that is new and interesting. It is a passion with me, and when I began it it was an absolute necessity."

"Why?" asked Pen. "Were you in bad health?"

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Mr. Terry slowly. "At any rate my life seemed to depend on it. Constant change was my cure. I traveled to occupy myself—and to forget myself."

At these serious words Pen looked curiously interested.

"And so I learned to like it, till now travel is my favorite occupation," Mr. Terry hastened to add in lighter tones.

He had paused in his work while speaking, and now stood in the center of the room, his arms folded, looking at Pen.

"You have never been in this room, have you?" he said after a moment's pause.

"No, sir; only in your parlor."

"I have been wondering whether you would notice those two pictures on the mantel. Do you recognize them?"

Pen walked across the room. The pictures were photographs of a young man and woman, and they were set in a leather case, side by side.

The woman's face arrested Pen's eye at once.

"It is my mother!" he exclaimed.

"And the other?"

Pen looked at it a moment and then bowed his head.

"It would pass for a likeness of you ten years hence," said Mr. Terry, coming up behind him and laying a hand on his shoulder.

Pen felt a momentary impulse to tell Mr. Terry all that he had learned from 'Lias—that his father had been seen recently, alive and well. But he stifled the feeling before it found its way to his lips.

He had learned a lesson in silence from his mother.

"These were taken a number of years ago. I have seen this one of my mother at home," he said as calmly as he could.

"Just about eighteen years ago—during the week of the wedding," said Mr. Terry. Then he added more slowly, "I was the best man."

Pen looked at him quickly, and caught the expression that crossed his face. An instant and it was gone.

"I am just beginning to know him—and now he is going away," he thought.

"Pen, as there is no telling just when I may come back," said Mr. Terry, "and I value these pictures above everything, I want them well cared for. I don't feel like packing them away somewhere. Will you keep them for me?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pen feelingly.

"Then, take them," and Mr. Terry folded the leather case that contained the photographs, and fixed the clasp. "I am glad to leave them in your hands."

A half hour later Pen left his friend, the latter assuring him that he would see him again in the morning before he left the city.

"I will write to your mother tonight ex-

plaining the matter," were Mr. Terry's parting words; "and I hope she will believe that I have done all I could under such pressing circumstances."

"I know she will understand," answered Pen.

It was a desolate day, that first one after Mr. Terry's departure.

Pen scarcely knew what to do. He had been in the habit of taking all his directions from Mr. Terry—in fact he more than suspected that his mother's friend had *made* a place for him, and now that he was gone Pen felt completely lost. He gazed disconsolately at the closed desk in the little office; then, unable to stay there alone, went into another office where Mr. Brace was, and sought employment of him.

Mr. Brace was kind enough in his nervous way, but he could do little to cheer Pen. He was too busy a man to talk. All he could do was to assign him work, and occasionally jerk out a word or two of advice.

All hope of hints or encouragement in his literary aspirations from that quarter Pen soon saw were vain. To one of his dependent nature the loss of a friend like Mr. Terry was irreparable.

And he not only felt it in his literary efforts, but in the ordinary routine work of the office. The little spirit he had shown under Mr. Terry's direction flagged, and, kind as Mr. Brace tried to be, he could not help snapping out some word of reproof at times when Pen seemed particularly dull.

Such reproofs stung Pen to the quick, and he would brood over them for several days, growing unhappier and more distrustful of himself each time.

And, as this feeling grew, he kept more and more aloof from others. The influence of Mr. Terry had been to draw him out of himself. That removed, he retired again into his shell, and, as nearly as his circumstances would permit, he returned to the style of life he had lived at Wilton—speaking little to anybody, avoiding company, and in the evening closeting himself up in his room with his books.

The only variation in this mode of life was an occasional visit to the theater, and even in this he was usually alone. Dating from that first experience at the play, Pen experienced a genuine passion for the stage, and the greater part of his little savings went in that direction.

With the assistance of the ingenious Bob Lecky, he was enabled to get seats at a very small price, and sometimes at the newspaper office a ticket was given him by Mr. Brace, to whom he had confided his taste, so Pen managed to see a good deal of the drama in a way, and scarcely a week went by but he was at the play at least once.

The last Saturday of September, there being little to do at the office, Mr. Brace gave Pen an admission card to one of the theaters for the matinée, and his freedom for the afternoon. The play was over by five o'clock, and it was still broad daylight, as Pen walked slowly down Eighth Avenue, quite oblivious to his surroundings as usual, and his mind completely absorbed with the scenes of the drama he had just witnessed.

Thus quite unconsciously he walked into the very center of a group of boys assembled at the corner of Eighteenth Street. Had he seen them while approaching he would gladly have crossed the street to avoid them, but he was altogether unaware of their existence until voices broke rudely in on his dreaming.

"Hullo, by George, here's the knowing un!"

"Not very knowing, though, I guess. Looks as if he was in a trance. Hey, there, my hearty, ain't you sober yet?"

Pen started and looked around him. The group numbered about eight, among whom he at once recognized his acquaintances of that memorable night at "Tom's."

"Hullo, old sharpshooter, where have you been keeping yourself?" exclaimed one of the boys.

Pen looked confused and said nothing.

"Say, Harold, here's your friend," laughed another of the boys. "Show him your new toy."

Harold Fisk had been displaying some new possession of his for the admiration of the rest, when Pen's sudden approach interrupted him.

Now for the first time Pen turned and faced Harold. As he did so, his eyes fell on the object in Harold's hand that had been engaging the attention of the group.

An exclamation of astonishment escaped his lips.

It was his mother's watch.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEN FARES BADLY.

PEN sprang forward and snatched eagerly at the watch.

"Give me that! It is mine!" he cried.

Harold's hand closed quickly and he stepped back.

"What's the matter with you?" he exclaimed.

"I want my watch. You have it there. Give it to me!"

Pen had now seized Harold by the wrist.

"Are you crazy?" cried Harold, shaking himself free.

"No, no. I want my watch, I tell you. It was stolen from me—and you have it."

The boys stared at Pen in surprise.

Harold returned the watch to his pocket.

"You *must* be crazy," he said. "I bought this watch yesterday."

"Then you bought it of a thief, and you have no right to it. It is mine."

"Oh, go take a run and jump up in the air. That will cool you off," said Harold, turning away.

Pen was distracted.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, his voice

trembling with excitement. "You shall not keep that watch. It belongs to me, and you've got to give it up."

He caught Harold by the shoulder and pulled him back. The latter scowled angrily.

"Look here, what are you doing?" he cried.

"I must have that watch. I *will* have it."

Harold faced him boldly.

"Oh, you *will* have it, eh? Well, just let's see you take it, that's all."

Pen made a quick, nervous grab for the chain that hung from Harold's vest.

As he did so, he felt a heavy, crushing blow on the side of the face, and he fell limply to the pavement.

Half stunned as he was, his resolution faltered not one jot. In an instant he was on his feet again.

His teeth were clenched, his face as white as a sheet except one red spot on the left cheek where Harold's fist had fallen.

The shock of the blow seemed only to have steadied Pen. There was no trembling now in the slender body and thin, nervous arms. Stooping forward a little, he crept slowly towards Harold.

"I will have my watch—or you shall kill me," he said.

Harold grew uneasy under that fixed stare, and retreated from the corner a short distance up the side street, the boys following, and forming a circle about them.

They had now reached a quiet spot and Harold paused. He would retreat no further.

"See here, I warn you now to leave me alone. I can handle my fists, and you'll only get in trouble."

"I mean to have that watch," repeated Pen.

"And I tell you for the last time I bought that watch, and it is mine."

"It is mine," answered Pen, coming nearer.

"You're a liar," cried Harold.

Pen sprang at him.

Harold's fist shot out again, and Pen's head flew back. Only the boys close behind him saved him from falling.

As he regained his balance, a thin stream of blood ran from the corner of his mouth. He never even paused to wipe it away, but came at Harold once more.

"Oh, you want fight do you? Then you'll get fight, and plenty of it," exclaimed Harold, whose blood was now fully up. He had seen enough of Pen in the last encounter to convince him that there was absolutely nothing to fear from such an antagonist, and he carried himself, therefore, with coolness and confidence.

"Come on now if you want more!" he cried.

Pen needed no invitation. He was already upon his antagonist. There was a sharp scrimmage, and Pen got in one blow on Harold's cheek.

"Bully boy!" exclaimed a bystander.

"Do him, Harold!" cried half a dozen others.

It was easy to see where the sympathy lay.

The blow maddened Harold. He dodged back a moment, then came in with a terrible facer on Pen's nose. Down again he went, this time falling heavily.

There was a moment's pause.

Then he staggered up, the blood flowing from both nostrils.

"There, have you had enough?" cried Harold.

"Enough!" exclaimed Pen contemptuously, creeping forward again.

Harold was exasperated, and rushing upon him, planted two, three blows on his forehead and cheek.

"There then, and there! and there! Is that enough?"

"No, no—you shall kill me first."

Pen's eyes were closing, but he groped for his antagonist, and seized him about the body.

"Say, dat boy is game. He will do Harold if he can last out," exclaimed some one.

But Harold knew his strength. Grappling with Pen, he threw his whole weight upon him, slowly bending the slender body back. Then, with a sharp twist, he tripped him, and the two fell, Harold on top.

Quick as a wink he had one arm around Pen's neck, and held him at his mercy.

"So it's *your* watch, is it? and you'll take it from me, will you? Take that—and that—and that!"

Harold's fist fell mercilessly on Pen's defenseless face.

"Here, here, Harold! Fair play! Fair play! Give him a show! Let him up there!" cried several of the boys.

But Harold was deaf to remonstrances. All his brutal instincts were aroused.

"I'll finish you this time!" he panted, and again his fist fell.

Indeed Pen seemed quite finished already. He could scarcely struggle. His face was swollen and covered with blood. Even Harold's hands were stained crimson.

"Come, this is too much!" cried a larger boy. "Take a hand there and separate them!"

Several boys were about to interfere, when suddenly the line of bystanders broke, and a new figure appeared on the scene.

It was Bob Lecky.

He took in the situation at a glance. Like a flash he caught Harold Fisk by the shoulders and threw him backward, thus loosening his grasp on Pen, who rolled helplessly over on his back, and was picked up by two of the bystanders.

"Now then, you dirty coward and bully!" cried Bob, standing over Harold. "Get up and finish this with me."

Harold sprang to his feet, and turned away.

"I have no fight with you," he said.

"Oh, yes, you have—or you will have before you get through!" exclaimed Bob. "I'll teach you to hammer a helpless man when he's down."

"He'd have done me if I hadn't done him," said Harold, wiping his hands. "Anyhow, it's none of your business."

"Then I'll make it some of my business. The boys tell me you have Rae's watch."

"It's a lie," cried Harold. "He never had any watch."

"I know better. He *did* have a watch, and it was stolen from him. I know that, for I chased the thief."

There were murmurs of surprise from the crowd.

"Well, I don't care about that. He said I had his watch, and he tried to take it away from me," said Harold.

"If Rae said you had his watch, I believe him," cried Bob. "He knows his watch, and he wouldn't lie about it. Just show up that watch, and we'll see whom it belongs to. I know the watch, too, for I've seen it, and I can identify it. If that watch is Rae's you'll find initials engraved inside the case, E.B.R. Isn't that right, Rae?"

Pen nodded his head faintly. He was too weak to speak.

His eyes were closed, his lips swollen, and he was leaning heavily against the two boys who had raised him, and who were now wiping off his face with handkerchiefs.

The crowd was growing more interested.

"Come, come, Harold, show up the watch! Let's see if he's right!" cried several.

"I won't do it!" exclaimed Harold defiantly. "It's my watch, and I'll keep it."

"Well, prove it's yours, then."

"I won't prove anything. I bought it and that's enough."

"Where did you buy it?" demanded Bob Lecky.

"That's none of your business," snapped out Harold.

"See here, this ain't fair!" cried one of the boys, stepping forward. "I for one believe Rae is right. I saw that watch when Harold was showing it around, and I saw those initials: E. B. R."

Harold turned white.

Bob Lecky came close to him.

"Will you show up that watch?" he asked.

"No," cried Harold. "It belongs to me, and there isn't a man here that can take it away from me."

The crowd was now entirely with Bob Lecky and Pen. Harold was quick to see this and began to back away.

Bob followed him closely.

"Keep away from me, Lecky," said Harold nervously. "I don't want any row with you——"

Bob had already leaped on him. The boys were too close to strike, so they grappled and wrestled fiercely for several minutes.

Then Bob's cunning and superior strength began to tell. There was a sharp jerk, a twist, and Harold fell with Bob upon him. Over and over they rolled, wriggling, kicking, and tearing at each other.

It was quite noticeable, though, that Bob made no effort to strike, but merely warded off Harold's blows, while he struggled and threw him about. At length, by a supreme effort, Harold managed to shake himself free and regain his feet. Once there, he showed no disposition to resume the fight.

He was the unpopular factor now, and the crowd was howling threateningly in his ears. Moreover, a policeman was fast approaching from Eighth Avenue, so, judging discretion the better part of valor, Harold buttoned his coat tight and set off running at full speed, the crowd breaking up quickly at the sight of the officer, and leaving Bob and Pen with only two of their companions.

Bob, who had lain quietly on the ground for half a minute after Harold took to his heels, now rose cautiously and came over to Pen.

The policeman had already come up. Bob knew him, as he did a few officers in his neighborhood, and explained the matter as far as was necessary, merely saying that he had found a boy pounding Pen unmercifully and that he had put a stop to it—of which act the bluecoat gravely approved, and then helped Bob get Pen home.

Arrived there, Bob gave poor Pen's face a careful cleansing and applied some lotion of his which he said was "a dead sure cure for black eyes."

"Now you lie back on the bed and take it easy," he said when he had finished his doctoring, "and I'll make you comfortable. You can't go to dinner looking like that, so I'll bring something up to you, and tell auntie you're not well."

Pen sank back with a sigh.

"Better now?" asked Bob, leaning over him.

Pen nodded wearily.

"Good. Then let me tell you something nice. When I tackled Harold that last time—you didn't see that tackle did you? Of course not—you couldn't see—I forgot. Well, it was a beauty, anyhow. But what I was going to say was, when I tackled him I had just one thing in view—and I got it."

Pen looked at him as curiously as his bruised eyes would permit.

"It was neatly done, too," went on Bob, unbuttoning his coat. "It was just a snap, and there she was."

"What do you mean?" asked Pen.

"Just this: when Harold Fisk gets home he will find something very important is missing. He's got the chain still, but look at this."

Bob drew from his pocket the gold watch, and held it before Pen's face.

Pen caught at it eagerly, with a glad cry.

"Now then, just a word to see where we are at," said Bob. "In the first place, you did a mighty foolish thing to get into a fight with Harold Fisk. You are no match for him, and if I hadn't come up and taken a hand, you would not only have got your terrible thrashing, but you would have lost your watch in the bargain, for he'd have taken good care you never got a sight of it again. But there, it's no use rubbing that in. You poets will never learn how to get along in this wicked world. But now, here we are, and we have the watch. The question is, what to do about Harold Fisk, for if he really bought the watch of somebody he is sure to make a row, and we've got to prove——"

Bob paused a moment in thought.

"I have it," he said at length. "I'll go around and tell the whole story to Captain Maynard tonight. He will know what to do."

CHAPTER XIII.

PEN OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION.

THAT was a bright idea of Bob Lecky's, and it saved Pen a great deal of trouble. When Captain Maynard heard the story from Bob that night, he settled the matter with his customary decision.

"Come right along with me," he said, putting on his hat. "We'll go at once down to Mr. Fisk's house and have it out with him. He is a good friend of mine, you know, and not at all an unreasonable man. I think we can soon adjust things, and without trouble of any kind."

Harold was at home, as was also his father, when Captain Maynard arrived, so there was no delay in getting at all the facts.

When forced by his father to speak out, Harold said that he bought the watch of a rather shady pawnbroker, and further he confessed that he was quite willing to believe that it belonged to Pen, but as he had paid considerable money for it, he did not want to give it up. Moreover, he added, Pen had made him so angry by trying to snatch the watch from him, that he had determined that he wouldn't relinquish it under any conditions.

"Well, Rae *was* a bit hasty about it," said Bob in a conciliatory tone. "He is one of those literary chaps, and an odd chicken altogether. He hasn't learned yet how to take things, so you can't blame him too much. You see, it was his mother's watch, and it nearly broke his heart to lose it, so when he saw it again, he simply lost his head. I told him he had done a foolish thing in tackling you—and I guess he knows it himself now."

Harold grinned.

Bob was shrewd, and had taken just the right tone to smooth matters out.

And they were soon satisfactorily adjusted.

Of course Harold wanted his money back, and Captain Maynard got it for him from the pawnbroker, who was frightened half out of his wits when the officer entered his shop, and who seemed greatly relieved when he learned how harmless was the errand that brought him there.

When he heard about the stolen watch, he handed over the amount Harold had paid him with scarcely a murmur, and gave what description he could of the person who had brought the watch to him. Then he heaved a sigh as the captain and Harold left.

"Goot luck, Ikey, goot luck!" he exclaimed to his eldest offspring and pride. "I t'ought der gaptain's veesit vas goin' ter gost me a hundred tollar at least. Just raise der brice of dot ormoloo glock tventy tollar ter balance der loss."

And so the matter was settled, and Pen was left undisturbed in his possession of the watch.

But the encounter with Harold Fisk cost him more than one night's retirement. He hoped at first that, the next day being Sunday, he would be in condition by Monday morning to resume his work, but he soon saw that this was impossible.

If anything he looked worse on Monday than he had the day before, for by that time the red bruises had turned a dark purple, and, though no pain remained, thanks to Bob Lecky's lotion, his appearance was simply shocking.

So there, cooped up in his room, he had to stay until the disfiguring bruises disappeared. It was Friday before he dared venture out, and even then some blue marks still remained.

Bob Lecky suggested his making a full week of it, but Pen was uneasy about his work and impatient to get back.

Accordingly Friday morning about ten o'clock, he stole quietly into the *Herald* building and hurried up to the office where his desk was. It was empty, but as he seated himself at his place he heard familiar voices through the partition and knew that Mr. Brace was somewhere close at hand.

Pen paid no attention to the voice, but began sorting the pile of papers on his desk. Suddenly he heard his own name mentioned.

"Where's that fellow Rae? Turned up yet?"

"No," answered a voice that Pen recognized as Mr. Brace's. "He is sick, I believe."

"Well, I guess he's no good anyhow, is he?"

"No, he is not," responded Mr. Brace. "He is such a queer fish. It seems impossible to make him understand business. He is good enough at looking up things—seems to be well read, and all that, but so unpractical."

"I think we had far better be rid of him. He is nothing but dead wood in the place."

Pen started. He knew those sharp, abrupt tones. They came from a man of authority in the management of the paper.

"Well, you see, he is Terry's boy," said Mr. Brace, "and Terry asked me to look after him kindly as a favor to him."

"I can't help that. If Terry wants him cared for he can do it himself when he comes back. One thing is certain: we don't want him. He's simply no use."

There was a pause.

"As you choose," went on Mr. Brace, "but I would rather do nothing about it for Terry's sake. Terry really made a place for him, and showed a great deal of interest in him. Why, I don't know, but I believe Terry thinks a great deal of his mother, and——"

But Pen heard no more. Snatching up his hat he stole quickly out of the office, and hurried down stairs again and out of the building.

Even when on the street, goaded on by his thoughts, he continued to hurry, hurry on, where he cared not, so he could leave farther and farther behind him that scene of humiliation.

For a while he could not think connectedly. His head was burning hot; his heart beating tumultuously. He could only walk on and on, his face bent down, his clenched hands buried deep in his pockets.

Then gradually he grew calmer, and began to look at the situation in a clearer light.

He was worthless, then. He had been tested and found wanting. He had been in New York three months, and had accomplished absolutely nothing.

The opportunity had been given him. The fault then must lie with himself. Was there anything he could do—any place in the world for such as he?

Where should he turn? He had lost one position. Could he find another, or must he go back home to Wilton and own himself beaten?

At thought of Wilton came visions of the townspeople looking at him pityingly while laughing up their sleeves; nodding knowingly to one another, "Aha, I told you so; Pen Rae back again, the same old good for nothing. City life a failure. Well, we said as much. He never will amount to anything."

"And they must be right, too. I *am* worthless," exclaimed Pen bitterly.

Then came a vision that shut the others out: a sweet face with soft brown eyes that looked at him tenderly; a gentle voice that spoke to him cheeringly:

"Some day you will be a great man, Pen—and then we shall all be proud of you."

Pen stopped abruptly in his walk. The struggle—the doubt was over.

"I will *not* go back," he said. "I will find a place somewhere."

Then, for the first time, he looked about him to see where he was, and curiously he found himself almost opposite the bookstore where Carl Moran was employed. That his decision had arrested him just at this place Pen considered a good omen, and accordingly he hurried directly across the street and entered the store.

"Perhaps Carl can tell me what to do," he said.

Carl was glad to see Pen. He had visited him once during his confinement, and had done what he could to cheer him up.

"Come and see me when you can get out," he had said, and here Pen was, only two days afterwards.

"What a beautiful place this is!" exclaimed Pen, after the first greetings were over, as he looked admiringly down the long store, flanked on both sides with shelves mounting to the ceiling and filled with handsome books.

Everywhere were books, books, books, a vision of delight to one of Pen's tastes.

"Yes, it's a nice business. I like it immensely," answered Carl. "Come, let me show you something of the fine stock," and he led the way toward the shelves containing handsome bindings.

It was a feast for Pen. He fairly gloated over the exquisite editions of his favorite authors laid out before him, and handled the handsome volumes with tender and reverential care.

"Oh, what a pleasure it must be to work here among these beautiful books, and to have the chance to read them all!" he exclaimed.

Carl laughed.

"A salesman who reads is lost," he said. "This is business with us, you know. We are here to *sell* books, not to read them. We have little time for reading. We have to do that at home, but most of our fellows don't even do that. Books are just like bricks to them—things to be sold, that is all. But I like the business through and through, for I am fond of books, particularly handsome books, and I have quite a choice little collection of them at home—which I promised to show you, you know, whenever you were ready to call. I knew you would like the store. This business is just in your line. You ought to be in it."

"There is nothing I would like better," answered Pen earnestly.

"Well, when you are looking for a job, let me know, and perhaps I can give you a hint."

"Can you?" cried Pen eagerly. "That is just what I want. I am hunting for a place now."

Carl looked at him in surprise, so Pen hastened to explain his position—or rather loss of position.

Carl was all sympathy.

"Well, now, I had no idea of that, of course, when I spoke, but since it seems you really do want a place, I will tell you this much. We are short handed here, and need another retail salesman. The fall

trade is coming on and we will soon have to get one. I heard Mr. Clarke say so only the other day. Suppose you come right back with me and have a talk with him now. There is a chance for you, and I will put in a good word."

Carl walked briskly back to one of the offices, Pen following with fast beating heart. He suppressed his feelings, however, for he hardly dared hope for a successful outcome from the interview. It seemed too good to come true.

After a few words inside the office, Carl appeared again and beckoned Pen to enter.

Mr. Clarke was seated at his desk writing when Pen came in. He was a short, thick set man about fifty years of age, with gray hair and beard.

He turned abruptly and spoke in quick, almost brusque tones.

"So you want a place, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have been working for the *Herald?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you leave?"

"I haven't left yet, sir; but I want to leave."

"What's the matter?"

"I was employed there by Mr. Austin Terry, and now he has gone away to Japan, my own work amounts to very little, so—so I want to find another place."

Mr. Clarke eyed him sharply.

"Humph! Know anything about books?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I have always been a great reader."

"Never mind that. Have you ever sold them?"

"No, sir; but I know books well, and I think I could learn the rest if I had a chance."

"Humph! Any recommendations?"

Pen hardly knew what to say.

"Mr. Terry could—could have given me a letter, sir," he stammered; "but he has gone away, and——"

"Know any one else at the *Herald* who will give you a letter?" interrupted Mr. Clarke.

"I know Mr. Brace quite well. I have worked for him since Mr. Terry left."

"I know Brace well. Bring me a letter from him, and I'll see what I can do," said Mr. Clarke.

"What—what would you like him to say, sir?" asked Pen anxiously.

"Anything he wants," answered Mr. Clarke half impatiently. "If he has a good word for you so much the better. I want some sort of identification and recommendation. What Moran tells me here is all in your favor. Now a line or two from Mr. Brace might be sufficient. Bring it in with you some time tomorrow forenoon, and I'll have another talk with you. Perhaps it may come to something."

With that Mr. Clarke resumed his writing, and Carl led Pen out into the store.

"You've made a good start," he said encouragingly. "Now get your letter, and you'll probably clinch it."

CHAPTER XV.

PEN FINDS A NEW PLACE.

PEN returned to the *Herald* building in a far different frame of mind from that in which he left it an hour before.

He found Mr. Brace at his desk, busy and irritable as usual. Considering the length of time Pen had been away, his greeting was curt. It was even more than that: it was constrained, for Mr. Brace had a difficult task before him, and one not all to his liking. His first thought, as Pen entered, was, "How shall I prepare him for it?"

Pen saved him all trouble in the matter. No sooner were Mr. Brace's first brief inquiries concerning his health answered than he plunged straight into the heart of things.

"Mr. Brace, I am going to leave," he said.

It came so suddenly Mr. Brace was unprepared. He turned around with a quick exclamation and dropped his pen. An unmistakable expression of relief passed over his face.

"What is the matter? Have you another place?" he asked.

"Not quite, sir; but I think I can get it."

"Where?"

"At Mr. Clarke's, the bookseller's."

"Oh, yes. I know him. Well, I am very glad to learn that. I trust it will be a good thing for you."

"I can't tell anything about that, sir. I can only say I have *hopes* of getting a place there. I had a talk with Mr. Clarke today, and told him that I wanted to get work in a book store. He seemed to look on me favorably, and when he heard I had worked here, he said that if I brought him a letter from you, it might lead to something."

"That is easily done, Rae," said Mr. Brace. "I will be only too glad to give you an excellent letter of recommendation to Mr. Clarke. I have no doubt you will do very well in a book store—far better, perhaps, than here, where there is so much rush and bustle and harsh competition. When do you want your letter?"

"This afternoon, if possible. I must take it to Mr. Clarke tomorrow morning."

"I will write it at once while it is on my mind," said Mr. Brace, hastily taking up his pen, "and it will be a good letter, too, you may be sure."

Pen sat in silence while Mr. Brace wrote.

"He must be eager to get rid of me," he thought bitterly. "An hour ago he condemned me as worthless, and yet he is writing a letter recommending me for another place; but I suppose that is 'business'—of which I know nothing."

"There," said Mr. Brace, as he finished, "that will do, I think. You may read it if you wish."

"I don't think I deserve it," said Pen, as he glanced over the sheet.

"Nonsense; I want you to get your place, and I mean to do all I can," answered Mr. Brace as kindly as he could.

"Thank you, sir," said Pen, in his grave, dignified way, and with that he left.

It was Pen's last visit to the *Herald* building in a long time, for he got his place in the book store the very next day.

Mr. Clarke was sparing in words, as was his habit, but he seemed quite satisfied when he read Mr. Brace's letter.

"Humph! Well, I guess you'll do," he said. "At any rate we will try you for a while. When are you ready to begin?"

"Whenever you say, sir," answered Pen eagerly.

"Suppose you come then next Monday morning. Of course you understand this is merely experimental. We will try you for a month and see how it goes. Then if you do well you can stay permanently."

Accordingly Pen found himself on the following Monday morning a retail salesman in the store of Messrs. Clarke & Davis, at the salary of eight dollars per week. This of course was no improvement pecuniarily over his position at the *Herald*, but, in every other way, it seemed to him a vast betterment of his condition.

He was in an atmosphere most congenial to him. Surrounded by books of all descriptions—which were a delight to handle even if he could not pause to read them—his work was not hard to begin with.

During the first few days he attended very little to customers, being engaged chiefly in arranging the books in order and in familiarizing himself with the stock. This occupation was agreeable to him, and was rendered all the more so by the pleasant companionship of Carl Moran, who tried in every way to help and guide him.

His new position, however, was not without its drawbacks, as Pen discovered before the first week passed.

In the first place a thorough knowledge of books past and present, in stock and out, was necessary to success, and Pen's knowledge lay simply along the line of his tastes. It seemed very hard for him to learn about books that he cared nothing for, and these were the kinds of books that people seemed to ask most about. He fairly resented having to push to the notice of a customer a book that he felt to be in a literary sense trash.

Then, again, he found customers so hard to deal with. They asked so many puzzling questions, and grew so impatient when he could not answer them, and some treated him as if he were a beggar.

Carl had told him he must be philosophical about these things; that he would meet all sorts of queer people, and must adapt himself to them, putting up with a good deal of bad treatment and swallowing a good deal of rude language for the sake of his employer, but Pen chafed under it severely.

And lastly, Mr. Clarke himself was a hard man to get on with. He was of an irritable disposition, exceedingly harsh when out of temper, and very particular and fault finding at all times.

Mr. Davis Pen saw little of. He looked out for the publishing side of the business, and stayed almost constantly in his office at the rear of the building, leaving Mr. Clarke to direct the book selling.

Pen was watched closely by his employer during the first two weeks, and the scrutiny made him exceedingly uncomfortable.

He had no means of knowing whether he was giving satisfaction or not and the suspense worried him.

Such indications as there were seemed to him unfavorable. Mr. Clark never offered him a word of encouragement. It was only on two occasions that he spoke to him at all, and then it was to give him some sharp directions about dressing up the book tables more neatly, and to reprove him for looking so much into the insides of books instead of around about him for customers.

"Don't worry," said Carl Moran when Pen asked him about the matter. "Mr. Clarke rarely says a word of praise. If he doesn't make a big kick and call you bad names you can make up your mind that you are doing pretty well."

And with that poor consolation Pen tried to rest content. But some time during the third week he experienced one of Mr. Clarke's "big kicks," and he then began to fear seriously that his chances of remaining after the month was up were very slight.

He had just finished talking with a customer when Mr. Clarke came quickly around a book case, and approached him with an angry expression.

"Is that the way you try to sell books?" he exclaimed.

Pen was flustered.

"Why—what—what do you mean, sir?" he stammered.

"Didn't I just hear you telling that customer that this book was worthless?"

"But so—so it is, sir—quite a worthless piece of literature. All the best critics agree on that, sir."

Mr. Clarke lost his temper completely.

"Literature! Literature!" he cried, hammering the table with his first. "Do I pay you to give lectures on literature? What we want you to do is to *sell books*—and sell *our* books, not somebody else's. That man came in to buy that book, and would have bought it, but you told him it was no good and recommended to him another book that we haven't in stock, so out he goes, and we lose the sale. Is that your idea of business?"

"Business"—there was the word again, the word that Pen apparently could not understand.

"I only told the truth, sir," he answered. "I am sure I am very sorry if I did wrong."

Mr. Clarke was about to reply but changed his mind and turned away.

"Oh, this won't do. This can't go on," he said as he walked off.

That seemed to settle poor Pen, but Carl told him not to give up.

"I've heard Mr. Clarke say worse things than that," he said cheerfully. "He has rubbed it into me unmercifully sometimes, but you see I'm alive yet. His bark is worse than his bite. You go right ahead and do your best. Try to make a big sale next week, and that will smooth things out. Catch some rich customer and sell him a big bill—then you'll see Mr. Clarke come around smiling."

But this was easier said than done, for the rich customers all went past Pen. Many of them were particular customers of Mr. Clarke himself or of some of the other salesmen, and always asked for the man they knew, while others passed him by as if they suspected he was inexperienced.

Pen was growing very anxious. He had been at work three weeks and had not made a single sale of any importance—only a few insignificant books.

When, therefore, on Friday afternoon of the fourth week a carriage stopped at the door, and a well dressed gentleman stepped out and entered the store, Pen hurried forward eagerly. Carl Moran was near the door, but he stepped back when he saw Pen advancing.

"There's your chance now," he whispered. "Looks like a good customer."

The gentleman began by asking to see some fine standard sets in handsome bindings. This was encouraging, and Pen's hopes ran high.

A half hour passed rapidly while Pen showed his customer the various standard authors in full calf and morocco bindings.

During that time they grew in a measure acquainted. The gentleman seemed to be in no hurry, and talked affably about books and editions, revealing a knowledge that quite took Pen's breath away.

"Are you a book collector, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I was a number of years ago. I had a craze for fine books then, but I got over it—like the measles, though it cost me more. I have a fine library stored away in boxes, where it does me no good. I am traveling too much to use it. These books I am selecting for some one else."

And so the selection went on for an hour or more. At length the gentleman made his choice of a number of handsome sets.

"Put these on one side," he said. "I will take them."

Pen could hardly believe his ears. The total bill amounted to nine hundred dollars.

With trembling hands he seized a memorandum blank to record the purchase and address.

"I cannot give you the exact address this afternoon," said the gentleman. "But I will send it to morrow with check in payment."

"And to whom shall we make out the bill?" asked Pen.

"To me. Francis Lalor is my name. I am staying at the Windsor Hotel. Send your bill up there tonight, and I will check it up to make sure the items are right. I want also to show it to my friend before the books are sent off. Then tomorrow I will settle the account."

Pen had scarcely heard the last words. The name, "Francis Lalor," was still ringing in his ears.

He looked earnestly in the gentleman's face. There was nothing familiar there. Those smooth shaven, well chiseled features were quite strange to him. He had certainly never seen the man before. Then why was that name so familiar?

Pen could not place it, and was still puzzling over the matter after the customer had gone and Carl Moran was congratulating him on his sale.

It was nearly six o'clock when the bill of items was made out.

"It must go up tonight," he said to Mr. Clarke, who stood looking over his shoulder with a pleased expression.

"There will be no trouble about that. I will send one of the boys up with it when we close," said Mr. Clarke. "It was a good sale, Rae, and you deserve great credit."

By some curious freak of memory it was just then that the mystery of that name unraveled itself like a flash.

Hurrying out of the office, Pen ran to the closet where his other coat was hanging. In the pockets of this he fumbled for a moment in feverish haste.

At length his search was rewarded. From among a lot of odd papers there fell an old envelope, crumpled and torn.

Pen seized it eagerly and smoothed it out.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "Francis Lalor—that is the name, sure enough."

With that he went back to the office.

"Mr. Clarke," he said, "if you don't mind I will take that bill up to the Windsor Hotel myself tonight. I want to see the gentleman again."

"Go ahead by all means," answered Mr. Clarke. "Perhaps you can sell him something more."

CHAPTER XVI.

APPALLING NEWS.

THE following Monday afternoon as Will Rae came up through the yard to the door of the little house at Wilton, his mother stood there awaiting him.

"Have you my letter?" she called out.

Will held up his empty hands.

"No letter yet."

Mrs. Rae looked worried.

"What can be the matter?" she said.

"That's the second mail, and my letter has always come in the first mail. Can Pen be sick? He has never missed before. He promised me he never would."

"I guess it's all right," answered Willie reassuringly. "It's a very small matter—a mail or two. There might have been a delay somewhere, or the letter might even have been lost, or Pen might have been occupied and let it slip from his mind for a day."

"No—not Pen," said Mrs. Rae, smiling.

"I suppose not. But still, don't be uneasy about it. More than likely your letter will come tomorrow."

"But that isn't today," responded Mrs. Rae as she reëntered the house, "and my Monday evening with Pen is gone."

After supper Mrs. Rae sat listlessly by the table trying to interest herself in the Wilton *Press*, a copy of which she was folding and refolding impatiently.

At length she gave it up, and the paper slipped to the floor.

"At any rate I can read his last week's letter again. That is better than nothing." she said half aloud.

She crossed the room and picked out a thick envelope from a number of similar ones that lay side by side in a small drawer of the writing desk. Then, drawing the lamp nearer, she opened the letter and read slowly,

DEAR MOTHER:

My week has been a dull one, the dullest since I came into my new place, and the most discouraging one. It makes me blue to think about it, and I wouldn't tell you of it at all but for my promise to hold nothing back from you. I was severly reprimanded by Mr. Clarke on Friday—it was always my bad day, you know—and all because I told a customer my honest opinion of a book we had in stock, and so lost the sale of it. I am afraid I can never learn the ways of business. I never know when I am doing right or wrong, for what I consider right seems to be all wrong sometimes, and vice versa. If Mr. Terry were only here now to help me! Oh, how I miss him! Constantly I think of his kindness to me, and I get to wondering when he will come back, so I may learn to know him better. He is one of those rare men whom you like and respect more and more the nearer you get to them. Why, I wonder, has he never married? He is just the man to make some woman happy, and he deserves the best woman in the world. I hope he will come back soon, for it looks as if I might need his friendship. At the rate things are going on I am very much afraid I will not suit Mr. Clarke. He almost said as much when he reproved me. My only hope now lies in the suggestion Carl Moran gave me. Carl, you know, is my guiding star. He told me I must make a big sale next week, and then Mr. Clarke would overlook all my shortcomings and treat me nicely. So you see, mother, my success depends on my making a big sale. When you look at your first star tonight, remember me and wish that I shall sell this week a "big bill of goods" as they say here. Then, mother dear, when I make my sale I will know what brought me luck.

So much for business. And now about my writing. I still keep busy at it every evening in my room except when I go out to the theater with Bob Lecky or Carl Moran, and that is only about once a week now. I have written several new poems—which I will send you next week for you to pass judgment on them before I submit them to the papers. I don't know what to do about my first two poems sent so long ago to those weekly papers. I I haven't heard a word from them. Mr. Terry advised not pressing them, but I have certainly waited long enough, and I will go look up the publication offices next week and find out what has become of my little fledgelings.

I had thought of asking Mr. Davis advice, about these matters, as he is experienced in publishing work, but he always seems so busy I don't like to trouble him. You see I am "only a salesman," and the big men of the concern don't consider me worthy of attention. They don't know that I am studying them all the time and taking notes for use in my literary work. I don't even speak of my work and my tastes, for what is the use? I would find no sympathy. Everything is "business," and all everybody thinks of is "business, business"—so I have to smother all my literary ideals. But, smothered as they are, they keep on smoldering, and I know that I always have you to fan them up when needed. Besides my poems, I have written two short stories, which you shall also see as soon as they are copied—and now for a secret.

I am writing a play. Think of it! I have a splendid plot and have already nearly finished the first act. I got the suggestion for the play from an experience I had on Broadway——

Mrs. Rae read no further. She was interrupted at this point by the visit of a neighbor, and the letter was hastily folded and put away.

The next morning brought with it a second disappointment. No letter came from Pen. Tuesday, it was thought, would surely bring one; but no, the mail was silent again.

Mrs. Rae was now seriously alarmed.

"There *must* be something the matter," she said uneasily. "I will write and ask."

A letter of inquiry was despatched at once with a special delivery stamp.

The day passed, and Wednesday came, but with it no response. Even Will could not conceal his anxiety now.

"Perhaps I had better telegraph," he said.

"Yes; go quickly," answered his mother.

Will set off, but in half an hour came running back from the post office with an open letter in his hand.

Mrs. Rae was about to utter an exclamation of relief when she saw him, thinking surely that he bore the long awaited letter from Pen, but a glance at Will's face aroused her worst fears.

"What is it? What is it? Tell me quick?" she cried.

Will handed her the letter in silence.

With trembling hands she spread it out and read:

TO MR. WILLIAM RAE.

DEAR SIR,

Is your brother Pen at home with you? We

have seen nothing of him here since Friday afternoon of last week, and we can find no trace of him at his house address. It occurred to me that he might have been summoned home suddenly for some reason. Can you give me any information? If so, please send me word at once, for I feel anxious about him.

Yours very truly,

CARL MORAN.

Mrs. Rae uttered a low cry, and let the letter fall from her hands. She was pale even to her lips, and she leaned against the door for support.

"What can have happened?" she said faintly.

Will was serious, but firm.

"There, mother, don't think the worst now," he said. "It may be all right. Come in the house."

And he passed a strong arm gently around her.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" she repeated, looking at him helplessly.

"Do? Why, I will go to New York at once," he said with decision.

Mrs. Rae rallied quickly at this.

"You are right, Will," she said. "Go immediately—on the next train. I will have your things ready in twenty minutes."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DRUM.

I'M a beautiful red, red drum,
And I train with the soldier boys,
As up the street we come,
Wonderful in our noise!
There's Tom and Jim and Phil
And Dick and Nat and Fred,
While Widow Cutler's Bill
And I march on ahead.
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—
Oh, there's bushels of fun in that
For boys with a little red drum.

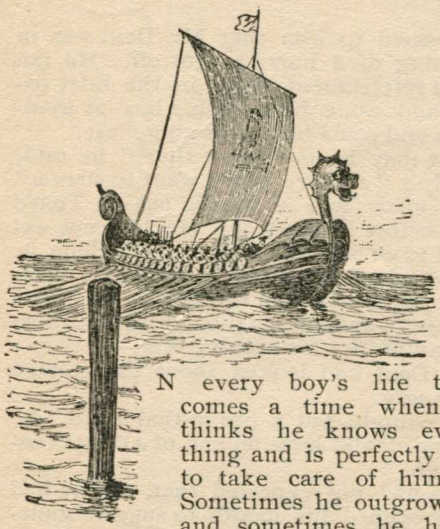
The Injuns came last night
While the soldiers were abed,
And they gobbled a Chinese kite
And off to the woods they fled!
The woods are cherry trees
Down in the orchard lot,
And the soldiers are marching to seize
The booty the Injuns got.
With a tum-titty-um-tum-tum,
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,
When the soldiers marching come
Injuns had better scat?

Step up there, little Fred,
And, Charlie, have a mind!
Jim is as far ahead
As you two are behind!
Ready with gun and sword
Your valorous work to do—
Yonder the Indian horde
Lieth in wait for you,
And their hearts go pitty-pat
When they hear the soldiers come
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

Course it's all in play!
The skulking Injun crew
That hustled the kite away
Are little white boys, like you!
But "honest," or "just in fun,"
It is all the same to me;
And, when the battle is won,
Home once again march we,
With a r-r-rat-tat tat
And tum-titty-um-tum-tum;
And there's glory enough in that
For the boys with their little red drum.

A MAN AND A YACHTSMAN.

By Francis Marshall North.



IN every boy's life there comes a time when he thinks he knows everything and is perfectly able to take care of himself. Sometimes he outgrows it, and sometimes he has a stumble. This time had come to Tom Belding.

The family, which consisted of a grandmother, two aunts, a mother, and four young sisters, all of whom called him "Tommy," had gone to Old Point Comfort for two weeks. His father was in the South on business, and Tom was left alone with the servants in the Philadelphia home.

This may have had something to do with his sudden sense of manliness. He felt, as he ate his breakfast all alone in the big dining room which was usually so full of talk at the morning meal, that he was monarch of his own time, and he was going to exercise his prerogative.

He opened the crisp Philadelphia *Ledger* with a flourish, and was just a trifle sharp with William because the muffins were a little scorched. He was not going to allow any laxness.

"They shan't get into the way of thinking that *anything* will do for me when I am alone," Master Tom said grandly to himself.

It seemed to him as he looked over the paper, that Philadelphia was hardly big enough for his ideas. He wanted to do something.

His eye happened to catch a time table of Atlantic City trains, and he remembered that his uncle had a boat down there, and a key to his uncle's cottage hung in his grandmother's room. There was no one there, but of course Uncle Tom would never mind anything he might do.

The boat was all ready for sailing, he knew. His uncle Tom was no sportsman, but he let a friend have the boat now and then, and Tom had heard of its being out within a month.

"Uncle Tom has always had a notion that I didn't know how to sail a boat alone. Huh!" Tom said to himself. "I guess I know as much about it as he does, lying on his back on the deck all day long, with a hat over his eyes, while the skipper sails the craft. I'd like to show him."

Not that Tom had the least idea of doing anything of the sort. He knew that the little yacht was no plaything for him, but he rather liked to imagine that he could sail it. He would go down and look at it any way.

There seemed to be a very great number of people on their way to Atlantic City. It was the height of the spring season, and the parlor coaches were crowded.

Tom walked into a Pullman as a matter of course. He bought a paper with the air of a man who had affairs upon his shoulders which he hesitated to leave for even a few days.

Next to him sat a slim young man in a gray tweed cap, who turned and looked at Tom two or three times as though he must know him.

Suddenly he gave his chair a twirl which brought him face to face with Tom.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a cheery sort of voice, "but isn't it Mr. Reed of Pittsburgh?"

Tom's face flushed all over. He was sixteen, but he had never been called "Mr." before in his life.

Even at dancing school old Piereaux still called him "Master Belding," although Tom thought he had passed that indignity by at least three years.

He turned toward the alert young stranger, who appeared to be about twenty five, just the enviable age in Tom's eyes, and answered with some regret that he was not Mr. Reed—and then—out of Tom's pocket came one of his treasures.

He had two. They were both secrets. The other one was a shaving outfit, carefully locked up in his bureau drawer. This one was a pigskin card case, containing twenty white strips of pasteboard neatly engraved with the name "Mr. Thomas Ewing Belding."

The young man did not appear to be overcome with the wonder of it, but accepted the card with courtesy.

"I am sorry, Mr. Belding," he said, "that I haven't a card with me. It is very awkward, but I left my case at the hotel. My name is Dent, Henry Dent. I believe I know your father, if you are Mr. Thomas Belding's son."

"I am his nephew," Tom said.

"Is he at Atlantic City now?"

"No. He is in New York. I am going down there to take a look around."

"Atlantic City is charming at this season. I have heard that your people have a cottage down there."

"Only my uncle. It is empty now. I thought I would look in and see if it was all right—that and the yacht."

"Ah-h!" exclaimed Mr. Henry Dent, looking at Tom with a new expression, in which there was a delight that was supremely flattering. "You are *that* Mr. Belding! I have heard of you."

"Now what in the dickens has he heard?" Tom thought. But his wonder had nothing to do with his satisfaction.

"You are the yachtsman," Mr. Dent said. "The young yachtsman that some friends of mine were talking of last year. They said that we were going to hear of you in time."

Now the fact was, that Tom had been on a yacht about four times in his life. The Sea Mew was a new purchase of his uncle's, and Tom had been allowed to say very little about her handling. He had sailed a canoe on the Schuylkill, and thought he knew all about it. And he considered that he had given his uncle's skipper some very valuable advice upon those occasions on which he had gone out on the yacht.

A wild notion went through Tom's head that the skipper must have recognized him as a genius, and commented upon his abilities. He had heard stories like that of the youth of Mr. Oliver Iselin and other famous yachtsmen who take the wheel in great races.

"I haven't done much," Tom said modestly.

"I should like to see you do that little," Mr. Dent went on. "I am something of a sailor myself. I can manage a rope or a sail now and then. I suppose you are going out on the yacht today?"

"Ah-m—I thought of giving it a look." And then—"Will you come along?"

There was such an expectant look on his new friend's face that Tom could not resist giving that invitation. And then he felt flattered that the other should care to go with him.

A friend of his uncle's! Tom felt that he was grown up indeed.

But it was to Tom's own surprise that two hours later found him out on his uncle's little yacht, with Mr. Dent, whom he found to be an expert sailor. The wind was fresh, and two men were a small equipment for the craft, but they managed to get across the bar without disaster.

The man who had charge of the Sea Mew was a stranger to Tom. This was something of a relief—to note that the skipper was not there. Tom didn't know why, but he didn't want to face that captain.

Perhaps he was a little afraid of embarrassing praise.

The keys to the boat were sufficient as credentials, and Tom was allowed to take it out.

It seemed to him that Mr. Dent was in something of a hurry to get off. He ran up to a refreshment stand in the inlet pavilion and came back with a box of sandwiches and some bottles of ginger ale.

"We may be out some time," he said, cheerily; "and we don't want to starve."

The affair was all taken out of Tom's hands before he knew it. He had not expected to go sailing. But he had done it. He had taken Mr. Dent to his uncle's cottage, opened it, found the key to the boat's cabin and gone out, as though he had come to Atlantic City for nothing else.

Mr. Dent had looked about the cottage admiringly.

"We might put a fire in that grate," he had said, "and have no end of a cozy evening here."

Tom had not expected that, and he had almost opened his mouth to suggest something else as a plan, when he remembered that Mr. Dent was his uncle's friend, and doubtless knew that he would be perfectly welcome in his house.

And now they were breasting the high waves of the March sea, glittering and beautiful, and Tom was working like a young beaver, not suggesting, but obeying the quick orders of Mr. Dent, who seemed to know all about a boat.

They went out into the ocean for about three miles, and then Mr. Dent reefed the sails and they began on their sandwiches. It was cold, but the air was bracing, and they were warmly dressed in jerseys which they had found in the locker.

Tom thought he had never been thrown with such a gay companion as Mr. Dent. He told stories and recited verses, and treated Tom like an equal in age and experience.

"It's a great lark to get off like this with a congenial friend," he said.

And Tom agreed with him, but he grew a little uneasy as the hours rolled on, and Mr. Dent made no movement toward going home.

Tom hardly liked to suggest that it was time.

Mr. Dent had been sweeping the horizon with a field glass which he had brought along, and wondering as to the name of every ship which came within range.

"You seem to be looking for some vessel?" Tom remarked finally.

He was cold by this time, hungry, and with aching muscles. He had worked harder than he had ever worked in his life, and the suspicion gradually began to creep over him that he possibly might have enjoyed himself better in some other way.

A holiday spent on a cold boat, working like a trooper, was not his idea of a holiday at all, although Mr. Dent was a charming companion.

But once or twice he had caught him in little fibs. He spoke of having met his aunt, "that sweet woman, Mrs. Thomas Belding."

Mr. Thomas Belding was a confirmed bachelor.

Mr. Dent remembered in an instant that he was wrong, but it left a bad taste in Tom's mouth.

And then his praises were so sweet; he had so many compliments at the end of his tongue that they began to cloy on Tom's palate before he swallowed them.

He was not stupid, Tom Belding, and he was growing a little cross with himself and with his new friend.

"I *am* looking out for a boat that belongs to a friend of mine," Mr. Dent replied. "I made a voyage on her to Norfolk a couple of weeks ago, and this is her day up. I left a lot of traps on board and I thought if we could sight her, we might go alongside and get my boxes. It would save me expressage from New York."

"And it was for your boxes you wanted to come out. Oh, I see," Tom said.

It made him huffy to think that he had been made a tool of.

He said to himself that he wouldn't have minded helping out a friend of his uncle, but he was losing faith in Mr. Dent. He might have hired a boat to go after his things, or have told what he wanted in the first instance.

"Not at all; I never thought of it until this moment. Of course"—looking at Tom keenly—"if you would like to return——" There was considerable coldness in his tone.

"Oh no," Tom said, a little ashamed of himself.

And so they waited, hour after hour, until twilight settled down and the moonlight rippled and broke and sparkled again over the sea.

Then, suddenly the lights of a vessel could be seen and the outline of its masts against the steely sky.

"I think I saw a rocket or two here," Dent muttered, and all of Tom's suspicions came back.

There was a package of the luncheon which had not been opened, and Tom knew that there were no rockets on the yacht.

Dent lighted one and it went whizzing up. In a second it was answered from the ship.

Then the Sea Mew stretched her canvas to the breeze and under the skilful handling of Dent went fairly flying over the water toward the ship.

A small boat containing three men met them, and one began a laughing remark which he smothered in his throat when he saw Tom.

"Have you those boxes of clothes of mine?" asked Mr. Dent. "You are a clever lot of fellows to recognize my old signal and bring them out to me."

"We ain't likely to forget you, capt'n," one of the men replied.

"This is Mr. Belding, who owns the yacht," Mr. Dent went on. "Tell Captain Harvey I am sorry he did not come out to have the pleasure of meeting him."

It seemed to Tom's sensitive ears that he not only detected a note of sarcasm in Dent's voice, but a snigger from one of the men.

Mr. Dent evidently had a great many clothes, and Captain Harris must have been very anxious to get rid of them. He had sent out six boxes covered with tarpaulin.

It seemed to Tom, as the men fell away, that they had left a very strong odor of tobacco behind them.

Tom Belding was not as stupid as Mr. Dent evidently thought him. He saw in a moment what he had done.

He had taken his uncle's boat and carried a smuggler out to meet a Cuban ship, bringing tobacco. The yacht was loaded with fine cigars, brought in this way to defraud the United States government.

Tom's first impulse was to tell Dent what he thought, and to inform him that he intended to give him up to the authorities as soon as they reached Atlantic City. Then he realized that in that case he would hardly reach Atlantic City that night.

Dent would take the yacht exactly where he chose, because Tom knew by this time that he himself was no sailor, and that Dent knew that he was not.

As he tried to plan, he felt very young and very small, indeed. What was a tired boy of sixteen, who did not know enough to keep out of such company as this, by the side of a criminal full of expedients?

But he made his plans. There would be a wagon waiting (by accident, of course,) just by the inlet. Everybody knew his uncle's boat; there would be no difficulty in taking the boxes off without question.

There would probably be only one or two men at the wharf at this hour. If he denounced Dent and made a row there was bound to be a scandal.

Tom knew that it would bring his mother and father home, his uncle to Atlantic City, and that they would be mortified, indeed. Then, too, Tom felt that he never could explain to all of the relations how he had taken up with this man on the train, had listened to such bold flattery, and had been made into a regular catspaw.

His uncle would never let him hear the

end of it. He would be in all the newspapers as a perfect dunce. So Tom laid his plan, and made up his mind that if it failed, it failed!

As he had expected, there was a wagon waiting for them at the inlet.

"I think," Tom said casually, "you had better have these things taken to Uncle Tom's for tonight. Coming from his yacht, the man will be more likely to take the trouble to drive them down."

"They might as well go to the station," Dent began, and then he, too, seemed to see the advisability of the things going to Mr. Belding's cottage, to be shipped away at leisure.

So the expressman was directed to take them there. They carried them into the front door and pushed them inside the reception room.

"Come along, and let's have some supper," Tom said gaily. "I stopped and bought some oysters, and bread and butter. There is a chafing dish, and no end of canned things here, and I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Let me manage the chafing dish. I am an adept," Dent said, and he went to work.

"All right, I will go up stairs and see about a bed."

Tom slipped to the reception room door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he went softly up stairs to his uncle's room.

In a drawer in the bureau he had seen an old revolver that morning. It was rusty, and evidently unloaded, but it was the best to be had.

Possessing himself of this, Tom walked down stairs again. Mr. Dent was stirring the oysters, which sent up an appetizing odor, but Tom did not notice that. He walked up to Mr. Dent and held the revolver in his face.

"Mr. Smuggler," he said, "walk out of this house!"

Dent half rose, a smile still on his lips.

"Walk!" Tom repeated.

And Dent walked. He went most of the way backward.

"Well, I *am* a fool," he said, in the same light tone.

"You thought I was," Tom couldn't resist replying.

"Go on," as the man stopped and put his hand toward his pocket. "Drop that!"

"You've made a pretty nice haul for your uncle. Don't be such a thief. I'll halve with you," Dent said.

"If you say another word, I'll blow the top of your head off," Tom answered.

He forgot that there were no loads in the pistol.

He pushed Dent out of the front door and barred it, and then he went to the telephone and called up the police station, and asked that two men might be sent at once, as there was a suspicious character lurking about the place.

The chief grumbled, and one man was sent.

The next morning Tom went to the mayor and told him the whole story. The cigars were sent to the proper authorities from the mayor's office, and that was the end of it, except that Uncle Tom Belding said that his reception room smelled like a cigar store all summer and he wondered why.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I KNOW of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve,
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve,
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust,
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks,
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon;
O! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE SUN GOD'S SECRET.*

By William Murray Graydon,

Author of "Under Africa," "The Rajah's Fortress," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DURING the excitement attending a mysterious murder in a London street, Melton Forbes, a journalist, finds a small box. He recognizes it as that which he had noticed given to a Hindoo in the Bank of England a few hours before.

Having pressing business in Paris, he goes there without opening it, and while with Sir Arthur Ashby and Cecil Chandos he comes across the Hindoo. The latter, Jopal Singh, reveals to the three friends the secret of an immense treasure buried in northern India, and they agree to join him in a search for it.

Reinforced by Sir Arthur's valet, John Darracot, they proceed to India. While in Calcutta an emissary of Baboo Das, the rajah of Pangkong, steals the paper describing the location of the treasure, but the Forbes party are acquainted with its contents and continue their journey.

Oriental trickery and atrocious luck combine to delay and harass the little band, but they surmount all obstacles and finally reach the island of Mog, where they expect to find the treasure. All they discover, however, is a small metal box, which directs them to the reservoir of Ravana. Eluding a party of natives who try to intercept them the treasure seekers make their way to the place indicated.

By carefully following directions, they find the treasure at the bottom of the reservoir, and manage to bring up one of the three iron chests in which it is stored. They open it, disclosing a vast quantity of gold and jewels, among which is a ruby of extraordinary size and luster, which the rajah claims as an ancestral heritage.

At this moment the presence of the treasure seekers is discovered by the Jainas, a fanatical sect of priests of the neighborhood, and hastily concealing the treasure in a clump of bushes, with the exception of a small casket of gems which Chandos takes charge of, they seek refuge in flight.

Finding it impossible to escape in this way, they resolve to make a stand, choosing for the purpose a rocky eminence which seems well suited for defense. The Jainas attack them with great fury, but are beaten off, and during the breathing spell which follows, Chandos chances to glance to the southward. Wheeling about, he cries hoarsely that an army is coming over the plain.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

AT first we doubted the truth of Chandos' strange statement—I am speaking only for Sir Arthur, Darracot, and myself—and our disbelief may be readily pardoned, for of all places under the sun this lonely frontier region of India was the last spot in which one would expect to find an army.

"This is no time for joking," I cried to Chandos half angrily, and then it flashed into my mind that perhaps our late terrible experience had turned the poor fellow's brain.

But no such doubt was in Jopal Singh's mind. The Hindoo sprang to his feet shouting joyously, "Saved! We are saved!" and then dashed to the top of the knoll, followed closely by Darracot and myself.

The excitement brought Sir Arthur to his feet, and as we stood there together, looking southward over the vast plain, the scene that met our eyes was a strange one.

Over the waving surface of the elephant grass rose what did indeed resemble a multitude of rifle barrels. They stretched afar, gleaming in the sunlight like the silvery coils of a great serpent, the head of which was alarmingly close to the mound, and the tail nearly half a mile distant.

But on closer inspection the supposed rifle barrels turned out to be long, polished spear points, and then our alarm deepened.

"An army of Jainas!" cried Sir Arthur. "Bless me! We're all dead men! Where can the rascals have gathered such a horde together, rajah?"

The Hindoo did not reply. His eyes were fixed on the narrow path between the reeds where the foremost of this advancing army must soon appear.

The danger from other sources—from the direction of the hill of Belgula, was forgotten. The horde of fanatics who had flung themselves so recklessly upon us a few moments before were now beyond sight and hearing.

Darracot nudged my arm and then pointed back toward the hill.

"Those scamps what attacked us," he said, "are kiting through the grass as fast as they can go. I heard them shouting to each other. If this army what you see coming here is friendly to them, why don't they come and join it instead of running away like mad? I tell you what it is, Mr. Forbes, there is some underhand business going on, and the rajah there has a hand in it."

Darracot's words startled me.

"Hush!" I said. "Don't talk so loud;" and then I turned to watch the waving line

**The first 35 chapters of this story appeared in the December, January, February, and March issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 40 cents.*

of spear tops that was coming closer and closer.

The honest fellow's warning struck me with added force a moment later, when I happened to glance at the rajah. His attitude was intensely dignified, and his face wore an expression that was at once proud and haughty, and radiant with passionate delight. He looked quite a different man, and I was amazed at the change.

My companions did not notice him; they were too deeply absorbed in the scene before them.

Already the vanguard of this strange army was so close that we could see dark heads moving between the serried clumps of grass.

"What does this mean, rajah?" demanded the baronet uneasily. "Are these fellows Jainas or not? And we had better decide quickly what to do. Shall we fight, surrender, or run away while there is yet time?"

Whether the Hindoo even heard Sir Arthur's speech is very doubtful. He suddenly uttered a low, agitated cry, and with a quick motion, took from his breast the great red ruby.

The ruddy flashing of the gem drew all eyes to his action, and we looked on curiously as the Hindoo fixed the stone in the front folds of his turban.

As he finished the operation and replaced the turban on his head, a dozen powerful, dark skinned savages emerged from the reeds close to the base of the mound, and marching at their head I recognized with a sickening glimmer of the truth, Nulkar, the son of Talang, the Hazari chief. Behind him were his tribesmen, a hundred or more strong.

What were they doing here, miles and miles away from home? And yet Jopal Singh had expected them. This was the aid to which he had referred so frequently.

We all saw and recognized Nulkar, but before a word could be spoken Jopal Singh advanced proudly to meet him, and they embraced warmly at the foot of the mound.

Then ensued a scene the like of which I never saw before. With hoarse cheering and shouting the armed natives came surging about the mound, trampling the grass to earth and flinging their spears and knives high in air for very enthusiasm.

The rajah, with Nulkar at his side, advanced to the crest and from this eminence faced the sea of dusky faces and flashing spears. He turned slowly around so that all might see him, and as each movement called forth a repeated chorus of cheers I suddenly discovered the cause of this great enthusiasm—it was the red ruby that glittered in the rajah's turban.

All at once Nulkar raised his hand aloft and instantly the noise ceased.

"Bless my soul! what does all this mean?" muttered Sir Arthur half aloud.

No one could answer him. We had hardly begun to realize the stupendous depths of the Hindoo's iniquity, though our suspicions were trending in the proper direction.

Then the rajah began to address the assembled Hazaris in a language that was strange to us. He spoke for nearly half an hour, and when he ended a mighty cheer burst forth that was enough to cause the colossal image on the hill of Kala to tremble with indignation.

As Jopal Singh stepped down from the stone upon which he had been standing, Chandos faced him in a calm but determined manner.

"Rajah," he said, "we demand an explanation of this strange conduct."

"You shall have it," replied Jopal Singh curtly. "You do well to call me rajah, for I am now the ruler of Pangkong, and in less than three days the head of Baboo Das the usurper shall roll in the dust."

We looked at each other and turned pale.

"For the service that you have rendered me you shall be well rewarded," continued the rajah. "This great ruby which you see glittering in my turban has been in our family for twenty successive generations. It disappeared when the kingdom of Pangkong was stolen from my grandfather, and it was prophesied to the people at that time that the lawful heir to the throne would return wearing the great red ruby in his turban, and drive the usurper out. That time has now arrived. With your aid I have fulfilled the prophecy."

"Your conduct is infamous," cried Sir Arthur indignantly. "You have basely deceived us. Instead of helping you to recover your ancestral treasure, you have made us participators in your crime—which is treason against England—against our own government."

"Silence!" exclaimed the rajah sternly. "Be careful that you do not anger these people. They believe that you voluntarily assisted me in this matter, and are prepared to treat you with gratitude and friendliness. Give them no cause to think otherwise, or I will not answer for the consequences. As for your charges, I refuse to consider them.

"What I told you in Paris was mainly true. I admit, however, that I have been in India of late years, that in procuring the key to the treasure from Mr. Heathcote I knew that the ruby was probably a part of it, and I also admit that this was my chief motive in forming this expedition.

"My meeting with you in Paris was a fortunate one, for I was destitute of funds, and knew no one to whom I could turn for assistance. Beyond this slight deception, you have no cause to complain. As I said before, I am grateful for your aid, and as soon as I am placed firmly upon the throne I will send you home wealthy beyond your wildest dreams.

"I also admit that I deceived you when

we stopped at Talang's town. The old chief was a friend of the family, and to him I confided all, telling him that I was about to find the great red ruby with your assistance, and asking that a body of men should be sent secretly to the reservoir of Ravana, where I would join them. You see how nobly he has kept his word.

"These savages marched here by night, taking a circuitous course, so that Baboo Das would learn nothing of their movements. And now victory lies within my grasp. As we march southward through Pangkong the people of every town and village will flock to my standard, and the usurper whom you English placed upon the stolen throne shall meet the fate that he deserves."

We listened to this scoundrel's confession of perfidy with growing indignation and fear.

The situation was grave, indeed. We had unwittingly assisted the Hindoo to start an insurrection that would certainly be attended with bloodshed, and might for the time being accomplish its purpose; but sooner or later an English army would reverse the order of things again, and we knew full well that for our share in the mischief, unintentional though it was, the penalty would be a severe one—perhaps even death.

With this terrible prospect before our eyes, we begged the rajah to abandon his plans, or at least to permit us to depart at once, and put ourselves under the protection of the maharajah of Cashmere.

But our entreaties were in vain. He insisted that we should accompany him on the march through Pangkong, and the reason for this was not hard to find.

The presence of four Englishmen among the rebels would lend almost as much influence and weight to the cause of the rajah as the great red ruby itself. The latter would prove the legitimacy of the claim, the former would lead the simple minded natives to believe that the English were siding with Jopal Singh.

We realized that not for any consideration would the rajah part with us, and we shuddered at the prospect before us—a march of bloodshed through Pangkong, the defeat of the ruler whom England had chosen to occupy the throne—and, to end it all, death by a rifle volley at the hands of our own countrymen; for how could we hope to prove our innocence of purpose or intent? Proof after proof could be piled up against us.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A VICTORIOUS MARCH.

FINDING that the rajah was immovable we ceased our entreaties and tried to face the disaster as calmly as possible.

We found no chance of conversing among ourselves, for the rajah, who was evidently suspicious, remained by us all the time.

"You will be allowed several hours' rest," he said, "and then the march will begin. The chief town, Pangkong, which bears the same name as the province, lies about fifty miles from here. We must reach it without delay."

It was still very early in the morning. The Hazaris camped in a circle about the mound, and as they were plentifully supplied with food our hunger was soon satisfied. Then, worried and heartsick as we were, we lay down between the rocks and slept.

It was nearly midday when the rajah wakened us, and announced that the march was about to begin. The Hazaris were on their feet awaiting the signal to start; all were heavily armed—with spears, curved knives, shields, and not a few guns.

"That box of jewels is yours," said the rajah. "Take good care of it. The rest of the treasure must be left where it is for the present. In a short time—when quiet has been restored to the province—we will return for it, and you shall have your share."

"Here," cried Chandos; "take the box of jewels, keep all the treasure for yourself, and let us go. We will gladly relinquish all claim on that accursed gold."

As he spoke he tore the knapsack from his back and held it out to the rajah.

"Put it back," said Jopal Singh sternly. "I would not part with you now for all the wealth of the Indies. I forbid you to speak of the matter again."

The rajah's manner was so menacing that Chandos strapped the knapsack back in place without a word.

"Whatever happens we have a small fortune in that box," he whispered to me. "I was terribly afraid the Hindoo would take me at my word when I offered it to him."

Before starting we turned the field glass back toward the two hills. The crest of each was black with Jainas, who were regarding the strange scene with amazement, and no doubt believed that an attack on their temples was about to take place.

It was just high noon when we started away from the mound and filed across the plain to the southward. The rajah and Nulkar marched at the head. We came close behind, surrounded by two dozen picked natives whom the rajah had assigned to us, ostensibly as a body guard of honor, but the deeper motive was very plain to us. We were virtually prisoners, and any attempt to escape would be futile.

The happenings of the next two days I will not attempt to describe at length. That same afternoon we reached the more settled part of the province, and what the rajah had predicted came to pass.

The inhabitants of the towns were at

first panic striken, but when they saw Jopal Singh and the great ruby that shone in his turban their fear turned to rejoicing. The women came forward with offerings of food and drink, while the men seized their arms and hastened to join us.

We camped for the night in a deep valley, and started off at the first break of day. All that morning and afternoon the savage mountain tribesmen joined our army by hundreds, and we were soon two thousand strong.

At four o'clock, as we wound out of a valley into a stretch of open country, a commotion was heard in front, and we saw arms gleaming through a cloud of yellow dust. The rajah sent spies forward and they returned with the information that a force of Baboo Das' regular troops were coming to attack us.

Poor fellows! They were no match for our savage mountaineers! I have not the heart to relate what followed.

Nulkar with three hundred Hazaris led the attack, and in a short time the royal troops were fleeing in all directions over the plain. We marched forward over their dead bodies and saw with unspeakable horror a young English officer lying among the slain.

He had probably held some position under Baboo Das.

No further resistance was encountered that day, but the inhabitants of half a dozen more villages flocked to the rajah's standard, and several pieces of artillery also fell into his hands.

When we camped at sunset Pangkong was less than ten miles distant. All through the early hours of the night swarms of natives arrived and many spies, who brought news of Baboo Das and his movements, though what these tidings were the rajah flatly refused to tell us.

At midnight some special piece of information arrived that caused a commotion in the camp. The fires were put out and in a short time the whole army was on the march.

We were placed far in front, still surrounded by our body guard. The rajah remained with us much of the time. He admitted that Pangkong was our destination.

"At sunset the town will be in my possession," he said. "Baboo Das has been deserted by many of his followers, and will be unable to make much defense. It is more than probable that he will abandon the town and flee, and in that event no bloodshed will be necessary."

"We are in a very bad way," said Sir Arthur when the rajah had left us and gone forward. "For the present we can't help ourselves. We must wait and watch our chance. Bless me! if an English army comes up here and finds us helping this scoundrel to carry on his insurrection, we will be shot without the formality of a court martial."

"The insurrection will be over tomorrow," said Chandos. "You see how the tide is going—every one flocks to the rajah. I only hope that Baboo Das will have sense enough to make himself scarce before this rabble reaches Pangkong. If he tries to hold the town a terrible slaughter will ensue beyond a doubt. These savages are thirsting for blood."

"We must escape at the first opportunity," said I. "That alone can save us from this scrape. An English force will surely be sent up here at an early date, and we must be far out of the way when that time comes."

"Bless my soul, just think what this means," added Sir Arthur, with a groan of misery. "We are actually marching against English subjects—we are committing high treason. We are rebels."

"It's not our fault, though," said Chandos. "Cheer up, Ashby. We will find a way out of this."

"But we shall never dare return to England," continued the baronet gloomily. "We must spend the balance of our lives roaming about the continent and frequenting all sorts of Bohemian places so as to avoid discovery. Bless me! Forbes, you will have to publish a second edition of your 'Famous Refugees,' and put us in."

At this juncture the rajah returned, and our conversation came to an end.

For two hours longer we marched on steadily until the eastern sky began to pale. Soon daylight came, and we found ourselves in a long wide valley, which narrowed considerably about a mile ahead.

"Yonder lies Pangkong," said the rajah, pointing through the gap. "In half an hour we shall reach the walls."

His dark face was flushed with triumph, and his hand shook nervously against the hilt of his sword. He no longer wore the rags of a low caste Hindoo. They had been replaced by trousers and tunic of purple silk, and his large turban was of the same material.

"Has Baboo Das abandoned the town?" asked Chandos uneasily.

"No!" muttered the rajah. "The dog defies me. He has closed the gates and dares to oppose my entrance with a handful of his cowardly followers. By midday his head shall roll in the dust. I swear it by the memory of Syad Jafar and of my father, Pertab Singh, who fell by English bullets."

In a short time we saw that Jopal Singh's words were true.

As we passed through the mouth of the valley a wide plain lay before us. A stream crossed this from east to west, and on the south bank, perched on an eminence, stood the town of Pangkong.

The huge brass gates were tightly closed, and from every embrasure in the walls, and from every watch tower and turret bristled armed men. Those who remained faithful to Baboo Das were not a few.

As the long, straggling army defiled from the gorge, Nulkar and his horde of fanatical followers took the lead and moved quietly across the plain. The attack was about to begin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE WALL WAS BLOWN OPEN.

A GREAT shout broke from Nulkar and his men. It was answered menacingly from the town walls.

The tumult reached the ears of those who were still struggling through the valley, and they pressed forward so impetuously that we and our body guard were swept across the plain almost at the heels of the Hazaris.

All effort to check the confusion was vain. The rajah ran to and fro, gesticulating, commanding, and shouting himself hoarse. The great red ruby dazzled the eyes of friend and foe, but still the savage mountaineers, scenting blood and pillage, refused all restraint, and spread over the plain like a great wave.

In an instant we were surrounded on all sides, and only by hard struggling could we keep on our feet. Once down the breath would soon have been crushed from our bodies.

We managed to stick pretty close together, and in a short time we found ourselves splashing through the shallow bed of the stream. Then our water soaked feet turned the yellow dust of the plain into sloppy mud, and there above us towered the massive walls of the town.

Nulkar and two hundred Hazaris were already pounding on the brazen gates, and their ranks were being rapidly decimated by the hail of weapons from above. The rajah was invisible, but at intervals we could hear his commanding voice above the din.

Chandos and I were side by side almost crushed by the horde of naked, greasy savages who hemmed us in. A yard in front of us was the baronet, but Darracot was nowhere to be seen.

"Bless my soul!" cried Sir Arthur. "This is terrible. The rajah can never capture the town by such tactics."

To add to our discomfort the enemy on the walls began to shoot and throw spears into our crowded ranks, and several came unpleasantly close to us.

But at last the rajah succeeded in bringing some sort of order out of all this chaos. The forces scattered and spread out around the town.

While these preparations were going on Nulkar withdrew his men to a little distance, and a brief breathing spell began.

Presently the rajah hurried up to us.

"That dog Baboo Das shall pay dearly for the trouble he is giving us," he cried savagely. "In half an hour the town shall be ours. It is completely surrounded now and a general attack is about to commence. I need your advice and assistance. You must come with me and see what is going on."

To expostulate would have been useless, so we followed the rajah without a word still attended by our native body guard. Many curious eyes watched us from the town walls wondering no doubt how we came to be in such strange company.

Pangkong was a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, but it was very compactly built, and in a short time we made a complete circuit of the walls.

A general attack was being conducted against all the gates, but with no apparent success. Baboo Das and his soldiers committed fearful slaughter among the besiegers, pouring weapons of every kind down upon their heads.

"Once we get inside," muttered the rajah, "all will go well. Not more than six thousand men are within the walls and they will be only too ready to flock to my standard."

An hour passed on and still the town held out. The rajah became fearful in his anger. He led us back to the north side of the town, and commanded Nulkar to storm the main gates. The two pieces of cannon were brought up. We had no ammunition for them, but the Hazaris dragged them forward and began to batter the brazen gates.

As soon as the enemy knew what was going on they crowded the adjacent walls in overwhelming numbers and cast great stones and spears down upon the besiegers in clouds.

We stood a short distance off and watched the terrible scene.

Thump! thump! rang the cannon, mingled with many a death shriek and yell of triumph, and crack of rifle or blunderbus. Dust and smoke rose high in air and far back in the town drums were beating furiously.

One hundred men had gone forward to storm the gates; scarcely a dozen came back, leaving their comrades lying dead beside the abandoned cannon.

This must have been a terrible moment for the rajah. Every attempt had failed, and it looked as though Baboo Das was fully able to hold the town against the rebels.

But if Jopal Singh was losing hope he did not show it. We were forced to admire his actions under these trying circumstances.

"Those accursed gates must go down," he cried, grinding his teeth. "A general attack will do it."

Then he hurriedly gave orders to those nearest him, and in a short time the word was passing along the ranks of the besiegers.

The rajah watched the town with his arms folded proudly on his breast.

"I have ordered all my forces front," he said to the baronet. "I will hurl four

thousand men against those walls at one point and the gates must go this time if it costs two thousand lives."

Already with great shouting and confusion the natives were swarming forward from the other sides of the town, casting spears up at the foe as they advanced.

Suddenly a great sound of cheering was heard, and the rajah, who had disappeared a moment before, came up to us with a jubilant face.

"The town will be ours," he cried; "some of our brave allies within the walls have just tossed out three kegs of gunpowder. The gates will be blown up immediately."

He dashed off to superintend the deed, and in spite of the danger we advanced closer to the walls eager to see what was going on.

A dozen strong men rushed forward, bearing the kegs of powder on their shoulders. They reached the foot of the gate with their burden and then two thirds of their number were instantly slain by the desperate men above.

But others dashed to the spot to carry on the work—two score or more—and in a trice the heads were knocked out of the kegs and the deadly heap was piled up in a corner of the gate where it must certainly do fearful execution.

Such utter disregard of life was never seen before. Man after man was speared and the dead bodies formed a hideous barrier before the gates.

But now a fresh difficulty arose. There was no fuse.

The few men who remained beside the powder darted back and for a moment besieged and besiegers waited in breathless suspense.

Then a young man—one of the Hazaris—ran quickly to the rajah's side and spoke a few words, pointing to the gaping powder kegs. A flash of amazement passed briefly over Jopal Singh's face and then he snatched a revolver from his belt and gave it to the native, who started for the gates on a run.

The meaning of this little episode we were slow to grasp. We saw that all eyes were turned with intense interest upon the young native, but not until a horrified exclamation broke from Sir Arthur's lips did we realize what was about to take place, and it was then too late to interfere.

The daring fellow was already within ten yards of the gate and from the two watch towers that flanked it on each side and from the top of the wall a hundred passion distorted faces were glaring upon him, and a hundred arms were casting spears and stones.

But he seemed to bear a charmed life, for all these deadly missiles struck harmlessly around him, and he arrived safely within ten feet of the wall.

Then a chance spear thrown from above penetrated his right arm, and the revolver was knocked from his hand. As he stooped to reach it a native soldier leaned from the watch tower with a musket in his arms, and, taking a careful aim, fired.

With a sharp cry, the poor fellow rolled heavily to the ground, Hoots of triumph came from the town, while the rebels yelled with fury, and half a dozen Hazaris sprang forward to rescue their companion.

But before they could reach the spot the supposed dead man raised himself painfully to his knees, and with his left hand picked up the fallen revolver. Then, with a quick gesture that was intended to warn his rescuers back, he crawled a few feet nearer the gate, holding the revolver out in front of him.

A perfect storm of weapons rained down from the tower, but too late to prevent the consummation of the most heroic deed that any of us ever witnessed. The brave Hazari, mortally wounded though he was, reached a point only three feet from the gate, and holding the pistol close against the broken kegs of powder, he pulled the trigger.

The terrific explosion that followed shook the ground, and for a moment the sky was darkened with fragments of earth and stone that pattered about our heads.

All eyes were instantly turned upon the town gates, and as the great cloud of smoke that hid the scene slowly lifted, we saw the left hand watch tower tottering on the edge of a great chasm that had been torn in the massive wall.

The occupants were madly scrambling to leave it—but too late. With a sickening crash and a whirling funnel of dust the tower struck the ground, and from the ruins came bloodcurdling cries of agony.

The rajah surveyed the scene much as Nero must have gazed upon burning Rome.

"That Hazari was a brave man," he said to the baronet. "No English soldier ever earned the Victoria Cross half so nobly."

Before Sir Arthur could reply, a mighty shout broke from the rajah's army, and a rush was made from all quarters for the yawning gap in the town wall.

"Bloody work will be done there," cried Jopal Singh. "My followers are thirsting for slaughter, and their lust must be restrained, if possible—I would spare all but Baboo Das. If you desire to do good deeds stick close by me."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TRAPPED.

In the mad excitement that followed the demolition of the gates, all prudence was forgotten, and we dashed forward in company with the rajah.

Nulkar, with the remnant of his Hazaris, was already struggling through the gap, and to judge from the terrific sounds of conflict, the foe was making a stubborn resistance.

The rajah had now lost all influence over

his followers. We were instantly surrounded by hundreds of the savage tribesmen, and pushed without any effort of our own toward the broken wall. Thousands were pressing on from behind.

By the time we reached the embrasure the walls overhead were deserted, and when we scrambled over the fallen piles of masonry and entered the mouth of the narrow street that led from the gateway, we found progress almost blocked by heaps of dead bodies—the men whom Nulkar had led through the breach.

But plenty of the Hazaris still survived, and up the street a horrid din told of the bloody work they were doing. Between us and them were two or three hundred savage fellows yelling with rage and looking right and left in search of victims.

"We must get ahead of them," cried the rajah, "or they will slaughter every creature in the town. Stick close to me. We must not be separated."

We made several useless efforts to force our way through the mob, and then as a last resource, we turned into a narrow street that led off to the right, hoping to circle around and get ahead of the Hazaris.

The mob in our rear separated, the greater part pushing straight on, while another portion followed the rajah's lead, and we were compelled to run with all speed to keep ahead of them.

Far in front of us fled a panic stricken group of natives, but the low houses that lined the narrow street were deserted as open doors and windows testified, and the ground was strewn with articles that had been dropped or cast aside.

Louder and nearer came the awful sounds of carnage, and after making several turns we reached the heart of the town—a small square ornamented with trees, and having in the center a shallow tank of water.

Here a terrible scene was being enacted, and one that I won't attempt to describe.

The Hazaris had reached the place a short time before, and fallen upon the wretched fugitives who had taken refuge here—among them many who wore the uniform of Baboo Das' native army. Blood was flowing like water and the cries of the victims and the victors were deafening.

Nulkar was valorously trying to restrain his men, but to no purpose, and every instant fresh savages were pouring into the square from all its approaches. The remainder of the invading horde appeared to be striking out in every direction, for cries of rage and fright were heard from all quarters of the town.

Jopal Singh took in the situation at one sweeping glance.

"Malediction!" he cried hoarsely. "The riotous scoundrels are bent on having their fill of blood; it will take a stronger arm than mine to restrain them. Meanwhile the other gates are left unguarded beyond a doubt, and Baboo Das may yet escape me. But it must not be—I would part with the throne itself to strike that dog's head off with my own hand."

With a terrible cry he dashed into the center of the square, leaving us standing by the side of the water tank.

We watched him for a moment as he fought onward through the crowd, conspicuous by the dazzling splendor of the ruby. He shouted at his riotous followers and struck them with the flat of his sword—but all in vain.

The bloody work went on and the square echoed with the cries and groans of the dying.

We watched the scene for a moment, sick with horror, and then Chandos suddenly clutched my arm.

"Now is our chance," he cried. "We had better take it, for we shall not get another. The south side of the town is open to us and if once we get outside of the walls our chance of getting back to Peshawar is good. It is useless to remain here. We can do nothing to prevent this awful butchery and as long as we stick by the rajah we are equally guilty with him. The English will exact a terrible retribution for this revolt and our fate is sealed if we are found at Pangkong."

Sir Arthur caught eagerly at Chandos' suggestion.

"You are right," he cried. "Instant flight is all that can save us. It is even possible that our connection with the rajah will not be found out. But we must act quickly; these fiends will be swarming through every quarter of the town in a few minutes."

"Come on, then," cried Chandos. "If Jopal Singh misses us we are lost."

No further urging was necessary. We turned our backs upon the field of slaughter and cut across an angle of the square which was comparatively deserted. A row of trees screened us from the view of the rajah.

I turned half round at the last minute in time for a brief glimpse of the great ruby—the cause of all the bloodshed, and then we dashed into a long thoroughfare, shaded by double rows of trees, that led southward from the square. None of us was missing, for Darracot had turned up shortly after we entered the town.

We ran on in single file with Chandos at our head. Forty or fifty yards in front was a group of fleeing natives, and when they happened to discover us coming on behind they redoubled their efforts with shrill cries of alarm.

Looking into the side streets from right to left we could see other fugitives running with might and main, and the fierce shouting that rang in our ears warned us that the rajah's men were in hot pursuit.

Presently the end of the street before us seemed to be blocking up with the refugees,

and we realized that our situation was becoming critical. We were but four in number and if the fugitives should discover this fact and turn upon us, our chances would be slim indeed.

A long narrow street opening to the left offered a favorable diversion. It was quite deserted and without hesitation we darted in.

It was not the direction in which we wished to go, but we ran on for two blocks and then turned once more to the south, entering a narrow street that was terminated a quarter of a mile distant by a tall gloomy building of stone with a square tower rising from the roof.

"The street ends there," crid Darracot.

"But another street must lead past that building," replied Chandos. "Come on; we have no time to lose."

Already half the distance was covered when a cry of alarm broke from the baronet, and looking over our shoulders we saw a body of men just entering the street behind us.

"Here come the rajah's cutthroats," cried Chandos. "Don't be alarmed. We can easily outdistance them."

"No," exclaimed Sir Arthur despairingly. "These fellows are wearing gray uniforms, and they have rifles on their shoulders."

"And a man dressed in white and purple is leading them," cried Darracot. "He has a sword in his hand."

Chandos took a hasty look.

"By Jove!" he muttered uneasily. "It must be the rajah, Baboo Das himself, with a party of his native troops. They are trying to escape from the town. This is a nice fix to be in. We must only run the faster, that's all."

We increased our speed as much as possible, looking eagerly for a side street into which we might turn, but along the whole distance between us and the great, gloomy building not one could be seen.

A moment later we passed a pair of massive brass gates, at least twenty feet high, that were swung back against the houses on each side of the street. We dashed on without giving them a thought, though their presence there might well have indicated the trap that was yawning before us.

The enemy in the rear were now coming on more rapidly than ever. Several times they halted briefly to pour a volley of rifle fire up the street behind them, and the terrific cries that followed told their tale plainly enough.

Jopal Singh's horde of savages were in pursuit, no doubt led by the Hindoo in person.

With tottering limbs we hurried on to the end of the street, and paused before the stone building in speechless horror.

The side street that we had hoped to find did not exist. The gloomy fortress—for such it plainly was—barred further advance, and our escape was hopelessly cut off.

We turned with the calmness of despair and faced the approaching soldiers. As we looked they passed through the great brazen gates and slammed them shut in the very faces of the infuriated horde of pursuers, who came thundering against them with a rattling crash that was heard plainly above their hoarse yells.

Then the native troops came toward us on a brisk run, and as we saw their leader —the tall, black bearded Hindoo, with his purple turban and tunic, and the jewel studded sword in his hand—we knew that this was indeed the rajah, Baboo Das, the man on whom dire misfortune had fallen through our agency. Our fate was surely sealed. We could look for scant mercy from him.

(To be continued.)

OUR THREE DAYS' HUNT.

By William A. Bowen.

BOYS sometimes have experiences which teach them lessons they never forget. There is one adventure of my boyhood days that memory always recalls like a nightmare.

It was among the soughing pines and blooming magnolias of eastern Texas in the days when Southern planters kept packs of hounds, and hunting was the regular sport of gentlemen. The height of every boy's ambition was to make a successful hunt.

My father's plantation was on the banks of the historic San Jacinto river, at the mouth of which Sam Houston and his seven hundred Texans routed the Mexican army of two thousand under Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the West," and gained Texas' independence from Mexican tyranny.

The McCaleb plantation adjoined ours, and Zill McCaleb and I were bosom friends, and we often roamed about the bottoms and cane brakes on boyish hunting expeditions Saturdays and holidays. But our adventures had never yet gone further than an early start in the morning and a return by dark, and our bagging was squirrels, ducks, geese, quail, turkeys, and similar small game.

We varied this with occasional tramps through the woods at night with the negroes, hunting 'possums, coons, and wildcats with fire pans in which pitch pine (called "fat pine") was burned to "blind the eyes" or "shine" the game when the dogs treed it.

We soon, however, aspired to cover ourselves with glory by killing our first deer.

I well remember when we had accomplished this feat. We were out in the upper timber in the edge of the bottom one day when we heard the long drawn "Y-e-ow-oo! y-e-ow-oo!" by which we readily concluded that a pack of deer hounds were out on an independent hunt, which they often engaged in.

We knew they were chasing a deer, for they were too well trained to follow any other game. We knew from the absence of the mellow, winding notes of the huntsman's horn, that no one was with them.

My heart palpitated, and I could see Zill's hand tremble with excitement as we noted that the sounds were coming in our direction.

We got behind a clump of bushes and waited.

In a few minutes we saw a great buck, with wide spreading antlers tossing the brush aside, come bounding and leaping with the graceful motion of a deer in full chase, and we almost fell to the ground in fright.

"Shall I—must I—shall we shoot?" I asked in fear.

"Lordy! we've got to," said Zill; "or he'll cross our luck forever."

Zill and I had been reared on a plantation where the greatest delight of our lives was to spend an evening in the negro quarters listening to the superstitious stories of the darkies of the old days. We were at that age firm believers in all we had ever heard, especially in the stories of Uncle Gabe Crenshaw, a privileged old negro my father had brought with him from Louisiana.

"I'll count three, and then both of us fire at once," I said, fearing to take the responsibility upon myself.

"All right; but we must make sure work, or he'll get us certain as eatin'," returned Zill.

In a moment the buck had bounded into a clear, sandy spot, where his whole side was in full view. I got the "buck ague" immediately, forgot the program, and, instead of counting "One, two, three," shouted, "Three!"

Pointing my gun and shutting my eyes, I pulled both triggers. It was well I did, for Zill's gun fired at the same instant.

We rushed through the smoke to where the deer had been, but he was gone. A broad stain of blood told us we had hit him; so hastily reloading, we followed the trail.

To our surprise and glee, we found him staggering around a few yards further on. Remembering the awful stories the negroes had told us of the bloodthirstiness of a wounded buck and his carnivorous propensities, we quickly raised our guns and fired again. The buck fell, and was soon dead—but it was from our first shot, the last not hitting him.

We bore him home in triumph, and thenceforth were the heroes of the neighborhood. Being only thirteen and fifteen years old respectively (Zill was my senior), we were praised on all sides.

This so elated us that we became puffed, and in a moment of reckless bravado we announced that we were going off into the woods by ourselves on a three days' hunt.

I guess no two boys ever repented of a foolhardy determination more than we did of that announcement. We had swaggered around and bragged so much about killing that deer, inventing tales regarding the long and arduous chase we had, and the struggle at the death, and our narrow escape in a hand to hand encounter with the wounded back, that we got to believing them ourselves, especially when we saw how we were envied by every other boy for miles around.

The knowledge that the other boys were chafing under the galling thought of their littleness, and that their eyeballs were seared with the sight of Zill and me taking the pick of the prettiest girls to ride home with after church, spurred us on to make the reckless announcement.

We went behind the corn crib afterwards and bewailed our folly in bitterest repentance, for the negroes seemed all at once to think of the most bloodcurdling stories to tell us of hobgoblins and serpents, and of the human devouring propensities of animals we had always before regarded as absolutely harmless.

"Let's go back and not go," said I.

"I've a notion to," replied Zill; "but, how can we now that we've got Angelina and Melissa away from those stuck up fellows, Read Moran and Sonnie Sap? And after we've been telling all those tall yarns? Why, Abe, we've got to go, even if we have to fight a panther.

"I'm mighty sorry we killed that deer," he added.

"Oh, I'm almost sorry too," said I. "But then, it's worth a good deal to have the reputation we've got. Come to think of it, Zill, it was no slouch of a thing to kill that deer. Besides, you know, he might have killed us, because we forgot to spit in that horse wallow in the road."

"That's so," replied Zill. "And, good gracious, if I didn't walk in your tracks as we came along through the blood weeds near the new ground cotton patch!"

"You did!" I exclaimed, in horror. "Zill, if I'd known that I'd never shot at that deer. I don't see how we ever got back alive. Don't you do such a thing again. It's mighty lucky we are here, I can tell you."

"Well, we'll take some lucky stones and red corn with us this time. I have some lucky stones I got out'n the last gaspergou's head I caught in the big swimming hole last week, and some red corn Aunt Patsy took out'n Uncle Ike's big box."

So it was arranged that we must brave it out and go on that hunt.

We scorned to name any game we would kill smaller than turkeys. We preferred bears, deer, buffaloes and even spoke of panthers—but after mentioning this last, we both went out and walked three times around an elder bush, repeating "Panther, panther, no harm come nigh you, when you go to town pretty girl buy you"

This was warranted to keep the panthers away from us—though we had no idea of letting one get within hearing distance if we could help it.

We took with us a large piece of bacon, a long handled frying pan, salt, pepper, a sack with meal in one end and flour in the other, some onions, a lot of ground coffee, and an old, black coffee pot. We scorned to take sugar or cups, as old hunters never used sugar, and always drank their coffee, right out of the pot while the coffee was boiling.

I have the scar in my mouth to this day where I tried to be an old hunter on that trip, and Zill had all the skin taken off his lips and tongue. We then threw away the coffee and made believe on our return that we drank it.

It was dark when we reached the place we had decided on for our first night's stop—about eighteen miles from home, in the edge of what was called the second bottom and the beginning of the great cane brake. We found a beautiful glen, with long, rich grass in abundance, and plenty of wood and a good place to sleep near a spring. After staking out our horses we built a huge fire, cooked and ate supper and lighted our cob pipes to revel in the luxuries of our first real hunt—like men.

I noticed that Zill, while appearing to talk easily and naturally, had a quaver in his voice, and kept casting furtive glances about. I knew just how he felt, for I felt that way myself, and heartily wished we had never seen that old buck.

Any one who has ever spent a night in a lonely wood can recall that as soon as darkness begins there are more noises of a bloodcurdling nature above, below, and around you than you ever heard of before.

I do not now remember who started it, but our conversation soon turned to the stories we had heard in the negro quarters; and, hard as we tried to avoid the subject, we soon began to tell tales of horror in connection with panthers, as we knew the cane brakes and bottoms to be infested with them.

The terrible stories we invented and related to each other regarding the cunning and bloodthirsty deeds committed by these animals were not calculated to make us feel sleepy, or to enjoy our hunt any the more. Each tried to outdo the other in this direction, so as to appear to the other as really brave and reckless.

It must have been about ten o'clock when I finished a Munchausen tale about a panther smelling an emigrant party forty miles away, rushing over and waylaying them and devouring the entire company in its insatiable greed for human flesh. I made the number of people on this occasion thirteen, but recollecting that this was an unlucky number, and seeing Zill noticed it, and turned pale, I corrected it to sixteen, and gave old Uncle Gabe Crenshaw as my authority.

"If Uncle Gabe says so, it's so," said Zill in a whisper, this tale striking him absolutely speechless with fright.

"I tell you what, Abe," Zill presently said, in a whisper, "I think we did a fool thing coming out here without getting Uncle Gabe to give us a bag of sulphur, and bear and hawk claws, and nine locks of hair from a voodoo. That would have kept anything from us. And ——"

Just then a low, crying moan came floating to our ears from across the river half a mile distant. We both stopped and listened, instinctively creeping closer together.

"If it screams and yells, and then cries like a lost child, Zill, it is a——"

The moan grew into a howl, then followed a loud scream, half shriek, half yell, ending in a cry like that of a child or woman in great distress. Then a silence fell on us It was so still that we could hear our hearts go "thum, thum, thum." An owl lit on a tree over our heads and asked:

"Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo; hoo—a-r-e—yo-o-oo?"

Zill and I never answered, but dived under our blankets, covering up heads and ears, and shivered and listened.

In about five minutes of awful suspense, which seemed to us days, the cry was repeated, louder, shriller, more bloodcurdling; and as its ear splitting echoes reverberated through the woods, and came back to us from the hills, the very owls ceased their hoo-hoos, and the insects hushed their monotonous but friendly nocturnal discords.

Nestling closer together, Zill and I said nothing for several minutes. Then Zill whispered, in a voice which I never should have recognized as his,

"Wh—what—is—it—Abe?"

"Why, it's a panther, of course; nothing else cries like that in the woods. I guess we had better get up and go home."

"Huh! Who's goin' to get the hosses?" replied Zill, in a whisper of scorn. This broke up the notion of going home that night.

After waiting for what seemed to us hours, and not hearing the cry repeated, we grew bold enough to stick our heads from under the blankets the better to listen.

Silence reigning we got up. The owls were hooting again and the entomological concert was resumed. We comforted ourselves with the fact that the panther was across the river; though we soon learned that for a panther to swim a stream like the San Jacinto was no performance at all.

Heaping several logs of wood on the fire, we rearranged our beds, put our saddles under our heads for pillows, placed the sacks of provisions at our heads, loaded our guns heavily, placed them alongside of us, and retired for the night.

My dreams were filled with awful and bloody conflicts with lions, tigers, bears, wounded bucks, and panthers.

I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning, as I judged, by that feeling of dread that comes to people sometimes when danger is near though no noise or disturbance is heard. I found that I was perspiring and had that sense of fear shivering through me which some unknown sense conveys as a warning to us in our sleep at times when sight or sound cannot put us on our guard.

My body was covered with goose pimples, and for an instant I feared to breathe. Zill was playing a sonorous nasal solo.

As I heard nothing I imagined I must have been dreaming, and was quieting myself to sleep again, when, horrors, I heard a soft, velvet tread at my head.

An Arctic wave swept down my spinal column, and I felt the gentle but hot breath of some animal in my face. Instinctively I ducked my head under the cover. My moving caused the animal to jump back and I heard a low growl and the snapping of teeth.

To say that I was scared would be to use language so mild as to be an affront to expressive English. It was not fright. I was literally scared out of my senses, and each separate hair of my head undertook the responsibility of looking out for itself and arose in protest.

I intuitively knew that it was a panther, and that it would spring on us in a few seconds.

I could not help wondering which one it would begin on first. I loved Zill like a brother; we had been playmates since infancy; had gone to school together, had been companions in hunts and boyish pranks; had slept together—I thought of all these things and knew I could not love a brother more.

Yet, I must confess that I prayed harder right then than I ever did before or since, that a kind Providence would put it into that panther's mind to begin chewing and clawing on Zill first.

Alas, now that poor Zill is no more, I realize how selfish and unchristian this was. But I never thought of it then—and I doubt if any one else would.

Zill continued to snore, but I aroused him with a few pokes in the ribs. He was beginning to fuss about being waked when his ears caught the sound of those muttered growls and snapping teeth. He never finished his angry protest, but shot under those blankets like a ground hog into its hole.

As we lay shivering I repeated all I could recall of that simple prayer our pious mothers taught us all in infancy, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Zill, in his fright, could only recall his good father's grace, and chattered out, "O, L-o-r-d, f-o-or wh-wh-a-t we are—ab-ou-out—to—

re-re-ceive—at—t-h-y—hands—m-m-a-k-e—us—t-h-ank-ful!"

I finally found thought and voice to say,

"Sh-sh-o-o-o-t—the—p-p-an-ther, Zill, o-r-r—it—will—e-e-at us both u-u-u-p."

"Shoot him yourself, if you want him shot," replied Zill, pulling the blanket tighter around his head and repeating the grace again.

The suspense made me desperate. I felt a great weight choking me, and as the growls and gnashing of teeth grew more distinct I reached out and slowly grasped my gun.

Carefully turning on my stomach, I pointed the gun in the direction whence came the sounds, cocked both the barrels, and pulled both triggers. Before the report was fairly heard I was up and running for a tall tree I saw near by.

Never did youth climb so nimbly or more quickly up a tree than I did then, and the echoes of that gun, the noise of which had awed into silence every other sound in the woods, had not ceased to reverberate before I was well up among the branches, and had my bowie knife out ready for the varmint should it try to follow me.

But, alas! As I sat there I heard a terrible struggle going on below. I knew too well the horrible story this told.

My selfish fright had caused me to leave poor Zill to the mercy of the monster, and he was being torn limb from limb. My heart grew sick, but I knew that I could not now be of service to him, and would share his fate were I to descend. So I remained up the tree till morning began to glow with pink and yellow fringed amethyst in the east.

It seemed as if I had spent a week in that tree. Long ago had the conflict below ceased, and the stillness told me the monster had satiated its greed on my friend, and had thus been led to leave me alone.

Slowly and sorrowfully I descended from my lofty retreat, reflecting how best to break the awful news to Zill's family. Just as I reached the ground I noticed a form slowly coming down from a tree near the one I was leaving. I hastily rushed back to the tree and began to "shin" up again, thinking it was the panther, when I discovered it was Zill, not hurt at all.

In my joyful surprise I ran to him, and exclaimed,

"Where is the panther Zill?"

He seemed equally surprised and overjoyed, and answered,

"Why, if that wasn't you he was eating, as I thought, all that noise must have been his dying. I guess your shot hit him. Let's look for him."

Slowly and cautiously we began the search, after securing our guns and reloading mine.

Sure enough, there lay the monster, not far from the head of our beds. We could see its great tawny hide exposed by the now rapidly dawning day, with a crimson patch where my buckshot had torn a hole in it.

Zill rushed, and looked first at me, and then at the varmint. Then he said,

"Abe, those boys will be more stuck up than ever after this, and we can never take those girls to singing school nor parties any more."

"Why?" I asked, walking over that way.

"Look at what we've done. We can't keep them from finding this out."

As I looked at the awful beast I saw that it was one of old man Moran's red, razor backed sows we had killed. She was devouring our provisions, which had waked me up.

We did kill some good game on the trip (that day—as we never spent another night in the woods) but it was many a week before we heard the last of that old sow we took for a panther. And we never ventured on another hunt by ourselves.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

"When I'm a man," said little Tom,
"And big, and tall, and strong,
I'm going to keep a drug store and
Drink soda all day long."

"And I," said little Polly Ann,
"I'll tell you what I'll do;
I'll come and make you awful rich
By buying things of you.

"I'll buy toothbrushes and quinine,
And squills and things like that,
And postage stamps, and castor oil
For my old pussy cat.

"And maybe I will buy so much
You'll get so rich, you see,
That you will have enough some day
To come and marry me."

H. C. Johnson. —*Home and Country.*

THE QUEST OF THE SILVER SWAN.*

By W. Bert Foster,

Author of "A Mountain Mystery," "The Treasure of Southlake Farm," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHICH TELLS HOW BRANDON CAME INTO HIS OWN, AND HOW THE ENEMY APPEARED.

SLOWLY the rude raft drew near the hull of the Silver Swan. The brig floated as well as though she had never struck upon Reef Eight, nor been buffeted by the gales of this southern sea for well nigh three months.

The recent storm had done little damage to her deck either, although the rails were smashed in one or two places. Her wheel had been lashed firmly, and strangely enough it still remained so, and now, in this quiet sea, the brig held as even a keel as though she was well manned.

Within two hours of the time the castaways had been assured that the wreck they were nearing *was* the Silver Swan, the raft came up under her lee rail, and Brandon caught the bight of a cable over a pin on the quarter. Then he leaped aboard himself and made the rope secure.

The rail of the Silver Swan was so much higher above the surface of the sea than that of the sinking Success had been that Brandon and Milly had to fashion a "sling" of the sail, in which to get Swivel aboard. The injured youth bore the pain this must have caused him uncomplainingly and was soon made comfortable on the deck of this, their new refuge.

They did not let the raft float away, although they hoped that they should not need it again, and Brandon even took the precaution of fastening it with a second cable before they started to explore the brig.

The Silver Swan had been almost uninjured by her long journey with no pilot but the fickle winds and currents of the ocean. The masts had, of course, all gone in the first gale, and her crew had cut away every bit of the wreckage before leaving her to her fate on the reef.

The hatches had been battened down and the doors of the forecastle and cabin likewise closed, so that the occasional seas which had washed over her had done little toward injuring the interior,

Leaving Milly to look out for Swivel, Brandon forced open the cabin door (it had swelled badly during the long siege of stormy weather which the brig had withstood) and went below. Naturally everything was in confusion—tables, chairs, and what not overturned; but nothing about the cabin seemed injured.

The cook's quarters showed a bad state of affairs, however, for there wasn't a whole dish (except the tin ones) in the place, and the stove lay on its back kicking its four feet in the air as though in its last expiring agonies.

Brandon righted this useful utensil first, and mended the broken pipe as best he could. Then, when he had a fire started in the thing, he went on to examine the smaller cabins or staterooms.

He knew his father's well enough and looked in. But he could not bear to enter that just now, and so fixed upon one, which should have belonged to the second mate, for the use of poor Swivel.

He went back to Milly and the injured boy then, and removed the latter to the brig's cabin.

Milly, who was a capable girl in more ways than one, went to work at once to get up a substantial meal from the stores which they had brought from the Success, with the addition of some eatables belonging to the provisions of the Swan.

It was rapidly growing dark, and to prevent the liability of a collision, Brandon hunted out some of the ship's lanterns and hung two in the bows, and another at the masthead, devoutly hoping that the lights, placed in these peculiar positions, would attract the attention of some passing vessel.

Then the lamp in the cabin was filled and lighted, and for the first time in forty eight hours or more, they sat down to a comfortable meal.

At least, Milly and Brandon sat down; Swivel remained in his berth, with the door of the stateroom open, and watched them with a wan smile on his pale face.

"Now Brandon, why don't you see if the diamonds are here?" asked the young girl, as they finished their supper. "I thought you would be eager to look as soon as you got aboard."

**The first 37 chapters of this story appeared in the November, December, January, February, and March issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cents.*

Don glanced across the table at her curiously.

"Do you know," he said hesitatingly. "I'm half afraid to. It would be a terrible disappointment if they should not be there—and perhaps they are not."

"Come, come! don't be foolish," said practical Milly. "Take a look in the secret closet—wherever it is—or I shall be tempted to do it myself."

Brandon, thus urged, rose and approached the companionway.

"Third panel, on port side," he repeated. "That was Caleb's direction, if I remember rightly. Now let's see."

He pressed on the designated panel, first one way and then another. It seemed a trifle loose, but otherwise refused to move.

"Maybe I've made a mistake," he muttered, when suddenly, on his pressing downward on the edge of the wood, a section of the panel dropped out leaving a shallow, metal lined cavity displayed to view.

"Bring the lamp, Milly," he cried eagerly.

The girl obeyed and held the light so that it might illuminate the interior of the secret closet. There *was* something in the compartment!

Brandon hastily thrust in his hand and drew forth a flat, heavy package, sealed in oiled silk and bound with a cord. Hurrying to the cabin table with his prize he tore off the cord, broke the seals, and unwound the outer wrappings.

Milly, quite as excited as himself, held the lamp closer, watching his movements anxiously.

Beneath the outer covering was a flat pouch of chamois skin, the flap sealed at one end. This seal the youth broke without hesitation, and in another instant had poured a glittering shower of gems upon the polished surface of the cabin table.

"Diamonds! diamonds! thousands of dollars' worth!" cried Milly delightedly, running her fingers through the little heap of glittering stones and letting them fall in a flashing shower from her hands.

The gems were uncut—at least by the hand of man—but even in their crude state they sparkled wonderfully.

For several moments they feasted their eyes on the brilliant spectacle, and then Milly filled both hands with the precious gems and ran to show Swivel.

"Whew!" whispered that youth, his eyes growing round with wonder. "Wot a lot of shiners!"

"Don't let him talk, Milly," commanded Brandon, begining to see that it would never do for them to excite the sick boy by the sight of the gems. "When he is better he can see them all."

The young girl came back with the jewels, smiling happily at her friend. She seemed quite as joyful because of his good fortune as though the gems were her own.

Brandon took the precaution to close the door between the cabin and Swivel's stateroom soon after this, that the boy might go to sleep, and then he and Milly sat down at the table and counted the diamonds.

There were no very large gems among the lot, but they were of fair size and of the purest white.

It was late that night before the two castaways retired. Brandon prepared what had once been Caleb Wetherbee's quarters for Milly, but he himself slept in the cabin, rolled up in a blanket on the floor, that he might be near Swivel.

They were so exhausted from their privations of the past day and a half that they slept until far into the next forenoon. Swivel was actually better, and had no more sinking spells, so that Milly and Brandon began to hope for his recovery.

Just after they rose Brandon saw a sailing vessel far down on the horizon; but it passed by without noticing the brig. And once during the day the smoke of a steam vessel blotted the lines where the sky and sea met, far to the eastward.

These momentary glimpses of other craft gave them some hope, for it showed them that they were not entirely out of the track of shipping.

That night Brandon hung the lanterns out again, and according to arrangement with Milly, remained on deck to watch. She was to watch days, and he at night, and he fulfilled his lonely vigil faithfully.

But not a vessel appeared to gladden his lonely eyes.

Milly rose early on that third day and prepared breakfast, after eating which Brandon went to bed. The sky remained beautifully clear, and they had nothing to fear from the elements, for the glass forecasted a continued spell of fine weather.

Milly took up her position with the long spy glass on the deck, and swept the horizon for some sign of rescue. Occasionally she went down to look in on Swivel, and about noon to prepare the dinner.

When the meal was nearly ready the young girl ran up the companionway stairs again for a final look before she summoned Brandon from his stateroom. As she put the glass to her eye and gazed toward the west a cry of surprise and joy burst from her lips.

Approaching the derelict brig, with a great expanse of canvas spread to the fresh breeze, was a small schooner, the water dashing white and frothy from her bows!

"Saved! saved!" gasped the girl. "Oh, thank God!"

While she had been below the vessel had come in sight, and was now less than half a mile from the wreck.

What seemed strange, however, was that the schooner was laying a course directly for the brig as though it was her intention to board her.

"Brandon! Brandon!" she cried, running back to the cabin and rapping on the door.

"Aye, aye!" he shouted, and was out of his berth in a moment.

"What is it?" he asked, appearing in the cabin.

"There is a schooner coming right for us!" cried Milly, laughing and crying for joy. "I've just discovered it. It's about here."

She was about to dart out upon deck again, but Brandon grasped her arm.

"Wait, Milly," he said cautiously. "Have they seen you yet?"

"No; but I want them to."

"Not yet. We don't know what they may be. Let me look at them," said the boy rapidly.

He seized the glass, and mounting to the top of the stairs, peered out from the shelter of the companionway at the strange schooner.

She lay to about a quarter of a mile away from the derelict, and a boat was already half way between the vessel and the wreck. Brandon examined the men in it intently.

Only a moment did he scrutinize them, and then he dropped the glass with a cry of alarm. He had recognized Jim Leroyd and the fellow Weeks among the crew of the small boat!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHOWING HOW MR. WEEKS PLAYED HIS LAST CARD, AND BRANDON TOOK THE TRICK.

"WHAT is it, Brandon?" gasped Milly, seeing the look upon her companion's face.

"Look! look!" whispered the youth, thrusting the glass into her hands.

Milly gazed in terrified silence at the approaching boat.

She, as well as Don, at once recognized the villainous Leroyd and his friend, Sneaky Al, and her heart sank with fear.

"What shall we do?" she inquired at last, turning to Brandon.

The latter turned back into the cabin without a word, opened the secret closet and grasping the package of diamonds thrust it into the breast of his shirt.

"I'll hide in the hold," he said, appearing to grasp the situation at once. "I do not believe they'll find me. Tell Swivel, and he'll know what to tell and what not to tell, if they try to pump him.

"They needn't know that I'm here at all, or that you know anything about me. They'll not dare to hurt you, Milly. But I shall be on hand in case they try it."

"But what can you do against so many?" she returned, with a hysteric laugh.

"Something—you'll see. They shan't hurt you while I'm alive," he declared earnestly.

"But suppose they take us off with them—Swivel and I?"

"Go, of course," returned Brandon promptly. "Leave me to shift for myself. When you get ashore communicate with Adoniram Pepper & Co. of New York, and tell them how I'm fixed. Good by, Milly!"

He wrung her hand warmly and disappeared in the direction of the booby hatch 'tween decks, At the same moment there were voices outside and the noise of the schooner's small boat scraping against the side of the brig.

Milly, with hands clasped tightly across her breast, as though in the endeavor to still the heavy beating of her heart, remained standing beside the cabin table as the men boarded the brig and entered the cabin.

The first to come below was the ill featured Leroyd himself, and close behind him was Alfred Weeks and two other men from the crew of the schooner.

"Dash my top lights!" cried the sailor, as he caught sight of the young girl standing there so silently.

He retreated precipitately upon his friend Weeks, who was almost as greatly astonished as himself.

"How under the sun came you here, Miss Frank?" demanded Sneaky Al, stepping forward.

But Leroyd grabbed his arm and strove to drag him back.

"Stop, man! 'tis not a human!" he gasped, his usually red face fairly pallid. "It's the spirit of the poor girl. I knowed how 'twould be w'en we left her aboard the Success."

Weeks shook off his grasp in contempt.

"I'm only too willing to meet such a charming ghost as this," he said, with a smirk, smiling at the young girl. "Don't be a fool, Jim. It is Miss Frank herself, though how she came here is the greatest of all mysteries."

"'Tis the work o' Davy Jones hisself," muttered the sailor.

The other two men, both low browed, sullen appearing fellows looked on without comment.

"How did you get here?" repeated Weeks.

"We came from the Success just before she was about to sink," Milly declared. "Did you come to save us?"

"*Us?*" cried Weeks, in utter amazement. "For goodness' sake, who's with you?"

"After poor papa was killed," there was a little choke in Milly's voice here, "a vessel overhauled the Success and a boy tried to save me. He brought a rope to the wreck, but it parted before we could haul in a heavier cable, and the gale swept the other vessel away during the night."

"Brave chap!" muttered Weeks. "Where is he now?"

"There," she said, pointing to the open door of the stateroom in which Swivel was lying. "He is hurt."

"But that doesn't explain how ye got here, miss," said the sailor suspiciously.

"I hadn't got to that, Mr. Leroyd. Had you been men, you would not have left me to drown as you did, and then there would have been no necessity for my remaining for three days on these two vessels."

"You misjudge us, I assure you," Weeks hastened to say, as Leroyd shrank back at the girl's scornful words. "Both Leroyd and I were in one boat and the second mate was in the other boat. He declared you to be safe, and I thought, and so did Mr. Leroyd, that you were with him.

"It was not until we were picked up by the schooner Natchez, of Bermuda, and carried to those islands, that we discovered your deplorable loss."

But Milly did not believe this plausible story. She had too vivid a remembrance of Leroyd and the cowardly Weeks during the gale, to be impressed by this tale.

"This brig passed the Success on the second day after you left me, and we made a raft and came to it, because it was so much more seaworthy than papa's vessel," said Milly coldly.

"You say this boy is hurt, eh?" said Weeks, stepping around to the stateroom door and peering in at Swivel, who was sleeping heavily despite the sound of voices. "Gee! he does look bad, doesn't he?"

"Well, wot in thunder shall we do?" growled Leroyd at length. "We've got no time to spend in fooling, Al. No knowing what that—that other craft is."

"Miss Milly," Weeks assured her, without paying any attention to the words of his companion, "we shall have the pleasure of taking you and your brave young friend ashore with us—after we settle a little business here."

"Well, I'm glad ter hear you gittin' down ter business," declared Leroyd, with satisfaction. "Come, now, skin out of here, you fellers," he added, addressing the two men at the companionway. "We'll come up or call for you when we want ye."

The men departed and the sailor turned again to his partner.

"Hurry!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Where's the place you said they were hid? It's somewhere in the cabin here, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then send the gal on deck, too, and let's rummage."

"We won't be rude enough to do that," said Weeks, with another smirk at Milly. "We will just request the young lady not to speak of what she sees us do."

"I don't care. Anything, so long's we get 'em and get out o' here. Suppose—"

"Never mind supposing any longer. Let me see, now," and Weeks walked slowly to the upper end of the cabin and counted off three panels from the companionway on the port side.

Quickly his long finger touched the surface of the panel, pressing here and there and rattling the loose board, and finally the panel dropped down, disclosing the secret cupboard—empty!

Leroyd darted forward.

"What is it? Is it there?" he cried.

"The infernal luck! it's empty!" shouted Weeks, and with a volley of maledictions he staggered back and dropped into the nearest chair.

Leroyd was fairly purple.

"Have you tricked me!" he yelled, seizing his partner by the shoulders and shaking him.

"No, you fool! why should I trick you? That is where Caleb Wetherbee said the diamonds were hid."

"Sh!" growled the sailor. "D'ye want that gal ter know everything? She knows too much now."

"She doesn't know anything about this; why should she?"

"Then, what's become of them?"

"I can tell you that," returned Weeks. "Cale Wetherbee's been here."

"And left the Silver Swan a derelict—almost as good as new—an' him with a steamer?" roared Leroyd. "Man, you're dreaming!"

"Then—what—has happened!" asked Alfred Weeks slowly.

"The gal—the gal here," declared Leroyd, turning fiercely upon Milly. "She's found 'em, I tell ye!"

He advanced upon the shrinking girl so threateningly that Milly screamed, and rushed to the companionway. Leroyd pursued her, and Weeks followed the angry sailor.

Up to the deck darted the girl, and almost into the arms of one of the men whom Leroyd had driven out of the brig's cabin. The fellow looked excited and he shouted to the angry sailor as soon as he saw him:

"De steamer come—up queek, Mr. Leroyd! Dey put off-a boat already."

Milly, who had dodged past the speaker, turned her eyes to the east—the opposite direction from which the schooner had appeared—and beheld a steamship, her two funnels vomiting thick smoke, just rounded to, less than two cable lengths away.

It was the whaleback steamer, Number Three!

Already a boat had put off from the whaleback and it was now being swiftly propelled toward the Silver Swan.

The two men whom Leroyd and Weeks had brought with them from the schooner, had been smoking in the lee of the deckhouse and had not discovered the steamer's approach until she was almost upon the derelict.

"Curses on it!" Weeks exclaimed as he took in the situation and recognized the steamer, whose smoke they had beheld in the distance, before boarding the brig.

But Leroyd kept on after the fleeing Milly. He believed that she knew something about the missing gems, or had them in her possession, and he was determined to get them.

Milly ran to the bows of the brig, with Leroyd close behind her.

"Let that gal alone!" roared a voice from the approaching boat. "Give way, boys! I won't leave a whole bone in that scoundrel's body, once I get my paws on him."

In an instant the small boat was under the brig's rail, and Caleb Wetherbee himself was upon her deck with an agility quite surprising. Mr. Coffin and two of the boat's crew were right behind him.

A moment later the panting girl, having eluded the clumsier sailor, was behind the shelter of Caleb's towering form and those of his companions.

Weeks stopped Leroyd in his mad rush for the girl, and whispered a few swift sentences in his ear. Then he stepped forward.

"By what right do you board this brig, Mr. Wetherbee?" he asked. "This is a derelict. We have seized her and propose to tow her to port for salvage. I command you to leave her."

"How long since you boarded her for that purpose?" Mr. Coffin demanded, for Caleb was fairly purple with rage and surprise.

"Since half an hour ago," replied Weeks calmly.

"If that is the case, I think I have a prior claim," suddenly interrupted a voice. "I came aboard two days ago and I claim the Silver Swan as mine by right of discovery!"

The astounded company turned toward the cabin entrance and beheld Brandon Tarr just appearing from below.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE ENEMY IS DEFEATED AND THE QUEST OF THE SILVER SWAN IS ENDED.

"BRANDON!" shouted Caleb; "it's the boy himself!"

But Leroyd uttered a howl of rage and sprang toward the youth, his face aflame and his huge fist raised to strike. Caleb, however, despite his wooden leg, was too quick for him.

He flew to Don's rescue, and ere Leroyd could reach his intended victim, the old mariner felled the villain to the deck with one swing of his powerful arm.

Weeks, who had also dashed forward to aid in Brandon's overthrow, was seized by the doughty captain of the whaleback and tossed completely over the brig's rail.

"Git out o' here, the hull kit an' bilin' of ye!" Caleb roared, starting for the two men belonging to the schooner.

They obeyed with surprising alacrity, and the old man picked up the dazed Leroyd and tossed him into the boat after them. Weeks, dripping and sputtering, was hauled aboard by his companions, and the small boat was rowed back to the schooner, while Brandon, unable to restrain his emotion, threw up his hat and shouted, "Hurrah!" with all his might.

It occupied the three castaways—Milly, Brandon, and Swivel—and Mr Coffin and Caleb, fully two hours to straighten out matters satisfactorily. They had so much to tell and so much to explain for one another's benefit, that the whaleback had run in and the crew passed a hawser from her stern to the bow of the brig, under Mr. Bolin's directions, ere the conference was ended.

Words cannot well express the astonishment that those on the whaleback felt at finding the castaways aboard the Silver Swan—or at finding the brig itself. For the past twelve hours they had all believed that the derelict was a victim of Uncle Sam's feverish impatience to destroy all obstructions to commerce in his ocean.

Upon figuring the whole matter up, it was pretty evident that it was the Success which the naval ensign had exploded, for she had been sunk at the stern sufficiently to cover her name, and had been so battered by the waves that the lettering on the bow was also probably unreadable.

After believing, as they did, that the Swan was sunk and all her treasures with her, the whaleback had sailed about in circles, seeking the wreck of the Success, on which they believed Brandon and his two companions to be.

It was only by providential fortune that the brig had finally been sighted, and the whaleback had steamed up just in time to wrest the Silver Swan from Messrs. Leroyd and Weeks.

Swivel was taken aboard the steamer and carefully examined by Lawrence Coffin, who was no mean surgeon, and he pronounced the youth as seriously, if not dangerously, injured. He had burst a blood vessel and had sustained other internal injuries, and would probably be unfit for work of any kind for a long time.

"Best place for him is the Marine Hospital," declared Mr. Coffin to Brandon and Caleb that night in the steamer's cabin.

"Hospital nothin'!" exclaimed Caleb, with conviction. "The hospital is all right for them as hain't got no homes—like as I hadn't, nor no friends—a good deal as I *was*—nor nothin'; but *that* boy ain't goin' to lack a shelter as long as *I'm* alive."

"Best not take him on a sea voyage just yet, Mr. Wetherbee," responded Mr. Coffin seriously.

"I don't intend to. He's goin ter live with me, though."

"But won't you sail the Silver Swan?" asked the first officer. "She's as good as new and she's yours, too, I understand."

"No, sir, I'm not. When the Silver Swan is in shape again, I shall put Mr. Bolin in command of her. I've already spoken to him about it."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Coffin. "And the whaleback?"

"You'll command her; that was the agreement I made with Adoniram before we left New York."

"Thank you, Mr. Wetherbee," exclaimed the first officer gratefully. "But may I ask what you propose to do?"

"I shall retire from the sea—that is, from commandin' a ship, any way."

"So you're goin to keep bachelor's hall, and going to take this Swivel to it?" and Mr. Coffin shook his head gravely. "He really needs a woman's nursing."

Caleb grew very red in the face, and blew his nose furiously.

"He—he'll get it, Mr. Coffin," he said hesitatingly.

Both Brandon and the first officer looked at the old tar in blank amazement.

"I said he'd get it," repeated Caleb solemnly, though with a rather shamefaced look. "He'll get it, sir, an' from the trimmest little woman ye ever see."

"It's Miss Frances!" burst forth Brandon at length.

"It is her, my lad. An' hain't I right erbout her bein' a mighty trim one?"

"She is, indeed! She's splendid!" cried Brandon enthusiastically, seizing his friend's mighty palm.

Mr. Coffin also offered his congratulations, but went away afterward with rather a dazed look on his face.

He was pretty well acquainted with the old seaman, and he wondered, as did Brandon, how under the sun Caleb had ever plucked up the courage to ask Adoniram Pepper's sister for her hand.

"Yes, lad," said the old man gravely; "I've been floating about from sea to sea and from land to land for the better part of fifty years, an' now I'm goin' ter lay back an' take it easy for the rest of my days."

And as Brandon wrung his hand again he felt that the old seaman fully deserved it all.

* * * * *

In good time the whaleback, with her tow, the derelict brig, arrived in New York, where the Silver Swan was at once sent to the shipyard for repairs, and is now doing her owner good service as a merchantman.

Adoniram Pepper & Co.'s scheme of recovering derelicts in general and towing them in for their salvage, has never amounted to anything yet, for directly following the trip of Number Three (rechristened the Milly Frank, by the way), the owner received a good offer for putting the whaleback in the European trade, and she is still carrying grain to England, with Mr. Coffin as commander.

Milly Frank's joy at finding her relatives, of whose existence her father had never told her, was only equaled by the joy of Adoniram and Frances Pepper themselves in recovering their "little sister" again—for as such Milly appears to them.

Miss Frances is of course Miss Frances no longer; but with her husband, she still occupies her brother's house in New York, and Milly dwells with them.

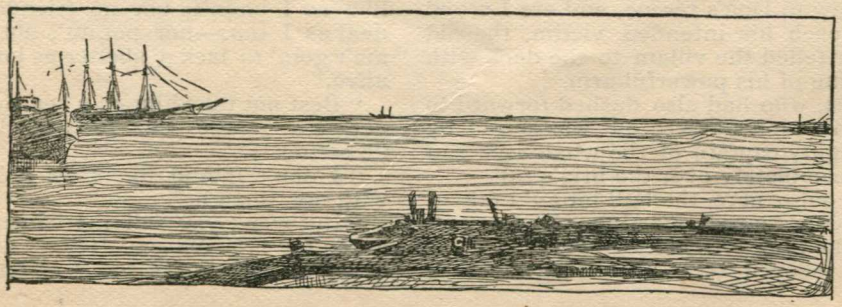
Brandon, who is at present in the naval school, resides there also during vacation, and calls the company of assorted humanity there gathered "the happy family."

Swivel is in the West—that land of bracing and salubrious climate—for after he recovered from the accident he sustained on the wreck, the doctors told him that he could never live and be strong in the East again. So, with the assistance of Caleb, Adoniram, and Brandon, who quarreled not a little as to who should do the most for him, he was sent West, and a glorious start in business life was given him in that rapidly growing country.

Brandon himself, though made independently rich by the sale of the diamonds found by Anson Tarr, loves the sea too well to give it up altogether, and, as I said, is in the naval academy at Annapolis. When he is through school and gets his appointment, he and Milly may—but I won't anticipate.

As for the disappointed Uncle Arad, he never pressed the matter of Brandon's arrest after the failure of the plot (hatched up by himself and Messrs. Leroyd and Weeks) to convert his nephew's property to his own use. He still remains on the farm at Chopmist, and by report is as crabbed and stingy as ever; but Brandon has had no desire to return to the farm since his Quest of the Silver Swan was ended.

THE END.



THE OTHER FERRET.

By A. R. Leach.

"I CAN trust the two of you," Jock, the big gamekeeper, said. "I am not afraid that you will use the little beasts wrongfully, though I s'pose there are them that would be drownin' of them in a pail o' water, an' endin' of 'em at once. But I'll trust you. Now see which of you can train the beasts so that they will come back to your hand without a string. The trouble with a ferret is this: you can't trust one in a rabbit hole without a string, and it's the string that's a bother."

Jock stood by the door of the big stables at Castle Norrie in England, holding two little tawny animals on his broad palm. They snuggled up to each other like kittens, too young and weak to realize where they were, but too long and slim and with noses entirely too sharp for kittens.

Two boys of nearly the same age stood before him. One was Johnny Hare, the son of the underkeeper, and the other, Tom Gaylor, a trifle heavier in face and general appearance, was the lodgekeeper's boy.

It was the dearest wish of both their hearts to some day become head gamekeeper on the Norrie estates, and they looked upon big Jock as the fount of all wisdom.

It was only for a month or two in the autumn that "the Laird," as Sir Gerald Norrie was called, with his sons and their friends, came to Castle Norrie to hunt. Then the gamekeepers and the boys had gay times. The boys were used as "stops" when the woods were full of hollows, to keep the game from getting away when it had been beaten up.

Shooting on an English estate is very different indeed from hunting in America.

Almost every estate has game preserves which are carefully looked after by the keepers, to see that poachers do not take the animals without leave.

When the owner and his guests come to hunt, the keepers beat the game from the woods and the hunters stand at certain points to shoot. This is not at all our idea of sport. We like to hunt the game through the woods, lie in wait for it in its paths, and if it shows fight so much the better.

Poaching is considered a grave crime in England, and men caught at it under aggravating circumstances, have been transported.

"I suppose," Tom said, "we can train 'em by setting them at the rabbit holes?"

"Let me catch you!" exclaimed Jock. "Whatever's the lad thinking of? Next, I s'pose, you'll be starting out with a gun and a beater, sending hampers of game to London." There was great sarcasm in this.

"Well, it looks to me as if we'd a toy we couldn't play with. It's like the old lady who told her boy to learn to swim, but dared him to go near the water. I don't know, Jock, how we are going to train ferrets to catch rabbits in their holes when you'll never let them so much as smell a rabbit. Anyhow, hand mine over. I'll train it to stand on its hind legs, and do a few other tricks; draw a cart maybe. You can't teach a ferret to go in a hole and bring out a rabbit and lay it at your feet, with never a hole or a rabbit to show it beforehand."

"Quit your fooling Tommy Gaylor. And take the beast if you want it, and leave it if you don't," Jock said crossly.

Tom took the little roll of fur, and held it caressingly up against his cheek. He would make a pet of any little young creature that came in his way.

Johnny took the ferret that was left and stuck it in his blouse pocket, and as Jock turned away, walked off by Tom's side.

"I don't know what father will say," he remarked. "I am not wanting a ferret that you can never use. If it hadn't been for crossing Jock I never would have touched the beast. I believe I will kill it now," and he took it out of his pocket as they passed behind the ricks in the stable yard.

"Oh, don't," Tom said. "Don't kill the innocent little thing. I'll take it if you don't want it."

"What are you going to do with yours?"

"I am going to teach it to hunt."

"How?"

"I am going to dig a rabbit hole, and push a rabbit skin inside and make my ferret bring it out."

"Well, suppose you do," Johnny said peevishly. "What is the use? You can't hunt rabbits with it—unless——"

"Now see here, Johnny Hare, if you are insinuating that I want to get my ferret up for poachers I'll tap you on your poor silly head. I am going to have the sport of training the little beastie, and if I make a good sportsman of him, Sir Gerald or Mr. Bob or Mr. Henry will buy him, and I advise you to do the same thing." And with a happy heart and a light step in his

heavy shoes, Tom went across the park to the lodge, where he knew that his mother would have tea ready for him.

Now and then a rabbit would scurry away before him and he would call after it,

"Look out for your daughters next year, Mrs. Bunny; I've got a gentleman here who's going to take lessons in calling upon them."

When Tom reached home, he found his mother preparing tea and looking very grave.

"I am glad I am not late," Tom said. "I thought I was going to be. Jock kept me to give me a ferret."

"Jock? What is he giving you a ferret for? I want no ferrets about."

"Come now, mamsie," Tom said, "just look at the little fellow."

Mrs. Gaylor could never resist Tom's coaxing. He was her only child and his father was dead. They were more like brother and sister than mother and son, with the same tight curling flaxen hair, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes.

When Tom set the blinking, sharp nosed little fellow down on a chair that was drawn up before the fire, she stopped and laughed.

"Jock gave John Hare the mate to it, and, like the little beggar he is, he wanted to kill it before we'd passed the rick yard."

"I hope you are always good to Johnny Hare," his mother said; "and have a good influence over him. He's not your opportunities. I have come from there, and it's pitiful. Hare has been drinking up his wages again, and poor Mrs. Hare is ill, and everything in the cottage was untidy. I am afraid that if Jock finds it out he will discharge him, and his wife is crying with the same fear. It was that which kept me late."

"Oh, Johnny's decent as most," Tom said, and turned to his supper of porridge, milk and tea.

Summer came, and Tom worked in the haying, and did all sorts of odd jobs for the farmers on the place. He was getting to be quite a man, he thought, and everybody liked him as they liked his mother. There was always a place for Tom Gaylor.

Mornings and evenings he trained the ferret.

"Sir Gerald ought to give me the matter of a pound or two for the little fellow," he said one night in September.

The air was beginning to be chill up there in the hills, and the news had come that the castle was being made ready for the shooting party.

Tom had been oiling the big iron gates, by his mother's lodge, and swinging them until she could open them easily as the carriages came in. It was nearly four miles from the lodge to the castle, through the beautiful woods.

He kept the ferret in a box outside the cottage, and it would playfully bite at his fingers as he played with it. It was almost white, with pink little eyes.

"I'll miss the little beast," he said, "if they take him; but he will be happier than boxed up here. It's his natural work to hunt rabbits, and then he ought to be at it."

Then, as he handled the little fellow, he looked puzzled.

"It is odd enough—mother," he called, "do you ever take the ferret out?"

"Yes, now and then."

"Oh, it is that, then. I have been wondering. Two or three times lately I have noticed streaks of dirt on his coat."

"Tom," his mother said softly, as they sat at their tea, "have you heard of the poaching?"

"No. Have they caught somebody?"

"No; but Jock knows of it. There have been wagons driven away from the north wood in the early morning, and hampers of game shipped from Norrie station. Jock is in a terrible way about it. He has had the keepers out watching, but never a shot have they heard, nor a trap have they found. I got it from Jock's wife. She says he never sleeps at home nights, with the watching."

"Some of those people from the town. They are a thievish crowd," Tom said. "I wish Jock would take me on as keeper, but I suppose Johnny Hare is in the line."

"*His* father is only an underkeeper, and yours had Jock's place," said Mrs. Gaylor proudly.

But Tom only laughed.

The next morning when he went to look for his ferret, it could not be coaxed from its box.

"Cross, eh?" Tom said, and left it food.

He went on to the farm, and did not hear the story that all Norrie was ringing with. The poachers had been almost caught. An underkeeper had come upon one of them in the moonlight, and had seen him holding a bag against the side of a bank, and had heard the squeak of a rabbit.

The secret was out. The poachers were catching rabbits with ferrets.

The keeper had fired and given chase, and had all but caught the ferret. It had bit him on the hand, and he had let it go, catching at a bit of its fur.

The poachers evidently knew the wood as well as the keepers, and had hidden somewhere until they could escape.

The next day Sir Gerald and his party arrived. That night Tom was half wakened from his sound sleep by a stirring beside the cottage. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, but the noises ceased and he lay down again.

If he had looked from the window he would have seen a figure slipping away from the ferret box with something in its hand.

The next morning, when Sir Gerald

started out upon his hunt, Jock was surprised to see Johnny Hare standing at the first stile with a ferret in his hand.

"What do you want here?" he asked, but Sir Gerald came up in time to hear the answer.

"I have a ferret, sir; the one you gave me. I thought you might take it to hunt with today. It is trained. I could follow and carry the game."

"Who is the boy?" Sir Gerald asked.

"It is the son of Hare, the underkeeper, who was turned out yesterday for drink. They are poor enough," Jock whispered. "The lad looks hungry," he added under his breath.

"Let him and his ferret come," good natured Sir Gerald said. "And if he has shown any knack in training his little animal he might be brought up for an underkeeper himself."

Which was precisely the course of reasoning which Johnny had hoped the laird would take.

They went along through the woods, Sir Gerald holding the ferret himself. It needed no string to bring it from the hole, but seemed to be perfectly trained. There were fully half a dozen rabbits bagged, and Johnny was carrying them home over his shoulder, when Jock took the ferret himself, and prepared to start it into a new rabbit hole.

Suddenly he stooped, and took the clever little animal into his hand.

"Johnny Hare," he said, "when was this ferret out before?"

"Never," Johnny said. "He was trained on made holes."

Jock said nothing further then, but presently he fell behind with Sir Gerald.

"This, sir," he said, "is the ferret which has been used by the poachers. The skin is sore where the bit of fur was torn out night before last. It must be Hare, who was discharged, who is the poacher."

"This is a serious charge, Jock," Sir Gerald said gravely.

"It's a true one. Circumstantial evidence couldn't be stronger."

"Buy the ferret of the boy, and keep it, and we will set the police on Hare's track."

And so when the time came for Johnny to go home, Jock gave him a brace of rabbits and a sovereign, and told him that Sir Gerald would keep his ferret.

Johnny opened his mouth to say something, and then he looked at the gold in his hand and closed it again. His mother and little sister were almost starving at home. The sovereign would mean so much to them.

He went slowly back with his head bent. On the way he met Tom Gaylor.

"Hullo!" Tom said. "Where did you get your rabbits?"

"I—— Sir Gerald gave them to me."

"What chance have I for selling him my ferret?" Tom asked.

"I don't know——" Johnny said, and fairly fled over the fields toward his home.

That night he couldn't eat any of the rabbit supper, hungry as he was. He went into the loft to bed, perfectly miserable, and lay there tossing and tumbling.

By daylight he was out in the frosty air on his way to the castle. He knew that they were going hunting early that morning and he was bound to catch Jock before they started.

As he had gone up stairs the night before, his mother had said that she was thankful to know that any way she had a boy she could rely upon, and he knew in his heart that he was a thief.

He found Jock with Sir Gerald in the gun room, and they let him come in at once.

"What is it?" Sir Gerald asked from the big fireplace where he stood, looking sterner than Johnny ever remembered.

"I want my ferret, please, sir; I brought back the sovereign."

"Did your father send you for it?"

"My father? No—no, sir."

"Don't evade, boy."

"I'll have to tell," poor Johnny said piteously. It was as hard as a battle. He had done a wrong thing, and he was struggling back to the right. "That wasn't my ferret. I changed with Tom Gaylor for the day. His was trained."

"Tom Gaylor? Is that keeper Gaylor's boy?" looking at Jock, who nodded.

"Now you are lying," Sir Gerald said. "You have discovered that we suspect you of having the poaching ferret, and you have come here to fasten the crime on Tom Gaylor. I've a great mind to send you to jail this minute."

Johnny looked at him in stupid bewilderment.

What mess had he fallen into? It was Tom's ferret. How could it be the poacher?

It was at this moment that a servant tapped at the door of the gun room, and asked if Mr. Jock would see Mrs. Gaylor's son.

"Send him in here," the laird said.

Tom came in with a black eye disfiguring one side of his face.

"If you please, Sir Gerald," he said, "I came to tell Mr. Jock that I caught a man trying to steal my ferret last night. He said he was only 'borrowing' it, and intended to bring it back in the morning, so I thought maybe he had been doing it before this, and that he ought to be looked out for with the rabbits. It was Long Bill from Norrie station."

"It wasn't your ferret," Johnny broke in; "it was mine. I traded with you night before last, I only meant to——"

"To borrow it to hunt with the keepers, I suppose," Tom said good naturedly. "Mother didn't tell me. You're quite welcome to it. I thought my ferret had lost

its head, but if it's that crazy thing of yours, it's all right. Mother didn't tell me."

"Your mother didn't know it."

"Oh, that's all right," Tom said. "I wanted the ferret tried on the rabbits. How did he do, sir?"

"So well that I will give you a couple of sovereigns for him," Sir Gerald replied. "You seem to be a good trainer and poacher catcher; almost as good as your father was. Come along with the keeper."

"And it's his father's generous, forgiving heart, that the meanest can't wrong and rest easy, he's got as well," old Jock said, as he watched the two boys come out together. "And it's Long Bill as is far enough from here by now, and I guess he can stay," he added.

THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

PART IV.

Something about sponges—How these strange little animals gain sustenance and reproduce themselves.

By L. E. Baker.

ALLIED to the polype, in that they possess neither nerves nor muscles, are the sponges. Very wonderful are these living creatures, for so they are found to be.

Sponges are largely a product of the warmer southern waters, although there is a small variety found on our own New England coast, which seen under water is a bright, pretty green.

The sponges of commerce, however, are mostly from tropical seas, and those found in the Indian Ocean being of the finest variety, are used for surgical purposes almost entirely.

In a living condition, this tough and fibrous network forming the sponge of commerce, is found to be covered with a glairy, albuminous substance like the white of an egg. It is this peculiar substance which seems to act as an absorbent of nourishment, and to accumulate the supplies which build up the interior skeleton or framework of the animal.

We are told that, by some yet undiscovered *modus operandi*, the water is sent in continual currents through the smaller perforations of the sponge, and like a living fountain, is ejected in as constant a stream from the large orifices, which can be observed in almost any of the sponges we use in our daily bath. By these currents of water, the food necessary for the sustenance of the animal is kept constantly brought within its reach.

Very wonderful, too, are the methods which nature has provided for the increase by offspring of the sponge family. We are told that at certain seasons of the year innumerable small granules of gelatinous matter are seen sprouting like buds, from the living film which surround the fibrous skeleton of the parent sponge.

But the adult sponge is cemented to the rock, fixed and incapable of any motion by which the young globules can be transported from place to place, or of assisting in their dispersion; consequently, the young sponges must be furnished with some means of locomotion, and be gifted with powers that the adult sponge does not possess.

We are told that the young gemmules, as they are called, before parting from the parent sponge, assume a pear-like shape, with the stem end of the pear shaped body as its base, while the opposite end is covered with innumerable organs like tiny hairs, every one instinct with life, and capable of rapid motion. These hairs, moved by some innate power, vibrate continually, and acting as oars, the gemmule is torn from the substance of sponge where it was formed and having been driven into the surrounding water by the currents, shoots like a microscopic meteor through the water to a considerable distance from the place of its birth.

Having at length arrived at a spot suitable for its development, the little gemmule settles down, attaches its base to the surface of some rock; and speads out into a film, its wonderful apparatus of oars disappears, and deprived of all means of locomotion, it gradually spreads still more, and begins to form within itself the fibrous, or other framework peculiar to its species.

Sponge gathering, in different parts of the world, employs a great number of men, and is one of the important industries.

Different methods of gathering are employed. In foreign waters, it is largely done by diving. In the neighborhood of Key West, Florida, it is said to have become a very profitable business. It is here gathered by means of a sponge hook, from eighteen to thirty five feet long, and provided with three prongs. The sponger also has a long cylinder, fitted with glass in the bottom. This adds to his power of vision by excluding the light, and enables him to penetrate with his eye at least ten or fifteen feet deeper into the water.

The gatherer hangs over the edge of his boat with his face in the cylinder, and is gently propelled by the oarsmen until he sees the sponge when he grapples it with

his hook. Frequently his sight is darkened, and vision obscured by the intervention of the monsters of the deep—a huge shark, a saw fish, or perhaps an enormous devil fish.

When a boat load is gathered the sponges are taken to the vessel, where they are placed roots down, until they are dead. This part of the sponge fishing is the most disagreeable, the sponge exuding a bloody, slimy matter of most offensive odor.

The vessel having secured a full cargo, makes for port, where the sponges are taken ashore and buried in the sand, where they are left a week or longer, until the mucilaginous matter having rotted off, the fibrous framework is beaten with paddles, thoroughly washed, and finally passed through boiling water to rid it of the peculiar smell arising from the animal matter remaining. It is then compressed in powerful presses, and made up into bales.

So great is the demand for sponges, that there is cause for fear that the supply will be exhausted unless some way can be found to cultivate them by artificial means. Attempts have been made in this direction within a year or two, in the Adriatic Sea, and in the Gulf of Mexico, by taking cuttings from full grown sponges and fastening them upon stones on the bottom of the ocean until they attach themselves.

These experiments have been successful, but the operation is a very delicate one, requiring great care not to bruise the soft flesh. It is also necessary that the sponge should be kept constantly under seawater during the process of removal or transplanting.

THE SONG OF THE TRAIN.

A MONSTER taught
To come to hand
Amain,
As swift as thought
Across the land,
The train.

The song it sings
Has an iron sound ;
Its iron wings
Like wheels go round ;
Crash under bridges,
Flash over ridges,
And vault the downs ;
The road is straight—
Nor stile, nor gate ;
For milestones—towns !

O'er bosky dens,
By marsh and mead,
Forest and fens,
Embodied speed
Is clanked and hurled ;
O'er rivers and runnels ;
And into the earth,
And out again
In death and birth
That know no pain,
For the whole world round
Is a warren of railway tunnels.

Hark ! Hark ! Hark !
It screams and cleaves the dark ;
And the subterannean night
Is gilt with smoky light,
Then out again apace
It runs its thundering race,
The monster taught
To come to hand
Amain,
That swift as thought
Speeds through the land,
The train.

—*John Davidson.*

A LOST RACE.

By Marcus D. Richter.

III.

FINALLY Dave and Ves called to Pink and Jack and. the latter were forced to turn away.

"Whatever it is they are doing, it's my personal opinion that we had better get away from Jingo island," remarked Jack, as they rejoined their two friends. "I don't like the looks of those fellows and we'd better take that load of curios which Ves and Dave appear to have gathered, and light out at once."

Pink agreed emphatically to this, but they did not tell the other boys until they arrived at the camp on the northern end of the island, laden with the specimens of pottery, etc., which Dave and Ves thought absolutely necessary to take with them as mementos.

When they did tell the younger lads what they had seen, and suggested that they get under way for Guaymas again the very next morning, Ves got quite wrathy about it.

He didn't see why they should run away from a couple of dirty old sailors, and he for one wouldn't do it! He proposed to stay and see more of the island and the ruins—to stay a week at least.

"Then you will stay alone—or rather, with Messrs. Armado and Monterey for your only company," said Jack coolly. "The Mayflower will get under way tomorrow before noon."

This rather squelched Ves, but he felt a little rocky over the declaration. It looked to him, so he said, a pretty cowardly thing for four boys to run away from two old sailors.

There was a beautiful moon that night and when it was well up Ves, Dave, and Pink walked around the shore again until they came in sight of the brush hut.

To their surprise the two men were still diving from the yawl, for the moon gave them plenty of light for their purpose. The boys crept behind the rocks and watched them for nearly an hour.

"They're finding pearls, sure as you live," suggested Dave.

"Ya-as," remarked Jack; "picking them right up off the bottom of the ocean, I've no doubt! Pearls don't grow that way, my son."

"Well, what under the canopy *are* they doing?" demanded the fat boy.

"Ask me something easier. I expect that those two Mexicans carry pretty ugly weapons about them, and, if it's all the same to you, Dave, I'll be excused from going down and asking them their business."

Later the quartet went back to their tent, and it was quite noticeable that Ves made no further objections to going home early in the morning. The sight of the two determined looking men had rather quenched his ardor.

It was Jack himself, in fact, who appeared to object so summarily to departing.

"I hate like everything to run off like a scared pup because these fellows are here," he confided to Pink. "Yet I don't want to get you fellows into any trouble. If I should, that would end our going off alone together for some time to come, let me tell you."

When morning came he was of the same mind, and before anything was done toward breaking camp, Jack, with Ves and Dave, went off toward the southern extremity of the island to have another look at the "pirates," as the latter was inclined to call them.

"I never knew that Dave was so romantic, did you?" said Pink, with a grin. "Actually, I thought he was too fat for sentiment. Well, seeing he wants to go and see the 'pirates' so badly, I'll yield my chance to him, and stay in camp."

But after the trio of his friends had departed Pink became tired of lying under the trees and went off on a short exploring expedition of his own.

He only went a little way into the woods, but when he returned he beheld a scene being enacted upon the site of the camp which filled him with amazement and wrath.

The tent was down and had been rolled into a very compact bundle. The other camp equipments were placed in a convenient package also, and Captain Jose Armado, late of the coaster Bonita, was calmly smoking his pipe before the fire.

"Here! what are you about, you rascal?" demanded Pink, rushing upon the scene impetuously.

"Ah-h! So it *is* you, eh?" demanded Armado calmly. "I thought I recognized them long legs o' yourn, my friend."

Naturally this insulting remark simply increased the wrath of young Dodge. He would certainly have thrown himself single handed upon the scoundrel had not

the second Mexican just then appeared, armed with Jack Harding's rifle, which they had found within the tent.

"All right, Monterey, my boy," said Captain Armado in English, not minding in the least Pink's furious remarks. "We'll just borrow this camping truck and the little sailboat. It's a good deal better than the yawl, and millionaires like you an' me, oughtn't to travel in such a leaky ol' thing, any way."

Then he turned to Pink again.

"You fellers thought you was awful smart, didn't ye?" he said, with sarcasm. "Followed us way down here and stuck your noses into something that didn't concern ye at all. But I reckon you'll get enough of it.

"You can have Jingo island and welcome to it now. Pottery comes cheap, an' you can take home a ton."

He laughed harshly and then set to work to carry the tent and other things aboard the Mayflower. Meanwhile Monterey covered Pink with the rifle, and the boy dared not run or shout for his friends.

"You can have Jingo island and welcome to it now."

In a few moments everything was stowed away aboard and Monterey followed the captain down to the shore. The last load which Armado carried was a heavy bag of something which rattled as he staggered under its weight.

Pink had never seen that bag before, and could not guess what its contents might be.

"Now sonny you stay right here till we get away" commanded Armado, as he stepped the mast, and Pink was forced to remain on the beach and see the two villains embark in the little catboat, and sail easily away from the island.

Then Pink, wild with wrath, shook his fist at them and went in search of Jack and his companions.

Somehow the two Mexicans had got wind of the boys' presence on the island, and had taken this means of punishing what Armado considered their impertinence in following him down the coast.

To say that Harding was disgusted would be to put it mildly indeed. But there was no help for the matter.

When Pink had found them, and they had hurried back to their camp, the Mayflower was but a speck on the horizon.

"There's one thing," Jack remarked: "if they go to Guaymas they'll be snapped up in a hurry Everybody knows that yacht."

But I might as well say right here, that Captain Armado and his friend Monterey did *not* return to Guaymas, or if they did, they were not apprehended.

The boys were forced to exist on very short rations indeed until they could get the old yawl patched up, and did not leave the island until the next day.

Meanwhile, by careful search, they found that an old sunken vessel lay just where the two Mexicans had been diving, and by putting one thing and another together the boys decided that Armado and his companion had, during their former visit to the island, discovered the wreck and found some sort of treasure aboard of her

Pink declared that it was coin, for he remembered the heavy bag the captain had carried aboard the Mayflower.

However they never knew just what it was the two men found, but that it was of considerable value they could not doubt.

The quartet of adventure seeking boys, by the way, were in a sorry plight ere they reached Guaymas in the leaky old yawl, and even Ves and Dave were contented to leave their load of "mementos" behind them.

"Great Scott! think I'd lug all that trash home?" cried Ves, in great disgust. "I never want to see any Indian or Aztec or any other kind of pottery again. The next time you fellows lead me into such a mess as this you'll know it!" he added convincingly.

His three friends looked at one another in silence. But they made no comment; they had seen Ves Evans before, and were too glad themselves to get back from Jingo island safely, to refute his intimation.

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

THE circus! the circus! the throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes;
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the circus parade there is glory clean down
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown,
With the gleam and the glint and the glamor and glare
Of the days of enchantment all glimmering there.

And there are the banners of silvery fold
Caressing the winds with their fringes of gold,
And their high lifted standards with spear tips aglow,
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

There's the chariot, wrought of some marvelous shell
The sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an argonaut's dreams.

And the elephant, too (with his undulant stride
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride),
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tigers that leapt from the Jujubee banks.

Here's the long, ever changing, mysterious line
Of the cages, with hints of their glories divine,
From the barred little windows, cut high in the rear,
Where the close hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the pyramid car, with its splendor and flash,
And the goddess on high, in a hot scarlet sash
And a pen wiper skirt! Oh, the rarest of sights
Is the "Queen of the Air" in cerulean tights!

Then the far away clash of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again,
With the capering tones of the gallant cornet,
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The circus! the circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat;
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ALFREDA WEST'S STORY

By May Belleville Brown.

NOT that I *intended* to fool them, for I was so badly frightened that I couldn't have done anything intentionally. But they all say that I was brave, and praise me for it, until I am actually ashamed, because, you see, I have always been the coward of the family.

There are only four of us—father, mother, Alf, and I. We are twins, Alfred and Alfreda, and we were fourteen years old last November, the very month that we came out to our Kansas farm.

Papa's health was failing so fast that the doctor said his hope was a change of climate and business, so he sold his store in Indiana and came out here to western Kansas, to a farm that he bought several years ago. He thought that the change would be good for us children, too, but Alf said,

"Pshaw, papa, leave Freda out, for no change of climate ever'll help *her* *She's* too big a coward."

You see, Alf always makes fun of me, and tries to frighten me, for he is so brave himself that he hasn't any patience with such a coward as I am. He says that he wouldn't be afraid if a *whole band* of Indians would come riding up to the house, when we two were alone, and he is sorry that there are no Indians here any more, while I am afraid if only one strange white man comes.

I tremble at the very stillness here, and sometimes in the early morning, when the coyotes come up near the house in the corn fields, and howl, I hide my head under the bed covers and fairly tremble with fear.

Our nearest neighbor is half a mile away, and just two miles south of us, on top of a broad hill, we can see Lincolnville, our nearest town, with its chimneys and steeples right in line with our neighbor's house. To the north of the house, the land slopes to the river a mile away

Only here and there, away off, can we see houses, perched up on brown hillsides, and you cannot imagine how lonely it is.

But I started to tell you how I fooled the robbers that came last April Fool's day.

It was the last day of March that papa sold some cattle that he couldn't pasture, to a couple of strangers. They were rough and mean looking men, and I was afraid of them, which made Alf laugh at me.

Papa couldn't take the money to the bank in Linconville the next day because he had business in the other direction across the river so he put it away in the house.

After he had gone, Mrs. Jones, our neighbor south of us, sent her little girl over for mama, in a great hurry, because their oldest boy had cut his arm on the barbed wire fence.

When mama got ready to start away I just cried at the idea of Alf and me being left alone with that money, and at first she couldn't think what to do. Then an idea came to her.

We had been having a well dug out by the barn, which is south of the house, and near it was a great bank of earth that had been thrown out there and not hauled away. Mama took the money—three hundred and fifty dollars—put it in a little wooden box, wrapped it up, and buried it in the side of the bank nearest the house.

The ground was so dry that we could hardly see the place where she had dug, but she threw a little hay carelessly over the bank, and it was perfectly hidden. Then Alf saddled old Nell, and mama rode away.

Alf was out at the back door trying to make a windmill, and I was in the house, reading about Joan of Arc, and wondering how she could be so brave, when I saw riding up the road from the river, the very two men who had bought the cattle the day before.

I ran out and told Alf about it, and though he said afterward that he wasn't a bit scared, he turned awfully pale, and said,

"I'll tell you, Freda, I'll run right down to Mrs. Jones' and tell mama. I can go through the corn field and they won't see me. Don't be afraid, for they won't hurt you, for they probably only want to buy some more cattle, and whatever you do, *don't* let them have the money."

He went so fast that I could not have kept up with him if I had started, and the men were so near the house that they saw me, so I had to stay.

Alf is so quick to think, but I get too bewildered to think of anything.

The men got off their horses and came toward me, one carrying his heavy whip, the other with his hand on a pistol sticking out of the belt he wore under his coat.

I stood on the porch, stiff with fear—it makes me cold yet when I think about it—and the man with the whip said to me,

"Now, girl, if you'll tell us the truth we won't hurt ye. We saw yer pa, 'cross the

river, but where's yer ma, an' thet brother of your'n?"

I couldn't speak, but I pointed over toward Mrs. Jones' where I could see the smoke rising from their chimney against the houses of Lincolnville, still further away.

They looked over toward town, and then at each other, and one swore a little, and said,

"I'll bet that's jest what she's gone to do, Jim. They've got it out o' the house."

The man with the whip raised it, and the other one drew his pistol, and pointed it at me, and the first one said,

"No lies, now, young un' but tell us where's thet money thet we paid yer tenderfoot pa yesterday!"

The barrel of that pistol looked to me to be as big as our barn door, and I couldn't possibly have told a story about it to save my life.

My lips were stiff, and my mouth dry, but I managed to say, as I again pointed south,

"In the bank there!"

They looked over toward town again, and this time they both swore, and one said,

"Yes; it's jest our fool luck to have the woman take it to the bank today. We ought to have come last night, when they was abed, and made them give it to us."

You see, when I said that the money was in the bank, and pointed south, I meant that it was in the bank where mama had buried it, just a few feet away from the door; but because I pointed toward town, and they had been thinking about the *money* bank there, they thought that I meant that, and when I pointed toward the Jones', that mama was there, they thought that I pointed to town, too.

Then they told me they were going in the house to look around, and that if I moved from the porch they would kill me.

They needn't have threatened me, for I wasn't able to move. I just stood stiff, with my hands clasped, and stared up the road to see mama start for home, and it seemed a whole year.

The men searched the house a little bit, and when they came out, the one with a pistol pointed at my face again, but the other one said,

"Don't scare the kid, Pete. She's been mighty plucky."

So he put his pistol up, and they both galloped away, and just then I saw mama racing old Nell out of Jones' yard, with a man on horseback tearing after her, and then I felt just as if the side of the house bulged out and knocked me over.

When I opened my eyes mama was holding me in her arms and papa was just driving up, while Mr. Jones had started for the sheriff to follow the men.

So I saved the money and played an April Fool joke on the robbers, and didn't intend to do either one.

Papa says it was the best April Fool of his life, and that even Joan of Arc couldn't have handled the men so well as I did.

He was dreadfully displeased with Alf, though, and scolded him severely. He said that I had never done such a cowardly thing as Alf did when he ran away and left me to face those men alone, and that it will be a long time before he can redeem himself.

I hated to hear papa scold Alf, but that was the only thing I regretted about the whole affair, for it has seemed to make Alf think more of me than he ever did before, and he apologized to me, and said that he would never call me a coward again, and I would willingly have such a fright, dreadful as it was, to hear him say that.

DO YOUR BEST

ALWAYS do the best you can,
Good advice for any man,
Nothing worse than blank despair
Take up heart and shoulder care,
Life hath work for every man,
Strive, and do the best you can.

With tough problems have you wrought?
Have your efforts come to naught?
Have you battled, and hath war
Left you but defeat and scar?
Something do! 'tis the best plan,
Up and do the best you can.

What to others may seem small,
God may deem not so at all;
Earthly wealth, and pomp and power,
Have their weight in life's gay hour
God's just scales own no such weight,
He will open heaven's gate
To the soul of every man
Who hath done the best he can.

ANNIE E. HOWARD. —*Philadelphia Ledger*

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. F. M. We think the silver used in United States and Canadian coin respectively is of the same quality.

JIM, Plainfield, N.J. New York and Brooklyn are not the only cities that have an elevated railroad. There is one in Chicago.

THE YOUNG SALESMAN. 1. Yes, Mr. Moffat writes under his own name. 2. If in good condition the dime of 1822 is worth anywhere from 50 cents to $1.

C. A. H., Columbia, Pa. 1. Write to T. H. French, West 23rd St., New York, for a catalogue of plays. 2. England has the strongest navy in the world.

B. J. Q., Mount Vernon, N. Y The serial "In the Sunk Lands," ran in Vols. IX and X of THE ARGOSY. It is not at all probable that we shall reprint any old stories.

A CONSTANT READER, De Soto, Mo. 1. No, the chairman can only vote in the case of a tie. 2. Cushing's Manual is the generally accepted guide for parliamentary usage. Any bookseller can obtain it for you.

A. W D., Houlton, Me. Yes, the United States still has land to dispose of under the homestead act. Apply at the land office of the district where you wish to settle. The Department of the Interior at Washington has the matter in charge.

W W C., Eureka Springs, Ark. 1. Read Shakspere's play "Antony and Cleopatra" to find answers to your questions. 2. You will note that a new serial by Mr. Alger is begun in the present number. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, are his book publishers.

E. R., Omaha, Neb. 1. A boy grows faster during the first two years of his life than at any later time. After the tenth year, the period of greatest growth is between ten and thirteen, when the average gain in height is 7¾ inches. 2. The age at which growth stops varies, although one very rarely grows after reaching his twentieth year. 3. The average height of a boy of nineteen is 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 150 pounds.

BE DE M., Steubenville, O. 1. Electric engineering is taught at the Naval Academy. 2. Hydrogen is the gas used for balloons. 3. There have been several books published on the subject of artillery. 4. You can learn about these at Ridabock & Co.'s, dealers in military goods at 143 Grand Street, New York. 5. September is usually considered the best month in which to camp out. 6. Write to your Congressman as to when the next vacancy for a Naval Academy cadetship will occur in your district.

A MUNSEY PUBLICATION FIEND, Honesdale, Pa. 1. The first volume of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE bears the numeral VI. it having appeared before that as MUNSEY'S WEEKLY The first number in monthly form was dated October, 1891. The price of bound volumes is $1 each, except Vols. VIII. and IX., which sell for $2 each. Single numbers can be supplied only as far back as October, 1893. 2. The only story contributed by Horatio Alger, Jr. to MUNSEY'S was the completed novel "A Fancy of Hers" which appeared in the March issue, 1892.

A CONSTANT READER, Detroit, Mich. 1. As a rule one journal is at perfect liberty to copy short matter from another provided proper credit be given. 2. Yes, the comic papers will accept and pay for jokes, provided the latter be suitable. The rate of payment varies, the highest sum being in the neighborhood of $2.50 per joke. 3. There are about twelve poems printed in the Longfellow collection as being among the first written by the poet. There is no indication given of which of these was the very first. It is possible you might be able to ascertain this fact by reading a Longfellow biography.

D. G. W., Dallas, Tex. Here is the formula for making a hektograph:

THE COPYING PAD.

Gelatine, by weight	1 part.
Glycerine	4 parts.
Water	2 parts.

THE INKS.

1. Methyl violet	1 part.
Water	7 parts.
Alcohol	1 part.
2. Rosaniline	2 parts.
Water	10 parts.
Alcohol	1 part.

To prepare the pad for use, it is necessary to pass a wet sponge lightly over the face of the gelatine and allow it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. If this precaution is neglected, the face of the pad will be ruined by the first transfer.

THE MIDGET, Syracuse, N. Y. 1. The author of "A Lost Identity." 2. Mr. Munsey is the editor of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. 3. *Current Literature* gives the following directions for splitting a sheet of paper:

Take two pieces of linen cloth larger than the leaf you want to split. Smear one side of the page with binder's paste; lay it then, pasted side down, on one linen cloth; then smear the other side of the page with paste, and lay the second linen cloth on top. Rub the hand over it to make the adherence perfect everywhere, and hang the whole up to dry. When perfectly dry, pull the two cloths apart. One half of the leaf will cling to one cloth, the other to the other cloth. If, in pulling apart, too much adheres to one of the cloths, you will learn readily how to guide the split back to the center. When the paper is wholly separated throw the two cloths and the paper still glued to them into a bath of hot water. When the paper has been released, place it on a flat surface and wash off the glue with a moistened sponge. Then paste it on a sheet of paper and dry under pressure. It will be well to experiment with pages of no value until you have become expert.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

RUSSIAN ANTIPATHY TO WATER.

ANY ARGOSY reader who has ever been in Russia has probably noticed the generally untidy, not to say dirty, aspect of the lower classes. This is due to the fact that the Russian peasant has an inborn dread of water and water spirits.

He will not bathe without a cross fastened to his neck by a cord soaked in holy fluid of the same sort, nor will he ford a stream without first making the sign of the cross in the water with his knife, sword, or some other piece of metal.

In all parts of the Czar's vast empire this senseless superstition prevails, being most common in localities where one would naturally expect most enlightenment. It is even a common saying in the cities that a "yod," or countryman, "doesn't know enough to sign a cross on water."

The priests of the Greek Church say that the Russian dread of water is on account of a belief among them that Pharaoh's drowned hosts have been transformed into water spirits, and that they are ever lying in wait to drag a believer in Christianity to a watery death.

A FIERY WITNESS.

THE use of the burning lamp or the flame of any fire is one of the most ancient modes of ratifying agreements, and is mentioned in several places in the Bible as having been in vogue in the time of the patriarchs.

In Corea, India, and in parts of China and Japan, it is still the custom, when making a solemn promise, especially should the other doubt sincerity, for the one making the promise to point to a flame and say, "The flame is my witness."

On occasions of greater importance, when several join in a compact, where the fidelity of one or more is questioned, the company repair to some mosque or temple, form in a circle around the "lamp of the temple," and in the presence of a mandarin or priest, each solemnly agrees with the other, pointing each time to the flame as a witness.

The Tartars, in taking oaths or making covenants, use the liver of a sheep, goat, or horse, rub their fingers in the blood, and then make circles on their foreheads, the whole proceeding having the same symbolic meaning that the flame has in the Orient.

COMPOSING OPERAS IN BED.

THE oddities of genius are always interesting. The famous Italian composer Rossini, who wrote the operas "William Tell" and "Semiramide," was remarkable above most for his curious methods of work.

When he was young and poor he worked, but never consecutively or faithfully, but mostly in emergencies. Having an opera to compose, and six weeks to do it in, he spent four of them in idleness, and then, by the aid of his fertile genius, did the work in the remaining two. His ideas flowed with astonishing rapidity. He asked only for pen, paper, and a fit libretto and, these before him, never hesitated for a moment as to what he should write.

He would compose in bed, and, so incredible was his laziness and so great the fertility of his invention, that, when a fine duet which he was writing and had almost finished slipped off the bed and beyond his reach, rather than get up for it, he took another sheet and composed another duet quiet different from the first.

A SEVERE TEST.

IS your reason stronger than your imagination? Do you suppose you could have stood the test beneath which the men on a certain Lake Huron steamer went down?

A man on board had a black rattlesnake, confined in a strong box, covered with thick plate glass. It was about the size of an ordinary garter snake and as vicious as Satan. When any one would touch the glass with his finger the snake would strike the under side opposite the finger as quickly as a stroke of lightning. The experimenter would always jerk away as suddenly. There was not a man on board, however muscular and free from nervousness, who could keep his finger to the glass when the snake would strike, although knowing that it could not possibly touch him. Strong men would try it again and again, certain of their ability to endure the test, but with the same result.

HOW THE CROWN PRINCE ASSERTED HIMSELF.

PRINCES do not sit on beds of roses all the time by any means. They are of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us mortals, subject to the same failings and—as will be seen from the subjoined anecdote—forced at times to undergo the same punishments.

When the present emperor of Germany ascended the throne it meant a great deal to his oldest son, who was then but seven years old. His little head was completely turned by the dizzy height of his new position as crown prince. He began to lord it over his younger brothers in the most masterful fashion, and when they were alone insisted on their waiting on him with the most absolute submission and addressing him as "Your Royal Highness." So much did he enjoy this new amusement that the lives of the other boys were fast becoming a burden to them. He was at last caught in the act by his father. A sharp and severe rebuke subdued the spirit of young hopeful for a time.

But a week later it broke out afresh. Driving "Unter Den Linden" one afternoon, with his duenna, he suddenly commanded her to take the front seat.

"I do not wish to sit with my back to the horses," she expostulated.

"I am sorry, madam, but I must insist. It is not proper for any one not of royal birth to occupy the same seat with the future emperor of Germany."

After vain remonstrances, the old countess, who was determined not to yield, said she would prefer returning to the palace on foot. The little prince instantly stopped the carriage and ordered the footman to let down the steps.

"I hope you will enjoy your walk, madam," he remarked ceremoniously to the irate old lady, and continued his drive in solitary state.

On his return to the palace, although he must have known what awaited him, he received a message summoning him to his father's study with perfect calmness, and marched into the emperor's presence with his head erect. What passed during that interview is not known to history, but the sounds that issued from the room closely resembled those attendant on a good old fashioned thrashing. The precocious young prince has not since attempted to assert his royal authority.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT IN JAPAN

WE are sure that if we attempted to write Japanese signs the result would be as ludicrous as when the Japanese endeavor to put English into their public notices. Nevertheless, this does not make the less funny some specimens reported by Eli Perkins.

A conspicuous notice at the Kioto hotel reads:

"On the dining time nobody shall be enter to the dining and drawing room without the guests allow."

One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads:

"Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package."

A Tokio dentist's circular reads:

"Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore when it is attack by disease or injury artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engaged in the dentistry and I will make for your purpose."

The printed label on the bottle of claret at Nikko reads:

"Weak man who is not so hard of his stomach takes notice of his health ever must use this wine usually."

TWISTED UP IN RED TAPE.

CITIZENS of the United States do not realize to what a full extent their country is the "Land of the Free" until they have had some experience of the rigid laws that hem one in on every side abroad. Chauncey Depew, in an article for the *Magazine of Travel*, gives two instances illustrating the difference in this respect.

An incident connected with the fee system, at once amusing and annoying, had a friend of mine as its hero. The scene was the depot at Frankfort; my friend was about to enter a compartment where there were several vacant places, when he saw one of the occupants hand a gold piece to the guard. The guard thereon immediately declared that the compartment was reserved, and that no one else could enter it. My friend was naturally angry, and accused the fellow of being bribed; the accusation being denied, he intimated with American conciseness and comprehensiveness that the guard was a "liar and thief."

The train moved off, my friend being compelled to find another seat. At the first station he was arrested for having insulted a government official, and, after a great deal of trouble, he, under the advice of a lawyer, paid all the costs, in addition to a heavy fine.

Another instance of collision with the powers occurred also at Germany. A party of American students, traveling through the country, reached the station just as their train was starting. Being Americans, their usual custom at home had been to catch trains by the rear platform as the last car was leaving the station, and they saw no reason to change their custom to oblige any "effete monarchy." The official called to them not to jump on, but again, being Americans and students, they disregarded him and boarded the train.

At the next station they were met by a guard of soldiers and marched off under arrest. They discovered that they had violated an ordinance of the German empire. They were speedily sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, and before they knew it they were behind the bars, from which ignominy it required the influence of our legation at Berlin, added to their most abject apologies, to procure their release.

A FORTUNATE SWINDLING.

P. T. BARNUM the famous showman, not only freely admitted that he humbugged the public, because, as he claimed, the public liked to be humbugged, but the story goes that he actually once made money out of being swindled himself. This is how it happened.

One day an Englishman managed to "do" him out of about fifty dollars, a thing which nobody had ever before succeeded in accomplishing. Barnum honestly owned to the fact that he had been done; but he said to his doer, "See here, you're the only person that has ever succeeded in buncoing me, and I admire you for it; so I'd like to have some little remembrance of you. Would you give me one of your photos?"

Naturally the man consented, and then Phineas T. promptly had it copied, and several thousands of the photos were prepared, with the words, "The only man who ever did Barnum," printed underneath. These he sold at ten cents apiece; and there was such a run on them that an incredible quantity were sold, and Barnum not only made good his loss from their sale, but made it good several times over.

THE DOG FIREMEN.

ALL of our readers have doubtless seen the performances of trained dogs, but unless some of them have recently visited the Royal Aquarium in London, they have never beheld such wonderful doings as eight collies put to their credit in that place of amusement.

There is a fire scene, in which one of the dogs climbs a ladder to the top floor and rescues another, and a third rushes off for a policeman who comes with a wheelbarrow ambulance, all on their hind legs, and without the intervention of stick or whip.

QUALITIES THAT WIN

FROM DRUMMER BOY TO NOVELIST.

He was married—a very romantic match, we believe—and had a family to support on a retired captain's pay. To do this, as Captain King has himself pithily put it, is 'beggar's business." But how was he to improve the situation?

He had been brought up a soldier. He

Captain Charles King.

knew nothing of work in other lines. But, stay; perhaps he might combine the two. At any rate he would make the attempt. So he sat down and put what he knew of army life into a story. He called it "Kitty's Conquest" and sold it to a military magazine, which published it as a serial.

The story made a hit and soon reached a much wider audience than that for which it was originally intended. People saw that the author knew whereof he wrote. There were calls for a new story and so Captain Charles King's career as an author began.

Captain King entered the army as a drummer boy during the civil war, and drummed so well that the President sent him to West Point. His retirement from the army was due to wounds received in the line of duty.

His books command high prices, as he is one of the most popular of American writers.

A GLIMPSE AT DEPEW'S DUTIES.

Who gets the highest salary in the United States? Well, according to the *Detroit Free Press*, the lucky individual is Chauncey M. Depew, whom the Vanderbilts pay $100,000 a year for acting as president of the New York Central Railroad. This is twice as much as the President of the nation receives, and the *Free Press* figures that allowing for 310 working days in the year, Mr. Depew is paid the tidy little sum of $320 per day for his services. And now, what does he do to earn this? Well, he works for it undoubtedly, although some may not think that "seeing people" is work. Try it in the doses that fall to the lot of the Central's president, and you will be willing to acknowledge that there are few things more wearing.

As soon as he comes down to his breakfast in the morning he finds both parlor and reception room full of callers, who have come on errands of every description, from important business connected with the railroad to a request for a free pass or the agency of a patent tooth brush.

On reaching his office in the Grand Central Station Mr. Depew glances over a report of the happenings on the road during the preceding twenty four hours, which takes in every detail of accident or delay. Of course there are more callers for him here, but Mr. Duval, his private secretary, weeds them out so that he sees only two thirds of them. But the reporters from the newspapers are always received.

It is not an uncommon experience for Mr. Depew to be roused from his bed at three in the morning to put his head out of the window and answer the questions of some newspaper man.

A SELF MADE JOURNALIST.

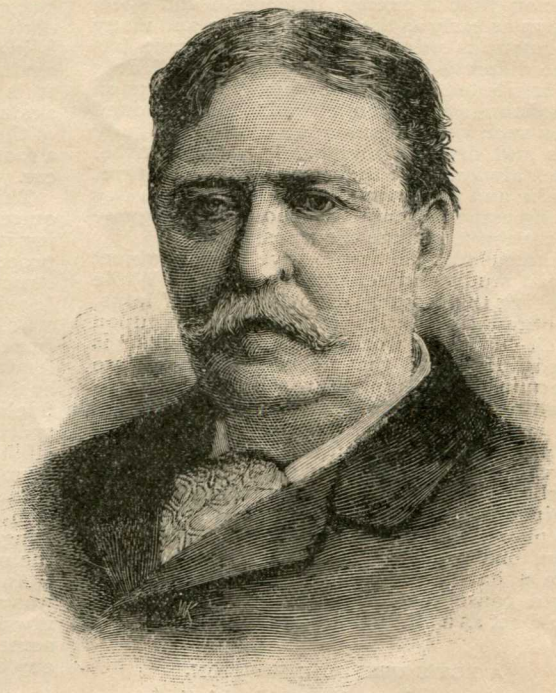
The young man who goes from the university to the newspaper office may be said to enter journalism through the parlor window The boy who makes his way up

through the drudgery of office work—brought up on printer's ink, as it were—has to climb up the slippery steps of his profession and push through the front door. It is an interesting question which of the two has the better chance of ultimate success.

John Russell Young began at the bottom of the ladder, as an office boy on the Philadelphia *Press*. A bright, observant, energetic lad, he found an opportunity to do reportorial work, and soon proved his ability to do it well. When the war broke out he made his first hit with a remarkable description of the battle of Bull Run. Then he came to New York, and was one of the *Tribune* staff in the palmy days of Horace Greeley's editorship. In 1871 he was in Paris, where he saw and reported the rise and fall of the Commune.

When General Grant made his famous tour around the world, he invited Mr. Young to join him; and the journalist's tact did much to make the great soldier's journey a triumphant progress. Under President Arthur he served as American minister to China, returning to this country in 1884 to become the leading editorial writer of the New York *Herald*—a post which he held for about three years.

Mr. Young is now the owner of the *Evening Star*, of Philadelphia, where he resides, in the enjoyment of well earned leisure and the possession of a considerable fortune. As president of the Union League Club he is one of the prominent figures in the social and political life of the Quaker City.



John Russell Young.

A VALUABLE QUALITY.

Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, was once shorthand reporter to the supreme court of his native State, and now, although he is sixty, he has as accurate a knowledge of stenography as he had when it was his daily avocation.

A writer in the Boston *Advertiser* tells of talking with the Senator on one occasion concerning an important case in which the accuracy of certain legal documents was involved. A great deal depended upon whether the word "at" or "of" had been used in the copy of an official paper made by an attorney in the case.

"Do you understand shorthand?" he asked, and simultaneously whipped a little pad of paper out of his pocket and marked upon it the stenographic symbols that stood for the two words respectively at issue.

THE BOY WITH THE RULING PASSION.

A SHORT time ago the opera "Faust" was performed for the thousandth time in Paris, and a great fête was made of the occasion. Gounod, its composer, was scarcely forty years old when he wrote it. But music had always been his ruling passion. He achieved fame and fortune by sticking to the one thing he could do well.

His parents were alarmed because of his bent in this direction. His teacher, however, reassured them and predicted that they would some day see Charles a professor of Latin and Greek. Then he summoned the boy to his desk,

"You have been suspended again," he said, "scribbling music in your books?"

"Yes," answered Gounod, "I mean to be a musician."

"But, my dear boy, that is not a profession. Here, take this paper and pen and try composing an air for the words I shall give you; then it will be easy enough to see."

It was play hour for the boys, but before the bell rang for study Gounod brought to the principal a page black with notes.

"Ah! the task is already finished?" queried the latter.

"It is no task," replied the boy. "I love to do it."

"Well, there is the piano; let me hear you sing the air!"

A few moments later, the teacher listened amazed, enchanted, then rising suddenly and throwing his arms around the boy he exclaimed, "Let them say what they will, do you make all the music you can!"

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

THAT plants refresh themselves by a repose that answers to the sleep of animals is not a poetical fancy, but a scientific fact.

The sleep of plants is so conspicuous a phenomenon that it excited discussion and speculation as early as the time of Pliny, and many explanations were given, which science has since disproved. The drooping of the leaves was attributed by some botanists to an aversion to moisture, a theory which had to be abandoned when such movements were made on cloudy days and dewless nights. The clover tribe, which always close their leaves at night, revel in rain; and nasturtiums will go through a day of tempestuous weather without showing any inclination to change their position.

Linnæus was the first to give to the subject special study and scientific research. While watching the progress of some plants of lotus, he began that series of observations upon which his great work "Sleep of Plants" is based. He found that nocturnal changes are determined by temperature and the daily alternations of light and darkness; movement is not actually caused by darkness, but by the difference in the amount of light the plant receives during the night and day. Many plants, notably the nasturtium, unless brilliantly illumined in the day, will not sleep at night. If two plants were brought into the center of a room, one from the open air, and the other from a dark corner, the neutral light which would cause the former to droop its leaves would act as a stimulant upon the latter.

A BOY'S USEFUL INVENTION.

BOYS who go about the world with their eyes open are the ones who "arrive," as the French say—"get there," as the boys themselves would put it. Seventeen year old Herbert Ewbank, of Baltimore, one day saw a man run over and killed by a trolley car. He thought it a shame that life should be sacrificed, so needlessly as it seemed to him, and proceeded to experiment on plans for fenders. For many months he worked in his spare time on a device, of which the Baltimore City Railway Company thought so well that they have given it a test on their cars.

The Ewbank fender consists of an iron framework, inclosing a specially woven wire netting made at an angle. The netting is four feet long and extends up in front of the car for three feet. It will sustain a weight of 1,000 pounds, and the fender will receive and sustain a person of any height or weight without injury. The front section or bar of the framework is made in a circular form, as it is not intended to strike the person whose safety depends upon the device.

From one side of the fender to the other, just in front of the curved iron bar, is stretched a soft rope. The rope is taut, but upon its meeting with resistance, spiral springs at each end allow it to give way sufficiently to obviate the danger that might follow were it kept stretched at the same tension. In almost every case of street car "run overs" the victim is struck by the central section of the front of the car, as experience and statistics show. Some of the fenders in use might prevent people from being run over, only to throw them headfirst against the bumpers, to receive fatal injuries. It is claimed that the Ewbank fender guards against any secondary harm. The rear section of the wire netting, three feet high, is at least a foot and a half distant from the front of the car.

This fender is entirely self acting and requires absolutely no attention beyond attaching it to and disengaging it from the car. The process need not take one minute. In construction and theory the fender is very simple. It rests upon two wheels and is attached to a "fifth wheel," or universal pivot, under the front of the car. It is this that allows the fender an automatic freedom of motion and enables it to follow the track with absolute fidelity, an improvement over other fenders of special value. There is not the slightest possibility, it is said, of the fender being derailed, owing to the pressure upon it. It is about three inches from the surface and its construction and working are such that there is no danger of its failure to pick up and throw into the net any person, whether child or adult.

An employee of the railroad company who was accidentally run down by the car to which it was attached fell into the net and was carried some distance without suffering an injury of any character, not even a bruise.

WHEN FISH DROWN.

THE idea of a fish drowning seems droll enough, but that this is a scientific possibility is beyond dispute.

The gills of the fish are situated at the back part of the sides of the head, and consist of a number of a vascular membranes, which are generally arranged in double, fringe-like rows, attached to the sides of the gill cavities. The fish is a cold blooded animal; that is to say, its temperature is seldom more than a degree or two higher than the water in which it lives. This being true, the creature needs but a very small amount of oxygen to keep the blood at a temperature sufficiently high to sustain life.

This oxygen is supplied to the blood of the fish by respiring large quantities of water, or, rather, drinking large quantities of water, and respiring the air separated from it by the gills. This explains why a fish cannot live in a tank of water which has been sifted through the gills time and time again any better than a human being or other animal can in air that has been deprived of all its oxygen by being taken into the lungs and expelled without being aërated. Fish that die in the stale water of aquariums may be properly said to drown,

because they perish for want of air, the same thing which occasions death by drowning in man and other lung breathing animals.

THE SPIDER'S EXPEDIENT.

ARE all insects of a given species, in individual specimens of which cleverness has been discovered, equally smart? This query is suggested by the subjoined anecdote of a long headed spider.

A gentleman who was fond of studying the habits of insects, one day found a large spider near a pond. He took a long stick, and put the spider on one end of it. He then went to the side of the pond, and, stretching out as far as he could, fixed the other end in the bottom, and left the stick standing straight up out of the water with the spider upon it. He then sat down on the bank to watch what the insect would do.

It first went down the stick till it came to the water; but, finding that there was no hope of getting off there, it returned to the top. It then went up and down the different sides of the stick, feeling and looking carefully, till it found there was no way of escape at any part. Then it went once more to the top, and remained quiet for a while, as if thinking what to do. After a short pause the insect began to spin a thread, long enough to reach from the stick to the edge of the pond,

When this was done, it fastened one end of the thread to the top of the stick, and let the rest of it float in the breeze. It waited till the wind stretched the thread out toward the side of the pond.

The insect then went crawling along the thread till it reached the end. After floating in the air a little while, it alighted safely on the ground and scampered off to its home.

SPEED UNDER THE SEA.

DIVING extraordinary is that done by some of the denizens of the air, and what this suggests to man is brought out below.

Engineers have often announced that submarine vessels would some day acquire a speed much greater than that of ordinary ships. The diving birds furnish us with a powerful argument in support of this opinion, for they move with surprising rapidity under water. The penguin, for example, can neither fly nor walk, but hops along as if its legs were tied together. Nor does it swim, for it literally flies under water. When, at the London Zoölogical Gardens, the keeper brings food to these birds, a sudden transformation is witnessed. The bird, which is heavy and awkward, suddenly becomes a superb and rapid creature, covered with globules of silver formed by the air imprisoned in its plumage, and flying in the depths of the placid water with a rapidity of evolution that is unknown in aërial flight.

The motion of its wings is identical with that of ordinary flying, and its feet, extended in a line with its body, serve neither as motors nor as rudders. Steering is effected through the acceleration of the motion of one of the wings at the expense of the other. The fish thus chased is captured, and swallowed without any retardation of the speed of the bird being visible.

The cormorant, on the contrary, swims with its feet, which act like the paddle boards of the wheel of a steamboat. Yet the conditions of the submarine medium are so exceptionally favorable, that the speed obtained therein by the cormorant is three or four times greater than that which it makes upon the surface.

IN FAVOR OF FRUIT.

AS an offset to the popular impression—especially prevalent in this country—that the important meal of the day is incomplete unless meat forms a part of it, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* quotes Flourens (author of "Human Longevity") and Cuvier to the effect that man is of the frugivorous, or fruit and nut eating, class of animals, like the gorillas and other apes and monkeys.

Man has not teeth like the lions and carnivorous beasts, neither has he teeth like the cows and herbivorous ones. Intestines in the man are seven or eight times the length of the body; the lion's are but three times the length of his body. Herbivorous animals, like the cow, have intestines forty eight times the length of the body.

So, judging man by his teeth, his stomach, and his intestines, he is naturally and primitively frugivorous (fruit eating), and was not intended to eat flesh. Fruit is aperient, and apples act on the liver, and are good brain food also, as they contain much phosphoric acid.

Flourens insists that a century is the normal life, but that fifty years beyond, and even two hundred years, are human possibilities under advantageous conditions. Hufeland also believed in two hundred years as an extreme limit. Sir James Crichton Browne, M D., concedes, in a late address, that Flourens was right. Duration of growth gives the length of life. Hufeland held that the human body grows till the age of twenty five, and that eight times the growth period was the utmost limit of man. But if twenty years be taken as the time of growth, even five times that will give us a century.

A NOVEL POLAR EXPEDITION.

FAILURE has persistently stamped every effort made to reach the North Pole by ship. A writer in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* now suggests that the problem be attacked from a new quarter.

What is needed is a fleet of not less than four air ships, each with an inner, a central, and an outer structure, the intervening spaces well inflated, the baskets properly ballasted with food, instruments, arms, and ammunition.

This quartet of ships, each being virtually a triplicate vessel to insure safety, can float together, being suitably connected. Each should be able to bear with safety all the members of the expedition on the final return journey; some of the ships being necessary simply for their reservoirs of gas, to be utilized in case of an emergency.

If an island be discovered, let a landing be made if practicable or deemed justifiable, and let the ships be tethered while exploring is done. If no suitable terra firma be found in midocean, let the sailing and observation continue till some shore or coast is reached. As this should be in the later spring, in the day of several months' duration, the Arctic region should be crossed and recrossed in various directions in favoring currents, and thoroughly scanned.

FLOATING FUN.

NOT GOING TO BE CHEATED.

AN advertisement, above all things, should never be beyond the comprehension of its readers. But sometimes the temptation to work in a play on words is not to be resisted. The consequences, however, are not always so serious as in the following instance :

On the placards which advertised a walk against time at Lillie Bridge, London, the competing pedestrian was depicted striding along in advance of Father Time, who was represented as an old man armed and clad in the usual metaphorical manner. During the afternoon of the walk, a rough member of the sporting fraternity angrily demanded of the gatekeeper the return of his shilling.

"What's the matter?" said the official. "You have been here for four hours, to my knowledge, and you have seen him walk."

"That's true," replied the man; "but I came to see that 'ere cove with the scythe, and he hasn't turned up, an' I means to have my money back; so out with it, an' none of yer 'umbug!"

WHY HE WANTED ANOTHER POWDER.

To jump at a conclusion is human, but alas, very frequently productive of humiliating results.

A suburban chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said,

"Give me another half pound of your powder, quick, please!"

"Oh," remarked the chemist, as he proceeded to fill the order, "I'm glad you like the powder. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer; "I have one cockroach very ill. If I give him another half pound he'll die."

And then that chemist decided not to ask the customer to give him a testimonial to the powder's virtues to frame and hang in his window.

GOT HER MONEY'S WORTH.

THERE is perhaps more of sense than nonsense in the following, and some of our readers may think that therefore the department devoted to Floating Fun is scarcely the place for it.

A little fellow who had his wits about him when the contribution plate was passed at, church administered a rebuke to his mother, who, on the way home, was finding fault with the sermon.

"Well, mother," he said innocently, "what could you expect for a cent?"

BLIGHTED HOPES.

THE Lucy of the subjoined anecdote must be strongly in favor of the abolishment of all words in the English language having more than one meaning.

It was her first day at school. When she came home her father said to her, "Well, Lucy, and how did you get on today?"

"I don't know, pa, dear," she said; "but I did not like it."

"How's that? What did Miss Mallet say to you?"

"She said, 'I will attend to you directly; sit there for the present.' So I sat there, and sat, and sat, but she never brought the present at all."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

SPRING is here and with it the rhymester of uncrushable aspirations. A contemporary illustrates his fate in a stanza that may be said almost to convey its meaning without telling it.

Unto the editor's room he went,
bliss:
with
stairs
up
strode
He
An interview, a word or two—
He
came
down
stairs
like
this!

WHY HE DECLINED TO DIE.

A SCOTCH boy gave a peculiar reason for not "playing dead" when he was shot in an amateur performance.

A class of children were being prepared to perform 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' at the school examination, and the boy who impersonated the hero was taught to fall on the floor at the right moment. But when the crisis was reached on the examination day, he did not fall. The verse was repeated, but still he remained upright. Being accordingly asked his reason, he replied, 'My mither said I wasna to fa', for I've got on my Sunday claes.'

THE SUGGESTION ACTED UPON.

AN amusing instance of trickery o'erleaping itself comes to us from Australia.

There was a certain lawyer in Sydney well known by reason of his padded chest and the bluish dye on his whiskers. His services were generally called into request when there was no hope of getting a prisoner acquitted by ordinary means of defense.

Holding a brief one day in such a case, he made an eloquent appeal to the jury, urging

them not to blight the future of the young prisoner by committing him and sending him to jail. He proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of two gray haired parents in England looking anxiously for the return of their prodigal son to spend the next Christmas with them, and he asked,

"Have you the heart to deprive the old couple of this happiness!"

The jury, however, being heartless men, found the prisoner guilty.

Before passing sentence, the judge called for the prisoner's jail record, after examining which he blandly remarked that the prisoner had some five previous convictions against him; but he was glad to say that his lawyer's eloquent appeal would not remain unanswered, for he would commit the prisoner to Maitland (New South Wales) Jail, where his aged parents, at the present moment, were serving sentences respectively, so that father, mother, and son, would be able to spend the ensuing Christmas season under one roof.

HE HAD KEPT HIS WORD TO THE LETTER.

WHAT the persuasive power of words fails to accomplish is sometimes brought about with ludicrous swiftness by other means.

A Confederate soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed, with much vehemence,

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" and he sat there, the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" commanded the captain. "Don't you know the Yankees are following us? They will get you sure."

"Can't do it," he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the hill and soon lost sight of their poor dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill, moving along like a hurricane, and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled,

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more?"

"Thunder!" replied the soldier. "You don't call this walking, do you?"

THE WET PREACHER.

WE clip the following from a religious paper, so we suppose there is no malice in it, although [illegible]inly hard on certain members of the [illegible]t perhaps the editor printed it as a [illegible]rise, thinking the hint sufficient [illegible]se whom the cap fits to make [illegible]able for it.

[illegible]rrived at the kirk wet [illegible]cotchwoman what he [illegible]replied, "Gang into [illegible].. Ye be dry enough

[illegible]ERT."

[illegible]commenda- [illegible]aises. Pat's [illegible]comment would have some such high value attached to it.

"What is a republic?" asked an official of a candidate for naturalization.

"Shur'n I don't know."

"What is a monarchy?"

"I don't know."

And so on through a series of questions. At last the wearied official handed a copy of the constitution to the applicant's sponsor, and said, "Take this man out and instruct him a little."

In the course of fifteen minutes the "gay, guileless pair" hurried back into the presence of the representative of the United States government.

"It's all right," cried the sponsor. "I've rid the constitootion to Pat, and he's very much plazed with it."

HER CONCEPTION OF THE THING.

WHAT strange ideas children must have on subjects about which they never speak! Certainly some of those which are drawn from them would indicate this fact.

The teacher of a Hartford infant class propounded the following: "Can you tell me, children, what a skeleton is?"

The infant class looked troubled. Their ideas on the subject were of the most vague description, and, they seemed to think, hardly worth mentioning. The question passed down the class, almost to the very foot, gaining only a blank look or shake of the head, until at last the smallest tot of all ventured a reply: "Pleathe, mith, I fink I know."

"Well, dear, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"It ith a man without any meat on it!"

"I'M ON TO YEZ."

WE have one joke suggested by the collection plate this month, but that has a moral to it. Here is another in quite a different view.

In one of the Boston suburbs the priest announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Everybody chipped in but Tim—well, never mind his other name—who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else.

The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home. Not quite enough money having been realized, a similiar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, every one gave but Tim, who looked mighty sly and the priest wondered thereat. Meeting Tim after the service, he took him to task for his niggardliness.

"Now, Tim, why didn't you give something, if only a penny?"

"Faith, father, I'm on to yez."

"Tim!"

"Yes, father."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, father. Just that I'm on to yez; that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean by them?"

"Oh, faith, father, a-thryin' to pull the wool over m' eyes. A-thryin' to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riverence knows it's heated by steam."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

THEN AND NOW

DID it ever enter your mind, reader, to be grateful that you were permitted to play your part upon the stage of life at just this particular era rather than at some previous one? We could write of the benefits the boy of the period derives from electricity in its manifold forms, from steam, from the modern improvements that make commonplace today what were the luxuries of a few years ago.

But it is only of the improved state of things in one direction we wish now to speak—the lessening of the cost of reading matter. And, while admitting that this is universal, for our present purpose, we shall consider it only in the one field, that which THE ARGOSY occupies.

When the writer was a boy—and he is by no means a graybeard yet—there were two leading magazines for young people in the market. They were both issued in Boston, the property of firms standing high in the publishing world. One contained 64 pages each month, and sold for 20 cents a copy, or $2.00 a year. There were pictures, but they were the coarse wood engravings of that day, when the half tone process of photo engraving was unknown.

The other magazine, of slightly larger page, bringing it more in line with that of THE ARGOSY, contained 80 of these, and sold for 25 cents a copy, or $3.00 per year. This was also illustrated, but in the same manner as its contemporary, the cuts bringing a smile when compared with those we see today. The first named periodical had one serial running, the latter usually three.

Is not the young person of 1895 to be considered fortunate, who is able to secure THE ARGOSY, with its generous number of pages and superb illustrations, for an outlay of only a dime a month, or, by subscription, one dollar a year?

NAPOLEON AND THE SCHOOLBOYS.

THERE is a good deal being said nowadays both in the press and on the stage about Napoleon. We are passing through what is called a revival of the Napoleon craze. But this term is applied in no reproachful sense. The incentive given to the study of history by this fad for information about the "little corporal" cannot but be beneficial. Other lessons than historical ones may also be learned from the life of the Corsican conqueror.

One day, after his rise to greatness, Napoleon visited his old school. Of course he was asked to make an address, and in it he used this sentence: "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in future life."

A writer in the *Golden Rule*, commenting on this sentence, puts its meaning in a nutshell when he says: "The boy cannot afford to miss one lesson. That one may contain the very bit of knowledge for want of which he will some day stand confused at the door of a great opportunity, unable to enter."

It is sometimes the fashion for schoolboys to argue themselves into the belief that the teachers are engaged in a conspiracy against them, intended to make their lives miserable. A moment's thought will at once correct this impression. Every rule laid down, every hour of study imposed, is for the pupil's own benefit. This statement may sound like a truism.

"Of course," the schoolboy exclaims, "I know I am sent to school to learn, and not simply to obey regulations for the pleasure the masters may get out of seeing me do it. But a fellow must have some fun."

Certainly he must, and we are happy to say that in these end of the century days the schools are multiplying where masters and pupils have their "fun" together. It depends altogether on the kind of fun selected.

THE MOST APPRECIATED PRAISE.

THERE is an old and somewhat uncouth saying to the effect that "Talk is cheap, but it won't buy a farm." A good many people, however appear to be under the impression that words are the mightiest weapons they can wield.

A story is told of a discussion among a company of authors and artists regarding the famous group of statuary the Lacoön, now in the Vatican in Rome. Its creat
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