THE ARGOSY

ISSUED MONTHLY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FRANK A. MUNSEY, 151 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

VOL. XX 1895 No. 5.

Baron Nordenskiold.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Von Rosen.

THE ARGOSY.

VOL. XX. AUGUST, 1895. NO. 5.

SEEKERS OF THE POLE.

Arctic explorers who have sought to wrest nature's secret from the frozen north—The daring deeds performed in the name of science.

By E. M. Halliday.

LIEUTENANT PEARY, the daring explorer, is at this writing, shut up in the Arctic ice fields, waiting to be rescued. His wife, who accompanied him on two of his journeys, is writing letters, lecturing, and appealing to the American people in every possible way, to save him, and preserve the precious fruits of his discoveries.

Lieutenant Peary has thought out plans by which his work could be extended farther and farther toward the pole, and he has made bases of supplies and built comfortable quarters from which practical exploring could be carried on. Too often explorers have been so ambitious to make their own way northward, and have become so discouraged by repeated hardships that they have done little toward noting the country in which they stayed for a time, and have done less toward smoothing the path for another man.

The story of the efforts to conquer the frozen North, of the glamour which the Arctic casts over every man who has once come under its spell, makes another of this old earth's romances.

Small as has been the amount of knowledge obtained, the wresting of this from the polar circle has brought out more heroism than have the discoveries in all other parts of the world since Columbus.

In 1603 the first Arctic expedition set out under Stephen Bennett. Four years later Hendrik Hudson, who left his name to our own beautiful river, was sent out as a daring adventurer who would reach the pole if it were a possibility—but like the dozens of other ships and brave captains that the Muscovy Company equipped, he was stopped by the ice.

But the vessels brought back cargoes of skins and oil and ivory enough to pay for the expedition.

For a century every new adventurer who could find a ship wanted to find the pole. The British parliament offered a reward of twenty five thousand dollars to the mariner who would come within one degree of the pole.

As far back as 1806 a Mr. Scoresby came within five hundred and ten miles of the most northern point, and he returned believing that by making a sledge which could be converted into a boat, the great goal could be reached.

The experiment was tried many years later by the celebrated Captain Parry, but with no great success.

Sir John Franklin.

Sir John Ross.

It is worth while running over the names of some of the bravest and most successful of the men who gave years of hardship and toil, and often life itself, as Peary may now be giving his, to solve the mystery of the white north.

1818 found many ships trimming their sails for the northern voyage.

In that year Sir John Franklin (then merely a lieutenant), to whom the honor of discovering the northwest passage has been given, started out with Captain Buchan. Their expedition was not a success except in fixing the heart of young Franklin upon Arctic explorations. It is as though the great magnet which draws the needle had some similar effect upon the lives of all those who came within the radius of its influence.

Sir John Franklin was a Lincolnshire lad who became a midshipman in the English navy in 1800, when he was fourteen. When he was fifteen Franklin was cruising on a voyage of discovery about Australia, and a little later was serving with distinction in the battle of Trafalgar.

He came back from his first voyage, and the next year he was sent to conduct an overland expedition to mark the boundaries of North America. During this journey, Franklin and his party are said to have walked over five thousand miles.

In 1845 Franklin conducted a government expedition in search of a northwest passage. From this voyage he never returned.

In 1857 his wife sent out an expedition in the hope of finding some trace of him. On the borders of King William's Land they came upon a cairn of stones in which a record had been placed saying that Franklin had died ten years before.

The midshipmen went to sea early in the old days, and often had hairbreadth escapes and saw a great deal of action before they were grown. The two Rosses, uncle and nephew, whose names we have come to associate with the Arctic seas, were both middies.

Sir John Ross was born at Balsarroch, in Scotland, in 1777, and entered the navy at ten. He had an active life until 1818, when he started for the north.

He went again in 1829 as the commander of an expedition sent out by Sir Felix Booth. His chief discovery was a peninsula which he christened Boothia Felix.

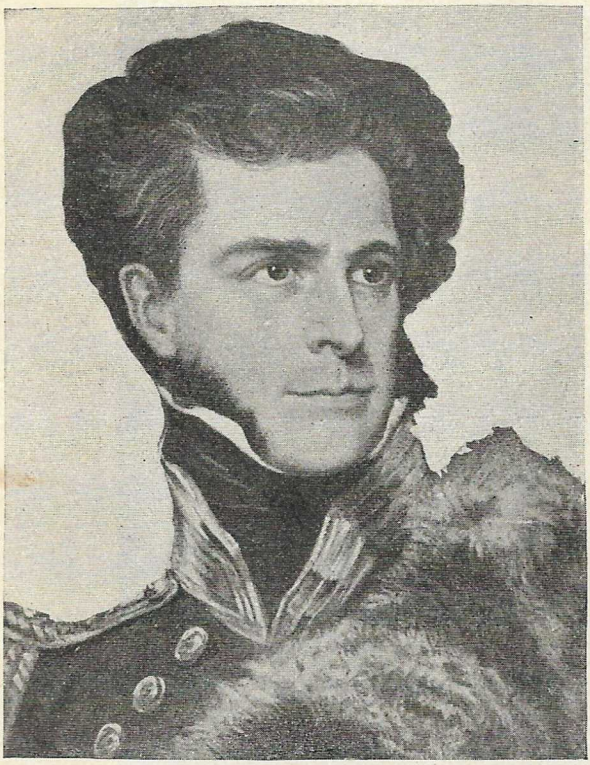
When he returned it was to receive the honor of knighthood and to be made a rear admiral.

Young James Clark Ross had the unique experience of going out to the frozen seas when he was only twelve. He was taken by his uncle as a middy to the Baltic and the White Sea, and in the great naval exploration for the northwest passage from 1818 to 1833.

While with his uncle he carried on separate scientific explorations upon his own account, and he discovered the north magnetic pole. For this he was awarded a post captaincy, and was brought so prominently before the British rulers of the navy that he was chosen to make a magnetic survey of Great Britain and Scotland.

In 1839 he left the north for the other extreme, and in 1839 he approached within 160 miles of the South Pole. He also was made a knight for his services.

We are hearing a great deal just now of M. S. A. Andree, the Swedish explorer,



Sir James Clark Ross.

who believes that he can reach the North Pole in a balloon. He has succeeded in convincing not only King Oscar of Sweden that his project is a good one, but what is often far more difficult, his scientific colleagues as well.

The balloon is to carry adventurers, who are ready to stake their lives upon the success of the venture.

The balloon will bear a weight of six thousand pounds, in boats, instruments, and provisions, and is expected to complete its perilous voyage through the air in thirty days. The maps could all be made by means of photography, for the white world would lie spread out beneath the voyagers.

Nils Eklom, the famous Swedish meteorologist, who has been chief of the Swedish station of Spitzenbergen, will accompany Andree, and they are now looking for a third member of the party.

Spitzenbergen was accurately located by another famous Swede, Baron Nordenskiold, in 1868.

Baron Nordenskiold was born in Finland, and was an explorer from his boyhood. His great expedition was in 1878 for the purpose of exploring the north polar sea from the mouth of the Yenesei to Behring Strait. He believed in the commercial use of the northern passage.

But it is Americans who are most distinguishing themselves in Arctic exploration in these days.

The earliest American explorer was Dr. Kane, and he brought back to us our ideas of the people and ways of the northern regions, which we have changed very little in the years since. The books of his adventures make better reading today than most of the reports which have followed.

Dr. Kane was a Philadelphian, who entered the United States navy as a surgeon in 1843.

He was in the ship which carried Mr. Webster to China as our minister, and the two men became great friends. Webster was full of enthusiasm for any new project, and he and Kane often talked of the Franklin expedition, of which the world expected so much.

Kane served through the Mexican war, and the next year went to the north as surgeon in the Franklin relief expedition, which was unsuccessful.

It was Kane who started the false idea of an open polar sea, a chim-

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.

R. E. Peary.

era which played so delusive a rôle in subsequent explorations.

Kane was determined not to give up the search for Franklin. The government refused to aid him, and he relinquished his pay for twenty months, and spent the time in lecturing, trying to raise funds. The new expedition was at last sent, but found no trace of the men it searched for. Their fate was never known until Lady Franklin's party discovered the cairn.

De Long, the young officer who went out in the Jeannette on the expedition equipped by the New York *Herald*, together with Greely and Peary, have been the arctic adventurers of the past few years.

De Long perished before relief could come to him, on the banks of the Lena. Greely, who went out in the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, in 1881, suffered incredible hardships, and was finally rescued by United States navy officers after many of his command had died. Peary is still there.

Greely tells us that during the weary days preceding his rescue he dreaded to lie down to sleep, fearing that he would never waken.

Men who were brave as lions in fighting danger became so weak morally that they would steal food from their starving companions. Greely was compelled to have men shot for this crime.

For forty two hours before the Greely party was rescued they lay in their bags of fur unable to move, a few square inches of soaked sealskin being their only nutriment. They were all dying.

Suddenly in the middle of the night, in the midst of a booming tempest, the whistle of a vessel was heard. Then, through the frosty air echoed the shouts of strong men, such voices as they had not heard for months.

"We realized that our country had not failed us," said General Greely; "that the long agony was over, and we were saved."

Peary is somewhere in the frozen north, waiting for the ship that has not been sent after him.

THE WILD WEST THROUGH A CAMERA.

Some noteworthy achievements with lens and rifle—Peculiar methods of some American hunters.

By Frank W. Crane.

THERE is a certain charm in the stories of the "Wild West" that is irresistible. It is not absolutely necessary that a person should possess a broad vein of sportsmanlike tendencies to appreciate the tales of adventure and exciting hunting incidents which have had their birth in this region. There are besides those events which appeal peculiarly to the genuine sportsman, other features equally attractice; features so vividly illustrative of the wonderful growth of our country, that he who loves American history, whether young or old, finds a deep, patriotic interest in everything which throws a clearer light upon the primitive conditions of our land, and the means adopted by early settlers to transform the wilderness into places of active prosperity.

Although the Wild West, as it was known a few years ago, has practically passed into history, there are still sections of country where nature has been but little disturbed by the white man, and where great droves of deer, elk, mountain sheep, and other animals roam at will, except when startled by some venturesome hunting party. Their boundaries, however, are becoming narrower year by year, and the wild animals less numerous.

Already have the bison, or buffalo, those lordly animals of the plains encountered in

A Hunters' Camp in the Northwest.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1895, by W. H. Wright, Missoula, Montana.

A Mountain Lion.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1895, by W. H. Wright, Missoula, Montana.

such numerous herds by the emigrant trains of a generation ago, almost disappeared from sight. The few remnants that are left are now carefully protected on State reservations, and swift punishment would speedily overtake that hunter who dared to kill a buffalo today.

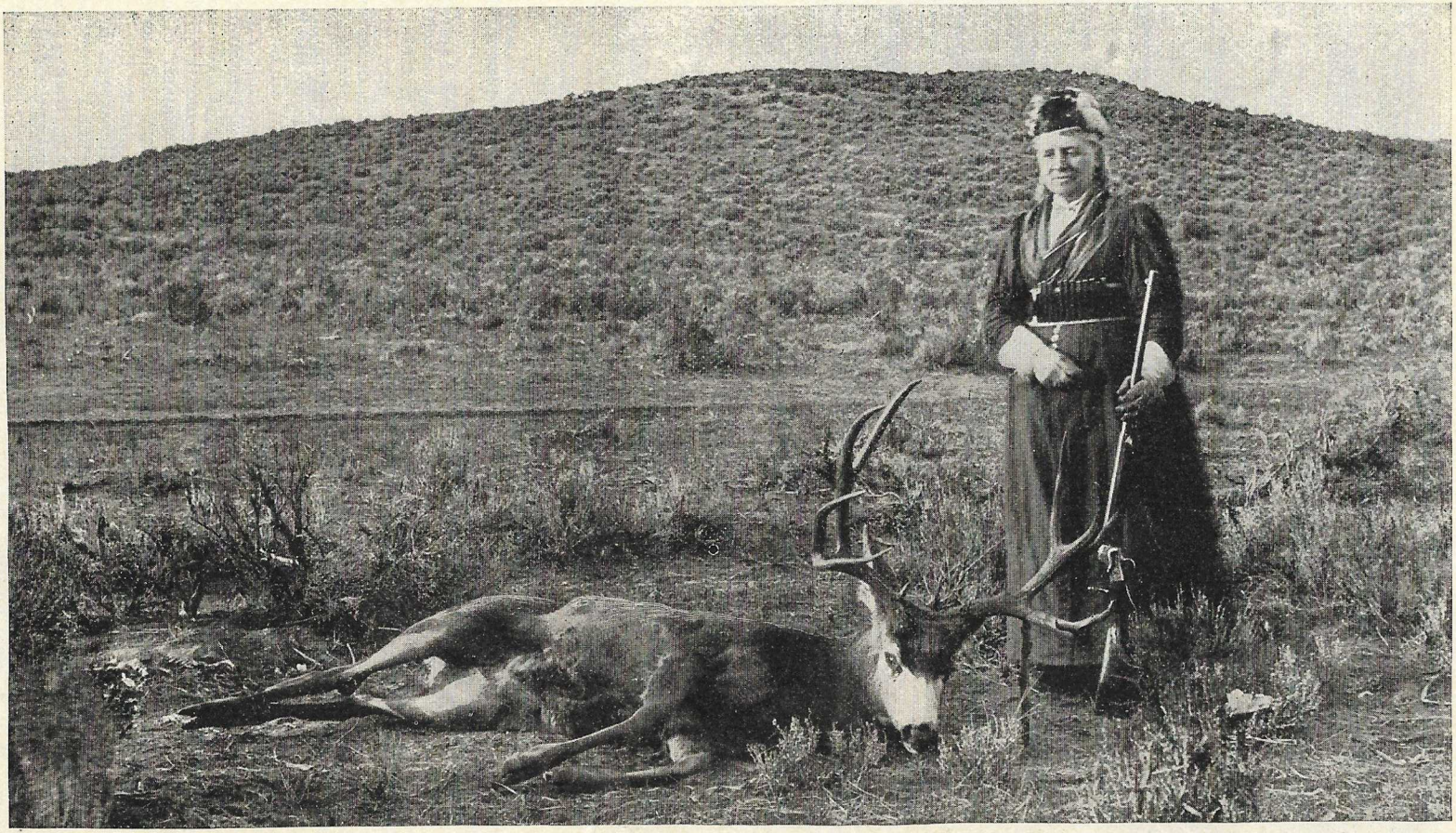
The picture on page 411 of buffalo grazing on the plains is one taken last year by Charles Emsley, of Missoula, Montana. It shows a portion of probably the largest herd left in America. This herd numbers about two hundred, and is stationed on the Flathead Reservation in Montana.

There are also about forty buffalo on the Rabbit Ear Range, between North and Middle Parks, in Colorado, and about twenty in South Park, Colorado. The days, however, are not far distant when they will be entirely extinct.

It is seldom that a New Yorker sees genuine evidence of wild Western life. Such an opportunity, however, was afforded last May to those who attended the big Sportsman's Exhibit held in the Madison Square Garden. There, among the wealth of material showing the high standard attained by American sport, was an excellent copy of a typical Western log cabin. In this cabin were a number of Western hunters and guides, men who have devoted the greater portion of their lives to roughing it on the plains, and in tracking wild animals through their native haunts.

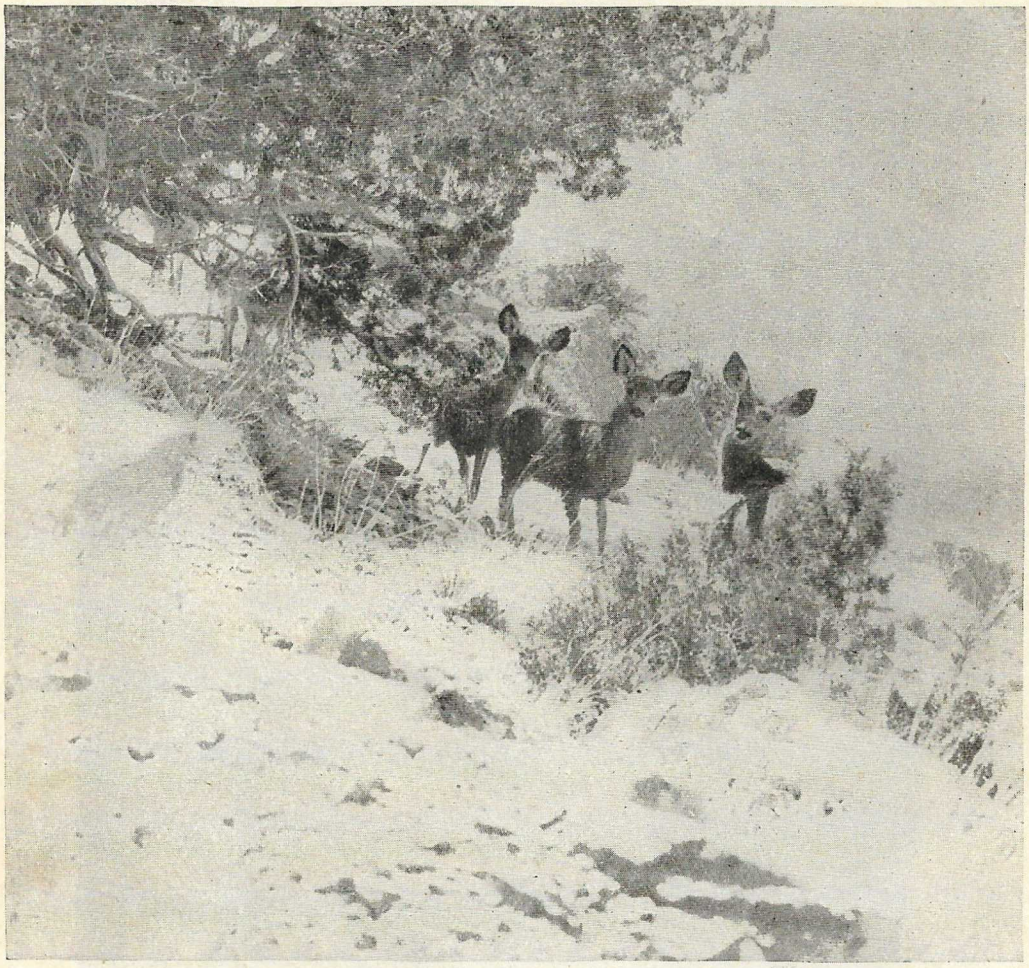
Among these typical Westerners, who attracted particular attention, was Mr. A. G. Wallihan and his wife. Both were born in the West, have spent the better years of their lives in its roughest sections, and have had their full share of dangers, hardships, exciting experiences, failure and success. It may seem a little odd to many of us in this part of the country to learn that the first meeting of Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan was one dark, snowy night in a sparsely settled locality, on the verge of the old Ute Indian Reservation, in the northwestern part of Colorado, and fifty miles or more from the nearest place which, with any respectability, could justly be called a village. The courtship of these two characteristic Westerners was carried on in that desolate region, by the big fire within an old log cabin.

Mrs. Wallihan had just performed a journey which few would care to take. Mr. Wallihan had recently settled in that district with his brother in law and a few disgusted miners from Leadville. It was a few years after the great Leadville excitement, and Mr. Wallihan, after prospecting in that district for two years, abandoned the miner's occupation for that of a ranchman, and located on that distant spot near the Indian reservation. The nearest city where supplies could be obtained was Salt Lake, Utah, and after putting their household utensils in order, the brother in law started out for that place on horseback. Mrs. Wallihan was his sister, and she started back with him when he began his home trip, in a four horse wagon, loaded with provisions and supplies.



Mrs. Wallihan's Thirty Second Deer.

From a photograph by A. G. Wallihan, Lay, Colorado.



Deer in the Snow.

From a photograph by A. G. Wallihan, Lay, Colorado.

For two or three nights the weather was so cold that sleep was absolutely impossible, and the slight shelter occasionally found at the foot of a rising knoll offered but little protection against the fury of the storms. Bear River, which in that vicinity is about fifty yards wide, was frozen entirely over one night, a thing which rarely occurs.

Finally, however, worn out with their sufferings and almost frozen, the travelers arrived late one evening and were as warmly received as circumstances would permit by those who had been awaiting their arrival.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan went up to Lay, Routt County, Colorado, and there they are now living, Mr. Wallihan having the proud honor of being the most influential citizen of the district, and postmaster as well.

His house is a log cabin, but it is a decidedly pretentious one, having four rooms, one of which is reserved for the reception of travelers and hunters passing through the region. It is a great hunting district, and enormous droves of deer, elk, antelope, and other animals frequently pass in plain sight of Mr. Wallihan's home.

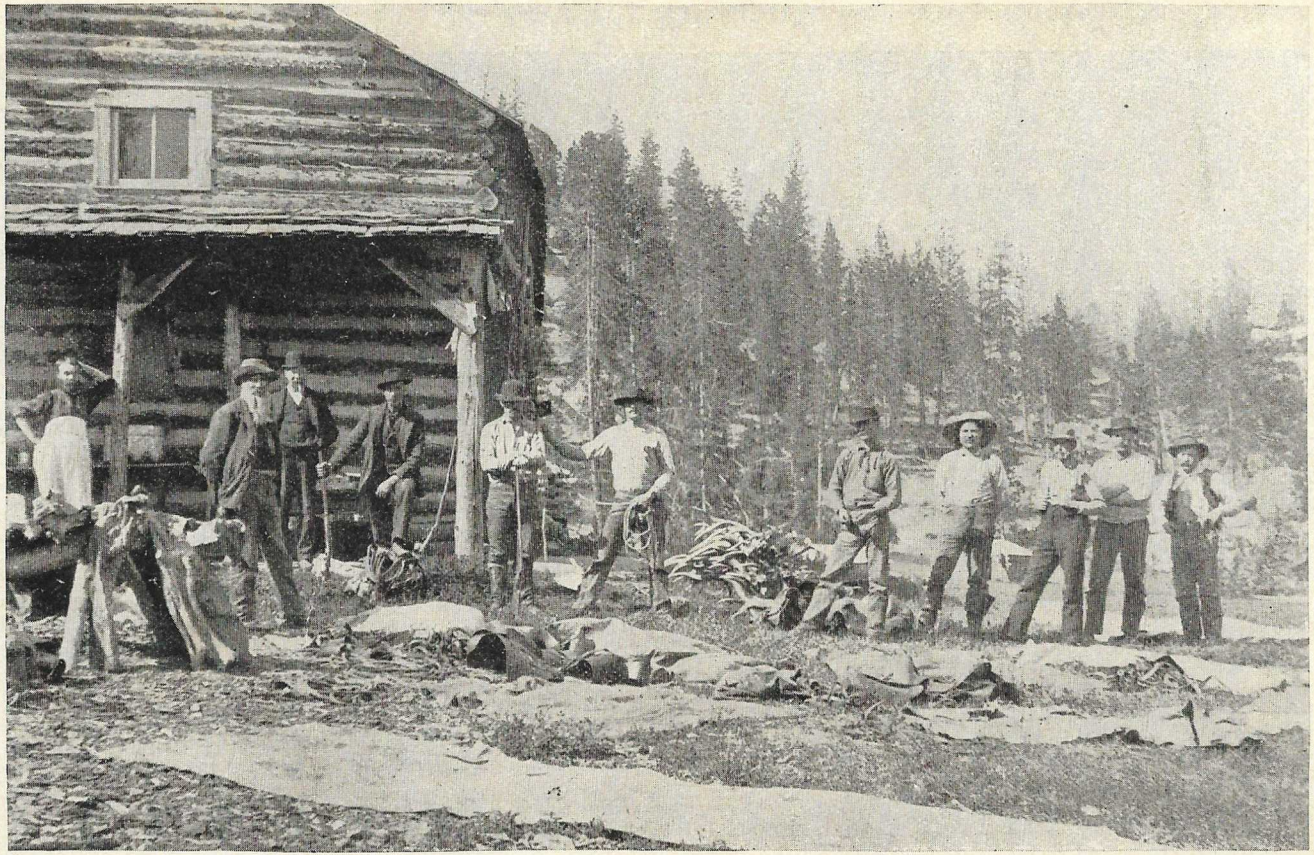
It was here at Lay, about five years ago, that Mr. Wallihan added to his past achievements the pleasures of that peaceful and entertaining pastime, photography. Always a lover of animals and a keen observer of their habits, as soon as the photographic mania possessed him he was determined to take pictures of the animals of the West, which would show them in all their natural characteristics.

So, out there on the plains, Mr. Wallihan made photography a matter of deep study, and he has succeeded far beyond his original expectations. As a photographer of wild animals, one who has taken them as they actually appear on the plains, he is acknowledged as the most expert in the West. He does not, like many others, capture his animals and take their pictures afterwards, but always takes their pictures first, and then if he wants to bag them he makes use of his gun.

The view of Mrs. Wallihan standing by a

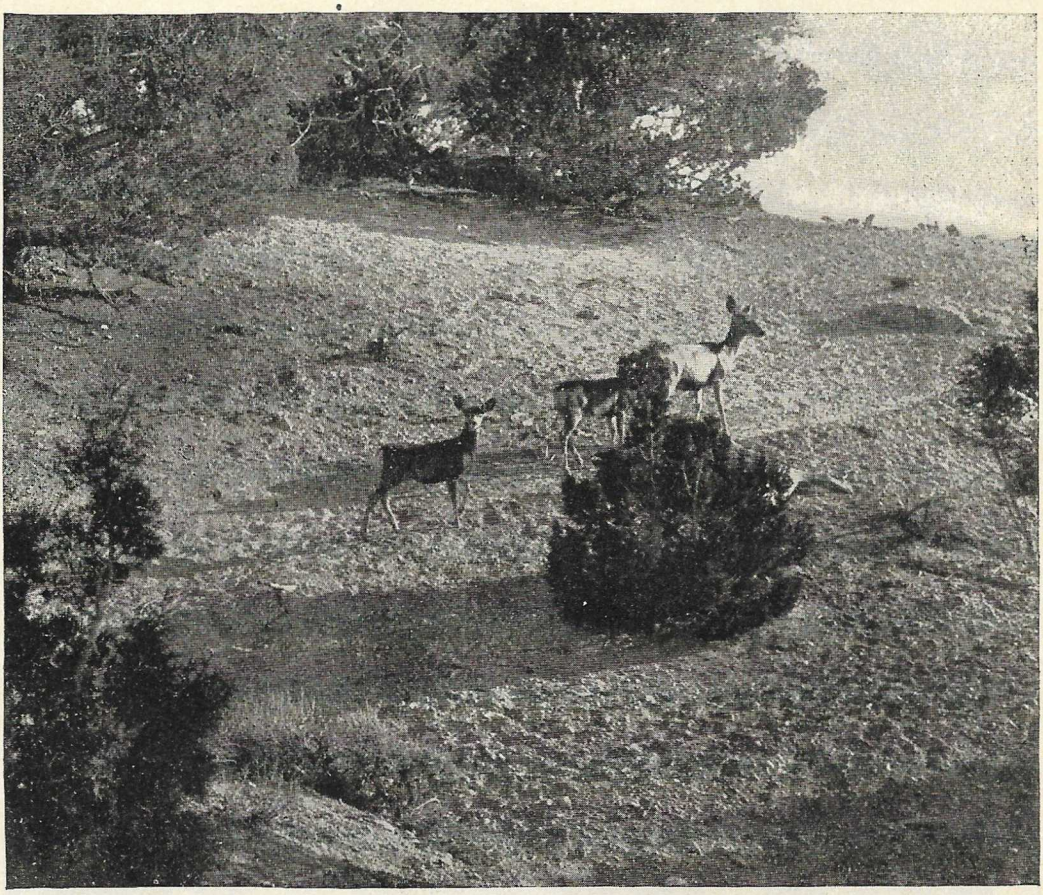
A Herd of Buffalo.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1894, by Charles Emsley, Missoula, Montana.



A Pioneer Homestead.

From a photograph by W. H. Wright, Missoula, Montana.



A Snap Shot at Deer.

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1895, by A. G. Wallihan, Lay, Colorado.

dead deer is one which he took about two years ago. It is the thirty second deer shot by Mrs. Wallihan.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Wallihan has won considerable fame as a true shot on the plains. She thinks nothing of bringing down a deer at two hundred yards, and once accomplished the remarkable feat of killing two deer with one shot, the bullet passing through the neck of the first deer and entering the body of another a short distance beyond. The deer in the picture is the last one that Mrs. Wallihan killed. Before shooting she photographed him, thus succeeding in getting a most excellent picture and also an excellent deer.

Mr. Wallihan's photographs have been considered so true to nature, and so clearly illustrative of animal life in the West, that a full series of them has been obtained by the National Museum at Washington, and the fame of his pictures has penetrated into foreign lands as well.

In the fall of the year, when the deer come down from the mountains along their well worn trails, Mr. Wallihan stations himself and his outfit a short distance from the spot where they are liable to pass, and hiding all but the top of his camera behind a convenient sage bush, he patiently waits until he gets a group of deer at close range, and then snaps his shutter. It takes a great many days and a great deal of patience to get a good picture, but Mr. Wallihan, understanding the animals so well, has succeeded in cases where hundreds of others have failed.

He has photographed and shot mountain lions, wildcats, sage grouse, silver tipped and black bears, and occasionally rattlesnakes, all in the vicinity of his home.

Another hunter who was present at the Sportsman's Exhibit, and who has seen many thrilling and exciting experiences in the hunting districts of the West, is Mr. W. H. Wright. Mr. Wright's home is in Missoula, Montana, and he has traveled and hunted through some of the roughest country of the region, one particularly long trip which he made not long ago being over three hundred miles in length, taking him through the Cascade mountain region from Spokane, Washington, north to British Columbia. He has shot pretty nearly everything in that part of the country which it is possible to shoot—elk, moose, deer, grizzly bears, mountain lions, and other wild occupants of the woods.

The Pole Vault.

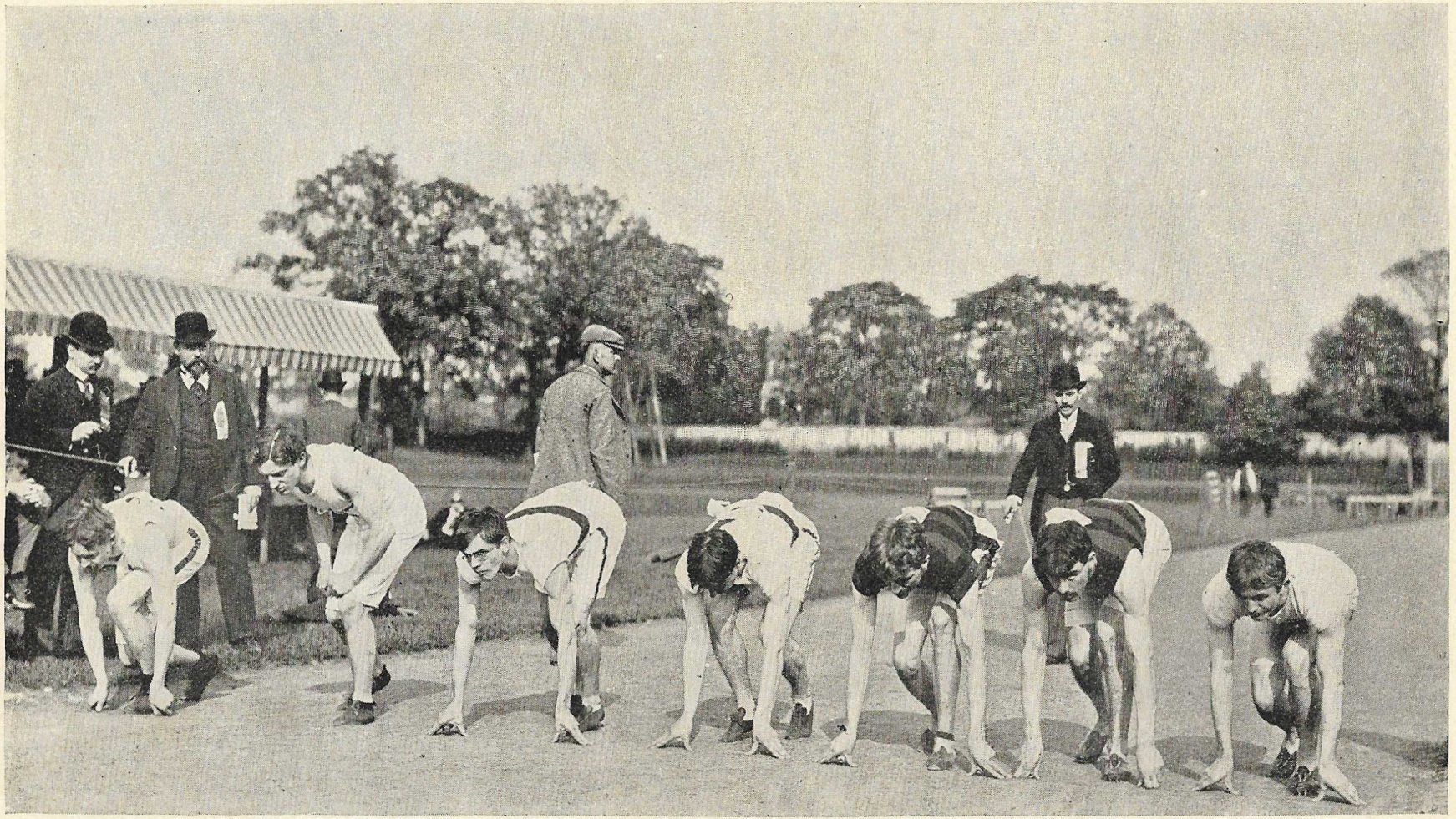
From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES.

TWENTY years ago the athletes of the first colleges in the United States got together to organize an association. A competition between the runners and jumpers and strong men for the honor of their colleges would be a good thing, they thought, and how well they reasoned is shown by the prominence to which this intercollegiate athletic association has risen. Gradually, year by year, "general athletics" has worked its way through the fevered interest concentrated about the ball fields and crews, and into the minds of the undergraduates. Faculties, parents, and physicians alike understand that it is the well proportoned figure, shaped and refined by steady, moderate training, rather than the hastily developed beef and brawn of a football man, that best stands the strain of the world, and that is why five thousand people gathered to encourage the games at the Berkeley Oval in New York last May.

Since their inception these meetings have been productive of sensational feats in track events. Each year some old college, or even world, record has been lowered. The present meeting was not an exception. G. W. Orton of Penn. lowered the mile run ; W. O. Hickok of Yale made new lengths for the shot and hammer putting ; C. T. Bucholz of Pennsylvania and W. W. Hoyt of Harvard raised pole vaulting to a new height, and J. L. Breemer of Harvard gave on added interest to the 220 yard hurdle. The startling feature of the meet, however, was the 100 and 220 yard sprinting of John V. Crum of the University of Iowa.

Yale won the cup with a total of 30 points (five points are scored for a winner, two for a second, and one for third places). The total scores of the other colleges were : U. of Penn., 25 ; Harvard, 22 ; U. of Iowa, 10 ; U. of Cal., 7 ; Dartmouth, 5 ; Swarthmore, 5 ; Union, 4 ; Amherst, 2 ; and Princeton, 1.



Start of the Quarter Mile Race.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

A DIVERTED VOYAGE.

By Edgar R. Hoadley,

Author of "Train and Station," "A Split in the Club," etc.

I.

"WHAT are we going to do now, Brad?" asked Duke Brandon, in despondent tones, and after a long pause.

"What *can* we do, but go home and 'give up the ship'," responded Bradley King, in equally gloomy mood, looking up at his friend as if he hoped to receive a suggestion that would help them out of their difficulties.

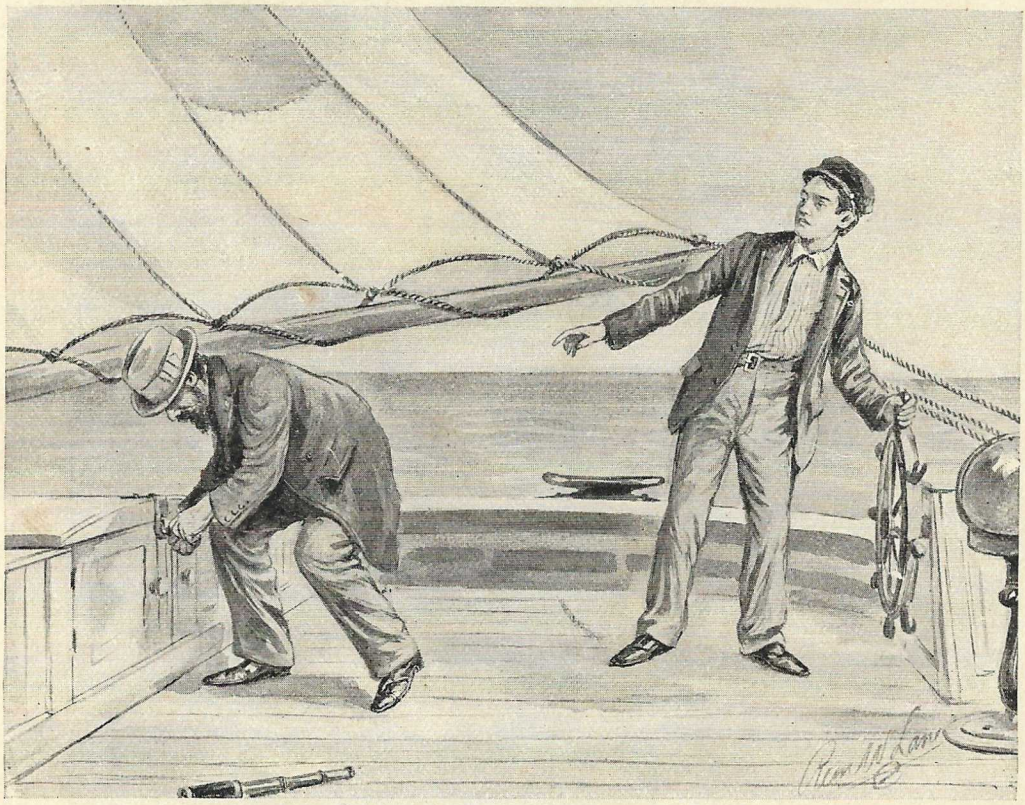
"Nothing, I suppose," replied Duke slowly. "But if we've got to go home, we might as well take that Mr. Marshall to Fortune Island, and make that hundred dollars. It won't be much out of our way. I wish I hadn't ever asked you to come here, and perhaps this thing wouldn't have happened."

"And perhaps it would," added Brad. "I had no business leaving the money in the cabin; but it's just our luck, or rather bad luck, and there's no use crying over spilt milk. Perhaps we had better do this service for Marshall, as you say. Half a loaf is better than no bread, you know, though I don't see how it will help us any to keep the Ondina."

The speakers were young fellows between seventeen and nineteen years of age. They were muscular and sun browned from outdoor life, but their toil marked hands showed that the latter had not all been passed in sport and pastime.

They were seated on the piazza of the Windsor Hotel, on Queen Street, in Hamilton, Bermuda.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and three hours before, they had discovered



"What are you doing?" cried Bob in great amazement.

that since their arrival the previous afternoon, some one had broken into the cabin of their yacht and stolen seven hundred dollars.

This money was their sole capital, which they had intended to invest in tropical fruits, principally bananas, at one of the West Indian islands, and carry them to the States, where they could be sold at a handsome profit.

It is true they had come considerably out of their way to touch at the Bermudas, but this was done because Duke Brandon had relatives at Hamilton, and besides, they wanted to combine some rest and pleasure with their business venture.

Bradley King and Duke Brandon were from the west coast of Florida, as were Bob Lynch and Perry Davis, the other two members of their party.

Brad's father owned an extensive orange grove, on which he spent the winter and worked as hard as any of the hired hands. He did not, however, do this for economy's sake, or because they could not employ enough men to do the work, but for the reason that his father had given him a portion of the grove, containing about one hundred trees, and he was intensely interested in its success.

Duke—which, by the way, was not his name at all, the boys having ignored his baptismal one of Charles, because he was English, and they claimed that there had been a Brandon who was Duke of Suffolk—Duke was the son of the captain of a packet schooner that ran between Cedar Keys, Tampa, and Key West. During the busy season, which had just ended, he was the mate of the schooner, for which service he was paid the regular wages by his father. He was a good sailor, as indeed were his three friends, and he knew every bay, inlet, or river, on the west coast.

Perry Davis and Bob Lynch were the sons of two men who had charge of the work of dredging for pebble phosphate in one of the South Florida rivers. They had had no particular occupation as yet, having recently left school in a northern city, but Perry expected to go as purser on a steamer, and Bob to get a position in the United States Engineer Corps, the next winter.

Not one of the quartet was possessed of ample means, though they were in comfortable circumstances.

Nearly two years before the memorable voyage (a portion of which we are about to relate), soon after they became acquainted and while the four friends were making a trip on the packet steamer, they agreed to purchase, in partnership, a schooner yacht, if the proper one could be found, for their own use, and to take out parties from the great Tampa Bay hotel.

They did not have to wait long to find what they wanted. A few days later a beautiful yacht, complete and almost luxurious in its every appointment, sailed into Tampa Bay. Her owner was with her, and, having met with a slight accident, was disgusted with her and wanted to get rid of her, which he was prepared to do at a sacrifice.

Unfortunately Brad and his friends did not hear of her till she had been sold to a broker, and when they approached him, they were told that they could have her for three thousand dollars, which was considerably more than he had paid for her.

This was much more than they had intended to expend for a vessel,and was far beyond their means.

But they were so pleased with the schooner, that they could not give up the idea of possessing her, and after considerable "dickering," they got the broker to let him have her for sixteen hundred dollars cash, the balance to be paid in two years, secured by a mortgage at seven per cent.

Of the sixteen hundred dollars, Brad contributed seven hundred, and each of his three friends put in three hundred. The balance, fourteen hundred dollars and interest, was to be paid by Brad, thus making his interest in the yacht seven tenths, and that of his friends three tenths.

At the end of the first year, he had paid off four hundred dollars of the principal of the mortgage, and within two months of the date of its maturity, he had seven hundred dollars more laid aside to be applied in the same way, all of it being the proceeds from the sale of oranges from his grove.

And as the orange shipping season had then just begun, Brad felt assured that he would have enough, and a great deal more, to pay off the mortgage when it became due.

Unfortunately the eccentricities of the elements did not enter into his calculations. The night before Christmas a killing frost swept over the whole of Florida, such as had not visited the State in over sixty years, and not only was the golden fruit frozen solid upon the trees, but most of the trees themselves were killed.

The almost total annihilation of the orange industry came like "a bolt out of the blue," as it were, and Brad viewed with dismay the destruction of thousands of dollars' worth of fruit, and the results of long years of labor and care.

The necessity of raising the three hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage on the yacht was forgotten, for the time being, in the general discussion of plans for the future, as it would take from three to five years for even the oldest orange trees which had not been killed, to bear again.

The first of February, however, brought a notice from the broker in Tampa that he would expect the mortgage to be paid off when due the first of the following month, or he would foreclose and sell the yacht.

Brad, however, had thought of the matter before that, and not without some

anxiety, but he felt reasonably sure he would have no trouble in getting a loan from somebody, especially as it was only three hundred dollars, and their interest in the yacht was now so large.

But he soon found it was going to be anything but an easy matter to raise even so small a sum as three hundred dollars. His own father could not help him, for he would need every cent he had, and more too, to tide him over the years that his orange grove would produce nothing. And no one else seemed inclined to supply the amount, though he applied to those he thought would most likely accommodate him, among his friends and neighbors whom he knew best.

He was met with a refusal by those who were orange growers, with the same reason his father had given, and by others with the plea of "hard times" and the "stringency of money." This may or may not have been true, but the fact of the matter was, no one was inclined to accept as security floating property, such as a yacht, however valuable it might be.

An appeal to the broker for an extension of time on the mortgage was equally unproductive of relief. So, perforce, the four friends were compelled to resolve themselves into a committee on ways and means.

After considerable discussion this, too, failed to provide a plan to raise the necessary money immediately. It was then that Brad proposed they make a trading voyage in the yacht, using the seven hundred dollars he had in hand, to purchase a cargo.

He was confident, barring accidents, that they could make a profit of at least four hundred dollars on a venture of tropical fruits from the West Indies to the States, as there was, just at that time, a scarcity of bananas and limes there, and they were bringing unusually high prices. Brad calculated that they could easily make the voyage, stopping a few days at the Bermudas, long before the first of the following month, when the mortgage was due.

This brings us back to the beginning of our story, when they had reached Hamilton, and when the theft of Brad's seven hundred dollars had dashed to the ground all their hopes of retaining possession of the Ondina, and unexpectedly changed their plans.

II.

"HERE come Bob and Perry," continued Duke, who had been looking down Queen Street, where it joined Harbor. "I wonder if they have heard anything."

"They don't look as if they had," observed Brad, following his friend's gaze. "They see us, and if they had any good news they would show it."

"What news, boys?" cried Duke, as Bob and Perry came up.

"None," replied Bob gloomily. "The constables have gathered in all the suspicious characters in the place, but not a trace of the robber or the money can be found. The chief constable seems to think the thief may have come from one of the vessels in the harbor. A coaster is reported to have sailed for the States early this morning just before daybreak."

"Did you hear what her name was?' asked Brad eagerly.

"Yes, the Wanderer, of Nassau."

"We must catch her," continued Brad, jumping to his feet. "Come on, boys."

"Hold on, Brad," interposed Duke. "Don't let us go off on a wild good chase. It's not a suspicious circumstance that that schooner should have sailed when she did —that's about the hour the tide served for going out."

"I suppose you are right," said Brad dejectedly, dropping back into his chair; "besides, if you were not, the evidence is too slim, and there is hardly one chance in a thousand that those on her even know about the robbery, much less anything as to the whereabouts of the money. It's no use; we might as well give it up for gone."

"We met that Mr. Marshall a few minutes ago," said Perry Davis, after a pause. "He asked us if we had changed our minds about taking him to Fortune Island, and I told him he had better see you about it again."

"Duke and I had just about decided we would take him when you came up," Brad rejoined. "It's the best thing we can do; in fact, the *only* thing we can do, though it won't save the Ondina."

"Unless we could find out where that Cuban revolutionary leader is, or capture him," laughed Bob.

"What do you mean? What revolutionary leader?" asked Brad and Duke, almost in the same breath.

"Why, Macedo—you've heard of him through the newspapers, since they began that insurrection in Cuba early this spring. He's been in exile at San Domingo, and it is supposed that he is now on the way to Cuba to lead the insurgents. Well, it appears that some time during the night, placards offering a reward of six hundred pounds for the capture, or information leading to the capture, of Macedo, were posted all over town. Soon after daylight, however, the posters were torn down by the constables, but we were shown one at the chief's office."

"No, thank you, Bob," laughed Brad, "I don't think we want to make Mr. Macedo's closer acquaintance just now, and the straits of Florida, well without the three mile limit, is as near as we want to get to Cuba just at this time."

"And especially so, as a dungeon or an ounce of lead, or both, is waiting for you, if you should be caught by the Spaniards," added Duke.

"Here's Marshall now," interrupted

Perry, as a man in a light costume and a Panama hat came up the steps.

He was of medium height, though powerfully built, and his face was almost entirely covered with a thick black beard. He had said he was the owner of a large sugar plan tation on Fortune Island, which he was anxious to reach, as he had heard that most of his hands were leaving him and going over to Cuba to join the revolutionists.

The boys had spent some time with him at the hotel the evening before, when he had tried to induce them to take him to his plantation, and they had discussed with him their plans.

In a few minutes Brad had concluded arrangements with him. They were to sail with the tide early the next day. Marshall was stopping at the hotel, and one of the boys was to call for him in the morning.

"Well, fellows," said Brad, when he had gone, "I'm going to sleep on the Ondina tonight."

"What for?" asked Duke. "There's nothing left much worth stealing but the schooner."

"I know it, more's the pity," replied Brad sadly; "but I have an idea I would rather do it."

"But you'll come out and see the folks again before we go?" added Duke.

He had invited his friends to spend their nights at his aunt's near Prospect Hill, during their sojourn on the islands, and they had passed the previous night there.

"Certainly," responded Brad; "and today we must take in the sights of the place."

The day was quickly and pleasantly passed in viewing the points of interest in Hamilton, in inspecting the Royal Dockyard on Inland Island and the military establishment at Prospect Hill, and in a final visit with Duke's aunt.

At half past ten Brad was asleep in the cabin of the Ondina. The schooner was anchored in Hamilton Sound, only a short distance from the line of wharves, which formed the water side of Harbor Street.

Brad had slept probably an hour, when he was aroused by a knock on the cabin slide, which he had closed and locked.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" he called, far from pleased at being disturbed.

"Is Mr. King on board?" asked a voice, after a pause.

"Yes; I'm Mr. King. What's wanted?" answered Brad.

"Mr. Marshall says he would like to see you up at the hotel a few minutes."

"Why didn't he come down himself?" asked Brad impatiently, and wondering what their passenger wanted to see him for at that hour of the night, when they were going to sail by daylight in the morning.

Perhaps, he thought, he had changed his mind about going to Fortune Island, and they would have to return home without even the hundred dollars,

"He said to tell you he would have done so, but he wasn't feeling very well," replied the voice to Brad's question.

"That's different," said the latter, as he began to put on his clothes. "All right. Tell him I will be there in a few minutes."

Brad found their passenger sitting up in his room. He did not appear, from his voice or actions, to be ill in any way, but if he was, it would have been impossible to have detected it in his face, so closely was it covered by his thick black beard.

He complained of a sick headache.

In response to Brad's question, he said he not only still wanted to be taken to Fortune Island, but that he also had half a dozen boxes of sugar mill machinery he wanted carried there. Would the boys transport it for fifty dollars additional?

Brad readily replied that they would, and expressed the wish that they could get a whole cargo at the same rates.

Where were the boxes, and when would they be put aboard? He was informed that they were then on a steamer in the harbor, and would be transferred to the schooner as soon as it was light enough in the morning.

The matter being arranged, Brad prepared to return to the yacht. Marshall detained him, however, with a discussion as to the best treatment for frozen orange trees, a subject in which, of course, Brad was intensely interested.

This was followed by other topics, and it was after one o'clock before he found himself back in the cabin of the schooner.

At the first peep of dawn, the three boys were on hand, and Mr. Marshall followed soon after.

Brad immediately told his friends of the additional arrangement he had made with the passenger.

As soon as it was light enough, a large yawl put off from a coasting steamer, lying not far distant, with Marshall's boxes, and they were quickly transferred to the schooner's hold.

Just as the sun came up, the Ondina passed through Tremblar's Narrows, into the Atlantic Ocean, and was headed southeast.

With good weather, and a favoring breeze, it was about ten days' sail for a yacht like the Ondina to Fortune Island.

Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, and nothing happened to interrupted the ordinary routine of standing watch, handling the sails, and taking alternate tricks at the wheel.

Mr. Marshall kept to the cabin most of the time, and had very little to say. He appeared to be in deep thought, or worried about something, probably over the condition of affairs on his plantation. He also devoted much time and study to a map and some papers he had with him in a small leather bag.

The only thing in his actions that caused any comment from the boys was the ex-

treme care he took that none of them should get a close view of the map or the papers.

Late in the afternoon of the tenth day Fortune Island was sighted, and it was calculated that they could make its harbor by sundown.

At six o'clock, when dinner was announced, they were within three or four miles of the island. Duke then found, by consulting Mr. Marshall and their almanac, that they would have to wait at least two hours before the tide would be high enough to go into the harbor.

It was decided that they would anchor, as soon as they came up opposite its entrance.

Bob Lynch was at the wheel while the others were at dinner. As the wind was light and steady, it was not necessary to have any one on deck to assist the wheelman.

Dinner was about half finished when Mr. Marshall rose suddenly from the table, saying:

"Pardon me, boys, I have forgotten something. My overseer said he would display a signal which would let me know if all was right on the plantation. I want to see if it is there."

He took the telescope from the rack on the side of the cabin, near the companion way, and hurried on deck.

When his two feet were beyond the combing of the companion, he turned like a flash, and, slamming the cabin slide shut, fastened it with the hasp and staple.

"What are you doing?" cried Bob in great amazement.

"You can see," replied Marshall coldly. "I have locked your friends in the cabin, and I'm going to take this schooner to Cuba. Behave yourself, and you sha'n't be hurt."

"Cuba!" echoed Bob, trying to control his excitement. "We don't want to go there, and on the whole I don't think we will."

"On the whole I think we *will* go there," said Marshall in a quiet tone.

"I thought you were only going to Fortune Island."

"I think now we will keep on past Fortune Island to Cuba."

"I think we'll do nothing of the kind," retorted Bob decidedly.

"Well, Bob, it doesn't make much difference now what you think. You're the best sailor on this schooner, and I shall want you to pilot us to Cuba."

"That's where you are mistaken, but even if I were I wouldn't take her another step towards Cuba," said Bob angrily, relinquishing his grasp on the spokes of the wheel and stepping back.

"No?" queried Marshall sarcastically, as he drew a revolver from his pocket and deliberately cocked it.

Bob was alarmed and tremendously excited. He had never been called upon to look into the barrel of a pistol, and he far from relished the prospect.

"Obey me in all things, Bob, and all will be well with you," added Marshall.

"What do you mean by this outrage, Mr. Marshall?" demanded Bob, whose pluck had certainly deserted him for the moment.

"I mean we are going to Cuba, as I told you before," replied Marshall, as he turned and walked forward.

At this moment there was a pounding and pushing against the cabin slide, which acted as a spur on Bob, reviving his inborn pluck, and impelling him to attempt a daring thing.

Marshall had hardly reached the main hatch when he sprang forward to the cabin slide, intent only on releasing his companions. He had just put his hand on the hasp when Marshall deliberately turned and presented his revolver, as if he had seen and was perfectly aware of what the boy was doing.

Bob crouched down behind the raised cabin, but apparently not soon enough, for almost simultaneously with the report of Marshall's revolver, he staggered to his feet with a cry of pain, and lurched overboard.

(*To be continued*).

THE CYCLIST.

When first the rider on his cycle leaps,
  Ere yet beneath his grasp the handles glow,
  The foremost wheel, with wav'rings to and fro,
Unsteadily, gathers way, and forward creeps.
But soon a straight and steady course it keeps,
  Urged by those feet that make the pedals go;
  More rapid still the revolutions grow,
Till swift through singing air the safety sweeps.
Behold the life of man depicted here:
  First tott'ring infancy's uncertain pace,
  Then manhood grows more steady in the race,
When speedier still flies each revolving year.

—*Thomas Auld.*

THROUGH BEAR HOLLOW.

By Max J. Harvey.

I HAD intended to take a spin of six or eight miles before breakfast, for it was in the latter part of May, when the eastern horizon begins to show light shortly after four o'clock, but there were several reasons why I changed that part of my program. I had arrived at the Travelers' Rest late the night before and found it one of the best hotels yet encountered on my two weeks' cycling trip through the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

I had wandered off the beaten track of wheelmen, so that no road map was at command. In fact I was the pioneer of our club sent to lay out a course which a dozen of them had arranged to take during their summer vacation.

I had had an unusually long run, so that I was tired and hungry, when I swung off my wheel at this quaint, old fashioned hotel, with its well cooked food, its honest welcome, and its clean bedding. What more natural, therefore, that when I awoke a little later than usual and glanced at my watch, where I had hung it against the wall, I should turn over and sleep another hour before descending to breakfast?

All this is somewhat of a roundabout way of saying that instead of leaving the Travelers' Rest at five o'clock in the morning, I did so at eight. I had now a run of nearly twenty miles through a wild part of the country, where I could not expect to find good roads.

From the landlord I had gathered all the information necessary, and understood my course as well as if I had a route map before me. Five miles of fair ordinary road, then ten or twelve through a wooded, hilly country, after which the highway was a fair one to Wolfmere. Beyond that, all was good sailing and had been studied so carefully by me that I felt familiar with it.

There was just enough coolness in the air to make the slight exertion with the wheel perfect enjoyment. The road was better than I anticipated; I had lingered over a most excellent meal, with the brief rest that was proper; there was nothing to cause haste; the sky was without a cloud and my wheel seemed to run of itself.

I never struck so lonely a country as that through which I was now passing. Recalling the people whom I had seen, the several villages and numerous dwellings only twenty four hours before, it was hard to realize that I went mile after mile without seeing a living person or a human residence. This was all the stranger from the fact that the road was well worn and must have been traveled by vehicles within a short time.

By and by I saw two men at work in a field, but they were half a mile away and at first I doubted their reality. Then I met a horseman, who nodded in recognition of my salute, but neither of us spoke, and then came another half hour of solitude.

I had passed several stretches of woods and debouched into the open country again, when I saw some one approaching. A glow of pleasure went over me, for he was a wheelman like myself.

There is a feeling of comradeship among cyclists, especially outside the cities, where meetings between them are not so frequent, and though the young man drawing near was a stranger, I warmed to him.

As we met, we instinctively slackened our pace, came to a halt, dismounted, and standing beside our machines, indulged in a few minutes' talk.

He was from Philadelphia and out for a week's jaunt with his wheel. He had taken this course to get away from the traveled routes. He liked it and expected to go back to his work in Philadelphia with perfect health and strength.

I told him about the roads I had come over and he was equally courteous.

"It's a little bit rough further on," he said with a half fling of his head to signify the road over which he had just come, "but you won't have any trouble on *that* account."

"What then is likely to be the cause?" I asked.

"You have a pistol with you, I suppose?" he remarked with a smile.

"I never carry one."

My new acquaintance shook his head.

"You may not need a weapon when traveling through a well settled portion of the country, but you do in this part of the world. And, as the Arkansas colonel said, when you do want a revolver, you want it mighty bad."

"And why?"

"About two miles to the rear, in a piece of woods, is Bear Hollow, that I was warned against. There's an old stone house near the highway, which seems to be the headquarters of a vicious set of tramps, who make a practice of holding up such few wheelmen as venture to pass their place"

"Did they trouble you?"

"They tried it. Three of them took their station in the middle of the road, so that I could not pass, and notified me that I must hand over what valuables I had, or they would demolish me. I slipped off my wheel, drew my revolver, and let fly. I didn't mean to kill any one of them, though I would have been justified, but killing a man is too serious a thing to be done lightly. So I nipped the ugliest looking tramp's ear with a bullet. That gave them a scare, and I was on my wheel and off again before they could recover. Sorry you haven't a weapon. Look out for yourself is all I have to say except to wish you good luck."

We parted company, and I rode along at a moderate pace, wondering what it was best to do, for after the warning of my friend, I could not doubt the gravity of the danger.

Had there been a cross road offering a chance to flank the perilous point, I would have been quick to take it, but there was none. Wisdom suggested that I should go back or wait until I had company, but I could not know how long I would have to tarry in the lonely country, before finding some one who was going my way, and there are few things which a cyclist dislikes more than taking the "back track," after having fixed his day's route.

Thus it was that I kept moving at the same moderate pace until I entered the wooded stretch of country, the road leading straight in advance, without the slightest curve to the right or left. A gentle, downward grade, plainly seen in front, left no doubt that it was Bear Hollow, where the frowsy vagrants were on the alert to stop and plunder solitary travelers like myself.

I had not decided upon my precise line of action, but, seeing nothing of the men, concluded that the only thing to do was to spurt. By putting on my best speed, I was hopeful of darting past the danger point before detection. I had begun to press more hardly on the pedals, when I made two important discoveries.

The little, tumble down stone house of which I had heard, stood directly beside the highway, partly hidden by trees and vegetation. I had hardly located it when the touseled head of a man appeared, peering from among the trees. I saw his slouch hat, his heavily bearded face and massive shoulders revealed for a moment, and then drawn back.

That he had discovered me was self evident, and I was sure to find my way blocked. The highest burst of speed would not take me past the place. A collision, an "unhorsing," a robbery, and perhaps a terrible beating awaited me, if I kept on.

The second discovery was a path which was disclosed on my right and led into the woods. Like a flash, I sprang to the ground, and ran my wheel into the narrow opening. At that season the vegetation was at its fullest, and a dozen paces took me beyond sight of any one passing along the road.

This would have been a providential escape could I have been certain of one thing: that the path led around through the forest, coming back to the road at a safe distance beyond Bear Hollow. I thought it likely that such was the fact, but could not know until the test was made.

At any rate, I might have picked my way among the trees, ultimately coming back to the highway, even if it required an hour or more, but for the fact that the tramps would be quick to detect and frustrate the attempt.

If I failed to appear in front of the stone building within the next minute, they would know that I had either stopped or gone back. A glance would fail to show me to them, gliding away from the spot, for it will be remembered that the highway was so straight that they could see for a long way. They would know on the instant, therefore, that I had taken to the woods, and aware, too, of the path would know also my course and would be quick to head me off.

However, I had "crossed the Rubicon," and it would not do to hesitate. An attempt to return to the road was likely to bring me face to face with the fellows, and I pushed on, as fast as the situation would admit.

The path was narrow, little traveled, and crossed and overhung with limbs, against which I brushed, and some of which I had to thrust aside to make room for myself and the wheel. The trail had probably been made many years before by animals in going to the stream at the bottom of the hollow for water, and was therefore older than the highway itself, for the latter removed the necessity of such a footpath, which probably was never used nowadays.

It was a trying task. The pedals and wheels caught several times, and I had to watch out carefully to prevent the machine from being disabled. Where I could do so I trotted, though it was risky work. I did not dare mount, but there were places here and there where I might have increased the speed by so doing; but more than likely I would have been swept from my seat by the obtruding limbs, or the gearing would have been broken—a disaster which filled me with nervous dread.

All the time I was listening and glancing back and in front for the tramps, expecting their appearance at any moment.

Suddenly I came upon a small sluggish stream at the lowest depression of the hollow. It was only a few inches deep and about a yard wide. It was so clear and cool looking, that but for my haste, I would have knelt down and quaffed my fill of the tempting water; but I sprang lightly across, pulling my wheel after me.

The path continued without change on the other side, so that in the olden time,

the wild animals must have approached the stream from both directions. Whether, however, the trail led back to the highway or deeper into the forest remained to be discovered.

"Hey, there! sonny, we want you!"

The startling hail came from the rear. There they were, two of as villainous vagrants as ever robbed a hen roost. They had just leaped the narrow stream and were striding towards me, less than one hundred feet away.

Had they chosen instead to head me off, there would have been no hope of escape, for before I could have turned round and mounted my wheel, they would have been upon me.

As it was, they would have been at my heels in a twinkling, had I not resorted to a desperate recourse, and one wholly unexpected by them. I gave my wheel a start, leaped into the seat and applied every ounce of strength upon the pedals.

"Stop, or we'll shoot!"

I didn't believe they had any firearms, but had I known to the contrary, it would have made no difference. I was working for life now, and no young man ever wrought harder.

Seeing my action, the men broke into a run. It took me a few seconds to acquire headway, during which they gained, but I was quickly drawing away from them and increasing the space at every revolution of the wheels.

It may be said, however, that the peril was more from my flight than from them. The path must have improved after it crossed the little stream, else I never could have kept my seat and maintained any rate of speed.

The branches swished my face like the thongs of a whip; some of the blows against my sides were painful, and though I bent my head, leaning forward, and peering eagerly from under the rim of my cap, it seemed certain every moment that myself and wheel would be overturned in a disastrous, all pervading smash.

I did not glance back to see how my pursuers were making out, for that was likely to precipitate the very catastrophe which threatened, but bent every energy to getting ahead, getting ahead; that was the one all absorbing, overpowering desire, that thrilled through my whole being.

This strange chase must soon end. If the path led deeper into the woods, my progress must be checked. If it debouched into the highway, it was time I reached that point.

I could hardly restrain a shout when the increasing light ahead showed that I was close to the road. The path *did* curve around and return to it. It was directly ahead. Hurrah!

I glanced back. Despite the obstructions, I had drawn away so far from my pursuers that nothing was seen of them.

But I was rejoicing too soon. There stood the third ragged miscreant directly in my path on the edge of the highway. He had a huge stone in his hand and was waiting for me.

"Out of my way or I'll shoot!" I shouted, slipping my hand back to my hip.

He knew what the threatening movement meant and stepped to one side, but only for a couple of paces, so I had barely room to clear him.

I shot into the road as if propelled from a catapult, and to save myself from plunging into the wood on the other side, I leaned so far to the right that it seemed my elbow grazed the dust in the highway, and the wheel slid sideways as if on ice. But I kept my poise (though if the path had entered into the road at right angles it would have been impossible), straightened up, and away I went down the highway like an arrow sped from the bow.

Something whizzed passed my head and crashed among the trees like a cannon ball. It was the stone, which the tramp had hurled with prodigious force and so true an aim that it missed crushing my skull by barely a hair's breath. But "a miss is as good as a mile."

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

THE year is a casket of costly things,
A treasure of priceless worth,
A storehouse full for shepherds and kings,
Whose gems are the joys of earth.
We plunge our hands in the gleaming store,
It yields so much, and we ask still more!
Like jewels bright from a necklace shed,
The radiant moments have flashed and fled.

The year is a palace of fair delights,
Where the sun and the moon do reign
O'er the nomad nation of days and nights,
Who wander by hill and plain.
Within the palace's gate of gold
We hear the tale of the seasons told;
Each hour is a word in the endless rhyme
Of ploughing, and sowing, and shearing time.

—*Marston Moore.*

OVER AFRICA.*

By William Murray Graydon,

Author of "Under Africa," "The Sun God's Secret," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

RALPH HALDANE, who held an editorial position in the publishing house of Scudamore & Co., went to meet an expedition in Africa in the interests of his firm, leaving in Mr. Scudamore's charge his little son, Hector. Some months later a portion of the balloon in which he had ascended, is found floating on the river Niger, and Haldane is given up for lost.

On Hector's twenty first birthday Mr. Scudamore acquaints him with his father's fate, but can tell him little concerning his parentage. He gives the young man a small gold locket which belonged to his father, containing the portrait of a beautiful woman, whom both believe to be Hector's mother.

Shortly after graduating from Oxford, several years later, Hector receives a letter announcing Mr. Scudamore's death, and that as the deceased has died intestate all his property reverts to his widow, thus leaving Hector penniless.

Learning that an expedition is being fitted out by Sir Wilfred Coventry in order to rescue the elder Haldane, who is believed by some to be still living in the wilds of Africa, Hector joins it. The others of the party are Captain Jolly and an old classmate of Hector's, Philip Berkeley.

The party embark on a magnificent balloon, the Explorer, which the baronet has had made especially for the journey. After many thrilling adventures, they reach Lake Chad; but the havoc created by the grapnel in a native village, prevents a descent. With the supply of gas almost gone, they are driven over a vast plain too level to afford a hold for the anchor, and rapidly approach the broad sheet of water, apparently destined to encounter death, if not from drowning or the crocodiles which infest it, at the hands of the Buddumas, a bloodthirsty tribe inhabiting the adjacent region.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

IN WHICH ALL SEEM FATED TO PERISH.

THE balloon was now only thirty or forty feet above the ground. The baronet attached an extra piece of rope to the grappling anchor—making its length fifty feet at least—and standing erect, he threw it from the car.

All eyes watched the iron hook in its swift descent—the frail object on which centered all their hopes. It plunged into the coppice of reeds and disappeared. Then came a loud splash, a scattering of turbid, yellow water in every direction, and as the grapnel plowed its deep furrow through the towering rushes, myriads of wild fowl rose with frightful squalls, and swarmed about the car.

Sir Wilfred turned to his companions with a gesture of despair.

"We have been traveling over the surface of the lake for miles," he cried, "and did not know it. This is that great desert of reeds which Barth believed to be illimitable, and in which he so nearly perished. If the car descends here we are lost—and look! the open lake is just before us."

The baronet swiftly hauled up the grapnel, and then turned to his companions with more excitement in his manner than they had ever seen before.

"The balloon is falling steadily," he exclaimed. "Throw out everything that you can spare. It is our only hope. God grant that enough gas still remains to take us across the lake!"

He seized the small quantity of food that still remained and tossed it over. Captain Jolly threw out a flask of water and a box of loaded shells.

The balloon rose slowly until it was fifteen feet above the water, and then crept gradually down again.

Sir Wilfred, with a look of despair, flung out the blankets, and then another box of ammunition.

The car rose twenty feet above the water, and soared along with the breeze for half a mile.

Then down it sank until the tops of the tallest reeds swayed above the heads of the aëronauts. Its motive power was almost spent.

The baronet and Captain Jolly exchanged meaning glances. Then each seized a rifle and flung it into the air.

The balloon went slowly upward, and as the car burst from the dense rushes that had threatened to ingulf it, Sir Wilfred pointed ahead with a sharp cry, and his comrades followed the motion of his arm with glances of the utmost terror.

For an instant amazement and fear held all speechless. Not fifty yards away was the open surface of the lake—a vast sheet of sunlit water that stretched afar in sparkling wavelets until it faded into the dimness of the horizon.

To the right and left a faint outline of the shore was visible for a long distance, and numerous islands, green with vegetation and timber. But in the immediate foreground—appalling sight to the imperiled aëronauts—were hippopotami sporting their unwieldy bodies in the shallow water;

**The first 10 chapters of this story appeared in the June and July issue of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 20 cents.*

snorting river horses, and huge crocodiles lying idly on the surface.

A moment later the balloon swept past the last straggling barrier of reeds, and hovered over the open lake, now dipping coquettishly toward the surface, and then soaring a dozen feet in air. As though scenting their prey, hundreds of hungry crocodiles thrust their scaly snouts from the lake, and turned their yawning jaws toward the car.

Sir Wilfred's calmness did not desert him even at this critical moment, but his companions were pale with dread. They leaned over the car, unable to tear their eyes from the grewsome spectacle, and still the balloon sank lower with fatal pertinacity.

The baronet glanced at the three remaining rifles and the scanty supply of ammunition.

Then he turned his pockets inside out, and flung his knife, his pistol, and a handful of coin into the lake. The others followed his example.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTURED BY THE BUDDUMAS.

THE sacrifice of these small articles had no visible effect on the balloon. It skimmed on its course, barely six feet from the surface.

The bale of tobacco had been temporarily forgotten. Hector made a dash for it, and over it went, much to the disgust of the crocodiles, who anticipated a daintier morsel. The balloon rose a few feet, and then dipped obliquely toward the surface.

It seemed that no earthly power could save the hapless aëronauts. Hope was at an end.

Suddenly all eyes were turned on the half lifeless Budduma, who was reclining against the side of the car. The same thought had entered the minds of all. If this fellow were thrown out they might be saved yet! What business had he there, anyhow? He was only a Budduma, a pirate, a bloodthirsty wretch who would be better off dead!

Sir Wilfred shook his head and looked rebukingly at his companions.

"No, not that," he said. "It would be murder. Better die than live with such a stain on our souls. If I thought it would do any good," he continued, "I would sacrifice the three rifles and the remainder of the ammunition. But it would only lengthen our struggles. Let us commend ourselves to Providence!"

A sublime expression was on the baronet's face as he looked upward toward the peaceful blue sky. It impressed his companions, cowering fearfully in the bottom of the car. "I will show you how a man should die," it seemed to say to them.

The crocodiles gathered thicker and thicker in the wake of the balloon.

As far as the eye could reach the yellow surface of the lake was dotted with black specks.

Chako clung to the cords that fastened the car to the hoop, uttering shriek after shriek. Was the judgment of Heaven about to descend on the daring explorers who had chosen so audaciously to disregard the laws of nature?

As the car fluttered over the very surface of the lake, grazing the water at intervals like a swallow in its flight, Hector sprang up with a radiant face.

"There is still a last resort," he cried eagerly. "We can rid ourselves of at least a hundred pounds of ballast. Let us cut the car loose and cling to the meshes of the balloon."

"The lad is right," exclaimed the baronet. "It is a clever plan." He grasped Hector's hand and shook it with a warmth that spoke more than words.

The oscillations of the exhausted balloon were now frightful, and no time was lost in carrying out Hector's suggestion. Sir Wilfred stuffed the compass and map into his pocket. The guns, the boxes of ammunition, and the rope ladder were tied securely among the ropes.

The baronet and Captain Jolly seized the Budduma with the intention of hoisting him to a place of safety, but the wretch roused himself from his stupor and made such a fierce resistance that they were compelled to drop him.

"It's no use," cried Sir Wilfred; "we can never get him up among those ropes unless he lends his own assistance. He will have to remain in the car. I gave the outside a coat of rosin and pitch before we left Lagos, and it will keep afloat for a few moments at least—long enough perhaps for yonder canoes to pick the fellow up. Into the netting now, all of you."

The baronet's admonition was not needed. All seized the cords and went nimbly up, hand over hand, first to the hoop and then into the tightly woven network that covered the balloon. Chako was more agile that any, and climbed far aloft like a great monkey. As they reached this temporary place of refuge the car struck the water with a swish that made the spray fly, and the body of the balloon whirled dizzily round and round.

For an instant the lives of all hung by a very slender thread and the ravenous crocodiles narrowly missed a stupendous feast—missed, I say, for just in the nick of time, Hector, who was far down in the cordage, swung his gleaming hatchet, and one by one severed the ropes that held the car. The last one parted of its own accord from the strain, and the balloon soared twenty feet in air, where it encountered quite a little breeze, that carried it swiftly to the eastward.

The car containing the refractory Budduma was seen to float lightly upon the water surrounded by numerous black snouts.

"His friends will rescue him," said Sir Wilfred, pointing to three big canoes that had just put off from an island that lay scarcely a mile ahead.

"And probably do the very opposite for us," added Captain Jolly in alarm.

However, the captain's fears proved groundless. The occupants of the canoes shook their spears threateningly, but the balloon passed one hundred yards to the north of them, and kept steadily on toward the island, which was now very close at hand.

The thick vegetation concealed its interior, but it was very long, apparently quite broad, and the banks rose steeply from the water's edge.

The balloon must have presented a strange sight shorn of its car, and with the five men clinging by hands and feet to the dangling meshes of the netting.

"We are sure to strike that island," said Hector to Sir Wilfred, who was nearest to him. "The balloon will dash against the trees."

"We must take what comes without complaint," replied the baronet. "Through the mercy of Providence we have escaped the crocodiles. Even so we may be delivered from the cruel Buddumas, into whose hands, I confess, we seem destined to fall —for this island is undoubtedly inhabited."

There was no time to say more. As though guided by an invisible hand, the balloon swept straight for the landing place on the shore of the island, which was marked by a long row of canoes, and by a well worn path leading up the bank.

At this close range the aëronauts could see a cleared space beyond the outer fringe of timber. The trees were fortunately not very close together, and the balloon swept right between two of the tallest trunks, only half a dozen feet above the ground, and soared over a Budduma town swarming with natives, who had evidently been awaiting the arrival of the strange visitors in silence.

Now they sprang up by dozens, shaking their spears and slings, and yelling so hideously that the terrified aëronauts nearly fell from their perch.

In fact they had barely time to realize the hornet's nest they had stumbled into, when a native lifted his sling and sent a two pound stone crashing through the top of the balloon. Through this double rent the gas swiftly escaped, and the huge bulk of oiled silk collapsed right in the center of the village, dumping the aëronauts rudely to the ground and covering them up in its immense folds.

They crept out one at a time, none the worse for their fall, and each new arrival was greeted by a hoarse yell from the exultant Buddumas, who crowded in a dense circle about their captives, eying them with hostile looks, but refraining from any attempt at personal violence—for the present at least.

The scene was worthy the brush of an artist—the great balloon, so lately full of life, now a shriveled, shapeless mass upon the ground; the little group standing by its side, who had ended so disastrously their daring voyage; and the naked, brown savages swarming in the background, clamoring frantically for their captives' life blood.

Chako groveled on the ground, the image of abject despair, but the bearing of the four white men was quite different. Hector and Phil were very pale, and the captain's round face was wrinkled with anxiety; but Sir Wilfred confronted his enemies as calmly and gracefully as though he were facing an applauding audience from the platform of a lecture hall. At length he turned to his companions and said, "Do nothing to anger these people. Respect their wishes, but at the same time be careful to show no trace of fear."

For fully five minutes the captives were subjected to the scrutiny of the Buddumas; but presently a dozen grim looking fellows came forward, who drove the people to a little distance with their long spears, and then roughly laid hands on the prisoners. At this demonstration the mob ceased their frenzied howling and became expectantly silent.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVES BECOME THE GUESTS OF KING KASONGO.

At first the captives fully believed that they were doomed to immediate death, but they were soon joyfully undeceived. The Buddumas led them roughly through the crowd to a small circular hut on the opposite side of the village, and thrust them into the dark interior.

"My dear friends," said Sir Wilfred, "it is best that you should know how critical is our situation. Let us not deceive ourselves with false hopes. The Buddumas are a cruel people. They never keep prisoners; they invariably kill them. We have fallen into bad hands."

This statement was confirmed by Chako in a few inarticulate sentences, for the Ashantee was almost speechless from terror.

In this hopeless frame of mind the captives sat down on the floor of the hut, which was strewn with dry grass. Very little light shone in through the cracks of the door, and outside the barbarians were still keeping up a most terrific commotion.

All at once the din grew louder—if such a thing were possible—and the tenor of the cries seemed to change.

"Unless my ears deceive me," said Sir Wilfred, "the wretches are howling for joy. Our fate has probably been pronounced."

The prisoners started anxiously to their feet, not knowing what to expect, as a

rush of footsteps was heard, and the door of the hut was torn away.

Each man was seized by two Buddumas, and led out of the hut. Chako alone made any resistance. He fought his custodians, tooth and nail, believing that they were taking him to instant execution.

The center of the village was jammed with natives, who fell apart as the captives advanced, leaving a space for them to walk.

The procession halted by the side of the balloon, which lay just as it had fallen. "Shiver my hulk!" ejaculated Captain Jolly, and the others shared his surprise, for there lay the wicker car that had been cut adrift on the lake.

Suddenly a tall savage appeared, leading by the hand the emaciated young slave whom the aëronauts had rescued from the Shoa Arabs.

The man possessed rather an intelligent face, and was dressed more pretentiously than his companions—in a blue garment of native manufacture.

He singled out Sir Wilfred and addressed him volubly in some strange dialect.

Much to his companions' amazement, the baronet replied in the same tongue, and for fifteen or twenty minutes an animated conversation was carried on, which was listened to with the greatest attention on the part of the Buddumas. Sir Wilfred's friends, of course, could not understand a word that was said, nor could they form any conception as to the drift of the discussion, for the baronet's expression was sphinx-like and told them nothing.

At last the Budduma moved aside—to signify that the conversation was over for the present—and Sir Wilfred turned to his companions with a radiant countenance.

"Conceal your feelings," he said cautiously; "don't let these fellows see your gratification. Providence has interposed to save us. How fortunate it was that I should have learned the Shoa dialect a year ago! That Budduma yonder is also familiar with it; where he acquired it I don't know—probably from some captive Arab. But that matters not. Whom do you suppose he is? None other than Kasongo, the so-styled king of all these piratical Budduma tribes who inhabit the numerous islands of Lake Chad, and that puny lad beside him, whom we chanced to rescue from the Arabs, is his son, Prince Agga, who was captured a month ago while the Buddumas were raiding some Shoa town. His father had given him up for lost until the canoes picked up our floating basket a little while ago.

"We have earned the gratitude of the king and of his savage followers. Kasongo believes that we purposely rescued his son and brought him to this island. By all means let him think so. The prince, of course, knows no better. King Kasongo asked all manner of questions about ourselves and about the balloon. I explained our journey through the air as lucidly as possible, and told the king something concerning the object of our expedition. He professes to be deeply grateful, and promises to give what information he can, and all the assistance that lies in his power. We shall soon see if he intends to keep his word. At all events, we are in no immediate danger, and the chances are that our trip to the island of the Buddumas will turn out to be the best thing that could have happened to us. Bear in mind what I have told you. Show no trace of fear."

It may be imagined with what joy the captives heard this good news. They were mindful of the baronet's warning, however, and carefully disguised their real feelings.

King Kasongo speedily gave substantial proof of his good intentions toward his captives—or rather his guests, as they must now be regarded. Acting upon a suggestion of the baronet's, he commanded a dozen of his subjects to fold up the balloon, and this they did quite cleverly. Then the king with his own hand severed the guns and the rope ladder from the hoop and gave them to Sir Wilfred, who retained his own rifle, and handed the others to Hector and Captain Jolly. He gave the ladder to Phil, bidding him take good care of it.

The wicker car was placed beside the rolled up balloon and a guard of Buddumas was put around both. Then, while the natives uttered hideous yells, that were meant for welcome and approval, the king led his new friends across the open center of the village to a more substantial hut than those around it. It was slightly raised on piles. The floor was of plank and strewn with the skins of wild animals, while a collection of rude arms ornamented the walls.

Kasongo and Prince Agga squatted down on a big lion skin, motioning the others to sit opposite. The king clapped his hands several times, and presently two slaves entered, bearing rice, honey, sour milk, and a platter of cooked meat.

Sir Wilfred regarded these slaves with interest. They were intensely black, with quite regular features, and hair that showed not a trace of curliness. The food was a welcome sight, and the king seemed to enjoy the hearty manner in which his guests ate. He kept up a lively conversation with the baronet all the time, in which Prince Agga frequently joined, though he gave most of his attention to the food, eating as though nothing had passed his lips for a week—which was as likely as not the case, poor fellow!

"I have news for you, Haldane," said Sir Wilfred, when he had sated his appetite and his mind at the same time. "Kasongo has heard, in a vague way, however, that a white man like ourselves has lived for many years among natives who dwell many miles to the southeast of Lake Chad.

What manner of people these are, and how far distant their country is, Kasongo cannot tell. It is somewhere near the sources of the great Shari River, which flows into Lake Chad from the south—and that section of Africa, you know, is totally unknown and unexplored. Kasongo declares, of course, that we will only be throwing our lives away by attempting to journey in that direction. He still asserts that he will aid us, however, and I have strong hopes of being able to rescue your father, Hector, for this unknown white man can be none other than Ralph Haldane.

"How that water bottle from the balloon Mercury reached the village on the eastern shore of this lake, where Chako lived in captivity, I cannot tell, nor would it be safe for us to go there in search of information. Still stranger, indeed, is the fact that Ralph Haldane should turn up a thousand miles or more from the river Niger, where fragments of his balloon were found floating fifteen years ago. That mystery will be cleared up ere many months are passed, I trust. But tomorrow we may learn more. Kasongo has offered us a sleeping place, and we need rest badly. Let us avail ourselves of his offer."

Sir Wilfred spoke a few words to the king, and the whole party were led to an inner apartment of the house, which was strewn deeply with rugs.

In ten minutes all were sleeping soundly, while the sun sank lower and lower behind the island of the Buddumas.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

WHILE these events that we have just related were taking place in the village of the Buddumas, other events were transpiring some miles away which were destined to deeply concern our sleeping heroes.

Under the peaceful security of King Kasongo's roof they slumbered all that night and far into the next day. In fact, it was high noon when they straggled one by one into the outer room, where a palatable meal was spread in waiting.

The king and Prince Agga greeted them warmly, and a herald announced to the multitude outside the important piece of news that "the strange white men who fly in the air had deigned to wake up."

Their long rest had transformed them completely. They looked sleek, happy, and contented. Even Chako, who observed the veneration with which his companions were treated, was in buoyant spirits.

The long hours that afternoon Sir Wilfred spent in close converse with Kasongo, which was barren of result as far as information concerning the whereabouts of Ralph Haldane was concerned.

However, the baronet obtained one important concession from the king. Kasongo promised most faithfully to guard the balloon and the car until Sir Wilfred should return—if he ever did. Perhaps Kasongo thought he was safe enough in making that promise. It is difficult to understand the baronet's motive in asking such a favor. He must have known that the balloon could not be utilized; that it was impossible to manufacture gas in the interior of Africa.

Kasongo solemnly made the promise, however, and it seemed to give Sir Wilfred great satisfaction.

This Budduma king was probably no better than the rest of his people, but he undoubtedly had a deep affection for his son, and this made him feel a genuine regard for his strange visitors.

He recounted the truly shocking list of perils that inevitably awaited the daring men if they ventured into the dreaded territory to the south of Lake Chad, but all this eloquence was wasted upon Sir Wilfred. It was not in the sturdy baronet's nature to turn back after he had once resolved on a course of action.

After his interview with the king he discussed the situation with his companions, and it was decided to remain a day or two longer on the island, and then procure transport to the southern shore of the lake, and a supply of provisions.

The baronet was now thoroughly convinced of Kasongo's good faith, and his example naturally made the rest of the party feel quite at their ease in the midst of these bloodthirsty savages.

But the storm was even then ready to break. At four o'clock in the afternoon a messenger came to the king's palace, and announced that a boat containing half a dozen Arabs was approaching the island, and that they were waving branches of trees in token of peace.

Kasongo seemed much surprised at this piece of news. Bidding the white men remain indoors, he and Prince Agga hastened away to receive the visitors.

Sir Wilfred felt that something serious was impending, but not wishing to alarm his companions, he made no mention of his fears.

During this period all had been quiet outside, but now distant shouts were heard, and parties of natives ran through the village.

At length Sir Wilfred went to the door, but the half dozen burly guards before the palace sternly motioned him back.

Night had now fallen, and soon fires were blazing over all the village. The ruddy glow shone through the chinks in the palace wall.

The hum of many voices floated from the direction of the open square, and presently this changed to a perfect babel of shouts.

Sir Wilfred stood the suspense as long as he could. The voices of the people seemed to grow more threatening each moment, and neither Kasongo nor Prince Agga returned.

"I must find out what this means at all hazards," he said to his companions. "Stay right here until I return, and don't attempt to go near the door. I will not be gone long."

The baronet entered the rear apartment, and drew himself up to a small window midway up the wall. It faced a back quarter of the village, and, though many huts stood near, not a living creature was in sight. He dropped to the ground and vanished in the gloom.

Sir Wilfred's absence affected the spirits of his companions. They sprawled on the rugs, listening uneasily to the hoarse yells that came from the vicinity of the square. They were hungry, too, having had but the one meal that day.

Suddenly a dull noise came from the other room, and the dim light revealed Sir Wilfred's familiar figure gliding into their presence.

"I have had news," he said quickly. "The rescue of Prince Agga and the unavoidable damage that we inflicted on the Arab town is already bearing fruit. I gained the edge of the square by crawling from house to house. Hundreds of natives are collected there, and in their midst are six Shoa Arabs from the town of Loggum —the same that we passed yesterday. From the scraps of conversation that I heard it seems that these Arabs have come to demand our surrender. They accuse us of sacrilege in purposely destroying their mosque during the hour of worship, and they are persuading the natives that we are evil spirits, and that unless they deliver us up all manner of terrible things will befall them. Kasongo is attempting to counteract the effect of their speech, but it takes very little to inflame the passions of these Buddumas, and if the fanatics once get it into their heads that we are evil spirits, Kasongo's influence will count for nothing. It is impossible to predict what will be the outcome, but let us prepare for the worst. We have three rifles and plenty of ammunition. We will at least sell our lives dearly."

Great alarm followed the baronet's words. Chako at once set up a howl and had to be choked into quietude.

"So these are the very Arabs who maltreated the king's son, and with whom the Buddumas have lately been at war," said Hector in amazement. "And yet they dare to venture to this island on such an errand! Why does Kasongo not seize them?"

Sir Wilfred attempted to answer this question, but such a deafening yell rose at that instant from the town that the words froze on his lips.

Then the palace door was flung violently open, and Kasongo appeared on the threshold.

He spit out a few sentences in a quick, breathless manner. Sir Wilfred turned to his companions.

"The worst has come," he exclaimed. "The Arabs have apparently gained an ascendancy over the people. The king's words were disregarded. He commanded his subjects to seize the Arabs, and they refused. There is still hope. Kasongo says he will save us. I don't see how he can do it, though," he added in an undertone.

Meanwhile the king was not idle. He closed the palace door and darted into a side apartment, whence he reissued a moment later, carrying an old fashioned musket, a flask of powder, and a bag of bullets. Observing that Captain Jolly and Chako were unarmed, while their comrades bore rifles, Kasongo thrust the weapon and its equipment into the captain's hands, and tore a long spear from the wall for Chako.

Unnoticed by any of the party one of the slaves previously mentioned had followed the king from the side apartment. A shield was slung on his back and he carried a spear similar to Chako's.

Kasongo pointed to him, and spoke a few hurried words to Sir Wilfred.

Then he guided the party to the rear of the palace just as another fierce yell broke from the excited crowds in the square.

"Be calm," whispered the baronet to his friends. "Now is the time to show what stuff we are made of. Kasongo has promised this slave his liberty if he will guide us across the island to a spot where some boats are lying, and thence to the southern coast of the lake."

There was no time to say more. The increasing tumult from the direction of the square meant, beyond a doubt, that the fanatical Buddumas were advancing to seize their prey.

Kasongo dashed a hole into the fragile rear wall of the palace and the fugitives crept through, one by one, headed by the slave.

Sir Wilfred delayed a second to bid farewell to the brave Budduma who was putting his own life in such jeopardy to save the white men, and then he followed his comrades down the narrow, deserted avenue of huts that led to the confines of the village.

Behind them the sky was red with many torches, and the earth seemed to tremble beneath the rush of hundreds of feet. They hurried on through the outskirts until the last straggling hut was left behind, and the gloom of the forest was before them.

As they passed into the friendly shadow of the trees a most frightful yell rose from the village, so vengeful and so blood-curdling that even Sir Wilfred's strong nerves were shaken.

It was easy to account for this demonstration of rage. The Buddumas had discovered the escape of their prey.

The horrible din continued without cessation until the very forest echoed. The

fugitives stumbled on behind their guide, but the darkness was intense and the path was strewn with loose stones and trees and matted grass, and so they fell continually, only to rise and press forward, paying no heed to painful bruises and scratches; but, despite all, their progress was fatally slow, and behind them the forest was already alive with the torches of the pursuing Buddumas, flashing and glowing like so many gigantic fireflies.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE FUGITIVES HAVE A NARROW ESCAPE.

AT that moment escape seemed impossible, and Sir Wilfred was about to call his scattered companions together and bid them sell their lives dearly, when the situation took an unexpected turn. A couple of torches suddenly flashed up in front of the fugitives hardly twenty yards away, and a group of natives were seen advancing through the forest.

"We are surrounded," cried the baronet. "Make every shot tell."

He stopped in his tracks, uncertain whether to make a stand right there or to charge against the enemy in front. The slave, however, lost no time in hesitation. With the hope of ultimate liberty to spur him on, he dashed straight for the oncoming natives with a hideous yell which was evidently meant to intimidate them. Sir William and his companions swept on behind, and, as he ran, the baronet fired two rifle shots in the air.

The result was more than satisfactory. With cries of fright the Buddumas broke apart and fled in every direction, flinging their torches to the ground to make their flight more secure.

As the fugitives came up Sir Wilfred seized the only torch that was still burning, and fanned it into a blaze. A brief glance showed him that his companions were all there. "Keep close together," he cried warningly, and then, with the slave a yard in advance, he dashed on into the forest, holding the torch over his head.

The natives that had blocked the way were probably journeying to the village from the interior of the island, and knew nothing of the events that had recently taken place.

The forest in which the fugitives now found themselves was so dense with vegetation and young timber that the torches of the pursuing horde of the Buddumas were completely invisible, though their fierce cries seemed to fill the whole island.

The fugitives were fortunate in having such a guide, and even more so in the possession of the torch, without which they must inevitably have become separated in the darkness and perished one by one. Though no path was visible, the slave pushed ahead with unfaltering determination, choosing the most accessible places and tearing a passage through the jungle with his spear.

The apparent extent of this island was a great surprise to all. The idea that they had formed of its dimensions when approaching in the balloon was a moderate one, but they were already more than a mile from the village, and still the tangled forest stretched before them.

Their amazement continued to increase as they went on, for presently the ground sloped upward, and they struggled toward the crest of quite a considerable hill. Here the traveling was far more difficult than on the level ground, for masses of rock obstructed the way, and trailing thorn bushes grew everywhere. The shouts of their pursuers had now ceased almost entirely, and this hopeful fact cheered and aided the fugitives in their difficult climb.

At last the top of the ridge was gained, and as they paused to take breath the slave pointed silently toward the forest that they had just left. It was fairly alive with glowing torches—some actually half way up the hill. The crafty Buddumas had kept silence, hoping to throw the fugitives off their guard.

Now, as they saw the torch gleaming on the hill crest, and knew that their own lights were in plain view, they began to shout savagely, and the cry was caught up and repeated by the stragglers far back in the forest.

"How far are we from the shore?" demanded Sir Wilfred of their guide, forgetting at that moment that the fellow could not understand him.

But the slave comprehended the gesture if not the words. He pointed down the opposite side of the hill in a manner which seemed to indicate that the water was not far distant.

"We must be off," cried the baronet. "The fiends are approaching rapidly. Keep up your courage; a place of safety must be close at hand."

"I—I can't walk," panted Captain Jolly, who was puffing and blowing like a diminutive steam engine. "I'm done—out. Leave—me. Save—yourselves. Oh, why did—I—come—to such—a—beastly place?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the baronet. "You must run. If you don't, Jolly, these demons will cook you at a slow fire, and then have a feast over your bones. Try to help him a little, Hector, you and Phil."

This direful warning was not without effect on the captain. He allowed his companions to take his arms, and in this manner the fugitives fled down the hill. It was little short of a miracle that they reached the bottom alive. They fell every few steps, tearing their skin on jagged stones and thorny plants, and just when level ground was reached, the torch flew from Sir Wilfred's hands, struck violently on a big rock, and went out in a shower of sparks.

To produce a fresh light was out of the

question. They must finish the race in darkness.

"There they come!" cried Hector.

He pointed up the hill to a bunch of torches that were moving forward with incredible speed. The other lights were just beginning to straggle over the distant crest.

"Those fellows must be taught a lesson," said Sir Wilfred sternly. "It will take a few lives to purchase our safety."

He motioned his companions to remain where they were, and then, with rifle in hand, he awaited the approach of the Budduma's advance guard. The torches that they bore shone on the dusky skins and the ugly faces distorted with passion.

They came on with fierce cries, angered because the torch no longer showed them the whereabouts of their intended victims. They were less than twenty yards distant when Sir Wilfred fired. The leader toppled headlong to the ground, and a couple of his followers stumbled over him. Then the baronet and Hector fired together—realizing that stern measures were needed—and the crack of the rifles was succeeded by shrill cries of agony. Some of the torches fell spluttering to the ground, and others were purposely thrown away, so that the marksmen would not be able to see where to shoot.

The main body of the Buddumas only quickened their approach on hearing the cries of their friends, and the crescent shaped line of torches began to move rapidly down the hill.

"That will do," cried Sir Wilfred. "We have gained time and breath by our little maneuver. Now for another dash toward the water."

The slave, who had been standing by the baronet's side, watching the attack with mute approval, at once started off again, uttering continually a low cry that was intended to guide his companions in the proper direction.

There was no lagging behind, for each realized that the crisis was near—that a very few moments would decide their fate. Captain Jolly was in a state of collapse, and his breath was almost spent, but Hector and Phil dragged him on relentlessly. Chako's natural fleet footedness stood him in good stead during this trying flight, and he kept close behind Sir Wilfred. The rope ladder, tied in a bunch, dangled from his shoulder. The baronet had given this to him when they left Kasongo's palace.

It was well for the fugitives that the forest was now more open. They ran into trees occasionally, but no obstructions were on the ground to trip their feet. The slave still uttered his low cry, and all followed it blindly.

Behind them—and not many yards either—came the Buddumas; but their voices were hushed, and only the crackling of twigs and the glimmering of torches told of their approach.

Suddenly a strange noise was heard, and then the slave's warning cry ceased.

Sir Wilfred moved ahead cautiously—at a loss to account for this—and all at once he stepped on empty space, and rolled down a six foot bank. He rose to his feet, unhurt, and warned his companions just in time to save them from a like experience. One by one they crept down and stood by his side.

Underfoot was a firm, sandy beach, and straight ahead, facing into the starry horizon, was the shadowy surface of Lake Chad.

The slave, who had been the first to tumble over the slope, was already speeding swiftly along the shore, and Sir Wilfred led his companions on behind with weary but hopeful strides.

What a happy moment it was when they halted on the reed grown shore of a small bay that curved toward the edge of the forest, and saw before them two long canoes, hollowed by hand from the trunks of huge trees! The careful owners had skilfully covered them with rushes, but the slave had been instructed beforehand as to their whereabouts, and so was able to lead the party right to the spot.

The paddles lay in the bottom of each canoe. The guide, with Sir Wilfred and Captain Jolly, entered one, and the remainder of the party took possession of the other.

The canoes were hastily shoved off, and with lusty strokes their occupants sent them skimming far from the shore, just as the baffled Buddumas came trooping with dismal cries to the water's edge.

CHAPTER XV.

PURSUIT BY WATER.

A FEW stones and spears were cast in the direction of the fugitives, but this futile manifestation of rage was all that the savages could do. No boats were at hand, and at length the procession of torches crept back into the forest one by one, and not the faintest radiance remained to show the location of Kasongo's island.

The two canoes plowed forward side by side, the paddles rising and falling in regular time.

"I declare it makes a fellow feel good to use his arms a little after such a big strain on the legs as that," remarked Hector. "I never had such a run before in my life."

"Your arms would soon give out with the journey that we have ahead of us," said Sir Wilfred. He had placed his paddle aside, and was fumbling, as he spoke, in the bottom of the canoe. Presently he dragged to light a section of rude matting, eight feet long by five wide. The two narrow ends were sewed firmly to wooden strips.

The baronet rolled this carefully up again, and then lifted from the bottom of the canoe a stout pole fully twelve feet

high. A copper ring was imbedded in the upper extremity.

"A sail!" he exclaimed joyfully. "This is the mastpole, and here at my feet is a block with a hole in it. It is possible that this discovery will benefit us greatly, though at present a dead calm seems to prevail."

"Where are we bound now?" asked Hector. "Won't the Buddumas pursue us by water? You know how many canoes they have at the village."

"I fear they will," replied the baronet; "but we will give them a stern race. We crossed the island from west to east in our flight; therefore we are paddling due east at the present time and headed in a pretty straight line for the mouth of the Shari River, if my calculations are correct. You see, Lake Chad is less than one hundred miles across at the southern extremity; and just at the point where the shore curves directly to the east, thus increasing the width of the lake, the Shari River enters. We have a journey of eighty or ninety miles before us."

"And no food," exclaimed Captain Jolly dismally. "Not a bite. We shall starve, Sir Wilfred."

"I don't think so," replied the baronet calmly. "We had a good meal this morning, and that ought to last us a day or two. But we are wasting too much time in idle discussion. I want all of you to get in this canoe. It is plenty large enough, and, of course, the one sail cannot be utilized for two boats. Moreover, we can make much better speed."

The baronet's suggestion was a good one, and the change was soon effected. The useless canoe was cast adrift, and then the fugitives paddled steadily on through the night. As far as the eye could reach no glimmer of light was visible, and the starry horizon seemed to dip into the surface of the lake in every direction.

After a while, as their muscles grew weary, they began to paddle by relays—first Sir Wilfred, Captain Jolly, and Phil, then Hector, assisted by Chako and the slave.

In this manner they made splendid progress, for the canoe was well adapted for speed, being very long and narrow, and the lake had no current to speak of.

It was now about midnight, and the baronet urged his companions to paddle diligently. He had hopes of reaching the mouth of the Shari inside of twenty four hours—though the use of the sail entered largely into this calculation.

After a while Captain Jolly fell asleep, and such a tempting example was too much for Chako, who was soon in the same condition.

The others repressed all desire for slumber, and paddled on steadily through the long hours of the night, with brief intervals of rest. Very little conversation was indulged in. Sir Wilfred seemed to be in one of the brown studies so common to his nature. He spoke only once, and then to comment upon the most extraordinary gratitude that King Kasongo had shown toward the rescuers of his son, in giving them a slave, a gun and ammunition—which was probably the king's choicest treasure—and in risking his own life to save theirs.

"That poor barbarian, bloodthirsty fanatic though he is," said the baronet, "is better at heart than many men who live in civilized and cultured lands. Ah! this is a strange world!"

Sir Wilfred lapsed into silence after this remark, and bent steadily to his paddle.

Morning came at last—and such a morning! The fierce African sun blazed from a cloudless sky, and heat waves danced over the surface of the lake, now smooth as a millpond, torturing the castaways as they paddled desperately forward. Hunger in this case gave them strength, for until land was reached their stomachs must remain unfilled. Fortunately, the waters of Lake Chad are fresh, so they were spared the torments of thirst.

At sunrise a light mist had obscured the view in every direction, and within this limited vista not an island was in sight, not a speck upon the water. But presently this treacherous haziness lifted and the fugitives could count half a dozen boats approaching them from the westward.

"They are coming," said Sir Wilfred. "Bend to the paddle, all of you; not a man can be spared."

He encouraged his comrades by his own example and by cheering words. Their paddles rose and dipped in unison. It was a noble sight to see Captain Jolly straining every muscle, his round, fat face red as a boiled lobster.

An hour later five of the hostile canoes were only a mile in the rear—the sixth was barely half that distance away, and it was gaining rapidly on the fugitives. Its crew—a dozen in number—were half Arabs and half Buddumas. The former at least were armed with rifles, for suddenly a shot was fired, and the ball was seen to strike the water.

"Keep cool," said Sir Wilfred, "and don't cease paddling."

His own implement he had laid aside, and now he sat in the bow of the canoe, facing his companions and the pursuing boat. He glanced at his rifle, to make sure that the magazine was filled, and then placed it calmly on his knee.

The enemy advanced swiftly under the steady spurt of twelve paddles, and in utter silence.

(*To be continued*).

THE LOCK OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Gibraltar and its eventful history—The famous rock which England has turned into a fortress—An impregnable guard at the gateway of an inland ocean.

By Gilbert N. Marks.

THE great rock of Gibraltar, which some fanciful person has likened to a crouching lion facing all Europe, is called the Lock of the Mediterranean, a lock to which John Bull holds the key.

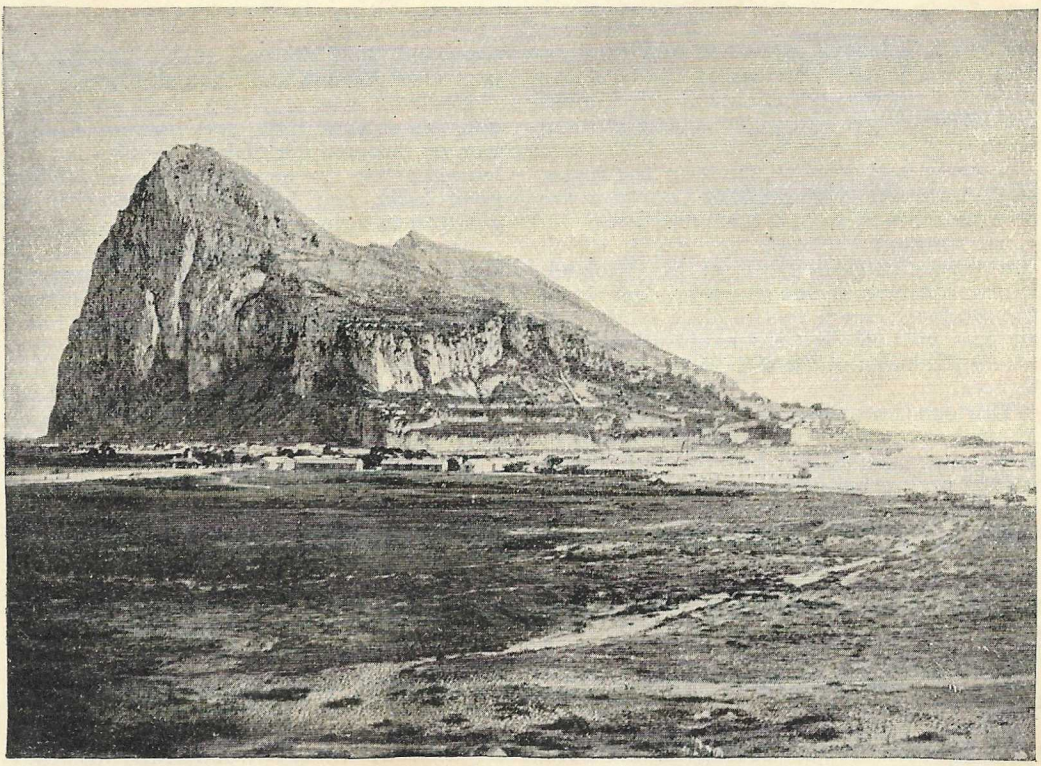
Almost everybody expects to find that Gibraltar is an island. It is always pictured with ships lying at its foot, and the little strip of ground which connects it with the mainland of Spain is kept out of sight. This little strip is called the "neutral ground," and day by day and night by night the sentries of two nations pace it at either end, with a "dead line" between them; and when a man passes that without giving an account of himself he is shot dead. At least they say he would be shot dead. But it is altogether likely that if the records were examined it would be found that nobody ever has been.

We always, for some unknown reason, think of Africa and Tangier as being nearer to Gibraltar than is Spain. But in reality it is part of the Spanish mainland, and Africa, the silent, grim sphinx's country lies fourteen miles away to the south.

No rock in the world has had so many histories as Gibraltar. It was the first landing place in Europe of the Moors, and their last foothold before they fled back into the wastes of Africa.

Between those times they made Spain beautiful with buildings like the Alhambra, and left their mark so deep that as long as our present civilization exists, their wonders of architecture will be famous.

The rock is about three miles long and almost a mile wide, and fourteen hundred feet above the sea at its highest point. It is composed of gray marble, and seen from



The Rock of Gibraltar, from the Mainland

The Spanish Fishing Hamlet under the Rock.

the sea it is barren, grassless, and treeless. But down in the crevices of the cliffs are little ravines where there are wooded nooks full of partridges and pigeons, and Barbary apes.

Nobody is allowed to shoot on the rocks, so that the upper regions of Gibraltar are overrun with these half tame creatures.

All through the rock are caves, which run from the great Halls of St. Michael, whose opening is one thousand feet above the sea level, down to the place where bad air has cut off further exploration, and where the boom of the sea can be heard far below.

Thirteen times the rock has been besieged. Moors held it for seven hundred and fifty years, and then Moors and Spaniards took it from each other again and again until at last the Moors, six hundred thousand of them, were driven away in 1610.

Spain held it until 1704, and then the English took a hand in the fight, and true to John Bull's principle of keeping the ground upon which he sets his lordly foot, he owns it yet.

But it has not been without some trouble to himself.

There is a whole long story in the siege of 1779, when General George Elliot held the rock for over three years with six thousand half starved men, against the combined French and Spanish forces.

England was fighting our own little colonies at that time, and had an African war or two on her hands, besides; so she looked across the seas, bade General Elliot good luck, and left him alone with his garrison to fight it out as best he could.

He was plucky and brave, and he had the best bone of England beside him, and the rock is still theirs. They had the thanks of Parliament—such of them as came home again.

General Elliot used in his defense the novel expedient of heating his cannon balls red hot, so that when they struck a ship they would set it on fire.

Since then Gibraltar's history has not been very eventful, but it retains its interesting—we might almost say its fascinating—qualities.

People go to Gibraltar to stay for an hour or two, as the ship touches there on the way to Genoa, and a week later finds them still hanging about the rock as if held by a magnet.

The town contains about sixteen thousand people, without counting the garrison of six thousand soldiers, whose uniforms brighten up things wonderfully as they move about the streets. But the streets of

Gibraltar would be bright even minus the military.

Here are the Moors, with their white wrapped heads and bodies, their yellow slippers, bare brown legs,and general air of being colored bronzes out of a Broadway window.

The Spaniards with their black cloaks, red sashes and hats, are like nothing but the chorus in an opera, and one expects them to stand in rows, give their cloaks a flip which will land the ends over their shoulders, and begin to tell the woes of somebody.

But Tommy Atkins the British soldier, in his stiff red jacket and his white helmet, or the Highland kilted laddie from some Scotch regiment, is always there to let you know that Britannia rules the rock as well as the wave.

The town rises above the ring of ramparts. The houses are nearly all yellow with green blinds, and between them, from little parks and grass plots, stick up palms and other tropical plants.

It is all very pretty and picturesque, and when you see the bare rock lying away up there above you, sometimes with the clouds wreathing themselves about its summit, it looks very innocent, as though it were a simple solid mass of stone upon which people lived, and nothing more.

The streets are as clean as a floor, and the whole place looks as though it had been set out by some artist to paint.

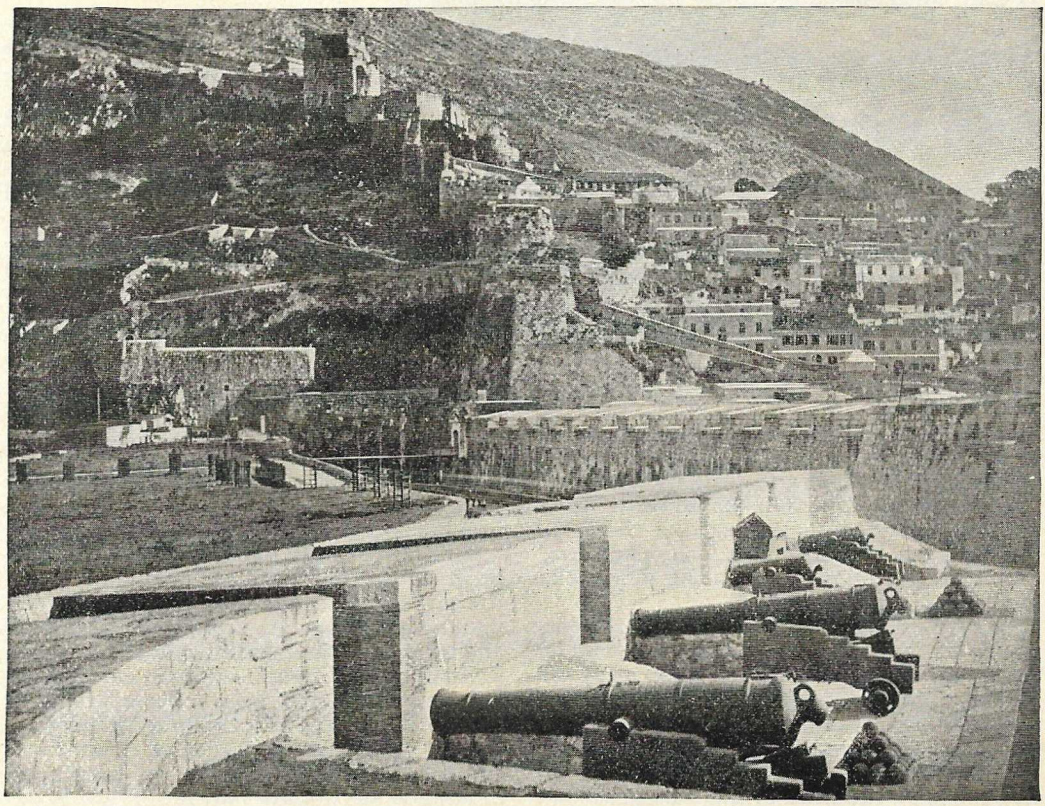
There are queer iron lamps and carven doorways, deep sunken into walls, and cathedrals and shops are all jumbled up together as in a scene on the stage.

The principal street runs up the hill from the landing place, and it is always full of color. The cabs are yellow, and the horses and mules wear a red harness ornamented with tassels. Goats are driven about and milked before the doors, and there is a tinkle of bells, and the flash of sunlight on the muskets of moving soldiers all day long.

On one side of the street is the Moorish market, where the bare legged brown men sell chickens and eggs and vegetables. They never appear to be doing anything at all but "candling" eggs. That is, holding them up before a candle to see if they are fresh. On the other side the Spaniards sit and glower at them.

Hundreds of these men drift away every night, for no one not born on the rock or not a British subject, can pass the night there without a permit.

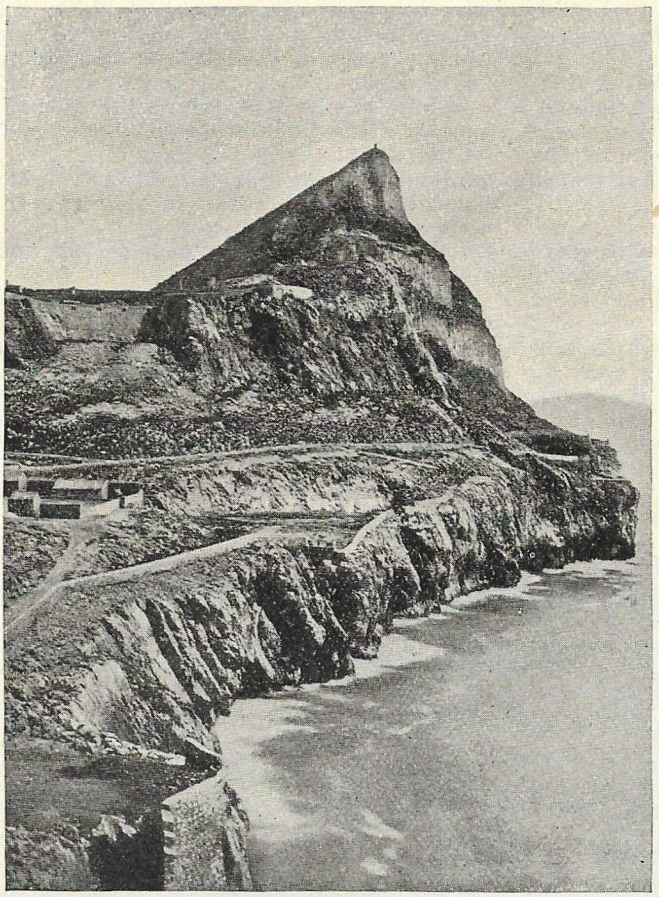
But it is Gibraltar the fortress which is most interesting after all. Somebody has said that the rock is a huge joke, like the wooden horse which the enemy ran into Troy filled with soldiers. It looks so bland



Gibraltar—The Town and the British Fortifications.

and innocent, with all its ugliness, that no one would imagine the depth of its cunning arrangements for fighting.

Nobody except the commandant, and the engineers who planned the present fortifications, know the rock's real strength. There are ramparts all about the foot on the western side, and they are commanded by guns and gunners who know exactly what to do in case of attack, although generations of them will probably come and go before there is a real attempt to scale the rock.



Europa Point.

On that side which looks toward Spain are long galleries, something like the casemates in our own little old fashioned forts, only these galleries are cut in the solid rock, and are high up on the hill.

Below is a bridge over a moat. Hidden under it is a great powder magazine, and at the touch of a little electric button away off in the middle of offices somewhere, the whole solid piece of masonry could be blown into dust, and Gibraltar be an island at last.

Electricity is used in all sorts of curious ways. Up on the head of the rock are monster guns. There is a signal station here, but about half the time the clouds so cover the summit that it was impossible to aim and fire the guns.

At last a clever man named Watkins invented a very clever device.

It is an object finder. I believe it is constructed something on the same principle as the object finder in a kodak. It is all arranged with such mathematical nicety, that a man sitting at a little table in an office clear down below the guns, can train them in position, so that their shot will strike ships lying miles out in the harbor, ships that could not be seen from the points where the guns are. All this is done by electricity.

Then, too, the water all about is full of torpedoes, and there are telegraphs, telephones, search lights, and all sorts of contrivances to annihilate distance and darkness, ready for instant use.

The whole rock is one honeycomb of tunneling, in which are guns and provisions. There is food stored away in that grim cliff sufficient to keep the garrison of six thousand soldiers for seven years, should an enemy knock so long at their impregnable gates.

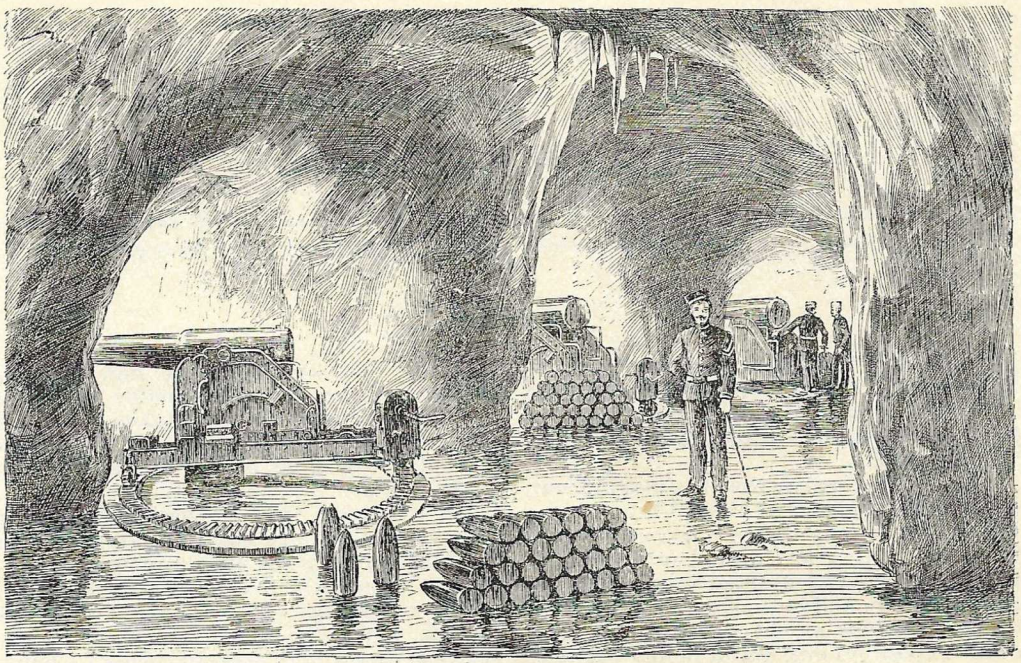
One of the regiments stationed at Gibraltar was once known as the King's American Rifles. It was the regiment which took Quebec and Montreal. In the mess room of this regiment are pictures of the men on the heights of Quebec.

Each regiment in the English army has some nickname, some little observance, which belongs to itself alone. Rudyard Kipling has told us a great deal about these things in his stories of army life in India.

There is a regiment at Gibraltar which has a peculiar custom. It is a light infantry regiment, and the sergeants all wear their sashes knotted in a different way from that in which sergeants ever wore sashes before.

This is because once upon a time, in a great battle, every officer was killed, and the sergeants, seeing that they must command the regiment, took their sashes off and turned themselves into officers. And on account of their readiness in an emergency, the sergeants have been allowed to wear their sashes as the officers do to this day.

One of the great trades at Gibraltar is smuggling. It is a free port of entry, and thousands of dollars' worth of goods are landed here to be shipped across that little stretch of neutral ground into Spain.



"The Old Woman's Teeth"—Gun Galleries in the Rock.

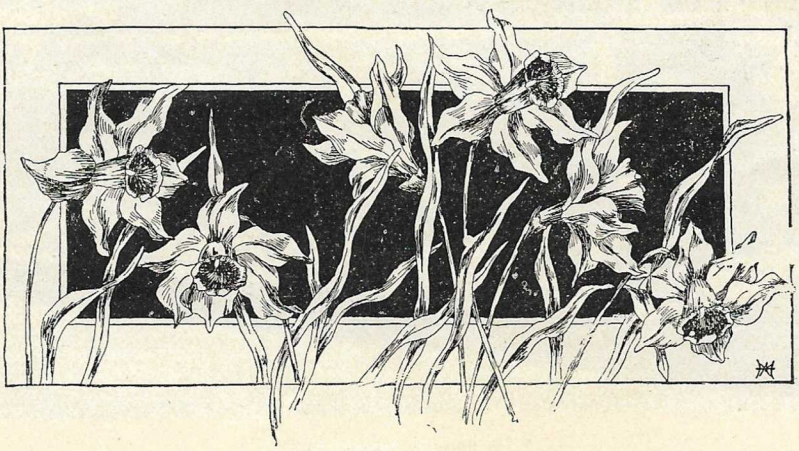
Men train dogs to run rapidly and quietly across loaded with tobacco and all sorts of small dutiable articles. It is considered a great breach of faith for the English to let the Spanish smuggle, and probably if Spain were stronger, and the frowning guns not so justly feared, there might be some fuss made about it.

The people on the rock seem to have rather a merry time of it altogether. An Englishman will enjoy himself if you give him a horse to ride or a tennis ball to to knock about, and they have plenty of both here.

Looking at the steep sides of the rock one wonders how they can ever use a horse, but the sure footed animals will even carry their masters on fox hunts through the glens and over the gullies, which remind one of the famous leap of the Mamelukes, and of General Putnam's escape.

The event of the day is the dress parade every evening at Europa Point. Tourists always arrange to be present at this military episode, which is attended with much ceremony. The change of guard a few hours later is also an interesting spectacle.

Gibraltar was named by the Saracens who passed into Spain with the chieftain, Tarik. The rock was called Gebel-Tarik, which means "rock of Tarik," and Gibraltar is its corruption.



THE METROPOLIS OF THE WEST.

A city whose seeming misfortune was the greatest blessing that could have come to it—Some factors in the marvelous growth to greatness of Chicago.

By Richard Mace.

CHICAGO has been called the Fair City, until Chicago for herself, Chicago the young giantess, has lost some of her own personality in the minds of a great many people.

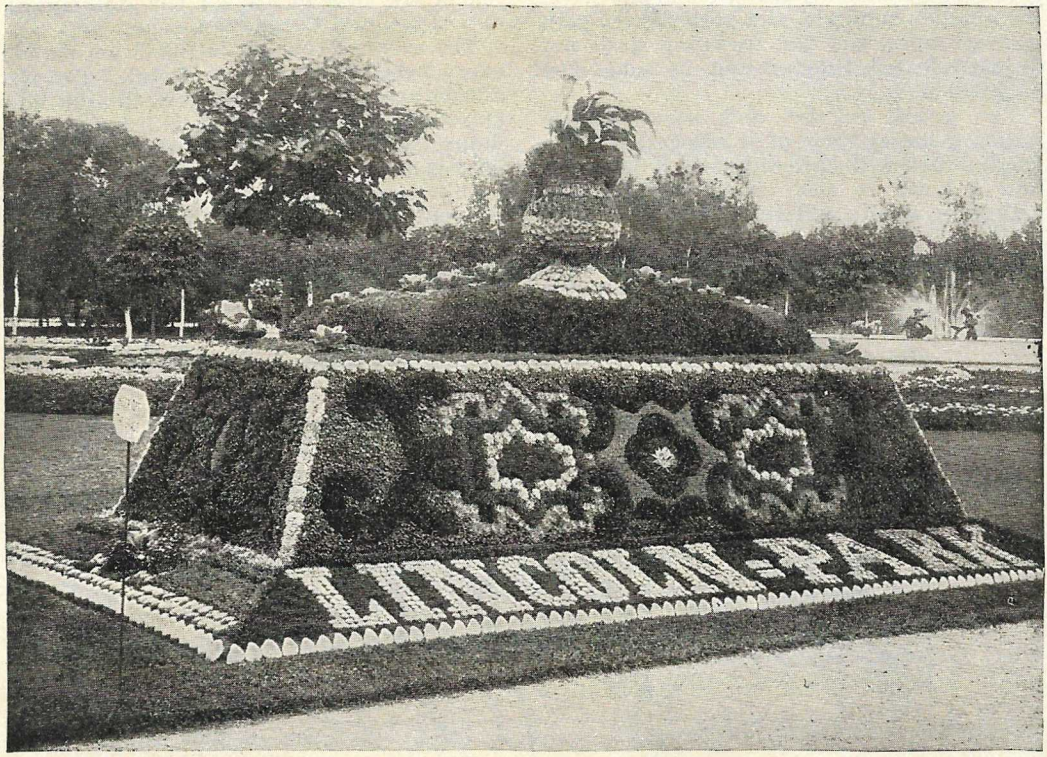
They do not realize that the magnificent, unheard of splendor of that White City by the lake was only one of Chicago's entertainments; that if she had not been the most vigorous, the most ambitious of cities, full of the fire and enthusiasm of youth, the Columbian Fair would not have surpassed every exposition ever given in any country.

The story of Chicago as a city reads like the romance of some young man who starts out in the world with only his head and his hands for capital. He may not have had time to cultivate the softer graces of life. He may not know exactly how to dress himself, to be ultra fashionable, and now and then he may make mistakes in matters of etiquette, or in literature or art, but he has plenty of time before him to learn all these things.

In the mean time he has been growing sturdy and strong, showing his character and taking his place among men.

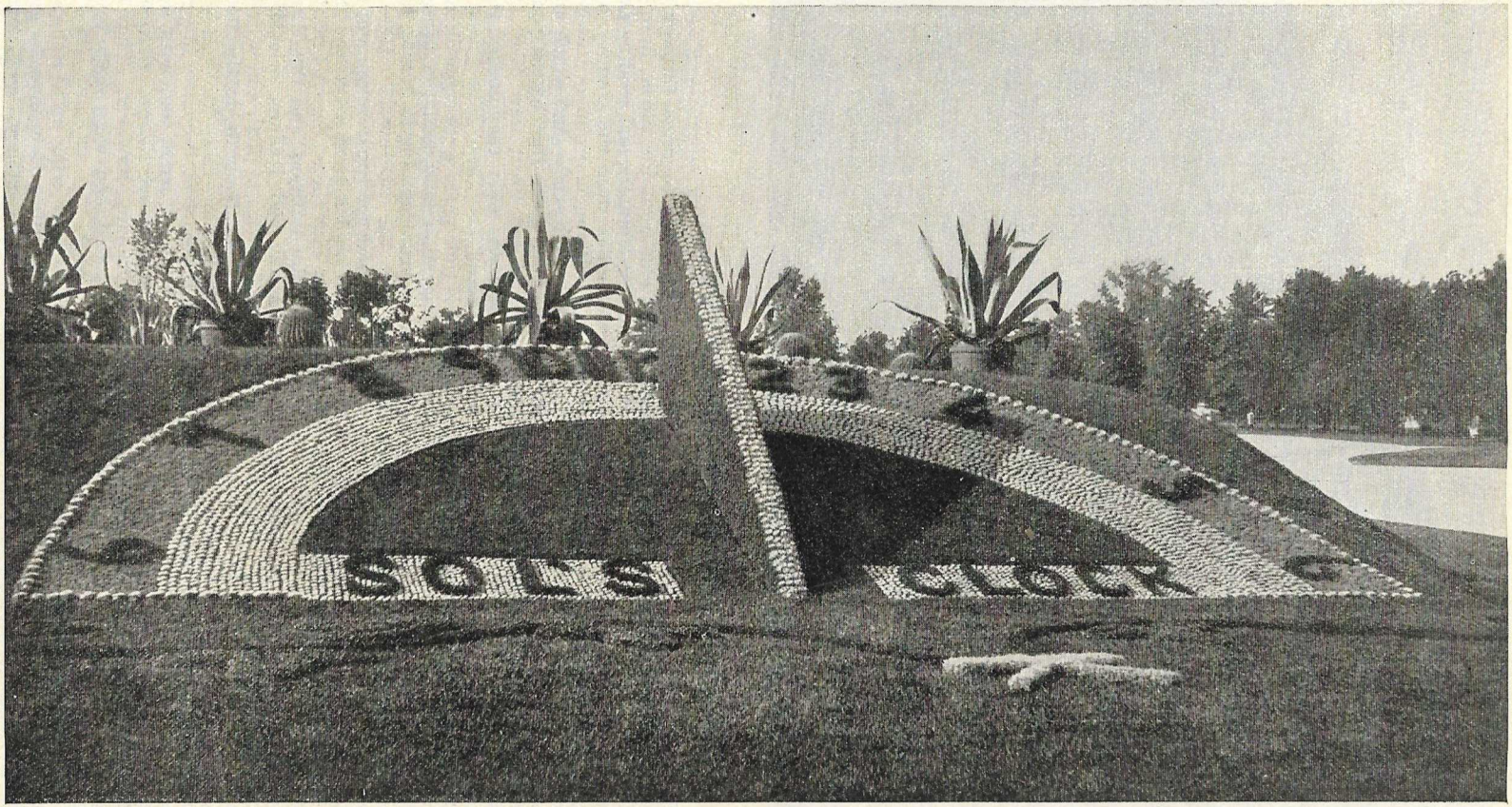
Just before the Fair, the largest newspaper in Chicago offered a prize for a figure which would be typical of the city. The design which was accepted shows a handsome, strong looking young girl, with firmly planted feet. On her breastplate are the words "I will."

This defiant, joyous young person is seen ornamenting everything from clocks to



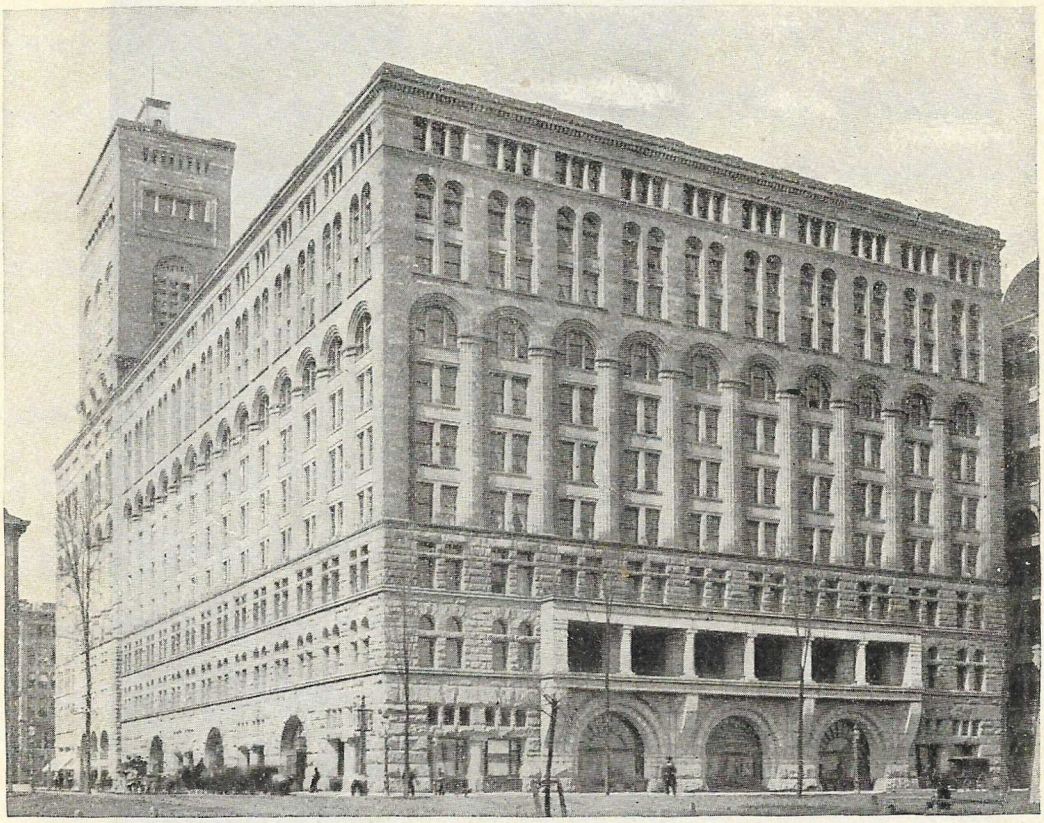
Floral Piece in Lincoln Park.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor, Chicago.



"Sol's Clock," The Sun Dial in South Park.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor, Chicago.



The Auditorium Building.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor, Chicago.

signboards all over the city, and she may be said to fairly represent the spirit of the people. Chicago is always saying, "I will," and keeping her promise.

The beginning of the city was as far back as 1803, when Fort Dearborn was built here as a protection against the Indians. Near the Chicago River stands a stone house with a tablet in the side telling that this is the site of Fort Dearborn block house.

A picture of the fort is carved on the marble, and shows a typical wooden fort with a palisade. It was destroyed by the Indians in one of the dreadful massacres of the plains, rebuilt in 1816, and left standing until the great fire swept it away in 1871.

The town grew in a half hearted sort of way into a village until after the American civil war.

The results of the war to this country cannot be measured by the freeing of the slaves, and by the loss of so many of its young men. That was no more than half of the effects as we see them today.

Until the war came, farmers' boys and the young men who were not of a very adventurous spirit, stayed at home. They had no idea beyond hearsay, what the great outside world was like. The war broke out, and the sound of the fife and drum, and the call to arms through the land, took them from the plows, from the forge, from the counters, and sending them hundreds of miles over the country, mingled them with men from everywhere. The New Englanders saw land which made their poor farms seem like barren rocks; they heard of the great new West, and when the war was over they flocked there by the thousand.

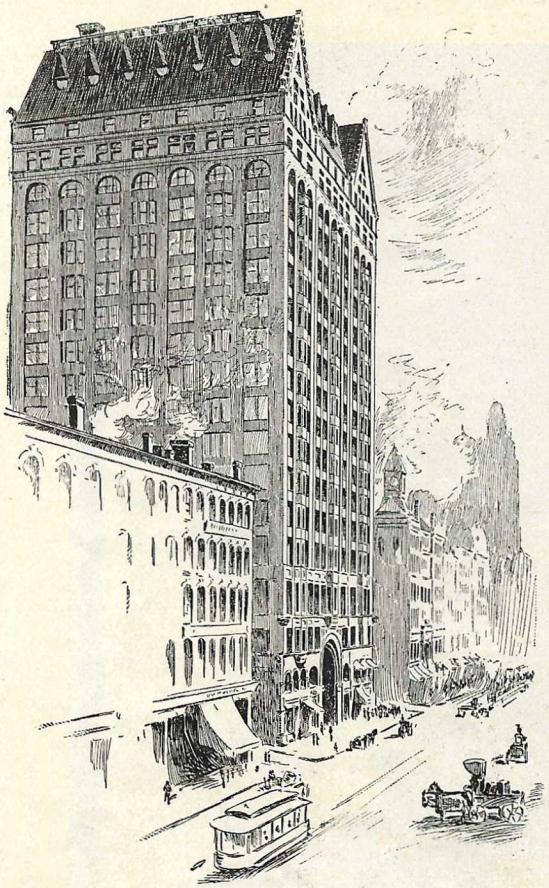
About this time there were some changes in the immigration laws, and the peasants from Europe began coming in droves, to be shipped on to the Northwest. Here we have the material for the development of a great country and a great city: the New England men, with their shrewd brains inherited from the Puritans, and the Swedes and Hungarians and Italians, who knew nothing but to work and plod, and were like the hands and feet, ready to do the head's bidding.

By 1871 Chicago had become a big, rich town, very proud of itself, and with some very wealthy citizens. These rich men were not very young, however. They had worked and toiled, and were ready to rest and take life easy.

Their sons were growing up like the sons of a good many other rich men, to go to college and spend money, and nobody

Michigan Avenue Boulevard.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor, Chicago.



The Masonic Temple.

knows exactly what the fate of Chicago would have been except for one thing. A fire, started in a wooden stable, burned it up.

The wealth of a great portion of the city was entirely swept away. Then the young men who had been rich yesterday and were poor today showed what sort of stuff they were made of.

They went to work like Trojans, taking upon their shoulders the rebuilding of the city. They were helped by men in the East and by the Chicagoans whose property had not been destroyed. Men worked together like brothers, and held out a hand to each other in a way that never was known in the world before.

Very few people have any idea of the size of the city, or the great amount of business which is done there now. A boulevard completely encircles it, and it is a thirty mile drive around it. More vessels leave the port of Chicago up there on the lakes, than clear from the ports of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. It is the greatest distributing point in the United States, and for a very good reason. The farmers of all the middle West take their produce into Chicago to sell it, and then spend their money there before they go home.

Growing rich so young, and so full of different nationalities, queer developments have come about. There is a saying that "Chicago beats her own brag;" that she grows so fast that the citizens who want to tell stories of her greatness have not imaginations rapid enough to keep up with what she is doing.

The tall buildings with which we are growing familiar in New York, first showed themselves in Chicago and they still keep a little ahead on that line. Entering one of these hives, you are put into a "through express" elevator and shot to the skies it seems. When you want to come down you are simply dropped. Or at least you feel as though you had been dropped. Nobody has any time to wait for slower methods, Sometimes four thousand people are busily employed in one of these buildings, and at six o'clock, when they all come out on the street together, for blocks there is a struggle and push and rush of humanity which seems like a mob.

These tall buildings are all in one part of the city, about half a mile square, and the life which pulses here is the very heart of Chicago.

This is very near the railway stations. One twenty fifth of the mileage of the world terminates in Chicago, and this brings to its men a knowledge of the whole country.

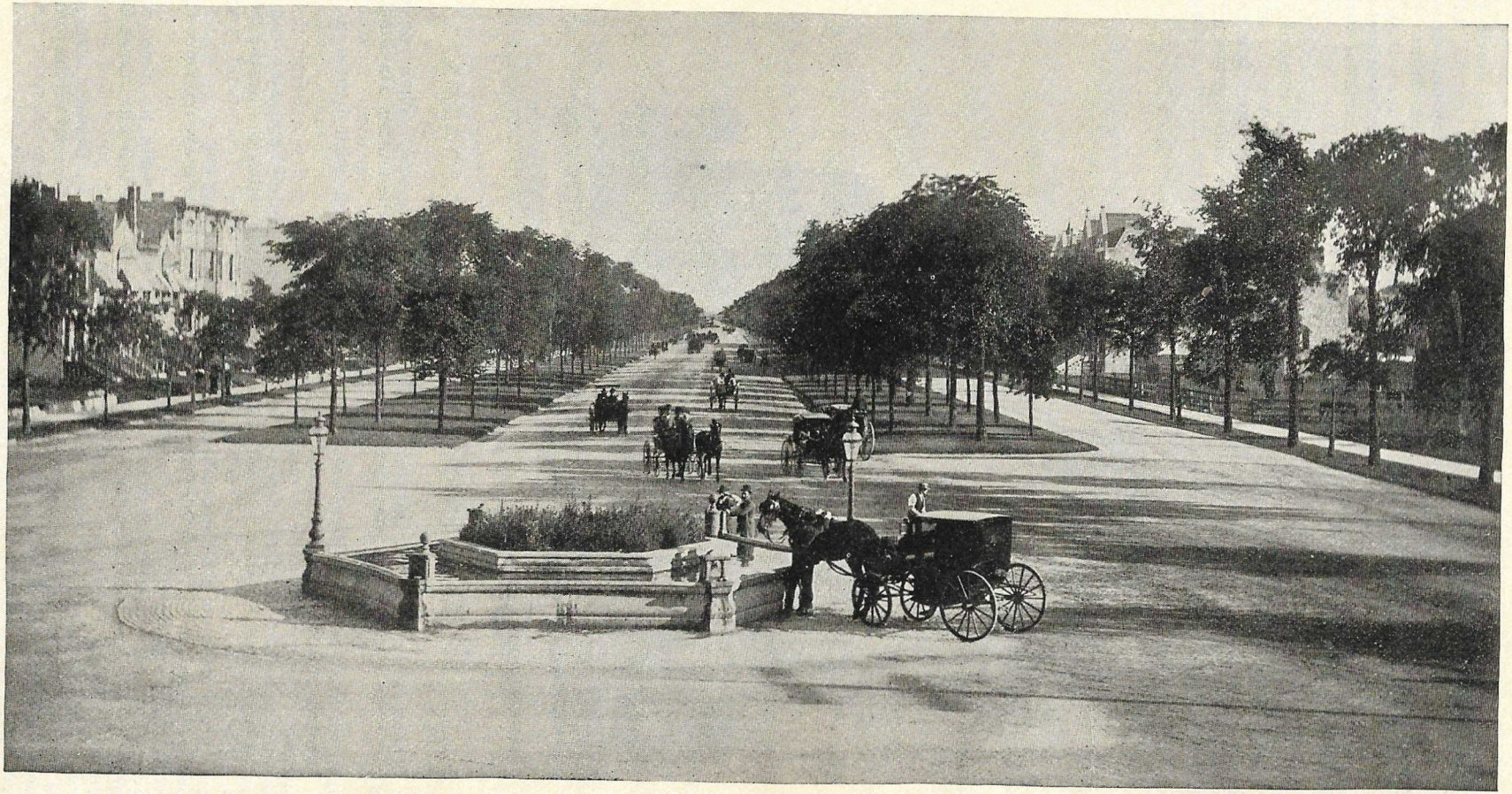
A Chicago merchant must know what the people in Georgia and Oregon want to buy as well as what suits Chicago, and it is necessary for him to be alive and active all the time. The business every man must do keeps the city continually in a "hustle." People talk of it as a Chicago habit. Instead of that, it is a Chicago necessity.

The city is divided into three parts. North Chicago or the "North Side," as they call it, is where the handsomest residences are built, fronting on the lake shore drive, with beautiful grounds about them. The people we heard so much of during the World's Fair live here. The Potter Palmer house, one of the handsomest of these residences, is not only like an English castle outside, but inside has works of art that compare only with those in the famous galleries abroad.

There is an idea that the arts suffer in Chicago. It is true that very few artists live there, but the people who buy their pictures do

On the south side the business blocks roar all day, down town, and then the houses stretch away for miles. The beautiful Grand Boulevard is on the South Side, and so is the park where we all saw the World's Fair.

Chicago's system of parks and boulevards is famous. Any street in the residence portion of the city may be turned into a



The Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor, Chicago.

oulevard if the citizens agree to it. Then an improved road bed is made, flowers are planted, and no street cars nor traffic wagons of any sort are allowed upon it. At night these streets are as still as country lanes, and in the summer the murmur of fountains and the smell of flowers come in at the windows.

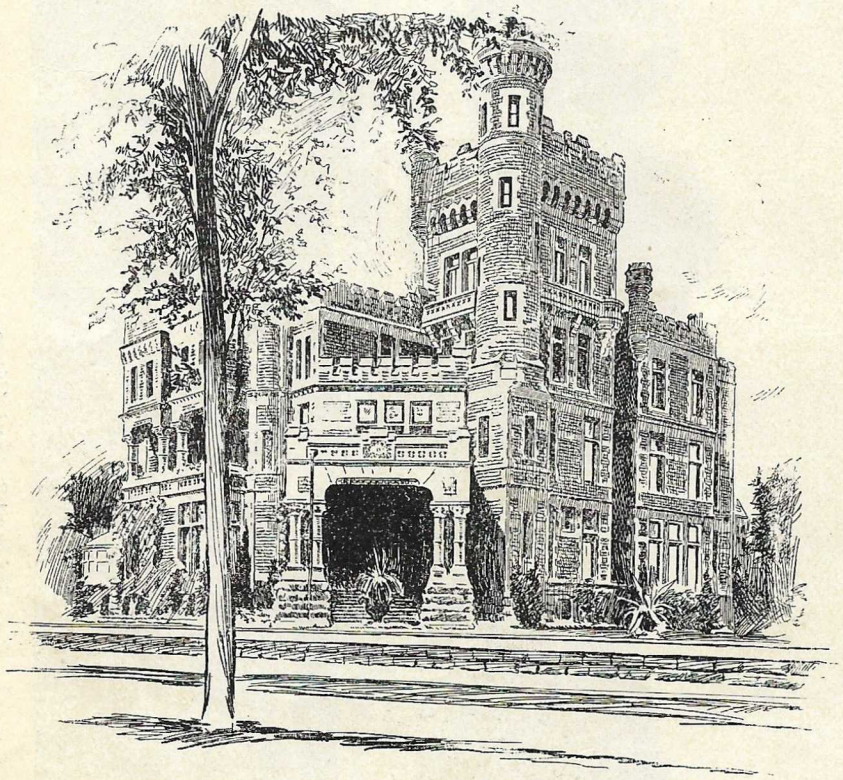
The parks are made beautiful by every known device. There are no signs warning people off the grass or telling them not to pull the flowers. We hear of Chicagoans as being ruffians. Sometimes the foreign element will throw bombs, but they never pluck the flowers which are set out for them to enjoy. The civic pride goes that far.

Away down on the south side is the collection of massive buildings which make up the Chicago University, which was founded by men who had not had university educations themselves, but who realized how much they had missed. They will tell you how many millions it all cost, but we are more interested in it, as some of its features show Chicago characteristics.

It is the very first institution in the world where absolutely no distinction is made between men and women students. They study together, eat together, and there is no talk of any difference being made except in one very slight particular. They have different physical exercises.

This would not be noticed so much, except that physical culture carries such weight here. A man or a woman cannot take a degree unless he has taken the physical culture course any more than he can take a degree without Latin or mathematics. It is considered an essential thing that he should have a healthy body as a case for a healthy mind.

On the West Side the great mass of foreigners live. Immediately after you cross the bridge, a statue faces you. It is in a dingy place, surrounded with wagons, from which meat and vegetables, chiefly cabbages and turnips, are being sold. Then you realize that you are in the famous Haymarket, where the mob of fanatical Anarchists killed the policemen with bombs a few years ago.



Potter Palmer's Residence.

The bronze policeman is a heroic figure, and as you see his lifted hand, and read the inscription on the pedestal, "In the name of the State of Illinois, I command peace," a little thrill goes over you.

You know how those brave men stood like this facing certain death.

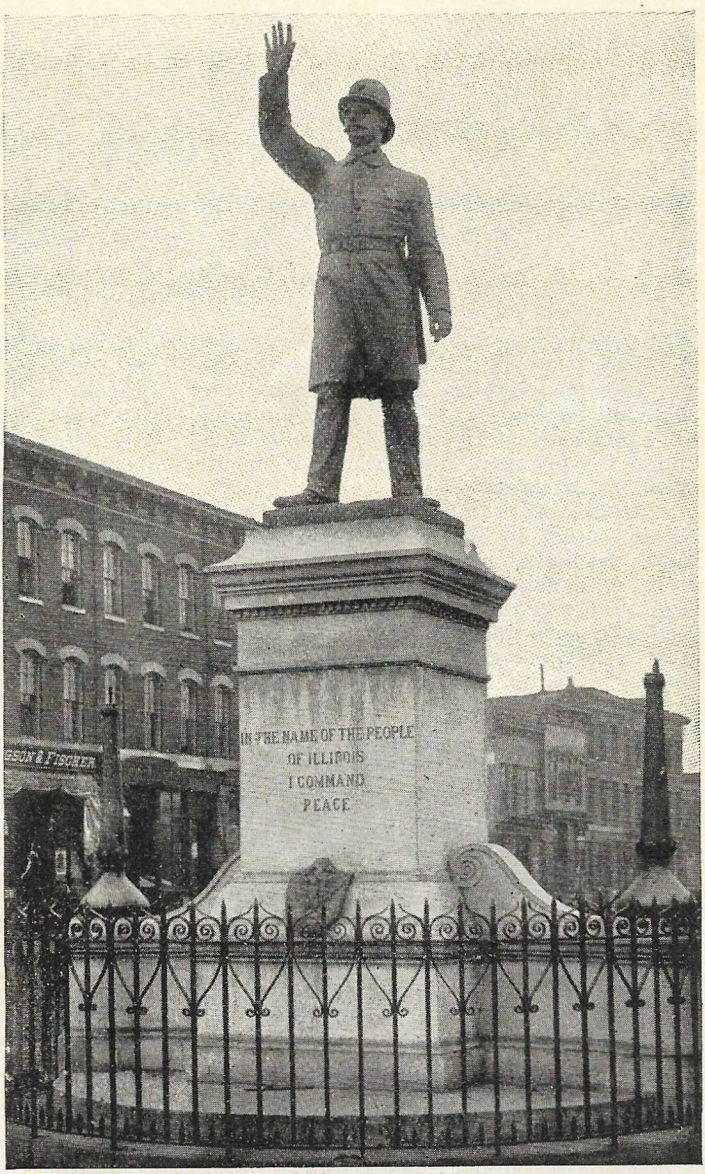
The West Side appears to have more Swedes than any Swedish city, more Hungarians than Budapest, and almost as many Italians as there are in Rome. This great body of the city stretches out on the prairie, and where land is cheap there seems no limit to its growth.

The Auditorium is an example of Chicago liberality. It was built by a stock company of citizens as a great hall which could be used for any sort of an entertainment. It has never paid expenses, and nobody expects it to. It is one of the luxuries.

The pork packing establishments, of which we hear so much, are not in Chicago, but outside where they disturb no one.

If any one imagines that Chicago knows only pork packing as an industry, he shows himself to be very ignorant. Every year new manufacturing interests go to Chicago. Coal is cheap, water transportation is cheap, and here is the market for the goods after they are made.

There are some queer institutions in Chicago, which show how the city is valued as a distributing point. Every year the publishers of the United States hold a "book fair" here. They take a series of rooms at one of the hotels, and the men who own small or large retail book stores come here and look over and buy the season's books.



The Haymarket Monument.

Chicago is now, in point of size, the second city in the country, having outstripped Philadelphia some three or four years ago. The name is derived from the Indian *Checqua*, about whose meaning there is some doubt, as to whether it is "wild onion" or "strong." If the name be typical of that to which it is applied, the latter definition should win the day.

Among the big things put through by this hustling metropolis of the prairies was the raising of the city ten feet in order to obtain proper drainage, and the reversing of the course of the Chicago River. The latter receives the sewage from the streets and formerly flowed into Lake Michigan, but as the water supply is drawn from the lake, the river was turned in another direction and caused to empty into the Illinois.

Chicago is the greatest marvel of a city in quick growth and in sudden wealth that the world has ever seen. Mr. W. T. Stead, the Englishman, says that it is going on and on, until it becomes to the world what Babylon once was in greatness and glory—and in wickedness. For Chicago is a wicked city, and a dirty city.

The black prairie mud covers the streets and there seems to be no effort made to remove it. Black smoke tumbles out of chimneys, and hangs in the murky atmosphere until heart and lungs are oppressed. There is a sense of *push* which hurts, which distracts and annoys.

It is an ugly city. Every vacant lot is fenced with staring billboards inviting you to buy something you do not want. But, as was said in the beginning, Chicago is not grown. It is only in the half grown, hobbledehoy stage. When it is finished it is going to be the wonder among cities.

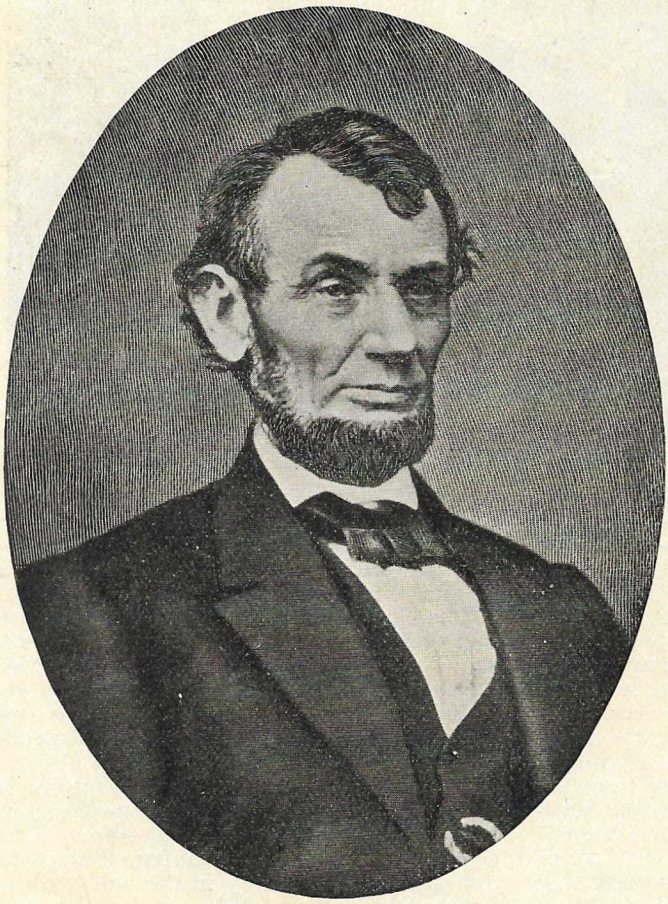
LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS.

The martyr President's final charge to his cabinet—A hopefulness of mind that presaged the peace he had toiled for but was destined not to enjoy.

By Samuel N. Parks.

IT appears to be one of the ironies of life, which we do not like to remember are possible, that the man who made the sentence beginning: "With malice toward none and with charity for all," should have ended his beautiful and great life by the hand of murderous spite.

Lincoln's last words to his cabinet were an injunction to think over the subjects under discussion, and meet him a few days later, understanding that now they must all begin to act in the interest of peace. The men who surrounded and loved him went away with those words of good will in their ears.



Abraham Lincoln.

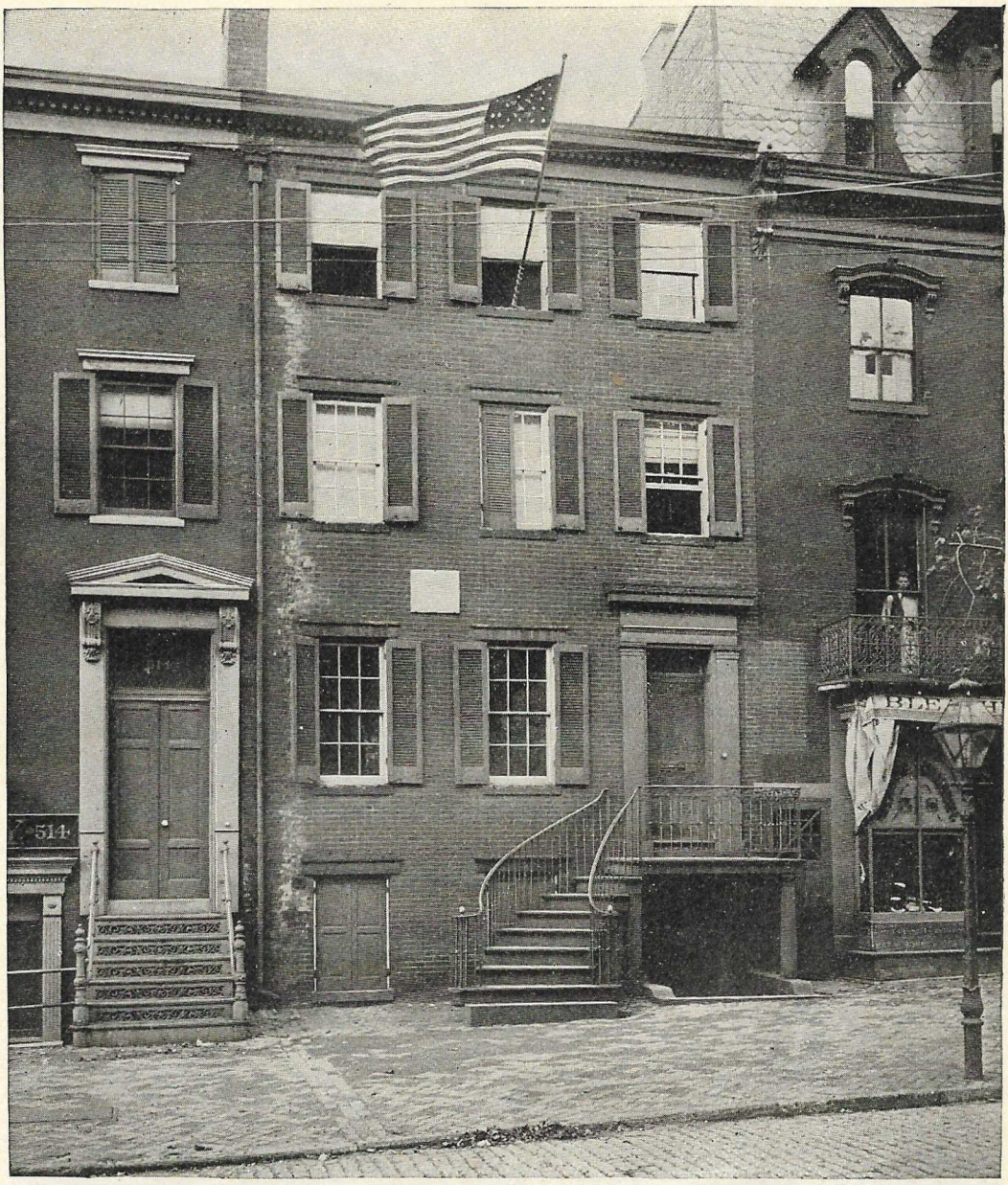
It seemed as though that 14th of April, 1865, was an unusually happy day for Mr. Lincoln. In the superstitious old world they used to look with pity upon the unreasonably happy, saying that they were about to be miserable.

But Mr. Lincoln thought he had reason for his rejoicing. His son Robert had just come in with General Grant, and peace was drawing near. He went for a drive with Mrs. Lincoln and talked happily of plans for the next four years. That day the flag which had been lowered from Fort Sumter in '61 was run up to its old place, and the Stars and Stripes, the flag of all the States, floated over the spot where the first gun of the rebellion had been fired. It was Good Friday, but to the war sick President it seemed a day of rejoicing instead of sorrow, and he ended it by going to the theater.

That great, simple mind could not conceive of the ugly plans of assassins, least of all could he believe that the handsome young actor whose face and fame he knew so well, could be plotting his death. John Wilkes Booth was more of an actor and a vain man, than a strong partisan. The true people of the South realized that fact from the first.

He entered the stage box where the President sat with his friends, a knife in one hand and a pistol in the other. He put the pistol to the President's head and fired, and deeply wounding one of the gentlemen in the party with the knife, he sprang lightly over the edge of the box to the stage.

It was no leap at all for an athlete like Booth, but he caught his spur in the American flag which draped the front of the stage, and fell, breaking his leg. Unmindful of the pain, he turned to the audience, and cried out, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" Then he



The House Where Lincoln Died.

fled rapidly away, to meet a dog's death at last from his pursuers; to be reviled by North and South, to be seen for what he was, a notoriety seeker, who had sacrificed the noblest soul in the nation for his own petty and trivial ends.

A plot had been laid by Booth, in which several hot headed or merely stupid men and women were engaged, by which all the cabinet officers were to be murdered at the same hour. But only Seward and Lincoln were attacked.

Eight men and one woman were executed for the murder, and three were sentenced to imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas.

The president hardly moved. He was carried to a house across the street, and the great men of the nation came to see him die.

Lincoln was shot a little after ten o'clock in the evening, and never regained consciousness. An alarm was immediately sent out, and with one thrill of sorrow, the city and the nation realized its great loss.

All through the night the men who had worked under his wise counsel for four of the most terrible years any country ever suffered, stood by his bedside. At seven in the morning he died. As Stanton put his hand to the dead eyes, he said solemnly what the world has echoed:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

"Marshal Forward."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Neuhaus.

"MARSHAL FORWARD."

A sketch of the life and personality of the great German general who shared with the Duke of Wellington the honors of victory at Waterloo.

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

GEBHARD LEBERECHT VON BLÜCHER became a soldier more by accident than design—or perhaps it was fatality; certain it is that the great field marshal's father, who already had three elder sons in the Russian, Prussian, and Danish services, was firmly resolved that his younger offspring should devote their lives to less perilous pursuits.

Young Gebhard was only fourteen when the Seven Years' War broke out, but he was sent away from the parental abode at

Rostock, in Mecklenburg Schwerin, to the island of Rugen, and there placed in charge of a relative, thus apparently removing from him all the glamour of conflict.

Alas for paternal precautions! A year later a regiment of hussars from Sweden, then at war with Frederick the Great, set foot on the island, and Gebhard, weary of trying to amuse himself on the barren isle, became infatuated with the martial uniforms and jingling sabers, and joined them.

About a year after his enlistment, in a cavalry skirmish against his own countrymen, the young soldier was captured by a Colonel Belling. The latter conceived a liking for the boy, and offered to obtain for him a subaltern's commission in the Prussian service.

Honor forbade Blücher's acceptance, however, until an exchange was effected with a prisoner who, being by birth a Prussian, had forfeited his life to military law.

Blücher served through the latter part of the Seven Years' War under the great General von Zieten, and took part in numerous battles, among them Cunersdorf and Freyborg, in which latter engagement he received a painful wound.

With the dawn of peace came several years of garrison duty. After his campaigns under the great Frederick, Blücher found this irksome in the extreme. He tried to vary the monotony by riotous living, punctuated with various duels. When his old patron Belling, now a general, ventured to remonstrate, the hot headed Blücher took umbrage, and challenged him to mortal combat. Only the veteran commander's generosity saved his fiery subordinate from being summarily shot for so gross a violation of military etiquette.

In 1770, greatly to his delight, Blücher, now a captain, was sent with his regiment into Poland. The Poles sought to avenge themselves upon the enemy, whom they durst not meet in the field, by assassinations. Sentinels were often found stabbed to the heart, and it became unsafe for a Prussian soldier to traverse the streets alone.

Captain Blücher, who was quartered in a Polish town, lost several men in this way. Suspicion pointed to a certain priest as the instigator of two of these crimes, so Blücher arrested him, and resolving to give the citizens a lesson, sentenced him to death.

The evidence was so slight, however, that even the impetuous captain hesitated, On the day set for the execution the prisoner was blindfolded and placed before a freshly dug grave. A file of soldiers was drawn up, and a volley discharged. Only they and their captain knew that the cartridges were blank, and the poor priest nearly died of fright.

This and other acts in opposition to Frederick's conciliatory policy led to Blücher's degradation from the highest to the lowest on the list of captains in his regiment. When a vacancy occurred soon after, and a junior officer received the promotion, Blücher resigned his commission. Loth to lose so good an officer, Frederick placed him under arrest solely to give him time to reconsider; but the captain's blood was up and he insisted on his discharge.

This he obtained, and in the thirteen years of retirement that followed he had leisure to regret his rashness. He married and became a man of prominence in Pomerania, where he had purchased an estate; but the quietness of his existence palled on him. He pined for his old life, and made frequent though unavailing applications for reinstatement.

Frederick was inexorable, but after his death, in 1786, Blücher renewed his efforts. While his application was under consideration, he appeared at the grand annual inspection as a spectator, and there, in that vast conclave of military men, he attracted the attention of the new king by his gallant bearing and superb horsemanship. Frederick William soon restored him to his rank in his old regiment of hussars.

Shortly afterward, on the death of his colonel, Blücher assumed command. He was now fifty one years of age. Like the great von Moltke of a later generation, he was first accorded the opportunity of distinguishing himself at a time of life when most officers look forward to retirement,

The French Revolution in 1793 was followed by twenty years of almost uninterrupted war, and Blücher acquired a great reputation as a cavalry leader. His contempt for danger and *sangfroid* under fire inspired his men with some of his own courage. Amid a murderous torrent of shot and shell Blücher would coolly check his horse while he lit his pipe at the linstock of a gunner. His rather coarse jests extorted grim laughter from his column while grapeshot was tearing its ranks.

Blücher's favorite plan of attack was to lead his squadrons upon the enemy with great fierceness. If serious resistance was encountered, he would retire, remaining within easy striking distance. The slightest manifestation of disorder or weakness was his signal for attack. Darting upon the foe with lightning rapidity, he would hew his way through their ranks, and be off again before a sufficient force could be amassed to crush him.

During the campaign of 1794, alone, he captured four thousand men, fifteen hundred horses, and eleven guns.

Blücher succeeded to the command of the left wing of the army on the death of General Goltz. After the peace of Basle, he held a command in Munster for a time, and in 1801 became governor of that province.

When war broke out in 1806 between Prussia and France, Blücher was commander of cavalry. In this capacity he had no power to correct or repair the blunders of his superiors. When Napoleon crushed the military power of Prussia at Jena,

Blücher implored permission to lead his squadrons against the French. A charge might have saved the day, but the king refused, and all Blücher could do was to save as large a remnant of his troops as possible by a retreat.

Here Blücher showed the indomitable courage and extraordinary ability which characterized his entire career; but despite all his efforts, he was overtaken by the French at Lübeck, and forced to capitulate.

After a brief retirement on parole at Hamburg, Blücher was exchanged for General Victor. He visited the French headquarters on this occasion, and was received with marks of distinction by Napoleon.

In 1808 Blücher became dangerously ill. For several months his malady clung to him, and it was thought that he could not live. At times his reason was affected. In his delirium he inveighed vehemently against Bonaparte, his country's oppressor, and prophetically predicted his downfall.

"This must happen," he would repeat, "and I must assist at it. I will not die till it shall have come to pass."

When Napoleon's tremendous armament succumbed to the ravages of the Russian winter and the Czar's Cossack hordes in 1812, Prussia took up arms to help Russia rid Europe of their common enemy.

Napoleon raised and equipped fresh troops to replace those whom he had left under the snows of the steppes. They were raw recruits, but he unhesitatingly led them against the allied forces.

At Lutzen, where the great Swede, Gustavus Adolphus, fell in 1632, the Prussian and Russian armies were met and defeated after a murderous battle. General Blücher commanded the Prussians. Though wounded he left the battle field but half an hour, and conducted the retreat so brilliantly that the allied forces did not lose a gun.

At Bautzen Napoleon was again victorious. A truce of two months followed, when hostilities opened again. This time Napoleon's loving father in law of Austria arrayed himself on the side of Russia, Prussia, and Saxony.

At Dresden a battle was fought on August 26. Napoleon won rather a doubtful victory. On the same day, however, on the river Katzbach, the French under Marshal Macdonald were badly defeated by Blücher. Never was field more fairly won. Eighteen thousand men and one hundred cannon fell into the hands of the Prussians.

Two months later the French were worsted at Leipsic. For his services in this battle Frederick William presented General Blücher with the marshal's baton.

The whole of Europe seemed banded together, in 1814, to compass the downfall of the hated Corsican. Three tremendous armies crossed the French frontier.

The Prussians under the redoubtable Blücher were the first to encounter's Napoleon's legions. At Brienne they gained a victory, and again Blücher triumphed at Laon.

Napoleon believed by a counter invasion of Germany, he could draw the allies away from Paris. Instead of following him, however, they strained every nerve to capture the capital.

Finding himself foiled, Bonaparte tried to reach Paris first. He arrived too late. Paris had fallen, and the French senate passed a decree that Napoleon had forfeited his throne.

In spite of his advanced age Blücher continued with his command until the entry of the allied sovereigns into Paris. To him must be accorded most of the credit for the victory.

Blücher was at Berlin when the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba reached him. He at once donned his field marshal's uniform, and appeared on the streets, to remind the younger officers that they need not expect him to surrender to them his rightful place in the coming fray.

On the Prussians under Blücher, and the English under the Duke of Wellington, fell the responsibility of meeting the French emperor's first onslaught.

Napoleon attacked Blücher at Ligny on June 16, 1815. Here the marshal led a cavalry charge in person with all his old time dash. His horse was killed and Blücher fell under the dying animal.

Despite the shock and bruises of the fall he continued to direct operations, finally withdrawing his troops towards Wavres.

To prevent the junction of the English and German forces, Napoleon sent Marshal Grouchy with thirty four thousand men to follow Blücher and hold him in check.

At Waterloo on the 17th Napoleon undertook to crush Wellington. In the Iron Duke the Corsican found a foeman worthy his steel. Until towards nightfall the battle waged hotly, with the issue in doubt. Then victory seemed to incline toward the French.

About five o'clock, during a lull in the battle, the shrill sweet notes of a cavalry bugle sounded far on the French right.

At first the French believed that Grouchy was returning. Vain hope! Blücher's legions had reached the battle field at last, and the aged field marshal's promise of assistance to Wellington was redeemed.

So bitter was Blücher against the man who was responsible for his country's misfortunes and humiliation, that had not the English intervened, Napoleon would have suffered death instead of exile.

On the return to Prussia, the old field marshal was received with every demonstration of respect. But his health was shattered, and he lingered but four years, dying at Krieblowitz, in Silesia, in 1819.

He had lived to witness the downfall of his country's oppressor, however, and true to the prophetic utterances of his delirium years previous, he had assisted at it, and he did not die till it had come to pass.

OFF TO THE ROCKIES.*

By Edward S. Ellis,

Author of "Darak Edwards' Ordeal," "Deerfoot Series," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ON the advice of his physician, Arlos Hayman, who has injured his health by too close application to study, goes on a hunting trip to the far West.

He hopes to secure the company of Dolph Bushkirk, an old schoolmate living in Denver, but finds that the latter has started a week earlier on a similar trip to the same regions.

Arlos engages Budd Slogan, a fine type of the frontiersman, as guide, and together they leave Central City for the wildest regions of the Rocky Mountains.

While Arlos is on guard the first night out, one of the ponies whinnies. The lonely sentinel regards this as sufficient cause for alarm.

CHAPTER V.

A LUCKY SHOT.

THE mind of Arlos Hayman was filled with a score of disturbing fancies as to the nature of the danger which threatened the camp.

He knew from his own experience, before being told by Bud Slogan, that one of the keenest and most unerring of sentinels is an intelligent horse. His senses of smell and vision often enable him to detect the approach of peril when it is unsuspected by his master.

The faint whinny of one of the ponies showed that he had been disturbed, and whatever the cause, it must be of an alarming nature.

The youth held his rifle so as to be able to use it on the instant, and leaning slightly forward tried to peer into the impenetrable gloom; but it was too profound for him to distinguish anything.

He recalled that Budd had not given him any directions as to what he should do in the event of being disturbed. It must have been that he deemed such a thing too improbable. Had he thought otherwise he would have warned Arlos to awaken him on the instant.

Not having done so, Arlos decided not to disturb him, unless the peril should become more tangible.

The immediate question with him was whether he should steal out to where the animals had lain down and ascertain for himself the nature of the danger. This, it will be seen, was a risky thing to do; for if it should prove that an Indian, or perhaps more than one, was prowling near the camp, the young sentinel would expose himself to a shot or stealthy attack. He did not know precisely where to look for his enemy, who would be the first to detect him.

The fire had smoldered so low that it ceased to give out any illumination. Not the faintest glimpse of Budd's body could be perceived, so that Arlos, who was still further from the ashes, was certain of being out of sight of any one.

Suddenly an ember, lying across another, broke apart and a twist of flame shot upward.

It was like thrusting a lighted lamp into a darkened room. The abrupt glare lit up the surrounding gloom for a distance of several yards. Not only was the inanimate form of the guide brought into distinct relief, but the scared face of the youth seated on the ground several paces away, reflected the glow.

Instinctively Arlos turned his eyes in the direction of the spot where he supposed the animals to be. To his amazement, he saw that one of them had risen to his feet, and was looking off into the gloom.

He was motionless, and Arlos discerned him very indistinctly and only for an instant, when the little flame expired and all became blank darkness again.

Prudence whispered that it was high time to awaken Budd Slogan. The situation had become so grave that he alone could deal with it, but the youth was now acting in obedience to a curious impulse.

He had been appointed sentinel, and nothing was said about his appealing to his veteran companion, no matter what the situation might become, until the turn of night.

"And I won't ask his help," muttered Arlos, compressing his lips; "we are likely to have considerable of this sort of business, and there's no better time than now to break myself in."

Gently flinging off his blanket, he began creeping away from camp and toward the standing horse. While doing so he grasped his rifle in one hand.

He moved slowly and with extreme care, glancing continually to the right and left,

**The first 4 chapters of this story appeared in the July issue of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 10 cents.*

in front and even behind him. Every few seconds he stopped and listened. He could not hear anything, and the starlight enabled him to see but a slight distance.

The point where he had caught sight of the standing animal, was so clearly remembered that he did not deviate in his course to it. When he had gone, as it seemed, the full distance, he paused with a thrill of misgiving.

The pony was not visible.

"Some one has stolen him!"

But the fear had hardly shaped itself in his mind, when, to his great relief, he perceived the outlines of the animal, which had lain down again. Just beyond was the second horse, though, in the darkness, Arlos could not identify either of them.

"They are safe for the time, but there's no saying how long they will be."

He crept still closer. The nearest pony raised his head, pricked his ears and again whinnied, but with so slight effort that he could not have been heard more than a few rods distant.

"There must be an Indian on the other side of him," was the conclusion of Arlos, who it need not be said was thinking hard and fast. "I'll steal round to that point and see whether I can get a shot at him."

It was a daring proceeding, but the youth carried it out in spirit and letter.

With infinite labor and pains he moved through the grass, keeping his head and shoulders so low that at times he seemed to be gliding after the manner of a serpent, instead of upon all fours.

When directly opposite the point where he had first halted, he paused again, as alert, watchful, and attentive as ever. He had gone so far beyond the horses that he could barely make out the form nearest to him, which, it will be borne in mind, was not the one that was the means of bringing him to this spot.

It was the turn of this animal now to throw up its head, and, holding it motionless a moment, emit that signal of alarm which has often saved a man's life.

"What can it be that you have learned?"

With the question came a conviction to Arlos Hayman, which, despite his trying situation, brought a smile to his face. It must have been himself that had caused the last evidence of disturbance on the part of the ponies. His stealthy movements had attracted their notice, but evidently they speedily identified him and ceased to be frightened.

Following this conviction was another: whatever the nature of the danger, it was gone. The prowler must have discovered that the sentinel was alert, and that it was not safe to attempt to run off the horses. Accordingly he had withdrawn to await a more favorable opportunity.

This terrifying thought came to the youthful guard: suppose that in his brief absence the treacherous foe had stolen up to the campfire and slain Budd Slogan?

The awful fear caused Arlos to run across the intervening space, not pausing until he bent over the dark bundle at the foot of the boulder and heard the deep breathing of his friend. Then he heaved a sigh of relief and thankfulness.

"It was a close call," he muttered, resuming his old place, with his back against the boulder, and his blanket gathered about him. "What a fatal mistake any one would make to sleep without a guard! I've a strong notion to keep up the watch through the night."

Fifteen minutes later Arlos Hayman was as sound asleep as Budd Slogan!

Who can fight off the insidious approach of slumber? Though a thousand lives may be at stake, though the wearied sailor is clinging to the swaying mast, though the engineer stands with his hand upon the throttle, though the general is directing the battle upon which hangs the fate of nations, though the parent is watching the last minutes on earth of the loved one—yet unconsciousness steals upon him despite every resolution and effort to fight off the weakness.

Not only that, but the strongest mind cannot recall the moment when his senses fled from him.

Arlos was seated as I have described, alert and watchful, and certain that he could maintain his vigil through the remaining hours of the night, when his head bowed forward, and, to all intents and purposes, life was gone from him.

Budd Slogan was one of those who have the power of awakening at any moment previously fixed in his mind. It was not five minutes past twelve when he opened his eyes, flung aside his blanket and sat up, as fully himself as when holding the glass of his young friend leveled at the distant camp fire.

A moment's listening brought a suspicion of the truth. He pronounced the name of Arlos several times, gradually increasing the loudness of the tone, but without bringing any answer.

"Just what I expected," he muttered, moving cautiously about until he could get the "lay of the land."

This did not require long. He found where Arlos sat asleep and discovered that the animals had not been harmed or stolen. Nothing had gone amiss despite the sluggard sentinel.

Budd made a guarded visit to where the ponies were lying, and finding no cause for alarm returned to his former position. There he seated himself on the ground, in the posture of the sleeping Arlos, and, with the grim patience he had learned in his years of experience, assumed the duties of sentinel.

At such times the minutes pass slowly and the hours are intolerably long, but the man hardly stirred a muscle while the night was wearing away. Not once did he feel the slightest drowsiness.

When at last the growing light in the east told of the coming day, he was as alert as ever. Looking across at his young friend, he saw that he was still unconscious.

"I will leave him to wake fur himself," reflected the guide.

Remembering that no food was at command, Budd decided to obtain it. The ponies had risen to their feet, and, after drinking from the small stream, renewed their cropping of the grass.

Budd thought it time enough to rebuild the fire when there was something to broil. So, rifle in hand, he set out in quest of game.

He had been gone perhaps half an hour, when Arlos Hayman opened his eyes and stared about him, unable for a minute or two, to recall his wandering senses.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed, when it had all come back to him, "I must have fallen asleep! I forget to wake Budd, and we have both slept through nearly the whole night. Well, nothing has happened to the horses."

Satisfied on this point, it was easy to explain the absence of his companion. Arlos concluded that he had awakened a few minutes before him and gone in quest of breakfast.

"I hope he won't forget to shoot enough for both. It seems to me that I am hungry all the time. I think I'll take a look around, myself."

And, without stopping to pick up his hat, where it had fallen while he was unconscious, the youth started on what may be termed his first hunt since leaving home.

It is the unexpected which generally happens. He supposed that in the natural order of events, he would meet with no game, while Budd was certain to secure more than was needed, but the reverse was the fact.

"I wonder if I run across anything, what it will be," he mused, as he picked his way forward, the gentle wind blowing the hair from his forehead. "I believe they find grizzly bears, antelopes, wolves, deer——"

A smothered bellow caused him to turn his head like a flash. To his amazement, he observed an immense buffalo bull, which was browsing in a small open space, upon which Arlos had intruded without seeing the animal. The latter was quick to detect him.

It struck the young hunter as an odd fact that this enormous animal was alone instead of with a herd, but he supposed his companions were feeding near by and that they would speedily meet.

Those noble creatures, as my readers know, have been exterminated within the last few years, by the wanton destruction of professional and amateur sportsmen. Where not long ago there were tens and hundreds of thousands, today there is none.

Although their number had been greatly thinned out at the time of Arlos Hayman's visit to the Rocky Mountains, enough were still met to afford excellent sport, though they frequented the open country far more than the mountainous regions.

The first thought of the youth, after recovering from his shock of surprise, was a natural one.

"You look to me, old fellow, as if you would make a good meal for us, provided Budd doesn't want more than his share."

The bull was a combative fellow and disposed to resent this intrusion upon his domain. He stood with raised head and glaring eyes, the grass dripping from his jaws, as if expecting to see the young man break and fly before him, while there was yet time to escape his resistless charge.

Arlos stood a moment admiringly viewing the magnificent creature. He was the finest specimen by far upon which he had ever looked. He judged that he must be king of an immense herd, which could not be far away.

"I might be tempted to spare you, but for the fact that I'm so hungry I am sure to perish if I have to wait another half hour for breakfast—great king!"

Well might Arlos utter the exclamation, for the bull, as if impatient over the tardiness of the daring intruder's flight, suddenly lowered his head, emitted a savage bellow, and "went for" the young man with might and main.

Naturally Arlos supposed that no more fatal spot could be found for lodging his bullet, since the animal's position made the heart inaccessible, than the head. Bringing his Winchester to his shoulder, therefore, he took a quick aim and let fly.

To his astonishment, the animal showed not the slightest effects. His furious, headlong flight continued without check.

It is a fact that the bony structure in the head of the bison (improperly called the buffalo), often proves an effective armor against the most penetrating of firearms. So it was in this instance, seeing which, Arlos, with commendable coolness, quickly shoved another cartridge in place and fired again.

This time, he aimed at the foreleg, knowing that a bullet there would cripple his enemy, even if it did not slay him.

Such was the fact. With a bellow of pain, the huge creature stumbled and plowed forward on his head and knees, striving fiercely to gain his feet.

At this moment he was so close to Arlos that the latter ran several rods, afraid of becoming entangled in his throes. Wheeling quickly, however, he hastily prepared another cartridge and anxiously looked for a chance to use it.

He was astonished to see that the brute had regained his feet and was striving to reach him. The animal is of a low degree of intelligence, but this one was not long in comprehending that something was amiss. He stopped his struggles and stood motionless on three legs.

Arlos slipped to one side, and the next moment sent a bullet into the body directly back of the foreleg.

That settled matters, for the missile was so truly aimed that it bored its way through the seat of life, and the king buffalo, with a half smothered bellow, sagged forward, turned heavily on his side, and ceased to move.

"Purty well done, younker! You've been luckier than me!"

It was Budd Slogan who called to Arlos. He was a short distance off, when he heard the youth's Winchester, and not knowing what it might signify, ran to the spot.

"It seems to me," remarked the youth, contemplating the mountainous animal with no little satisfaction, "that he is unusually large, Budd."

"I've killed hundreds of them critters on the Llano Estacado and dozens of different prairies, but I don't think I ever fetched down a bigger bull than him."

"I'm proud to know that, but I'm worried over one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'm afraid there's not enough meat on him for our breakfast."

"Mebbe not," gravely replied Budd, "but it will sorter stay our appetites till we can find the herd he's strayed from and kill a dozen more. We'll try it, any way, and here's hopin' it won't keep you awake tonight when you're on watch."

The guide grinned and winked, when the blushing Arlos looked reproachfully at him.

"I'm ashamed of myself, Budd, for I didn't think it possible. But then, it gave you a chance to gain a full night's sleep, and we'll fix it better next time."

"Gave me a full night's sleep?" repeated the elder. "I woke at midnight, just as I said I would, and found you like a dead younker. You was sleeping so hard I thought it a pity to wake you, so I sot up till morning."

"Too bad! I can only apologize and repeat my promise, but if you were half as hungry as I, you wouldn't keep breakfast waiting."

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER INTO THE WILDS.

THE keen edged hunting knife of the guide served him well. He first ran the point along the bison's spine, and then peeled the skin down each shoulder, from one of which he cut a steak, large enough, it would seem, to supply half a dozen persons with an all sufficient meal.

The steak was carefully washed in the running brook, while Arlos busied himself in renewing the fire.

It would be hardly prudent for me to tell how much Budd Slogan and Arlos Hayman ate.

The youth advocated broiling still more of the steak and taking it with them, since, as he insisted, in a few hours they would be as hungry as before.

"It ain't worth the bother," replied Budd, rejecting the proposal. "As we push further into the mountains, we'll find all the game we want."

"If you're sure of that," said Arlos, with pretended solicitude, "I'll take the risk, great as it is."

Accordingly, it was so done. The horses were saddled and bridled, and the two renewed their journey, following a sort of pass between the mountain ranges, where the progress was alternately difficult and easy.

The ground continued steadily rising, so that before noon a decided change of temperature was perceptible. Vast peaks towered on the right and left, the tops covered with snow, from which a chilling breath now and then reached the horses and their riders. The pass resembled scores of others in the Sierras and Rocky Mountain ranges, that are the avenues through which emigrants formerly journeyed, and without the existence of which the early overland emigration to the Pacific coast would have been impossible.

This pass might be termed a canyon, and seemed to have been made at some remote age, by a stupendous upheaval of nature which split the rock ribbed ranges asunder.

This canyon was of varying width. In some places it was no more than a hundred feet across, while at others it expanded to three or four times that extent.

The bottom showed that at certain seasons, as during a cloud burst, an unusual melting of snow, or a great fall of rain, it was swept by a tumultuous torrent that carried everything before it.

Budd gave it as his opinion that many of the huge boulders and rocks, around which they were forced to pick their way, had been carried along for unknown miles by one of those inconceivably fierce currents of water.

A curious feeling was present with Arlos. It seemed to him when they made a turn in the canyon, they had but to go a little further, when they must confront a solid wall.

But Budd smiled at his fears. He had traversed the same pass several times, and knew that by making some changes of direction further on, they could eventually reach the less broken country through which flow the White, the Green, and other rivers, with the Uintah, Snow, and Wahsatch ranges beyond.

There was no intention, however, of penetrating that far, since they would find all the hunting they could wish within the Rocky Mountains proper, where, too, Arlos was hopeful of meeting his old schoolmate and friend, Dolph Bushkirk.

Arlos told the story of his experience when acting as sentinel. He was surprised at the slight interest shown by the guide.

"I thought it was an Indian prowling round the camp, for a chance to shoot one of us or run off with the horses," added the youth.

"Nothin' of that sort," replied his companion; "like enough it was a wolf or some smaller critter hunting for something to eat."

Budd scrutinized the sky with the keenness of one who had long since learned how to read the secrets of the weather, as revealed by faint indications which most people would not notice.

The sun was shining brightly, with every promise of several days of ideal temperature. Yet he said,

"We'll catch it inside of twenty four hours. It may be snow, hail, or rain and wind, but we're bound to have some kind of flurry."

To the surprise of Arlos Hayman, the progress continued easy and comparatively rapid until late in the afternoon. The canyon seemed to lose its distinctive character, for it broadened to such an extent that it resembled a valley or elevated table land, between the towering mountain walls. Water was abundant, grass plentiful, and traveling so smooth that, had they chosen, they could have ridden most of the distance on a swinging gallop. But there was no call to hurry, and their ponies were allowed to walk.

The air was crisp, but not uncomfortably so, and the tough little animals seemed to find the progress as pleasant as their riders.

The two had eaten so heartily in the morning that they decided to make only one more meal, which naturally was set for the close of the afternoon, though it need not be said that the younger hunter, at least, felt like gratifying his appetite long before the hour fixed by the other.

"I must gain Budd's respect," he reflected, "by proving that I am able to undergo hardship, suffering, and hunger like a seasoned veteran. If I am weak and whimsical, I will go down to zero in his estimation. So I will endure like a martyr the pangs of starvation, caused by ten hours' fast. He shall not hear a murmur from me if he decides to wait a half hour longer before dining."

The ground was so undulating that when the afternoon was well along, Budd said they were hardly fifty feet higher than when they left camp in the morning. Furthermore, they could pass entirely through this portion of the Rocky Mountains with but little increase of altitude.

"It is cold enough here," he said, "in the winter, when the snow lays forty feet deep in some of the gullies, to freeze the stirrups apart under your feet, but the season is too fur along for us to be bothered by anything like that now."

The lofty mountain peaks hid the sun from sight, though its rays were gilding the summits when the two drew rein with the purpose of camping for the night. The spot selected by Budd Slogan was the most inviting that had yet met the eyes of the youth, who was impressed from the first with the magnificent scenery on every hand. He was sure that no finer site could have been found, had they searched for weeks.

They were still in the valley-like depression between the ranges, with an abundance of succulent grass and clear running water. A stream not deep, but several rods in width, as clear as crystal and as cold as if it had just come from a dissolving iceberg, flowed through the middle of the valley, and the banks, as far as the vision extended, were green with the blades that had so recently sprung into life.

There was food in plenty for the cattle "on a thousand hills."

The sloping sides of the valley were broken here and there by immense brown masses of rock, and oddly tumbled boulders, some of which were so heaped together as to show rough structures as large as a city building.

When Arlos noticed dried sticks, limbs, branches, and even large trees scattered here and there at a considerable distance from the stream, Budd explained that they had been brought down from the mountains during the spring freshets, or by an unusual flow of water.

"I remember seeing that stump of a tree twelve years ago," he said, pointing to a decaying trunk near at hand; "and since it was old at that time, it must be purty well seasoned now. In them rocks there to the right, two of us stood off a dozen Injins for a couple of days and nights, and that's where we're going to make our headquarters for some weeks to come."

In answer to Arlos' look of surprise, the guide said that they had now reached a point where their ponies were of no further use. They would be turned loose to graze until needed again, while their riders amused themselves in hunting through the surrounding region.

"Are they not liable to be stolen?" asked Arlos.

Budd shrugged his shoulders.

"We must take our chances; we're no more likely to lose 'em here than if we tried to keep 'em by us, further in the mountains. When me and the boys was spending our time along the beaver runs, that's what we had to do, and we gin'rally found our ponies when we wanted 'em. If we didn't, we hoofed it or borrowed others."

In accordance with the plan of the guide, the saddles, bridles, and everything were taken from the animals and carried into a sort of rude cave among the boulders, which Arlos did not notice until it was pointed out by his companion.

This natural opening was about a dozen feet in extent, covered and walled in on three sides, but with the fourth half open

or exposed. The shelter, therefore, which it offered was only partial, though much preferable in severe weather to the open air.

"We'll stay there tonight," said Budd, "and I hope we'll find our things and our ponies when we're ready to set out fur the Miners' Delight."

It took but a few minutes to stow away their goods. More than an hour of daylight remained.

"How is that gentle appetite of yourn?" suddenly asked the guide, when they stood on the outside of their rocky home.

"I think I can stand it a few minutes longer," replied Arlos, with a grave countenance.

"Stand what?"

"The hunger that is gnawing at my vitals."

"Wal, now, if you'll gather a lot of the wood you see scattered round here to start a good roaring fire, I'll make a hunt for supper."

"Be assured that I won't neglect *my* part. Will it be buffalo, bear, antelope, mountain sheep, or what?"

"Can't tell; depends on what I run across."

"That's right, Budd, that's right; don't be particular. Shoot the first game you set your eyes on, if it's a wolf. Don't wait to choose; the crisis is too serious."

Budd Slogan laughed as he swung off with his Winchester ready for service.

"He's a comical cuss, but I like him; I wonder if he always carries round an appetite like that. It leaves my thirst a thousand miles out of sight."

CHAPTER VII.

A MONARCH OF THE WILDERNESS.

LEFT alone once more, Arlos Hayman set about gathering wood for the fire needed to cook their supper,

"I wonder what Dr. Kleinman and father and mother and Miriam would think," he mused, "if they could see me now. They would say I was entirely well, and might go home to them, but I don't expect to do so for a good while yet. I'm enjoying myself too much. Besides, I need more time to build up my strength, so it will stay built up."

On the same side of the stream, but some distance up the sloping bank of the valley, was a grove of pines, the trunks standing near together, like tall columns, supporting their roofs of branches, which cast a shadow so deep that the sun's rays never pierced it. Nothing seemed more likely than that in this grove would be found not only many dried cones that had fallen from the trees, but a plentiful supply of twigs and branches so seasoned by years of death that a tiny match would be sufficient to ignite them.

Arlos started for the spot, intending to collect his last armful of fuel, with which to kindle the fire for the evening meal.

Not a thought of danger entered his head while he walked toward the grove, nor after he had stepped between the trees. He was thinking only of the preparations for supper, and wondering how long it would be before Budd Slogan returned.

He had not heard the report of his gun, and was disappointed that so much time must elapse before satisfying his gnawing hunger.

"After he shoots his game, he will bring it or a portion of it back to the fire, which will have to burn a while before there will be coals enough to broil it. I wonder whether he has any idea of my suffering—"

It is a truth that we are sometimes warned of danger before we see or hear anything of it. Not the faintest sound struck the ear of the youth, nor did he notice anything. All the same, however, he paused abruptly in his communing, and, with a startled shudder, looked around, absolutely certain that some personal peril was upon him.

The sight which met his gaze was sufficient to tingle the nerves of the most intrepid hunter, holding the trustiest of weapons in hand.

Hardly fifty feet distant was a grizzly bear—his size so mountainous that at first Arlos thought he was some species of monster, with double the bulk of that forest monarch.

As in the case of the bison, he had descried the intruder first. Without emitting a growl or sound, he reared partly on his hind legs, and looked at him—that and nothing more.

There was that in the vast size of the brute, his peculiar posture, and his perfect silence that made the situation more fearfully impressive than if he had emitted a warning growl and lumbered forward on all fours. It was unnatural, terrible, awe inspiring.

Arlos was petrified. He could only stand and stare at the formidable beast, too appalled to retreat. The bear remained half upright for a moment or two, and then dropped to his natural posture. His head was still in sight, with the horrible jaws parted, displaying his red, cavernous mouth and his tongue and gleaming teeth.

What animal seized in the embrace of such a brute, or receiving a blow from one of his beam-like paws, could stand for an instant before him?

These and similar thoughts rushed through the brain of Arlos Hayman as he stood for a few awful seconds in front of the monster, who, had he chosen to advance, could have crushed the youth to pulp as if he were an eggshell.

And he was without a weapon with which to defend himself! True, his revolver was in his hip pocket, underneath his coat, but had he emptied every chamber into the front of the grizzly, it is probable that

the brute would hardly have been aware of it. The bullets would have been about as effective as so many paper wads.

There was but one wild, irrestrainable desire in the mind of Arlos Hayman : that was to get away as quickly as he could, to reach his Winchester, or some place of refuge among the rocks.

Pausing just long enough to pull himself together, Arlos turned and ran as never before. When in his usual health he was a superb sprinter, and he now gave an exhibition that would have won him the championship could it have been placed on record.

He did not glance over his shoulder at his terrible pursuer. He was sure he heard him crashing among the trees and across the open space, with a speed surpassing that of a race horse. He caught his deep breathing and felt his hot, musky breath upon his neck and shoulders. It seemed as if each second must be his last.

The terrified fugitive saw where his Winchester was leaning against the boulders close to the pile of wood. The distance was short, and he was running hard, but it seemed he would never reach it.

Straining every nerve, however, he plunged headlong, almost falling on his knees, as he snatched the weapon and whirled about to begin pumping his bullets into the savage brute.

The grizzly was nowhere in sight!

The panting youth could not believe the evidence of his own eyes. What had become of the monster? Whither had he vanished? Was it all his distorted fancy that had conjured up an ogre among the pines?

Impossible. He had seen the most gigantic of grizzly bears, and had been within fifty feet of him. He was mistaken in supposing the animal pursued him in his flight from the spot; but that he was still among the pines, hardly a hundred yards distant, Arlos Hayman had no more doubt than he had of his own existence.

Convinced that he was safe for the moment, the young hunter's next wonder was why the bear had not followed him. Had he chosen to do so, assuredly nothing could have saved the fugitive. Should he still emerge from the grove, it was doubtful whether the Winchester with its numerous charges would check him.

And believing that he would still appear, Arlos began a hasty search for a spot that would give him refuge from the beast. The cavern could not serve, for it was so open at the front that the bear could force his body, large as it was, into any portion of it.

At one side a cavity showed beneath the largest rock. Stooping down and peering into the dark slit, Arlos fancied that he might crawl far enough beneath to be beyond reach of the brute's paws.

"If he comes for me I'll try it," he muttered, glancing affrightedly around.

Now that he had reason to believe a safe retreat was at hand (for his first fear that the animal might overturn the rock disappeared after sober reflection), Arlos regained his natural courage.

"I would be proud to say I had shot a grizzly," he thought, looking wistfully at the grove. "I could cut off his claws and take them home, and they would prove the truth of what I boasted about; but I have heard too much of these animals to run the risk."

He took several steps toward the pines, but was prudent enough to check himself, before going further.

"I may have another chance before I go home, and I would like to have Budd within call, for I would be pretty certain to need him."

From where he stood Arlos scrutinized the pines for some evidence of the grizzly, but was unable to detect any. They were as silent and motionless as if they had never contained a living thing.

He was still speculating over the strange situation, when to his joy he caught sight of Budd Slogan, coming along the bank of the stream, his course being such that it must take him close to the grove of pines. He shouted and held up something large in his hand to prove that he had been successful, even though the youth had not caught the faintest report of his Winchester,

"And that reminds me," Arlos exclaimed, setting down his gun again, drawing out his match safe, and stooping in front of the dried cones and twigs which were waiting to be kindled.

They were arranged so well, and the fuel was so inflammable that before Budd reached the spot, the flames were roaring and crackling right merrily.

"It's mountain sheep this time," explained the guide as he came up; "the best kind of a meal, too, which you don't often get in the Rockies."

"I have heard of the animal and hoped to see one."

"More'n likely you won't have a glimpse of a mountain sheep all the time you're in these parts; but if you do, you won't get a shot at 'em."

"*You* succeeded," said Arlos, with a smile.

"I b'l'eve I'm older than you, but in my case the whole thing was accerdental. The sheep was browsing on the top of one of the ranges off yonder to the west, when I first sighted him. He was too fur away to make sure with my rifle, and I didn't expect to give him much of a scare even; but while I was looking and admiring him, and thinking what a fine supper he would make for you and me, for he must have weighed nigh onto two hundred pounds, something scared him. It might have been a mountain lion that was trying the sneak act on him. I seen him raise his head, look behind him, take two or three steps,

stop, start forward agin, and then he made a jump straight over into a gorge that was five hundred feet high if it was five inches."

"I have heard of animals committing suicide when they saw no way of escape from their pursuers," interjected Arlos.

"There warn't no suicide in this critter's medicine. He knew what he was doing, and if it hadn't been for me he would have been safe."

"But, Budd, think of a jump of five hundred feet, or even one hundred feet!"

"Ain't nothin' for a mountain sheep; but onderstand me: I don't mean to say he plumped straight down to the bottom of the gorge, for it stands to common sense that no animal that ever lived could do that without being smashed to everlasting smithereens. You see the gorge warn't very wide. The sheep made his jump, and landed on a ledge on t'other side that warn't bigger'n my hand, but it gave him a second to gather himself, when he made a jump to t'other side, striking at a p'int twenty feet or so lower down, where he catched on another bit of stone, and he come back agin. It was for all the world like a rubber ball bouncing and wabbling from side to side, till it reached the bottom of the gorge without a jar.

"When the sheep landed the last time, it was within a dozen yards of where I was scrooging ag'inst the side of the gorge. He catched sight of me and whirled to run, but of course I saved him from that trouble. I fetched enough along to make us a supper and breakfast. I washed it in the stream afore I seen you, so all we are waiting fur is the coals."

"And they will soon be ready."

While the meal was preparing, Arlos told of the great fright he had received through his meeting with the grizzly bear.

"Yes," replied Budd, in his matter of fact tone, "we sometimes run agin these critters in this part of the world, though there's not so many as there used to be. Keep an eye on the wood, while I'm busy, and if he shows hisself, why we'll have a little argyment with him."

"I suspect it will be a pretty big argument," commented the youth, who, however, did not let the prospect interfere with his evening meal.

By the time this was finished, it was growing dark. The bear had not appeared, and rifle in hand Budd Slogan set out to hunt for him.

Arlos asked the privilege of taking part, but the guide promised that if the brute was still among the trees, which he doubted, he would call to him to help in the sport.

It turned out as Budd suspected: the bear had made a change of quarters.

"I guess you scared him away," remarked the veteran, as he came back.

"If he was scared one tenth as much as I, he isn't done running yet."

"Like enough you're the first two footed animal he has ever seen. Howsumever, he may pay us another visit tonight; we'll look out for him."

"Are not our ponies in danger?"

"No; they are nimbler than old Ephraim, and won't let him get nigh enough to hurt 'em. But no mistake, one of them critters is an ugly feller to drive into a corner. The smell of our cooking meat may bring him round the camp, and you and me wouldn't more'n make him a square meal."

The night was colder than they had before experienced.

The arrangement for guard duty was similar to that at the preceding camp: Arlos was to act the part of sentinel until midnight, when Budd would take his place. Earlier than before the guide withdrew to the cavern, where he stretched out his blanket and sank into deep, refreshing slumber. He advised Arlos to keep the fire going, since there was an abundance of wood, and the grizzly, like all wild animals, is afraid of fire, which might be found more effective in battling with him, than their Winchester rifles.

The youth was resolved not to repeat the mistake of the previous night. This time he had a tangible, unmistakable peril impending, and was without the ponies to warn him of its approach. They had wandered so far up the valley that they were beyond sight when the afternoon drew to a close.

It seemed to Arlos that he would have no difficulty in keeping alert. Having thrown fresh fuel on the fire, he seated himself as before, but it was with the resolve that upon the first approach of drowsiness he would rise to his feet and by violent exercises, drive it off again. He had only to follow this course to perform his duty faithfully.

Besides, the certainty that the huge enemy was more than likely to appear produced a marked effect in helping him to fight off his tendency to sleep.

He recalled that Budd had again failed to give him instructions about calling him in the event of disturbance, and he determined not to do so, unless it should become imperatively necessary.

"He has placed much responsibility upon me, and I'm resolved to meet it like a man."

And the very test Arlos Hayman feared was not long in coming to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT EXPLOIT.

"ELEVEN o'clock," repeated Arlos Hayman, as he replaced his watch in his pocket; "one hour more and Budd goes on duty. I begin to feel a little drowsy."

He placed his rifle against the boulder beside him and threw more wood on the fire. He stretched his arms over his head, and standing within the circle of light thrown out by the blaze, looked around

in the gloom and listened with his senses on the alert.

The situation recalled that of the previous night. The same solemn stillness held reign and the world of darkness inclosed him on every hand.

Now and then he heard the faint rustle of the stream as the current slightly changed its course, but no other noise pierced the night.

The sky was studded with stars, there being no moon until long past midnight, and even then it would be only partly full. The air continued chilly, so that the warmth thrown out by the flames was acceptable, and when Arlos drew his blanket around him, its clasp was pleasant.

His thoughts were of the monstrous animal that had terrified him a number of hours before. He preferred to meet him again when it was daylight, though he did not forget what Budd Slogan had told him about the help he was likely to receive from the fire, of which all animals are naturally afraid.

"I wonder what that is!"

Peering out in the gloom, it seemed to him that a portion of the darkness was becoming more distinctly marked than the rest. It was as if looking down into a deep body of water, one sees a part roiled or murky.

Where all was black, a portion was blacker than that which surrounded it.

"That's odd," he muttered, leaning forward and striving to penetrate the darkness. "There can't be anything the matter with my eyes."

A cold shiver ran down his back. Peering at the mass of deeper shadow, he caught a phosphorescent glow, showing at two points near together. It was produced by the reflection of light from the eyes of some animal. At the same moment, he heard a low, cavernous growl.

The grizzly bear had arrived.

The outlines of the animal were so dimly shown at first that Arlos failed to identify him, but now he wondered that he had not recognized the brute at once.

The situation was similar to that which the youth had had in mind from the first. He thought the bear would approach unseen in the darkness until at hand, when he would stop because of the blaze that confronted him.

It was clear that it was that which acted as a check. He had probably caught the odor of meat and was on a tour of investigation. But for the burning wood, he would have borne down on the youth without halt or hesitation.

Arlos reached out and seizing a couple of the largest sticks, flung them on the blaze. They temporarily obscured the flames and he drew a little closer to the fire, which quickly rallied and widened its circle of illumination.

There was the magnificent monster, clearly revealed in the gloom in all his astounding proportions. With the same odd tendency he had shown during the afternoon, he reared on his hind feet and stood nearly erect.

As he did so, he was in plain view, for the glare of the fire was increasing, Arlos brought his Winchester to his shoulder, aimed beneath the forelegs and blazed away, following the first shot with three others in rapid succession.

A muttering growl as the bear dropped upon all fours left no doubt that he had been hit hard enough to feel a stinging pain.

Now that the young hunter had opened the bombardment, he kept it up until he had fired four more times. Then he stopped, not that he might hold the reserve for other emergencies, but because the grizzly, instead of tumbling over and pawing the air, swung ponderously toward the young gentleman, as if he recognized the author of the injuries had received, and intended to settle accounts with him.

"Gracious! he must be mad!" exclaimed Arlos, stating a very self evident fact, as he seized the protruding end of a large burning stick; "he doesn't care for my rifle, and if this won't stop him, I'm in trouble."

He had dropped his gun, and, with the blazing torch in hand and held in front and above his head, he advanced toward "Old Ephraim."

(*To be continued.*)

THEN.

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

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

—*Truth.*

ANOTHER FANCIFUL TALE

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

A CONSIDERABLE time elapsed after the first efforts of Mercutio O'Houlihan to acquire fame and fortune through the medium of a fairy godmother, and his consequent and subsequent seance with Slugemio the blacksmith, before that gentle youth's body and spirit healed sufficiently to enable him to concentrate his enormous brain power upon the problem of encompassing his heart's desires without working for them.

Mercutio did not like work. True, several years before, he had undertaken to dispose of a little surplus time by cleaning up his uncle Nonesuch's abode. The prophet was so thoroughly engrossed and absorbed in his astronomical and alchemical researches that he seemed quite unaware of the existence or the doings of his interesting nephew—until the latter had the misfortune to smash one of the crucibles, whereupon the old man talked for eleven days without any cessation whatever, which rather discouraged Mercutio from further efforts to be useful in that line.

But once his state of health permitted such violent exercise, Mercutio thought a great deal. In fact, he did little but think.

One bright, sunny day in June, the thoughtful youth wandered off into the sylvan woods (I am quite certain that they were sylvan) in order that he might pursue his customary vocation undisturbed.

Flinging himself down upon the banks of a murmuring streamlet, Mercutio thought. But the more he thought the less of inspiration he received. He had conceived numberless plans, but those that seemed at all feasible after mature deliberation seemed too hazardous, and Mercutio was not taking any more chances.

"It's no use," he reflected dismally. "There appears to be absolutely no way by which an ambitious youth may easily become rich and famous any more. 'Tis true 'tis pity ; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The reader may have noticed that that last remark of Mercutio's is also to be found in the late Mr. Shakspere's interesting play "Hamlet." Without wishing to accuse the bard of Avon of wilful plagiarism, I have every reason to believe that I have been correctly informed, and that Mercutio was the originator of the saying in question.

Suddenly the youth started. A brand new and fresh idea had dropped upon him as gently as the proverbial thistledown, Feverishly seizing a roll of parchment from his girdle, together with a quill pen and ancient inkhorn, he wrote rapidly, pausing only when it became necessary to ink his pen.

In an hour or two he had evidently finished his task, for he stopped and looked around him guiltily. Then, once more he sought the abode of the prophet Nonesuch.

The next morning Mercutio informed his ancient relative that he had decided to resume his quest for fortune, and shortly after took his departure together with his uncle's blessing. Times were so hard that the old gentleman could not spare any more threepenny bits.

Many days did the gentle Mercutio stride on, carefully treasuring his precious roll of parchment, until finally he reached a large city.

Unfamiliar, as he was with the throb and bustle of metropolitan life, for a time he felt thoroughly bewildered. But, as I said before, he was a sturdy youth, and not easily phased.

Approaching a tall, broad shouldered gentleman in a blue uniform with brass buttons, and a decoration of some sort on his breast, he woke him gently, and whispered something in his ear.

"Certainly," said the whisperee affably, lifting his helmet, "with pleasure, sir ;" and hailing a passing chariot he escorted Mercutio to it and instructed the bell ringer on the rear platform where to let the young man off. Then, once more bowing politely, he returned to finish his nap.

The bell ringer courteously notified Mercutio, on arriving at the latter's destination, and the youth alighted, and entered a tall building according to the directions he had received from his friend in the blue uniform.

Mercutio was about to walk up stairs, but an obsequious attendant led him to the rear of the great hall where stood what resembled a huge cage. He stepped inside, and before he could even cry out the thing shot rapidly upwards.

Another obsequious attendant, who seemed to be in charge of the extraordinary machine, inquired suavely where the young man wished to alight.

Mercutio managed to gasp out, "Fifty second." The obsequious attendant pressed a button at the floor indicated, and bowed the youth out.

Still another obsequious attendant (the

building was just full of them) conducted Mercutio to a vast portal upon which was emblazoned the legend—

EDITORIAL ROOMS,
Spread Eagle Magazine.

Then with a profound salaam, the o. a. retired, and with a wildly palpitating heart Mercutio entered.

Several richly attired gentleman hastened up to him, one bringing a beautifully upholstered armchair, another a fan. A third tendered him a glass of water cooled with natural ice.

When the youth seemed to be thoroughly comfortable, a man who was evidently of more importance than the others, courteously inquired the reason for their being thus honored.

"I have a poem," Mercutio ventured.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the man. "A poem? Did you say a poem?"

"I have here a poem on spring," said Mercutio proudly.

"A poem on spring!" repeated Mercutio's interrogator. "Did you say on spring?" he added a little doubtfully.

"Yes, it's on spring," Mercutio assured him. "There are thirty seven stanzas to it."

"Thirty seven stanzas—well, well!" said the man; then turning to his subordinates, who were listening respectfully, he exclaimed gleefully, "He has a poem on spring with thirty seven stanzas to it."

Instantly the persons addressed became frantically enthusiastic. "Just what we need!" Mercutio heard one of them say.

Meanwhile the gentleman who had acted as spokesman, was hastily glancing over the roll of parchment Mercutio had handed to him.

"How much are you willing to take for this?" he asked, when he had finished.

Mercutio looked nonplussed. He did not know the market price for poems on spring, thirty seven stanzas in length.

"All you will give me," he replied finally.

"Oh, take more, by all means!" said the other hastily, and turning, he gave one of the other gentlemen an order.

Instantly pens and ink and a large book marked "Checks" were brought and placed before him. He hastily filled out a check, and signed it with many flourishes. Then with a low bow, he handed it to the expectant and delighted Mercutio.

I never could find out the size of that check, because just at that moment Mercutio woke up; but I know it must have been large.

THE WAIL OF THE REJECTED MS.

BRANDED as "unavailable," alas!
Sadly I pass
Forth from each sanctum where post haste I came
In search of fame.

Editors tall, short, dark, blond, fat, and thin,
Neat as a pin
Or with desks wildly strewn—all, all agree
To frown on me.

Newly enveloped each successive trip,
Homeward I slip
Dog eared, bethumbed, stamped, travel stained, and worn—
Why was I born?

Always the same old jack-o'-lantern quest—
Unwelcome guest;
Even my author sheds a secret tear
When I draw near.

How could her pretty hand so cruel be
As to pen me?
Lo, she is waiting by the open door—
I'm back once more.

Fain would I end the miseries of earth
Here where I had my birth.
Oh that I might—there glows the open grate—
Myself cremate!

Ambitious scribbler, I have done my best;
May I not rest?
Grant me the peace my soul hath long desired—
I am so tired!

—Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.

ANDY GRANT'S PLUCK.*

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

GUIDED by his boy companion, Andy found the Sherman House and registered there. The change was a very satisfactory one, and he enjoyed the comfortable room to which he was assigned.

After a hearty supper he took a seat in the office and watched with interest the crowds that surged in and out of the hotel. Presently he saw a familiar figure entering.

It was his late companion, Percival Robinson. The latter was not long in recognizing the boy.

He walked up to the chair on which Andy was seated, and addressed him with a look of anger.

"So I have found you, have I?" he said roughly.

Andy knew that this man had no right to interfere with him, and answered coolly, "So it seems."

"Why did you play me such a mean trick, boy?"

"My name is Andrew," said Andy with dignity. "What right have you to speak to me in this manner?"

"I'll tell you presently. You have made a nice return for my kindness."

"I know of no kindness. You got acquainted with me on the train, and took me to a house where I didn't care to stop."

"Why didn't you care to stop there?"

"Because I found that it didn't have a good reputation. My employer wouldn't care to have me stay at such a house."

"You are mighty independent for a young boy. I want you to return the pocketbook of which you relieved me."

Andy was startled at this reckless charge.

"What do you mean?" he demanded hotly. "You know that this is a falsehood."

"We'll see if you will brazen it out. If you don't give me back the pocketbook, which I have no doubt you have in your pocket at this moment, I will have you arrested."

Andy began to feel nervous. He was a stranger in Chicago. There was no one to identify him or vouch for his honesty. What if this man should carry out his threat and have him arrested.

However, Andy had pluck, and didn't intend to surrender at discretion.

This conversation had attracted the attention of two or three guests of the hotel, who were disposed to look with suspicion upon Andy. His accuser appeared like a man of good position, being well dressed and with an air of assurance.

One old gentleman, who was fond of giving advice, said reprovingly, "My boy, you will find it best to hand the gentleman his pocketbook. It is sad to see one so young guilty of theft."

"Perhaps the boy is not guilty," suggested another guest.

"I am in the employ of a gentleman in New York," said Andy, "and this man is scheming to rob me."

"You are perfectly shameless," said Robinson, encouraged by what the old gentleman had said. "I will give you just five minutes to return my pocketbook, or I will have you arrested."

Andy felt that he was in a tight place, but his wits had not deserted him.

"As you claim the pocketbook," he said, "perhaps you will tell how much money there is in it."

"I can't tell exactly," replied Robinson. "I spend money liberally, and I have not counted the money lately."

"That is quite reasonable," said the old gentleman. "I don't know how much money there is in my wallet."

"What is there besides money in the pocketbook?" asked Andy, following up his advantage.

"I think there are a few postage stamps," answered Robinson at a guess.

"You certainly have a good deal of assurance, young man," said the old gentleman in a tone of reproof. "If I were in this gentleman's place I would summon a policeman at once."

"I prefer to give the boy a chance," said Robinson, who had his own reasons for not bringing the matter to the knowledge of the police. "I don't want to get him into trouble. I only want my money back."

**The first 31 chapters of this story appeared in the April, May, June, and July issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 40 cents.*

"You are more considerate than he deserves," said Andy's critic. "And by the way, here is the hotel detective. Officer, will you come here, please? Here is a case that requires your attention."

The hotel detective, a quiet looking man, approached.

Robinson was far from thanking the old gentleman for his officiousness. He feared recognition.

"What is the matter?" asked the detective, coming up and eying Robinson sharply.

The old gentleman volunteered an explanation.

The detective seemed amused.

"So this man charges the boy with robbing him?" he said.

"Yes, sir; and we all believe that he has good grounds for doing so."

"I don't believe it," said the gentleman who had already spoken for Andy.

"What have you to say, my boy?" asked the detective, turning to Andy.

"Only that I made the acquaintance of this man on the train. He induced me to go to a small hotel on the outskirts of the city, on the ground that I could board there cheaply. What I saw and heard there excited my suspicions, and I left the place without his knowledge."

"Taking my pocketbook with you. I incautiously laid it on the bed. When I went up later I found that it and you had disappeared."

"Do you hear that, officer?" asked the old gentleman triumphantly.

"I do," answered the detective. Then, turning to Robinson with a change of tone, he asked, "How did you get so much money, Tom Maitland?"

Robinson turned pale. He saw that he was recognized.

"I will let the matter drop," he said. "I don't want to get the boy in trouble."

He turned towards the door, but the detective was too quick for him.

"You will have to go with me," he said. "You have been trying a bold confidence game. I shall have to lock you up."

"Gentlemen," said Robinson, turning pale, "will you permit this outrage?"

"It is an outrage," said the old gentleman hotly.

"My friend," inquired the detective, "do you know this man?"

"No, but——"

"Then let me introduce him as Tom Maitland, one of the cleverest confidence men in Chicago."

He produced a pair of handcuffs, which he deftly slipped over the wrists of Percival Robinson, and led him out of the hotel.

Andy was satisfactorily vindicated, and it must be admitted, enjoyed the discomfiture of the old gentlemen, who slunk away in confusion.

When Andy set out on his journey he intended to go to Tacoma by way of San Francisco, but found as he proceeded that he could go by the Northern Pacific as far as it was built, and proceed the rest of the way by stage and over Puget Sound. This seemed to him to afford greater variety and he adopted the plan.

Some hundreds of miles east of his destination he took the stage. It was rather a toilsome mode of traveling, but he obtained a good idea of the country through which he was passing.

At that time stage robberies were frequent, nor have they wholly ceased now. Among the stage robbers who were most dreaded was a certain Dick Hawley, who had acquired a great reputation for daring, and was known to have been engaged in nearly twenty stage robberies.

As they approached that part of the route in which he operated, there was a great anxiety manifested by the passengers, and especially by a thin, cadaverous looking man from Ohio.

"Do you think we shall meet Dick Hawley today, driver?" he asked.

"I can't say, sir. I hope not."

"How often have you met him?"

"Three times."

"Did he rob the stage every time?"

"Yes."

"Were there many passengers on board?" asked Andy.

"Nearly ten every time."

"And they allowed one man to rob them?"

"Wait till you meet him," said the driver, shrugging his shoulders.

"If he stops the stage I shall die of fright," said the cadaverous looking man. "I know I shall."

"Have you a good deal of money with you?" asked a fellow passenger.

"I have ninety seven dollars and a half," answered the other soberly.

"Better lose that than die! If you give it up, there won't be any danger of bodily injury."

The cadaverous looking man groaned, but did not reply.

Gradually they ascended, for they were among the mountains, till they reached a narrow ledge or shelf scarcely wider than the stage. On one side there was a sheer descent of hundreds of feet, and great caution was requisite.

Just at the highest point a horseman appeared around a curve, and stationed himself directly in front of the stage, with a revolver pointed at the driver.

"Stop and give up your money, or I fire!" he exclaimed.

It was the dreaded highwayman—Dick Hawley.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SUDDEN TRAGEDY.

THE driver pulled up short. The passengers realized that something had happened,

and the nervous man put his head out of the window.

Instantly a change came over his face.

"We are all dead men!" he groaned. "It is the highwayman."

Andy felt startled in spite of his pluck, and so did the other passengers.

"I would jump out and confront the scoundrel," said a determined looking man, "but there is no room. We are on the verge of a precipice."

"What will happen?" exclaimed the cadaverous looking man, in an agony of terror.

"I suppose we shall be robbed. That will be better than tumbling over the precipice."

"Oh, why did I ever leave home?"

"I don't know. Ask me something easier," said the resolute man, in disgust. "Such a man as you ought never to stir from his own fireside."

"Stop the coach and pass over your watches and pocketbooks!" cried Dick Hawley in a commanding tone.

By way of exciting alarm, and enforcing his order, he fired one charge of his revolver. The consequences he did not anticipate.

The terrified stage horses, alarmed by the report, got beyond the control of the driver and dashed forward impetuously. The highwayman had hardly time to realize his danger when his horse was overthrown and pushed over the precipice along with its rider, while the stage dashed on. The last that the passengers saw of Dick Hawley was a panic stricken face looking upward as he fell rapidly down towards the rocks at the bottom.

"He's gone! We are saved!" exclaimed the cadaverous looking man joyfully.

"That is, if the coach doesn't tumble after him."

But the coach was saved. Had the horses swerved in their course all would have been killed. As it was, the dangerous place was safely crossed, and the stage emerged upon a broad plateau.

The driver stopped the horses, and dismounting from the box came around to the coach door.

"I congratulate you, gentlemen," he said. "We have had a close shave, but we are out of danger. Dick Hawley will rob no more stages."

"Driver, you are a brave man. You have saved us." said one of the passengers.

"It was not I. It was the horses."

"Then you did not start them up?"

"No; I should not have dared to do it. They were frightened by the revolver, and took the matter into their own hands."

"Dick Hawley was foolhardy. Has he ever stopped a stage at this point before?"

"Yes, he did so last year."

"And succeeded?"

"Yes, he made a big haul. This time he has met his deserts."

There were no further incidents that deserve recording in Andy's journey. It is needless to say that he enjoyed it. The scenes through which he passed were new and strange to him. It was a country he had never expected to see, and for this reason perhaps he enjoyed it the more.

At last he reached Tacoma. It was irregularly built on a hillside. There were no buildings of any pretensions. All its importance was to come.

He put up at the Tacoma House, a hotel of moderate size, and after dinner he went out to see the town. He sought out the plot of lots owned jointly by Mr. Crawford and himself, and found that they were located not far from the center of the business portion of the town.

It took no sagacity to foresee that the land would rise in value rapidly, especially after the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed.

In the afternoon, feeling tired, he sat in his room and read a book he had picked up at a periodical store—a book treating of the great Northwest. The partitions were thin, and noises in the adjoining room were easily audible.

His attention was drawn to a sound of coughing, and a groan indicating pain. It was evident that the next apartment was occupied by a sick man.

Andy's sympathies were excited. It seemed to be a forlorn position to be sick, and without attention in this remote quarter. After a moment's hesitation he left his own room and knocked at the other door.

"Come in!" was the reply in a hollow voice.

Andy opened the door and entered.

On the bed lay a man, advanced in years, with hollow cheeks, and every appearance of serious illness.

"I am afraid you are very sick," said Andy gently.

"Yes; I have an attack of grip. I am afraid I will have to pass in my checks."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said Andy in a reassuring tone. "Have you no one to take care of you?"

"No. Everybody here is occupied with schemes for money making. I can't get any one to look after me for love or money."

"Then you have no near friend or relative in Tacoma?"

"No, nor I may say anywhere else. I have a niece, however, in Syracuse. She is at school. She is the only tie, the only one on whom I have any claim."

"If you need money——" began Andy, feeling a little delicate about offering pecuniary assistance.

"No, I have no need of that kind. I suppose I look poor, for I never cared about my personal appearance, but I am one of the largest owners of real estate in Tacoma, besides having some thousands of dollars in a San Francisco bank. But what good will it all do me? Here I am sick, and perhaps near death."

"I will do what I can for you," said Andy. "I am myself a visitor in Tacoma. I came on business for a New York gentleman. I am authorized to buy lots in Tacoma. When you are better, I will make you an offer for your land, if you care to sell."

"Help me to get well, and you shall have it on your own terms."

"You will need some one besides myself. Do you authorize me to hire an attendant?"

"Yes, I shall be glad to have you do so. I begin to hope for recovery, through your assistance. I had given myself up for lost."

"Then I will go out and see what I can do. Do you authorize me to pay liberally for the service of a nurse?"

"Pay anything—fifty dollars a week, if necessary; I can afford it."

"I will go out at once. I will see if I can buy some oranges."

Andy left the hotel and walked towards the steamboat wharf. It was deserted, except by two persons.

A young man of thirty, bronzed by exposure to the weather, who looked like a farmer stood beside a plain, cheap trunk on which sat a woman somewhat younger, who had a weary and anxious look.

The young man, her husband doubtless, seemed troubled.

"Good afternoon," said Andy pleasantly. "Are you in any trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, my boy, I'm in a tight place. I came here from Iowa, with my wife, expecting to meet a cousin who had promised to get me employment. I find he has left Tacoma. So here I am with less than five dollars in my pocket, and no prospect of work. I'm not a coward, but I don't mind saying I'm afraid to think of what will become of us."

An idea came to Andy.

Here was a chance to secure a nurse.

"Is your wife used to sickness?" he asked. "Could she take care of a sick man?"

The woman brightened up.

"I took care of my father for a year," she answered. "I'm a middlin' good nurse."

"She's the best nurse I know of," put in her husband.

"All right! Then I can find you employment. An acquaintance of mine, an old man, as old probably as your father, is sick with grip at the Tacoma House. He will pay you liberally. Can you come with me at once?"

"Yes, and be glad to."

"Come then. You will be paid twenty five dollars a week."

"Why that's a fortune," said the woman, amazed.

"Come with me at once, and your husband can follow at his leisure."

"Maria, that's what I call a streak of good luck," said her husband, overjoyed. "Go along with this young man, and I'll get a cheap room somewhere in town. I'll take the trunk along with me."

He shouldered the small trunk, and his wife went off with Andy.

In a few minutes she was installed in the sick chamber, and soon showed that she understood her business. A doctor was sent for, and Seth Johnson, for this was the sick man's name, was soon made comfortable.

He ratified Andy's bargain, and paid beside for Mrs. Graham's board at the hotel. He did not gain rapidly, for his strength was at a low ebb, but he improved steadily.

The husband found employment in a couple of days, and their temporary despondency gave place to hope and courage.

"You've done better for me than my cousin would have done, Andy," said Graham, a few days later. "You've set me on my feet, and I'm not afraid now but I'll get along."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SETH JOHNSON'S GIFT.

It was four weeks before Seth Johnson became convalescent. His system was run down, and he was in a very critical state when found by Andy. Careful nursing saved him.

When able to get out he accompanied Andy to show him his lots. The plot was about as large as Mr. Crawford's, but was a little farther from the center of the town. It would make about twenty five lots of the average size.

"How much will you take for the entire plot?" asked Andy.

"I don't want to sell the whole," said Johnson.

"I thought you meant to leave Tacoma for good?"

"So I do, but I propose to give one fifth of the land to a friend."

"Then let me know how much you will take for the remaining four fifths."

"Will five thousand dollars be too much?"

"I will buy it at that figure," said Andy promptly.

"You don't ask me to whom I intend to give the fifth which I reserve?"

"It is probably no one whom I know."

"On the contrary it is one whom you know well. It is yourself."

Andy looked his amazement.

"But how have I deserved such a gift?" he asked.

"You have saved my life. If you had not found and befriended me, I should not have been living at this moment. 'All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life,' the Bible says. I don't give all, but I give merely one fifth of my land. I have ten thousand dollars, besides, in San Francisco."

"I am deeply grateful to you, Mr. John-

son. I am a poor boy, and this unexpected gift will help me to carry out some plans for the benefit of my father, who is in an embarrassed condition."

"I advise you not to sell the land till you can sell at an advanced price."

"I shall not do so. When the Northern Pacific is completed I am sure lots will be much higher."

"To be sure. You are young and can wait. I am old, and I have no particular desire to make money. I have enough to see me through."

When Andy started for New York he had the company of Seth Johnson. It was agreed that the final arrangements for the transfer of the lots should take place in Mr. Crawford's office.

They reached the city without adventure, and Andy with his new friend reported at his employer's.

"I hope you are satisfied with what I have done, Mr. Crawford," said Andy.

"Thoroughly so. You have made a good purchase. I shall pay you five hundred dollars as an acknowledgment of the service you have rendered me."

"But, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Johnson has already given me five lots."

"True, but this is his gift, not mine. You must not be afraid of becoming too rich. You will need all your money."

"Yes, sir, but not for myself. I can now relieve my father's anxiety."

"Do you intend to tell him the amount of your good fortune?"

"I will only tell him of your gift."

On the basis of the sum which Mr. Crawford paid for the other four fifths, Andy's share of Mr. Johnson's land amounted to twelve hundred and fifty dollars. But when three months later active operations for the extension and completion of the railroad commenced, it could easily have been sold for double.

But Andy was too sagacious to sell. In a year his father's mortgage would be payable, and he wanted to be prepared for that.

Meanwhile Andy devoted himself with energy to mastering the details of the real estate business. Perhaps because he now himself owned real estate, he became very much interested in it. He was not able often to visit Arden, but he never let a week pass without writing a letter home.

It was usually addressed to his mother, as his father was more accustomed to guiding the plow than the pen. He also heard occasionally from his boy friends. No letters were more welcome than those of Valentine Burns. About three months before the mortgage came due he received the following from Valentine:

DEAR ANDY,

I wish I could see you oftener, but I know you are busy, and getting on. That is a great satisfaction to me. Your last letter informing me that you had been raised to fifteen dollars a week gave me much pleasure. I wanted to tell Conrad, only you didn't wish to have me. He is getting prouder and more disagreeable every day. He really seems to have a great spite against you, though I cannot understand why.

I met him the other day and he inquired after you. "He hasn't been to Arden lately," he said.

"No," I answered, "he is too busy."

"Probably he can't afford the railway fare," said Conrad.

"I think he is getting good pay," I said.

"I know better. He isn't getting over six dollars at most," said Conrad.

"Did he tell you so?' I asked.

"No, but I heard on good authority," he replied.

"I wish I were getting that," I said.

"You wouldn't want to live on it," he rejoined.

"Well, perhaps not," I admitted.

"He won't long have a home to come back to," said Conrad after a pause.

"Why not?" I inquired.

"My father holds a mortgage on his father's farm, and it will fall due in three months," he answered.

"Surely he won't foreclose?"

"Surely he will," returned Conrad. "Old Grant will have to leave the farm and go to the poorhouse, or at any rate to some small place like the Sam Martin house. It contains four rooms, and is good enough for a bankrupt."

This made me uneasy. I hope, Andy, you will find some friend who will be able and willing to advance money to pay the mortgage when it falls due. I hear Squire Carter is treating with a city man to buy the place. He evidently feels sure that it will come into his possession.

When Andy read this portion of the letter he smiled.

"I suspect Conrad and his father will be disappointed," he said to himself. "The city man will have to look elsewhere for an investment."

One day Andy had a pleasant surprise. Just in front of him on Broadway he saw a figure that looked familiar.

The tall, bent form, and long white hair he recognized at once as belonging to Dr. Crabb, the principal of Penhurst Academy.

He pressed forward,

"Dr. Crabb!" he exclaimed, "it is long since we have met. I hope you are well."

Dr. Crabb surveyed him with a puzzled look; Andy had grown so much that he could not place him.

"I suppose you are one of my old pupils," he said, "but I shall have to ask your name."

"Don't you remember Andy Grant?"

"Bless my soul, is it possible? Why, you have grown much taller and larger."

"Yes, sir; I didn't want to stand still."

"And what are you doing now?"

"I am in business in this city."

"That is well, but it is a great pity you could not have remained at school."

"I thought so myself at the time I left, but I'm quite reconciled to the change now."

"Doubtless you are doing your duty

wherever you are. In what business are you engaged?"

"I am in a real estate office."

"I hope you are making fine wages?"

"I receive fifteen dollars a week."

"Bless my soul! Why that is all I pay my head assistant. You must be giving great satisfaction. And how is your father?"

"He is pretty well, sir; but his loss of property has worn upon him."

"Naturally. Did I not understand that he had to mortgage his farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope there is no danger of foreclosure?"

"There might be, sir; but when the danger comes I shall be able to help him."

"I am not much of a capitalist, Andy. I understand Latin and Greek better than I do investments, but if a loan of a few hundred dollars will help him I shall be willing to let him have it."

"Thank you very much, Dr. Crabb, but my employer, Mr. Crawford, will give me all the help I need."

"I am truly pleased to hear it. I wish you were able to return to the academy. You were our primus, and I did not like to spare you. You might in time have succeeded me."

"I hope it will be a long time before you require a successor, doctor. I shall confine my ambitions to succeeding in my business."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

By James Barton Adams.

A SOMEWHAT unmilitary looking cavalcade moved out of Fort Steele, Wyoming, one spring morning in 1884, and proceeded up the valley of the North Platte. First came a government ambulance drawn by four spirited mules, the taut lines held in the hands of a soldier wearing the fatigue uniform of the United States army.

Following closely behind the ambulance were six pack mules laden with provisions and camp equipage, the loads seemingly almost as large as the bodies of the animals which bore them. Riding behind the beasts of burden were two of Uncle Sam's bronzed troopers, who with sharp cries and yet sharper whistles, tinged at times with what sounded very like profanity, urged the heavily laden beasts to keep pace with the wheeled vehicle when the animals drawing it broke into a trot.

In the rear moved a detail of twelve troopers under command of grizzled old Sergeant Daley, a veteran who had served for many years at border military posts, and had distinguished himself in numerous campaigns against hostile Indians.

By the side of the sergeant, mounted upon a sleek coated, wiry little native horse, rode a lad of about ten, a manly looking little fellow wearing the uniform of the army. His name was Charlie Wallace, and he was the only son of Captain Lester Wallace, commander of B Troop, 6th United States Cavalry.

Charlie was very proud of his horse, which his father had purchased for him from a Ute Indian, and he often averred that the animal was yet unborn which could equal Chief in any essential point.

Riding in the ambulance were Captain and Mrs. Wallace, Adjutant and Mrs. Burton, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Hayes. The expedition was bound for Trout Creek, in the Medicine Bow mountains, thirty miles distant from the fort, intending to camp there for a week, and angle for the speckled beauties from which the stream derived its name.

The entire party were in most excellent spirits, for it was a grateful relief to be able to leave behind the monotonous duties of garrison life, and live for a season, free from every care, amid nature's picturesque mountain wilds.

At a point about three miles distant from the fort the road left the river bottom, and wound around through the low sand hills in a southeasterly direction, toward the Medicine Bow range. Just after entering the hills the party met a horseman riding toward the fort. He proved to be Bill Hawley, a somewhat noted borderman who owned a small horse ranch on Pass Creek, a tributary of the North Platte.

The officers of the fort had on several occasions found in him a valuable scout and guide when the Utes became troublesome, and he was regarded as the best posted man on Indian affairs in that section of the West.

After a handshake all around, Hawley said,

"I hardly reckon you'll have any trouble up in the range, but I'd advise you to keep a sort o' skeery eye on the trail ahead, an' have your men sleep within reachin' distance o' your guns at night. The White River Utes have been actin' a little sassy lately, an' while I don't hardly reckon there's any immegiate danger, I'll bet my best hoss there'll be a lively dance afore the the grass gets much higher."

"Why do you think so, Bill?" asked Captain Wallace.

"Well, there's signs a beginnin' to crop

out. You've got to judge Injuns entirely by signs, you know, till they begin to do things that talks out louder. A band of 'em went to Jack Caldwell's ranch up on Grand Camp Creek a few days ago, an' helped themselves to everything they cared to tote off in the grub line. Ol' Jack just had to stand there an' keep his face shut, fur they war ugly, an' would have opened a shootin' match on mighty little cause or provercation. Only last Wednesday a band of 'em under Colorow jumped down on Tom Bennett's herd, an' run off a bunch o' his best beef steers. Them are signs that the red niggers is gettin' oneasy an' sp'ilin' fur a muss, so while, as I said afore, I don't sniff any immegiate danger, it'll be your best play to keep your eyes unbuttoned."

"I don't anticipate the least trouble, Bill," Captain Wallace replied. "It is well known the Utes will impose on remote settlers and bluff them to secure food or tobacco, but they would be as peaceable as children in an army officer's camp."

"Reckon they would, cap'n, for they are skeery o' the white warriors, but all the same, don't take any too big chances on their childlike natur'. The time to look for Injun trouble is when you least expect it, you know."

"That is an old border adage, Bill, but I have never had any convincing evidence of its truth. I feel no solicitude for our safety, or I would never have brought the ladies away from the fort."

"I never knowed you to make a rank play in Injun work yet, cap'n, an' I don't hardly reckon you'll see a red face on the whole trip. Good by, an' good luck. Sich a trip 'll put fresher posies in the women folkses' cheeks, fur there's medicine in every sniff o' the mountain air."

The scout awkwardly raised his broad sombrero to the ladies, who smiled an acknowledgment of the salute, and rode onward toward the river.

"I must confess that his words make me feel quite uneasy," said Mrs. Hayes. "You know I am but a new comer. I have always had a dread of Indians. Is there any possibility of danger, Captain Wallace?"

"There is always a possibility of meeting with Indians, but no danger need be apprehended. The Utes are peaceable. Only yesterday a small band of them were at the fort, trading at the store, and they were very good natured. However, if Hawley's words have alarmed you, ladies, and you feel that your apprehensions may rob you of the anticipated pleasures of our outing, we will turn back."

To this there was an emphatic protest. The other ladies assured the wife of the adjutant, who was yet but a bride of a few weeks, that there was not the least danger, and that she would be as safe in camp on Trout Creek as at the fort. The officers emphasized the assurances, and the young wife's fears were in a great measure quieted.

Song and laughter and merry jest soon again prevailed, and the meeting with the borderman was almost forgotten.

"Father, the sergeant sends his compliments, and asks if he had not better send some hunters ahead, as we are getting into an antelope country."

Charlie had ridden up to the side of the ambulance, and his bright face was aglow with the pleasurable excitement of the ride as he smilingly asked the question.

"Yes, Charlie. Tell the sergeant to detail two or three good men, and send them in advance of us. Some nice antelope steaks would be a welcome addition to our dinner when we camp at noon."

A few moments later three troopers dashed by the ambulance on their powerful horses, and sped away along the trail.

The expedition soon emerged from the hills, and came out upon a large, open flat, flecked with alkali and sparsely studded with sage brush. Every few moments a jack rabbit would dart from beneath a bush, and laying its great ears back over its shoulders bound away with the fleet hop, skip, and jump peculiar to that habitué of the Western plains.

The flat was seamed with numerous gulches and shallow ravines, and under cover of these the hunters worked in their quest for antelope. Occasionally one of them could be seen to emerge from one gulch and ride rapidly to another, where he would again disappear from view.

Now and then the distant report of a rifle was borne back on the breeze to the ears of the occupants of the ambulance, and small bands of antelope were seen speeding away over the flat toward the distant hills, the peculiar white bunches of hair on their haunches flaring up like diminutive snowy banners.

"The hunters are meeting with success, ladies," said Captain Wallace, "and a feast fit for a king will be ours at the noon camp. I declare I already feel quite hungry in anticipation of the treat."

When a couple of miles of the desert flat had been traversed, the driver of the ambulance called the attention of the officers to the fact that one of the hunters was riding back at a high rate of speed, and suggested that one of the men might have been injured by an accidental shot, or a fall from his horse.

Directing the driver to stop, Captain Wallace stood upon the seat of the vehicle, and leveled his powerful field glasses on the approaching horseman. The troopers and pack mule drivers stationed themselves about the ambulance, awaiting the result of the officer's observations.

"The man is riding at a desperate pace, and seems to be urging his horse to yet greater speed," the captain said. "I fear one of the troopers has had something serious befall him."

When the soldier dashed up to the ambulance on his panting, perspiring steed he

quickly saluted, and in a voice which denoted considerable excitement, said,

"Captain Wallace, can I speak to you privately, sir?"

The captain sprang to the ground, and followed the trooper a few yards away from the vehicle. Dismounting from his horse the soldier said,

"I did not wish to frighten the ladies. A band of about fifty Indians have sighted us from the hills ahead, sir, and are moving toward us, keeping in cover of the gulches. You had best take the back trail, and lose not a moment. They are scarcely a mile away."

"They surely cannot be hostile," the captain replied. "You have no doubt allowed yourself to become frightened at seeing a peaceable hunting party."

"I am too old a soldier for that, sir. I had a good view of them through my glasses. They are in war paint and wear feathers. They are looking for no four footed game."

A cry from one of the packers caused every eye to be fixed upon the trail ahead. The Indians had emerged from cover in pursuit of the two remaining hunters, and the reports of their rifles and fiendish yells came to the ears of the party with frightful significance.

The captain sprang into the ambulance, and directed that the back trail be followed with all possible speed. The troopers brought up the rear of the fleeing cavalcade, with carbines in hand ready for warm work should the Indians overtake them.

The faces of the ladies were blanched with fear, yet there were no screams nor hysterical outbursts as the ambulance rolled onward, rocking violently at every depression in the ground. They sat calm and silent, the older ones forcing smiles to their faces at the reassuring words of the officers.

Captain Wallace leaned from the side of the ambulance and watched the movements of the savages with anxious eyes.

"They gain on us rapidly," he whispered to Adjutant Burton. "We must make a stand and defend ourselves as best we can."

At this moment Sergeant Daly dashed up to the vehicle.

"They will be on us in ten minutes, captain," he said, "and we had better get in shape to meet them. The odds are greatly against us, sir, but the men are veterans, and the red haythens will find it no easy job to get away with them. There is a deep gulch ahead but a very short distance, and under its cover we shall have a great advantage."

"We will get into the gulch immediately, sergeant. Ascertain which of your men rides the fleetest horse, and start him quickly to the fort for assistance. Tell him to ride at the highest possible speed and report our condition to Colonel Carrington."

The sergeant fell back to his men, but ere the courier could be despatched upon his mission it was seen that an attempt to convey the tidings of their desperate condition to the fort must prove futile.

A second body of Indians, equal in numbers to the first, emerged from the hills on the road leading to the fort, and dashed out upon the flat to intercept the party. It was evident that when the savages had first sighted the expedition, half of the band had been sent by a circuitous route to cut off retreat.

An easy descent into the gulch was quickly found. It was some six feet in depth and perhaps a dozen in width, with steep banks up which the men could climb and use their guns to advantage over the top. It was no new work for the brave troopers, yet there was a look of anxiety on their bronzed faces as they noted the great odds against them. Officers and men climbed up the sheer sides of the gulch with rifles in hand, determined to make a most desperate resistance.

The two hunters whom the Indians had been pursuing dashed into the ravine, the uniform of one flecked with blood from a wound in the shoulder.

Despite the entreaties of the women that they be allowed to bind up the injury, the brave trooper replied that it was no time to think of a mere scratch, and hastened to join his comrades at the top of the bank.

A shower of bullets whizzed harmlessly over the gulch. The Indians yelled with demoniac glee as they swept onward, for they felt that they had entrapped their game, and that the capture would be an easy one.

"Do not waste a shot, men," said Captain Wallace. "We may need all our ammunition before we are through with the work before us. Take deliberate aim, and keep cool."

At the first fire from the troopers three Indians fell from their ponies, and others were unhorsed as the deadly carbines continued to ring out their notes of defiance. So accurate was the aim of the cool headed soldiers that the Indians were thrown into confusion, and instead of dashing up to the edge of the gulch where their guns could be effectively used, as had been their evident intention, they withdrew to a safe distance and awaited the action of the band on the other side of the besieged party.

The gulch in which the whites had sought refuge was very tortuous in its windings through the flat, and the spot chosen for a stand was in an elbow where they could be protected on every side from flying bullets. The captain felt that their only hope of safety rested in the coolness and accurate marksmanship of the men, and he expressed the belief that their deadly fire might serve to hold the Indians in check until nightfall, when by making a run for a distance up or down the gulch they might be able to elude their foes and escape in the darkness.

Couriers began to fly back and forth between the two bands of Indians, crossing the gulch above and below the besieged party.

Noting that there was no immediate danger of attack, the officers descended to encourage the women, instructing the troopers to be watchful and quickly report any evidence of an advance on the part of the Indians.

The ladies exhibited marked courage; even Mrs. Hayes, who had but a few weeks before left a luxurious home in an Eastern city to share with her husband the cares and dangers of life at a frontier post, had nerved herself to face the desperate circumstances bravely, and while her fair face was pale with apprehension, she exhibited no outward sign of fear.

"Have you hope, captain, that we may escape from this dreadful trap?" asked his wife, as he reached her side and greeted her with a kiss of encouragement.

"While there is life there is hope, dear. I feel that we may yet escape them, but I confess the outlook is a very serious one. Are you frightened, Charlie?"

"I don't know whether I am or not, father. I feel queer, but I don't think I am much scared. I wish mother and the other ladies were at home. I wish, too, that I had a gun, so I could help you fight."

"Do you not think, captain, that one of the men might be able to ride by the Indians, and succeed in reaching the fort?" asked the adjutant.

"I have given that matter serious thought," the captain replied. "A brave, resolute man, mounted upon a fleet horse, might be able by a quick, bold dash to get beyond them and distance them in the pursuit which would follow, but in ninety nine instances out of a hundred the forfeit of a life would be the result of the effort. I would not ask any man to take such a desperate risk."

Had the father been watching the face of his boy he would have seen an eager, questioning expression steal over it as he spoke. There was a strange light in the lad's eyes as he moved behind the ambulance and sat down upon a roll of blankets.

He sat there for a few moments in deep thought, and there was a look of eager determination on his boyish features as he arose and moved toward his mother, who was seated upon a camp stool. He clasped his arms about her neck and kissed her, and with a voice tinged with an emotion which he vainly endeavored to conceal, said:

"Mother, I have not been a real good boy sometimes, and I am real sorry I ever offended you. You will forgive me, won't you?"

The tears started to her motherly eyes, as she pressed him closely to her bosom.

"Why, dear, you have always been a very good boy, and mother has nothing to forgive. You must not allow your courage to fail now. Be brave, for I feel that God will not desert us."

"You must not allow your thoughts to unman you, my boy," the father said. "Remember that you are a soldier's son and you should face danger as a soldier. Cheer up and dismiss your fears, for we may all be safely in our beds at the fort tonight."

"You kiss me, too, father. I *will* be brave."

He clung to the captain's neck a moment, and again embraced and kissed his mother. Then he returned and sat down on the blankets behind the ambulance.

"Poor dear boy; I wonder he holds up as well as he does, when our terrible condition appalls older hearts," the mother said.

She little knew what was passing in the brain of her beloved child when he was so affectionately clinging about her neck. She, as well as the father, had attributed his agitation to fear of personal danger, never dreaming that he was bidding them a farewell which he dared not speak.

At a call from Sergeant Daly the officers returned to their posts with the men on the banks of the gulch. It was evident that the Indians were preparing for a simultaneous charge from both sides.

They were lengthening their lines so as to present a less solid front for the aim of the soldiers, and a small band was detached from each body and moved away, one up and one down the gulch, to endeavor to reach the besieged party under cover.

A startled cry from one of the troopers on the side of the gulch nearest the fort caused a chill of horror to sweep through every breast.

"*Merciful Heavens! There goes Charlie!*"

Mrs. Wallace hastened up the bank, and with a wild scream of terror, fell fainting into the arms of her husband, who had sprung from his station on the other side and ascended just behind her.

Mounted upon Chief, plying whip and spur with all his youthful might, the brave lad was flying like the wind along the trail toward the fort.

For a few moments the Indians gazed in amazement upon the slight, boyish figure; then, divining his intention, while some turned their ponies and dashed away to intercept him, others began firing, hoping to strike him or the horse and bring them to a halt.

Leaning low upon the neck of his game little pony and urging him to his utmost speed, the brave lad flew on. The nearest Indians were yet a hundred yards away when he passed their line and sped onward like the wind to outdistance those cutting across the flat to intercept him.

Shot after shot was fired at him, but in their amazement and excitement at such an unlooked for dash by a mere child, the aim of the Indians was inaccurate, and the heroic lad yet held his course. Even in

their painful solicitude for his safety the soldiers could not repress a cheer as he gained the hills and disappeared from view a good distance in advance of his yelling pursuers.

The ladies soon succeeded in restoring Mrs. Wallace to consciousness, and she lay upon the blankets, moaning piteously. She was over and over again assured by the officers that her boy had passed the Indians unharmed, and that his heroic action would speedily bring assistance from the fort.

They did not dare to tell her that a band of painted demons was pursuing him, and that their own breasts were torn with apprehension for his safety.

There was great activity among the Indians after the boy's unlooked for and desperate escape from the trap. Couriers galloped back and forth between the two bands, crossing the gulch both above and below the spot where the party had sought refuge.

Through their field glasses the officers noted that on the arrival of each courier on either side a heated discussion was held, the gesticulation of the speakers denoting the fact that plans of attack formulated by the leader of one band did not meet with the approval of the other.

The Indians were well aware of the fact that should the boy not be overtaken, troops would be dispatched from the fort in hot haste; and the stubbornness evinced by each chief in not favoring the plan of attack suggested by the other, aroused a feeling of anger on both sides, which was plainly observable in the violent speech and emphatic gesticulation which followed the arrival of the couriers.

It was after a time evident that the party on the side furthest from the fort had determined to act independently of the other. The Indians strung themselves out in a long line, so as to present a less solid front to the aim of the soldiers than if they should charge in a more compact body.

Anticipating their action, Captain Wallace called all but one of the men from the other side of the gulch, leaving there but a single trooper to watch the movements of the other band, and report any threatened attack from that direction.

The men were scarcely posted ere the charge began, the Indians yelling like fiends as they swept across the flat toward the gulch. The outer riders of the line headed inward, so that when they were near the gulch the band would come together in an unbroken line, and pour in upon the soldiers in an overpowering mass.

"Now, men, take deliberate aim and make every shot tell a story," said Captain Wallace. "Scatter your shots so no two will fire at the same Indian."

The soldiers opened fire when the attacking party was yet three hundred yards distant, and several riderless ponies proved the accuracy of their aim. Bullets from the Indians' rifles began to fly harmlessly overhead, and tear up the sandy soil in front.

There was a momentary check to the charge at the first fire, but the blood of the savages was now up, and they quickly rallied and came sweeping on, their fiendish yells ringing out on the air with startling import.

With remarkable coolness the officers and men kept pouring in the fire from their repeating carbines, and Indian after Indian was seen to fall to the ground.

When within a hundred yards of the gulch a savage of lordly mien, whose great display of eagle feathers and gaudy dress proclaimed the chief, urged his pony to the front and in loud voice encouraged his followers to press onward. He was a mark so conspicuous that a number of the soldiers fired at him, and he was seen to throw up his hands, reel for a moment in the saddle, and fall to the ground.

The loss of their chief seemed to throw the Indians into great confusion. A rush was made toward the spot where he had dropped, and in a few moments the body was surrounded by a mass of excited savages.

The troopers concentrated their fire on the huddled crowd with such deadly effect that the Indians broke and fled in wild disorder, bearing with them the body of the chief, and such of their companions as had fallen near him.

The Indians on the other side had watched the battle without making an effort to aid their defeated tribesmen. One of the officers expressed surprise at this inactivity, but Captain Wallace, who possessed a thorough knowledge of Ute character, readily explained it.

"Each band of Utes has its own war chief," he said, "but all are under the authority of the head chief of the tribe. There always exists a feeling of jealousy between these sub chiefs, each one being eager to outdo the others in deeds of war. To this feeling is due the fact that they did not make a simultaneous attack upon us. Each one of the chiefs desired that his ideas should govern in the plan of attack. When the chief of the band to the south of us advanced with his warriors, the other fellow would not have lifted a hand had he known that by the least coöperation our capture or death would have been assured. He is no doubt now jubilant over the defeat of his rival."

"The Indians who were chasing Charlie are returning, sir," said the trooper on the lookout across the gulch.

The officers hastened to that side, and the spark of hope flashed up brightly in the breast of Captain Wallace as he leveled his glass on the returning braves.

They came riding slowly down from the sand hills, their jaded ponies drooping low their heads with fatigue. Charlie's pony

was not with them, but it was not that fact which so encouraged the father, for had the boy been shot from the saddle Chief might have escaped.

His heart beat with hope because he noted that the Indians were not yelling with triumph as would have been the case had they overtaken the brave lad, nor did they bear a bloody scalp as a trophy of the desperate chase.

"Thank God the boy succeeded in distancing them," the captain said in tones which could not reach the ears of the mother, she being yet in ignorance of the fact that savage fiends had been hot on the trail of her son.

Couriers were flying back and forth between the two bands of Indians. They were almost a mile apart, each band keeping well out of range of the soldiers' guns, and their parleying occupied considerable time.

It became evident that the Indians on the south side, smarting under their defeat and wild to avenge the death of their chief, had determined to accede to the wishes of the chief of the other band. They rode swiftly over and joined the other band, and after a brief parley, the united forces prepared for a final and decisive charge on the beleaguered party.

"They will now come at us in a body, men, and it will be a miracle if we can check such a greatly overpowering force," said the captain. "If it be that we must meet death, let us do so bravely."

The gallant troopers assured him they would fight until death snatched their rifles from their hands, and with faces knit in determination, they crouched behind the bank and awaited the onslaught.

"Hello! What does that mean?" The exclamation came from Adjutant Burton. The Indians were in great confusion, riding hither and thither and gesticulating excitedly.

A horseman, who had evidently been stationed on the lookout on the trail leading to the fort came galloping down from the hills waving his blanket as a signal of alarm, and when he reached the Indians the entire force rode rapidly away toward the Medicine Bow mountains.

"The meaning lies there," said Captain Wallace, pointing to the column of dust arising from the hills. "My heroic boy reached the fort in safety, and the troops are coming."

A loud cheer burst from the men, and smiles of thankfulness spread over the faces which but a moment before were grave with apprehension.

Down from the hills swept two troops of cavalry, the sabers and carbines of the men flashing brightly in the sunlight.

They sighted the retreating Indians, and the gallant soldiers, led by their intrepid officers, dashed across the flat in pursuit. Two men followed by an orderly left the flying column and rode rapidly up to the now joyous party standing at the edge of the gulch. They were Colonel Carrington, the old post commander, and Bill Hawley, the borderman.

"I thank God we reached you in time," said the commander, dismounting and grasping Captain Wallace's hand.

"Just in the nick of time, colonel," the captain replied. "Had you been ten minutes later you could have avenged our deaths, but would have been too late, I fear, to have saved our lives."

"Is Charlie safe, colonel?" asked Mrs. Wallace, her pale, drawn features expressing the terrible apprehension which had so tortured her.

"Your little hero is doing nicely, madam, and you have just cause to be proud that you are the mother of such a boy. I will tell you the plain truth, but first let me assure you that there is no cause for the slightest alarm over his condition. Charlie received a pretty severe flesh wound in escaping past the Indians. He was struck by a rifle bullet in the thigh, and is now in the hospital being cared for by the surgeon, who assured me it was but a flesh wound, which will soon heal."

"Captain," said Bill Hawley, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "it is an old border sayin' that the time to look fur Injun trouble is——"

"That will do, Bill," the captain replied, with a smile. "I am now forced by rather startling experience to acknowledge the truth of the old adage."

"Are you mad at me, father, for doing what I did?" asked Charlie, when they were reunited.

The strong arms lifted the boyish head and pressed it to the loving breast as, in a voice trembling with emotion, the father replied:

"Mad at you, my little hero! No; I am very proud of you. But what put it into your boyish head to make that desperate attempt?"

"I heard you say that a man would stand one chance in a hundred to get by the Indians, and I thought a boy on such a horse as Chief ought to stand several more chances. And I got by them, too, if I did get hit. I never could have done it on any horse in the world but Chief, though."

The troops overtook the fleeing Indians some two miles from the gulch, and brought them to a stand. A battle ensued, and it is believed the quick and severe punishment inflicted upon them intimidated the whole tribe of White River Utes, and that thus a contemplated outbreak of great magnitude was smothered in its incipiency.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR.*

By William D. Moffat,

Author of "Belmont," "The Crimson Banner," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PEN HAS A TALK WITH MR. TERRY.

THE following evening Mr. Austin Terry was seated at his desk in his apartments, writing a letter, when the electric bell sounded, and a moment later Pen entered.

"Your visit is timely," said Mr. Terry, looking up with a smile. "I am writing to your mother. Any word to send?"

"Not tonight, though I have news enough," answered Pen.

Detecting something unusual in Pen's tone, Mr. Terry turned quickly, and pushed his chair back from the desk.

'Why, has anything happened?" he asked. "You look worried. What's the matter? Have you seen Mr. Furman?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him last night."

"And what did he say of your play?"

Pen gave his friend the substance of his conversation with Mr. Furman.

"That's hopeful," responded Mr. Terry. "Of course you are going to follow his suggestions."

"Yes, sir; I intend to do my best," said Pen.

Then, taking a package from his overcoat pocket, he laid it on the desk.

"I came up this evening to bring you these photographs," he went on, as Mr. Terry removed the wrapper and uncovered the leather case he had given Pen before he left the city. "I should have returned them before, but one thing or another has occurred and——"

"There was no need of putting yourself out. You could have waited till it was perfectly convenient," answered Mr. Terry.

"I wanted to come tonight," said Pen. Then, dropping into a chair beside the desk, he went on with nervous abruptness, "Mr. Terry, would you mind telling me what you know about my father?"

Mr. Terry started, and for fully a minute studied him closely without speaking.

"Why, Pen," he said at length in a cautious manner, "that is a subject that is difficult for me to—to——"

"I understand you, sir," put in Pen. "It *is* a difficult subject to speak of. Even at home we do not speak of it. But for certain reasons I feel it necessary tonight to ask you to speak of it. I know why you hesitate. You are uncertain as to how much I really know."

"Yes," answered Mr. Terry; "and I am very doubtful whether it would be right for me to speak to you at all on the subject. Your mother, you know, is the one——"

"I understand you, sir," said Pen quickly, as Mr. Terry paused, "but there is a question I must ask you—a question that you, I am sure, can answer better than any one else, and for that reason I come to you. You can be perfectly frank with me. I know more perhaps than you think I do. Although my mother has said very little to me on this subject, I have learned a good deal in one way and another. I know that my father left home because things did not go well—repeated disagreements—and the rest. I don't ask you to speak of those things, Mr. Terry. What I want to know is what happened afterwards. What can you tell me of my father's life after he left home?"

Mr. Terry looked relieved.

"As regards that, Pen," he said, "I can tell you all I know very easily, for I know very little. Your father dropped out of sight completely. Often I tried to find traces of him, but, with the exception of a little news once in a while, coming indirectly and from sources by no means reliable, I was quite unsuccessful."

"And what was it that you heard?"

"News of various enterprises in which he was interested, chiefly in the far West. Your father was always a good business man, Pen—very shrewd and keen witted, though perhaps too fond of speculating. On that account he had his ups and downs."

"That is particularly what I wanted to to ask you about, Mr. Terry," said Pen quickly. "Tell me what you know of my father's business character. It was not financial trouble that drove him from home, was it? There was no shadow—nothing wrong, was there?"

"Your father was perfectly honorable in all his dealings—let your mind rest easy on that point," said Mr. Terry reassuringly.

**The first 28 chapters of this story appeared in the March, April, May, June, and July issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cents.*

"In many ways he was an exceptional man. How good a friend he was, how liberal and kind, I know well, for we were close companions in the old days. There was but one flaw—a quick and passionate temper—and that brought him most of his trouble. He was very sensitive, and at times irritable, and that was the cause of—well, of those disagreements—and the rest, as you say."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Terry went on,

"I was hopeful for a long time that I might find him and bring him back, but I was never able but once to reach him."

Pen looked up inquiringly.

"Once out in Chicago, about six months after he left home, I met him, and talked with him, but I found him quite unreasonable. My efforts availed nothing, and after that he tried to avoid me, I am sure, for I could never learn where he was. So it went on for three years with only a bit of indirect news, and then came word of his death in the South Pacific—and that of course ended it all. I could do no more."

Pen started.

"His death, sir—in the South Pacific!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Terry looked surprised.

"Has your mother never told you?" he asked. "She knew of it at the time."

"We have been brought up at home to *consider* our father as dead, Mr. Terry," said Pen. "But I know my mother never meant that he really *was* dead—only dead to us."

Mr. Terry bit his lip.

"I have made a mistake then in speaking of it," he said.

Pen rose to his feet as if struggling to control himself.

"You *have* made a mistake, Mr. Terry," he said, "a great mistake—but not in speaking to me—a greater mistake than that."

"Why, Pen, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Terry looking up quickly.

"My father, sir, is not dead. My mother knows that he is not dead."

Mr. Terry's hands slipped from the arm of the chair and fell limply into his lap.

"Not dead!" he echoed.

"No, sir. Oh, I *must* tell you. I had resolved to keep it a secret, but I can't. Mr. Terry, I saw my father last night—at the opera house."

For fully a minute Mr. Terry sat motionless and silent, his eyes fixed steadily on Pen's face.

Then, leaning forward, he said slowly,

"Do you know what you are saying? You saw your father?"

"Yes, sir, and talked with him. I will never forget that meeting as long as I live. He sat in the box next to me. He asked me the time. When I took out my watch—it was my mother's—he recognized it. Then I recognized him, from his likeness in your photograph case. We talked together there in the back of the box for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; it may have been a half hour, I don't know. Mr. Terry, I can't tell you all he said, but I can tell you this much. He wants to come back home. He has wanted to come back for a long time, but his pride at first kept him away, and afterwards he feared it was too late, that he had put it off too long. During the last two years he has been very successful, but he is unhappy. He wants to come home and see mother."

Pen stopped and sank into his chair.

Mr. Terry rose and placed one hand on Pen's shoulder. His voice trembled as he spoke. "Where is he now?" he asked. "Can I see him?"

Pen shook his head.

"He has gone West again, by the night train. The most important venture of his life, he told me, compelled him to go. But he said he would come back soon, and he gave me a message for mother."

"And what did you say to him?" asked Mr. Terry.

"What could I say, Mr. Terry? I seemed to have lost my speech. It all seemed like a dream. The position was so strange. Though I knew him to be my father, he was a complete stranger to me, and I did not know how to speak to him. To all that he had to say I listened without a word. Then when he questioned me I tried to answer, but my words were clumsy and cold. At first all I could think of was his long neglect of us, and I simply said, 'You are a stranger to me, sir. Perhaps my mother would know you!' That seemed to cut him so dreadfully that I was sorry I had said it.

"I asked him why he had never written to my mother. 'It is she,' I said, 'and she alone, who must give you an answer.'

"He hesitated a moment, and then said, 'I have sent several messages to her—of one kind and another, but I have never had an answer.' 'Then is not that an answer in itself?' I asked. He said no—that I did not understand—that he had not dared to expect an answer at first, but that he was determined to try again and again in the hope of finally winning back the place he had lost—that now that he had seen me, his hope had gained new strength; that he rested his hope on me, believing that if I bore his message home, it would find favor in my mother's heart. Still I hesitated, when suddenly he cried out as if in terrible pain, 'Do you doubt me? Can you not see how much it means to me? My happiness—perhaps my life depends on it. I have lived of late solely in this hope.' I looked into his face, and I believed in him.

"Then—but I have already told more than I meant to, Mr. Terry. Of all that was said I cannot speak. It is enough to say that I believed in him, and that I promised to take his message. It was a very small message, and I think I did

right in taking it, for I know mother, and —and——"

"You *did* right," said Mr. Terry decisively. Then he went on slowly: "It is all a great surprise to me. I can hardly realize it. I feel dazed and bewildered. It seems like a message from the grave. If I could only have seen him—have taken his hand—have talked with him. But that will come, I hope. In the mean time, Pen, I can do nothing. It rests with you—and your mother."

"It has done me good to speak though, Mr. Terry," said Pen, rising again. "The secret was too heavy for me to carry. I felt that I must tell some one—and you are our oldest friend, so I have told you all I could."

"I am glad you did. I respect the confidence, Pen," answered Mr. Terry gravely, as he pressed Pen's hand. "I am the oldest friend, as you say. I was their best man, you know—and God knows I wish them both all the happiness in the world."

His voice shook slightly and Pen felt the nervous fingers grip his hand tightly in parting.

When Pen had gone, Mr. Terry paced the room for nearly a quarter of an hour, his face bent thoughtfully toward the floor.

"Alive—really alive—I can hardly believe it," he muttered repeatedly.

At length he seated himself again at his desk, and took up the unfinished letter to Pen's mother. It began "My dear friend."

Mr. Terry tore it slowly in half; then, folding it, tore it again across the middle, and let the pieces fall into his wastebasket.

From a little pile of stationery at one side he drew a fresh sheet and began again:

"My dear Mrs. Rae."

But his pen traveled slowly, and it was nearly an hour later when, after many pauses, he finally covered eight sheets of paper.

"I have never written less than eight," he said as he folded them up and slipped them into an envelope.

When Mrs. Rae received that letter she wondered if Mr. Terry was altogether well when he wrote it.

"It must have been written under some unusual pressure," she thought. "I could hardly believe it was his but for the handwriting—and even that seems unsteady."

CHAPTER XXX.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

THE new popular magazine had at last appeared, and from the day of publication its success seemed assured. The press greeted it cordially, the public liked it, and it sold well.

Of the general comment, Pen's story—which was fully and attractively illustrated, and occupied a prominent position—obtained a liberal share.

The days immediately following the appearance of the magazine formed an eventful period in Pen's life. The first copy he could obtain was mailed promptly to his mother. That pleasant duty discharged, his next care was to watch for the press criticisms, and this, too, proved to be a pleasure, for the notices were almost without exception favorable and encouraging.

The publishers were highly elated at the reception accorded the magazine, and set to work at once boldly enlarging and extending their plans for future numbers.

In these plans they naturally included Pen, for their estimate of his ability had been fully confirmed by the favorable notices his story had received; and the inquiries that had been made at their offices by various people interested in the new author, urged upon them the importance of continuing their relations with Pen.

"How are you getting on with your serial story?" asked Mr. Davis one day, as Pen sat by his desk looking over some new press clippings.

"It is finished, sir," answered Pen, "and only needs a little polishing."

"When can you let us see it? We would like an early glimpse at it."

"In a day or so, if you wish."

"Good. Bring it to us soon as you can. And what are your plans then?"

"First of all, I mean to take a little run out home," answered Pen. "I promised myself that as soon as the magazine appeared. If you really want to see my serial story at once, I will not rest until it is finished and in your hands."

"That would suit us best," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "Then while you are away, we can read it."

Pen could hardly help shivering as he thought of that ordeal. Suppose his longer story should prove to be a failure? It would be harder than ever to face defeat now that he had tasted the sweets of success.

"I will have it ready by Thursday," he said, "and I hope you will be pleased with it."

"I trust we shall," answered Mr. Davis pleasantly. "How long will you be away?"

"Only a few days, I think, though that will depend on circumstances."

"Be sure to remember us in your plans for future work," said Mr. Davis. "We have a special interest in you, for, you know, we are your discoverers."

"There is no chance of my forgetting that," answered Pen, "and I mean to deserve the interest you have shown if I can. I feel very grateful to you for it."

"That sounds very well," said Mr. Davis to his partner after Pen had gone. "That is the way these young authors talk—while they are beginners. But after they have found a market for their work their tune changes radically."

"Which means?" put in Mr. Clarke inquiringly.

"That the only way to do, when you see rare promise in a man," continued Mr. Davis, "is to engage his future work—secure it in some way."

"And do you consider Rae worth securing?"

"By all means, judging from the work he has shown us—and you see how the criticisms bear us out in our judgment. If this serial story fulfils my expectations, I should urge making some sort of definite proposition to Rae for his future services. There is good stuff in him—and you know we are looking for new blood now."

"Very good," answered Mr. Clarke. "When you have read his story let me know your judgment on it, and if it is favorable, we will talk the matter over."

Pen returned at once to his manuscript, and by Thursday he had it in form to be submitted to Mr. Davis' examination.

He left it in the publisher's hands about midday, and by the first afternoon train he set off for Wilton, reaching home shortly before the supper hour. He had written his mother to expect him, and accordingly, she had prepared a little dinner party to celebrate his return as an author.

To this modest function had been invited Mrs. Rae's old pastor and a few of the more intimate friends of the family, all of whom had read his story, and were cordial and profuse in their congratulations.

This little reception quite took Pen's breath away. When the people of Wilton, who had so long pronounced him a good for nothing, could find his work worthy of commendation, surely it must be an achievement of no ordinary kind.

"The acceptance of my story surprised me enough, but this is the proudest moment of all," he confided to his mother in a whisper.

But Pen was somewhat misled in this first impression, which had been created altogether by his mother's interest in him.

He never knew how keenly Mrs. Rae had felt the slight put upon her son by the people of Wilton; he never knew how eagerly she told her friends of his progress in the city, dwelling on his occasional successes, and veiling his defeats; and he never knew with what pride she had gone about among her acquaintances telling them about his story, buying and presenting copies of the magazine in some instances, and lending her own in other cases, in order that all should know what talent he possessed.

Knowing how pleasant it would be for Pen to receive their praise, and what an encouragement it would be to him, she had planned this little dinner party for that purpose, and had primed the guests in advance on the subject of his writings, present and prospective, as far as she thought judicious, in order that they might speak appreciatively and encouragingly to him.

But this was a select group of the more intelligent people of Wilton, and did not constitute a reversal of the town's verdict upon him by any means, as he discovered the next day when he went about and found the great mass of the people quite ignorant of and indifferent to his new honors.

To the boys about town he was, as always, the "Poet of Wilton," said with a laugh.

The general opinion was tersely and bluntly expressed by one horny handed citizen, a building contractor and something of a personage—a self made man, even to his grammar, who was overheard to say at the post office:

"I jest heerd the young chap's hed a story printed, and he spends his time generally writin' po'try and sech stuff. I used to write po'try myself when I was a young fool, in love, but every chap that's got any sort of stuff in him gets cured of that, just like the measles. It would be a favor to his good mother if somebody would make him drop po'try and learn some honest trade."

All this, however, did not disturb Pen. His ideas had very much enlarged since his residence in New York. He took a broader view of things, and little matters did not worry him so much.

"Of course I wish every one in town thought as much of me as the few kind friends we had here the other night," he said to his mother on a certain afternoon; "but, after all, I have done very little to deserve their kindness. There is a great deal to be accomplished yet before I can expect to be anything here but what the boys call me, 'the Poet of Wilton.'"

Then he added with a smile,

"They call me that in fun. Perhaps some day I may be able to earn the title in honor. I am going to try."

Although Pen had been home several days, a suitable opportunity had not until just then offered itself of accomplishing the main object of his visit—giving his mother the message he bore from his father.

It was nearly five o'clock, and they were alone together in the sitting room at the front of the house. Will was down town on an errand, and the servant was busy in the kitchen, several rooms distant. There was no chance of being disturbed.

As Pen saw that the favorable moment had come he grew nervous, walking back and forth across the room, and talking absent mindedly about one thing and another, until his mother, noticing his uneasiness, called him to a halt.

"What's the matter, Pen, dear?" she asked. "You look worried."

Pen stood by the mantel. His mouth was dry and his hands shook, but he was resolved to hesitate no longer. In the past

few days he had carefully thought out what he must say, and had considered various ways of introducing the matter.

But all that was forgotten now. Drawing an envelope from his pocket, he plunged with nervous haste into the very heart of affairs.

"Mother," he said, his voice unsteady, "I have here a message for you—a message I promised to bring you myself."

"A message?" echoed Mrs. Rae curiously. "From whom?"

Pen paused. The question was too direct.

"You will see," he went on, after a few seconds. "One night—last week—I—I—well, some one gave me this message for you, mother, and—but take it—open it, and you will understand."

Pen held out the envelope. It was thick and soft, and fastened with a string.

With a strange look, first at Pen and then at the little package, Mrs. Rae slowly took the latter from her son's hand and opened it.

A crushed and faded little bunch of violets fell out upon her lap, and with it a small piece of paper on which were written a few lines. One glance at these, and Mrs. Rae dropped her head. A long, low cry escaped her lips, and her whole figure trembled as she gripped her hands tightly and struggled with herself.

For a few seconds the strife lasted. Then, catching up the envelope and its contents, she rose and hurried out of the room and up stairs. A moment later Pen heard her door close.

With fast beating heart, he stepped out softly to the hall and bending forward, listened intently. From behind his mother's door he could hear the muffled sound of weeping.

Unable to bear it, he stole quickly up stairs. His mother's door was locked. From within the room came great, gasping sobs that wrung Pen's heart and brought the tears in a gush to his eyes.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried. "Let me in! I want to see you! I *must* see you! I have so much to tell you."

He shook the handle of the door.

There was no response but the continued weeping.

"Mother! Mother dear! Don't you hear me? I want to see you, and talk to you. Please let me in."

There was a pause. Pen spoke again.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

The voice was low and broken.

"Can I come in?"

"Yes, dear, but not now."

"Don't you want to see me?"

"Yes, but wait, Pen dear. Leave me alone for a little while. Come to me again, a little later."

"In an hour, mother; will you see me then?"

"Yes."

She spoke so softly, her voice was scarcely audible. But Pen heard her, and without another word turned away and slowly descended the stairs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED OFFER.

AN early train the next day carried Pen back to New York. There were two causes for his sudden return to the city. The first of these was a letter from Mr. Davis which arrived at Wilton by the first morning mail and which requested Pen to call at the publication office of the magazine as soon as possible. Though no reference to his manuscript was made in the letter, Pen believed that his story was to be the subject of the proposed interview, and accordingly he was very anxious to see Mr. Davis and have his doubts set at rest.

The other cause that urged him to this speedy return to New York arose from the conversation he had with his mother the evening before. That conversation had lasted a long time, and in the course of it Pen had learned a great many things. In the light of it all, he felt that it was important for him to go back to New York soon.

"There is no knowing what day father may return, and I *must* not miss seeing him now," he said to himself the last thing that night.

The next morning, therefore, when Mr. Davis' letter came and fixed his resolve, he lost no time, but set off by the earliest train.

On reaching the city he went at once to Mr. Davis' office. He found that gentleman cordial and pleased to see him so promptly, a fact that seemed to argue well for the fate of his story.

"Now," began the publisher, settling himself in his chair in his favorite attitude, with hands clasped back of his head, "first of all let me tell you that I took your story home the very afternoon you gave it to me, Thursday, and read it myself that evening. I like it, and Mr. Clarke and I will publish it in the magazine."

Pen's face flushed, and he drew a long breath to still the beating of his heart.

"There are a few changes we want to suggest, and I have no doubt you will recognize them as improvements," went on Mr. Davis. "I will go over the manuscript with you a little later."

"I will be very happy to meet your wishes as far as I can," said Pen in tones that badly concealed his excitement.

"And now, another matter," continued Mr. Davis.

Pen looked surprised. He thought the story was the matter in mind. It seemed not. What next then?

"You are not engaged in any regular

work at present, are you?" asked Mr. Davis.

"No, sir," answered Pen. "I am doing nothing except my literary work. I have no regular position."

"How would you like a position of a literary kind?" asked Mr. Davis.

Pen looked up quickly.

"It is exactly what I am looking for, sir. The experience I have had here in the city—in your store and elsewhere, sir—has shown me very clearly that I am not fitted for a purely business position—as clerk, salesman, or anything of that kind. It does seem to me, however, that I might fill satisfactorily a position of a literary character, and I have been trying for some time past to find such a place."

"Suppose we offer you one?" put in Mr. Davis.

Pen hesitated, not knowing what to say at first.

"But, Mr. Davis," he began at last, "you and Mr. Clarke know me well. You have tried me, and—and——"

It was now Mr. Davis turn to be disconcerted.

"I know—I know," he hastened to say. "That was all very unfortunate. Mr. Clarke and I mistook your talents altogether. I don't think any one was to blame in that. You were simply in a place unsuited to you, and being in such a place, you couldn't do yourself justice, and we failed to see your true worth. Now it is all different. We know what you can do, and we want to offer you a post suited to you."

"And what—what is this position?" asked Pen, still in doubt of his senses.

"Well, it is an assistant to myself that I want," answered Mr. Davis. "With the opening up of our magazine comes a great increase of the routine business—an enormous mail and a great many people to see. I want an intelligent young man of literary taste who can help me in going over the many manuscripts that come in every day, sorting them all, keeping record of them, and reading some of them, and who can meet authors who come into the office and talk with them. I believe you will fill such a position admirably."

"I think I could learn to do so," said Pen, with glistening eyes.

"No doubt of it," continued Mr. Davis. "I shall be right at hand to guide you, and you will soon be in command of the office, for I may as well tell you frankly that what I want in you is a right hand man—a man who will have matters here so thoroughly at his fingers' ends that I can give a little attention to other things in our business. I am now fairly overwhelmed by the magazine editorial work and am pinned fast here in this office. I want to arrange matters so that I can be freer, retaining a general oversight over all departments of the magazine. First of all then, would the place suit you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pen eagerly. "I believe it is exactly the place for me."

"Good. Now as to salary. At first and while you are learning the details of the work, we will pay what we want to call only a nominal salary: one thousand dollars a year; that is about twenty dollars a week."

Pen held his breath.

Twenty dollars a week a "nominal salary"! It was more than he had dreamed of making for a long time.

"The reason I put it that way is this," continued Mr. Davis. "I want the position to improve, and this is simply a good clerk's salary. You can better both position and salary rapidly by the work you do. The chance ahead is excellent. You have only to make the most of it. There is no reason why you should not develop into the regular office editor of the magazine in time. You will see the possibilities at once when you have taken hold of the work. Now there is the proposition. What do you think of it?"

Pen did not hesitate an instant.

"I will accept it at once, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I feel very much flattered by the offer. I will do my best to fill the position as you want it filled."

"Very good. We shall be glad to have you with us, and the sooner the better, for things are getting more and more choked up here every day. When can you begin?"

"Next Monday, sir?" said Pen inquiringly.

"That will do. We will look for you then on Monday morning, and I will have a desk for you in the office here. And now that that matter is settled, let us go back to your story, and I will point out the few particulars in which we suggest alteration."

Mr. Davis drew Pen's manuscript from a drawer of his desk, and beckoning him closer, opened the closely written sheets and laid them before him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NEW YEAR'S SURPRISE.

It took Pen several days to fully realize the new situation of affairs; in fact, it was not until he had literally "grasped the situation" by taking his place in Mr. Davis office the following Monday morning, that he really came to believe in his good fortune.

That day stands forth in Pen's mind in red letters, as the beginning of a new era in his life; an era of steady progress and growth. After many discouraging setbacks, success had at last begun to bestow her favors upon him. His star had finally risen, and continuing to rise from that time on, it shone steadily brighter.

The thing that had puzzled him especially in this happy turn of affairs was the suddenness of it all. When he left the city

not the slightest intimation had been given him that Messrs. Davis and Clarke needed any assistance in their magazine offices. He was to them merely a young author, doubtfully successful, offering a serial story for their examination.

Only a few days later he returned in response to an urgent letter to find his story read and accepted, and before he could recover from the agreeable shock of that revelation, an offer of an editorial position was made to him.

It was all so unexpected, so rapid, and so unlike Messrs. Davis and Clarke, who were usually cautious and deliberate, that it dazed Pen.

It was made clear enough, however, a day or so afterwards, when Pen was talking over his good fortune with Mr. Terry. The latter smiled as Pen expressed his surprise at the unexpected windfall.

"I've no doubt Richards had something to do with that," said Mr. Terry. "You remember Richards, don't you—in the literary department of the *Tribune?*"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Pen. "He was one of the gentleman you sent me to see, with a letter of introduction. But what has he to do with it?"

"He has read your story in the magazine, and liked it immensely. He told me so. He remembered your visiting him and wanted to know more of you, so one afternoon on his way up town he stopped in to see Mr. Davis, with whom he is well acquainted, and asked him a lot of questions—whether you had done any other work, what experience you had had, and all that. No doubt these inquiries made Davis think that Richards had a position to offer you on the *Tribune*; and probably he and Mr. Clarke had already been considering some sort of an offer to you themselves, so, when they had disposed of Richards, they probably sent that letter to you at once and clinched the matter without further delay."

Mr. Terry was a shrewd guesser and had hit upon the exact truth in this. The interest that Mr. Richards had shown and the inquiries he had made, had enhanced Pen's value tenfold in the eyes of Messrs. Davis and Clarke, and had determined them at once on securing his services.

Whatever motive may have urged them to this action, they never had cause to regret it. It was not long before Pen had acquired a complete command of the details of the editorial office, and was regarded as a valuable and almost indispensable factor in the literary management of the magazine. Not only were the routine matters under his control, but literary affairs were frequently referred by Mr. Davis to his judgment, and his opinions were respectfully considered.

In short Pen had at last found his place. On the ground floor of Messrs. Clarke and Davis' store, in the retail or wholesale departments, he would have been quite as much at sea as before. Here in the editorial rooms he had found the work suited to him, and he was successful from the start.

"After all," he said one day laughingly, when Carl Moran was congratulating him, "there seems to be a place in this harsh world for everybody—even for a poet."

When Pen went home to Wilton for Christmas, he told his mother he would not come out again on New Year's Day.

"It's only a week from now—too soon for another trip. Besides," he added, "I have a New Year's engagement in New York."

Mrs. Rae smiled. The traitor! He had set apart New Year's Day for the Craigs and Bertha Lalor—and Mrs. Rae knew it well.

Pen had not told his mother so very much about the Craigs and Bertha, but he had told her enough. Mothers don't have to be told much. In view of this Mrs. Rae was considerably surprised when she received a letter from Pen on the last day of the old year, stating that he had changed his plans, and would spend his New Year at home after all, and that she might look for him New Year's Eve.

It was an hour before supper, about five o'clock and quite dark, when Pen arrived. As he came in, Mrs. Rae, who was seated at the piano, rose hastily to meet him. Pen hurried forward, and, taking her by the hands, pushed her back upon the piano seat, and, as he kissed her, said,

"Surprised, I suppose, when you got my letter. Well, you won't be when I tell you why I came."

"Well, why?" asked his mother, holding his hands and looking up smilingly into his face. "Has your New Year's party failed you?"

"No. I have brought a New Year's party home with me," answered Pen; "a surprise party."

Mrs. Rae looked puzzled.

"Mother," continued Pen, leaning down and speaking in a low tone, "do you remember a dream you had once—about me?"

"That I saw the curtains there open and you come in—yes."

"And a moment later the curtains parted and I came in."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, mother." Pen's cheek now rested against her hair, and he spoke almost in a whisper, "have you ever—when all alone here—dreamed that the curtains there parted—and *some one else* came in—some one you have not seen in a long, long while?"

"Pen! Pen! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Rae had risen again. Her voice was trembling, and the color fast leaving her lips.

"Look, mother—look there!"

Mrs. Rae turned her head quickly and looked toward the door.

The curtains had parted, and a man stood there, bending forward, his hands tightly clasping the curtains on either side, his face, rugged and pale as her own, turned towards her with a pleading love.

Mrs. Rae's eyes met his, and remained fastened there for fully a minute—a silent greeting across the chasm of fifteen years.

At length he spoke:

"Lizzie, will you take me back?"

A gush of tears blinded her. She dropped, fainting, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

Meantime Pen had slipped out and up stairs to his brother's room. There he talked for an hour with Will, and when, at length, the supper bell rang, and the two came down the stairs together, Will said,

"No doubt you're right, Pen, and it's all for the best. I am as anxious as you to make mother happy."

With that they entered the dining room. The table was set for four, and Will, for the first time since he could remember, took his place at the side of the table and opposite Pen.

"I suppose this must be my seat now," he said, "since I am no longer head of the house."

At that moment the door from the sitting room opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Rae came in.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SURPRISE THAT FAILED.

THERE is but little left to tell, but one incident more, and that occurred late in the following spring. During the intervening time, affairs had gone happily for Pen, both at Wilton and in New York.

At Wilton it was easy to see that Mr. Rae's return was "all for the best." There was a peace and happiness in the little home there that made all things seem bright and new, and Mrs. Rae appeared to grow younger every day.

Though Mr. Rae returned wealthy, neither he nor Mrs. Rae cared to change their simple mode of life. They clung affectionately to the modest place that had been their first home, and was now the scene of their complete reconciliation. But Mrs. Rae gave up her music teaching, confining her attention, as she said, smilingly, to "lessons in harmony at home."

The winter and spring had brought only continued success to Pen, and the summer was ushered in with anticipations of the keenest delight for him. These anticipations related to a trip abroad, for which he was to have a leave of absence, beginning with the first of June. While Pen regarded it as a pleasure trip chiefly, it was to combine business with pleasure.

The success of the magazine had been such that the publishers had resolved to make arrangements for establishing an agency in England. With this mission Pen was intrusted, neither of the firm being able to leave their offices in New York. He was allowed a month for this work and his expenses paid, and to this period was added the customary two weeks' vacation, making six weeks in all, and enabling him to spend a little time on the continent.

What added greatly to the delight of this trip was the fact that Mr. Lalor and Bertha were to sail at the same time. Mr. Lalor proposed taking Bertha for an extensive trip through Europe during the whole summer, and, on learning of Pen's intentions, through Bertha, he arranged to take the same vessel and to make his plans on the other side coincide with Pen's as far as was practicable.

This secured to the two young friends considerable time together abroad under the guidance of an experienced traveler who would allow them to miss nothing worth seeing.

As a farewell to Pen, Mrs. Rae came on to New York during the last week of May, and spent several days there, visiting at the Craigs' house on their urgent invitation.

Mr. Rae stayed with Mr. Terry for the sake of old times and, as Mr, Terry said, "just to see if we've forgotten how to be boys."

On the last Monday evening in May there was a select little party at one of the Broadway theaters. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Rae, Will Rae, who was visiting Pen, Mr. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Bertha Lalor, and Carl Moran. In speaking of the theater party to Mrs. Rae, Pen had said incidentally that this particular theater had been selected because it was a first night there and two new plays were on for initial performance.

The party occupied one of the boxes, Pen sitting in the back and just behind his mother's chair. The first play was a one act piece lasting about half an hour. It was a pretty little bit of sentiment, characterized by delicate touches of humor and pathos, and was received with great favor by the audience.

During its course Mrs. Rae sat motionless, watching the stage, while Pen's eyes were fastened but half the time upon the play. The rest of the time he studied his mother's face as it was revealed in profile by the warm light from the stage.

When the piece was over, and while the audience was still applauding, Pen leaned forward and whispered to his mother.

"Do you remember your telling me once that I could not surprise you, no matter what I did?"

Mrs. Rae nodded and smiled.

"Well," continued Pen, "I have a surprise for you now."

"No," answered Mrs. Pen quickly.

"Yes," insisted Pen laughing.

"No," repeated Mrs. Rae. "You have no surprise for me. I know what you mean."

"You do?"

"Yes. You mean to tell me that you are the author of this little play we have just seen."

"Oh," cried Pen, "there is treachery here! Mr. Terry or Carl has let you into the secret."

"No, they told me nothing."

"Then you have had a glimpse of one of the programs. I thought I had kept them away from you."

"No. I have not seen the program. I didn't need it. I guessed the secret five minutes after the play began. It is you all over. I couldn't mistake it."

"Then I'm beaten," said Pen, leaning back in his chair, while Mrs. Rae now laughed, and with her Mr. Terry, who stood beside them and heard the conversation.

"You'll have to work a miracle, Pen, if you're bent on a surprise," said the latter. "You know Mr. Hamlet says in the play named after him that it's a 'wonderful son that can surprise a mother.'"

When the performance was over and the party had returned to the Craigs' house for a late supper, Mrs. Rae came over to where Pen was sitting and put a newspaper in his lap.

"That is to comfort you for your failure in surprising me," she said.

"What is it?" asked Pen, unfolding the paper.

"It is a copy of the Wilton *Press* that will no doubt surprise and open the eyes of some of its subscribers in the way you thought to surprise me."

Pen's eyes fell upon a two column article in the paper entitled "Our Talented Young Author," and devoted to a sketch of himself. At the head of the first column was his portrait in outline, quite unrecognizable but as much like him as most such portraits are to their subjects. The article was highly laudatory, giving a brief sketch of Pen's life and work, and pointing him out as a coming light in American literature.

The writer had the facts, reviewing his past modest efforts, his serial story, two instalments of which had already appeared in the magazine, and even mentioning the play just performed for the first time, news of which must have been obtained from advance notes of dramatic affairs published in the New York papers.

"So you see, Pen dear," said Mrs. Rae, "you are now 'not without honor *even* in your own country.'"

And so rests the story of Pen Rae, and it may interest the reader to know in conclusion that, while some incidents of it are fiction, and others have received a new coloring to suit the narrative, the story itself is substantially true.

THE END.

A SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the flitting thro' the trees,
And the music of the voices that come upon the breeze;
Oh, the singing and the winging of the birds that come and go,
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro;
Oh, the ferns and mossy carpets and the waters dark and cool,
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unsullied pool!
Oh, the trilling of the songsters
From the branches and the grass,
And the glancing of the sunlight
On the waters as we pass.

Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the water clear,
And the singing of the thrushes and the other songs we hear;
Oh, the boating and the floating on the waters of the lake,
And the ripples and the shadows that go dancing from our wake;
Oh, the breezy days of pleasure and the pleasant nights to dream,
When the stars look down and twinkle and the winged lanterns gleam!
Oh, the summers in the country,
Where the songsters nest and sing;
And the pleasure without measure
That the woods and waters bring!

—*Frank H. Sweet.*

LATENT BIOGRAPHY.

By D. O. S. Lowell.

I. "*THE LITTLE LION.*"

"A" WAS the initial letter of one of his names.

Which one?

Well, it may have been his first or his last, or any that came between, if such there were. He was one of the most illustrious Americans of his day and generation. Some good judges have even ranked him above Washington.

He served the Union effectually at a most momentous crisis in its history, and but for him the vision which Webster prayed God to avert, of "States dissevered, discordant, belligerent," might have become a dreadful reality. He was the idol of some, and the object of the venomous hate of others; a statesman of unimpeachable integrity, and a patriot as unswerving as Cato the Censor; he stood in the zenith of glory, looking down upon the end of a marvelous victory, when the bullet of the assassin B—— stretched him dying.

* * * *

Mademoiselle Faucette was a maiden of rare beauty, both of mind and character. Her father, a French Huguenot, left his native land in pursuit of religious freedom, and settled as a physician on one of the Leeward Islands of the Lesser Antilles. There the daughter met and loved a young Scotch merchant of good family, who had come to America in search of fortune. Several children were born to them, but A—— was the only one who lived to maturity. On the island of Nevis—a little spot of earth containing but twenty square miles, and a possession of Great Britain—was born this English son of a Scotch father and a French mother, who was destined to leave his impress upon the American Union for all coming time.

A——'s mother died when he was very young, though he always retained the memory of her "noble and generous spirit—her elegant and refined manners." His father, strangely unlike the illustrious son, had no gift for finance and failed in business; as a consequence, young A—— was placed in charge of his mother's relatives on the neighboring island of Santa Cruz. Here he pursued his studies; but such was his aptness as a scholar, that by the time he was twelve years old he had learned all the island school could teach him.

He then entered the counting house of a merchant. Here he proved himself so capable and trustworthy that before a year had passed his employer, on going abroad, left the entire management of his business with the thirteen year old clerk. His confidence was not misplaced, for A—— administered the affairs of the house with complete success.

This was not because he had a taste for mercantile life, as we shall soon see; but it was a lifelong characteristic of A—— to bend all his energies to the task in hand, however uncongenial. As a result the outcome of his life was an exemplification of the proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Just after A—— had entered the counting house—before he was yet thirteen—he wrote a remarkable letter to a friend. It was truly prophetic, and contained "words of learned length and thundering sound" that may well have startled his juvenile correspondent; to wit:

"As to what you say respecting your soon having the happiness of seeing us all, I wish for an accomplishment of your hopes, provided they are concomitant with your welfare, otherwise not; though doubt whether I shall be present or not. For to confess my weakness, Ned, my ambition is prevalent, so that I condemn the groveling ambition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hope of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. We have seen such schemes successful when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war."

For three years A—— discharged his clerkly duties with fidelity, while he employed his leisure in reading such works of history, poetry, and philosophy as he could find, and in acquiring a mastery of the French language, both spoken and written. His ambition, however, continued "prevalent," and a curious incident brought the youth into public notice.

A dreadful hurricane visited the Leeward Islands, leaving wreckage and death in its track. Soon after, a lurid account of the

storm, that would have stirred the envy of a modern newspaper reporter, was published in a St. Christopher journal. The governor of Santa Cruz read it, and was curious to find who had such uncommon gifts of language. He set various inquiries afoot, and young A—— was discovered to be the author.

This was a turning point in the young islander's career. Friends recognizing his promise sent him to a Latin school in New Jersey. He had been "preparing the way for futurity" and made the most of his advantages. At the end of one year he entered what is now Columbia College, in New York.

While he was in college, another of his prophetic wishes came to pass; the "war" for which he had longed so eagerly, broke out. With voice and pen he threw himself into the arena of public discussion of the underlying causes of the war, and other momentous and kindred questions, with such effect that "before his eighteenth year ended his reputation as an orator and writer was established."

True to his boyish program he resolved to "risk his life to exalt his station"; so he left college and enlisted as a captain of artillery. He was soon called into active service, and passed unscathed through several battles.

In one of these he attracted the favorable notice of General ——, the commander in chief, who offered the youthful captain a position on his staff with the rank of lieutenant colonel. A—— accepted, and because of his youth, his small stature, and his bravery, he was dubbed the "little lion" by his fellow officers.

He soon became the commander's "principal and most confidential aide," was intrusted with all the state secrets of importance, and began to act as private secretary before he was yet twenty one years of age.

One day the great general gave his secretary a sharp reproof for what he somewhat hastily considered a neglect of duty.

"I am not conscious of it, sir," replied A——; "but since you have thought necessary to tell me so, we part."

General —— not long after found that he had been mistaken in his judgment, and asked the offended aide to resume his office, but in vain. The proud youth forgave his commander and always preserved his friendship, but he left the staff, returned to the army, and remained till the close of the war.

An incident during this war well illustrates A——'s bravery, impetuosity, and generalship.

In Virginia the opposing armies had met for a final struggle. One of the enemy's redoubts was to be carried by assault. A—— begged the privilege of leading the attack. It was granted. One of his biographers thus describes the scene:

"The signal was given by the discharge of a shell. A—— ordered an advance at the point of the bayonet. Dashing forward in front of his men he clambered over the abattis to the parapet and sprang down into the ditch. The troops pursued after him, not firing a shot, but with bayonets fixed. For a moment they lost sight of him and thought he was killed. But soon he appeared giving his orders. In nine minutes after the abattis was passed the redoubt had been carried without the discharge of a single musket. 'Few cases,' said the commanding general, 'have exhibited greater intrepidity, coolness, and firmness, than were shown on that occasion.'"

After the close of the war there were many grave questions of national polity to be considered. Victories always bring responsibilities, and with responsibilities serious doubts as to matters of procedure are sure to arise.

Questions of finance, of statesmanship, of best methods of government, all commingled, and asked for speedy and wise answers. The historian Schouler says:

"Two young men now appeared upon the scene whose six years of united labor did more for establishing our present constitutional union than the work of any other ten Americans, —— perhaps excepted. The younger, and undoubtedly the more brilliant of the two [A——], was a man of slight figure, but strongly impressive presence, erect in bearing, singularly self possessed, having the air of a Cæsar. His face was a handsome one and beamed with intelligence; he had an eye piercing and expressive, a firm set mouth which betokened promptness and decision of character, an open and fearless countenance. His was one of those minds whence leap ideas clad in full armor. He would not only unfold a plan of his own so as to present the strongest arguments for its adoption, but anticipate every objection and counterplan which others would be likely to urge against it. This mind of marvelous fertility, this self confidence which inspired by its audacity, were the endowments of a youth as yet scarcely turned of twenty five."

An incident in his career well illustrates his power as a logician and public speaker:

A most important meeting had been called at Poughkeepsie to consider a matter of great national importance. When the delegates assembled it was clear that the majority was against the views which A—— advocated; but nothing daunted, he began his work. By adroit private interviews and eloquent public argument he "not only gained to his support a majority, but even ultimately had the aid and vote of his most eloquent and powerful antagonists."

But not alone as soldier and as orator did A——'s versatility display itself. We have seen that even in childhood he wielded a most facile pen. He now resumed this

weapon with most telling effect in order to enforce his views. Eighty five short papers, of which he was the moving spirit and principal contributor, appeared in rapid succession over an assumed name in the New York journals. They are now a permanent part of our literature. Of them Schouler says :

" Even at this day, despite the corrections of experience, they stand as the best commentary on the American Constitution ever written, and a safe book of American politics."

The English magazines said of them:

" For comprehensiveness of design, strength, clearness, and simplicity, they have no parallel."

Shortly after this, A—— was made Secretary of the Treasury. In this capacity he did more than any other man in the history of our Union to establish our financial credit. In the language of Daniel Webster :

" He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet."

Many of his financial schemes were so bold that they aroused the most violent opposition even from distinguished and patriotic statesmen ; but the " projector was constant," to quote from his early letter, and his views prevailed.

After retiring from the treasury he was offered the position of Chief Justice of the United States, but he declined this honor, and returned to the practice of law. A distinguished Frenchman who was visiting this country saw A—— at work late in his law office, and exclaimed :

" I have seen one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man laboring all night to support his family, who has made the fortune of a nation."

But a sad fate awaited him. An ambitious, but unscrupulous, politician had aimed at the Presidency of the United States. A—— opposed him because of his unfitness, and the politician was defeated by a narrow margin. The latter then sought to become governor of New York, but again A—— crossed his track and defeated him. This was too much. The politician turned assassin and hunted his foe to death. On the eleventh of July the fatal shot was fired, and A—— died on the twelfth. A coroner's jury sat upon the case from July 13th till August 2d, and then returned a verdict of

"*Murder*, by A—— B——, principal, and N—— P—— and W—— P—— V—— N——, accessories."

Who was "A"?

THE LITTLE CHOIR BOY.

BEHOLD him with his surplice on !
He seems so fair and saintly ;
With eyes of so devout a look,
And smile that quivers faintly.
So quiet and seraphical,
So passionate and mild,
The ladies are in ecstasies,
With such an angel child.

I saw him in the chancel once ;
He sang so pure and sweetly,
It brought a dimness to mine eye,
And softened me completely.
I felt so bad compared with him—
So utterly a sinner ;
Next day the fond emotion went—
I saw him at his dinner.

The white robed boy too good for earth,
The cherub—saints defend us !
He swallowed like a little horse,
With appetite tremendous.
He made the tarts and sweetmeats fly
With hands not wise but hasty,
And then he had a little pain
From eating too much pastry.

'Tis sad that all our best ideals
Are soon so badly shattered !
My idol of that choir boy
Is now a trifle battered.
I thought he was too good to live,
But now that view's abated ;
No doubt he'll reach a good old age
Before he is translated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. C., Attleboro, Mass. There is no premium on any of your coins.

E. H., Fond du Lac, Wis. No premium on the half dollar of 1834.

J. A. S., Pinegrove, Pa. No premium on the half dollar of 1826 or 1839.

H. K. P., Camden, N. J. In good condition the cent of 1797 is worth from 15 to 35 cents.

F. A. D., Carthage, O. No premium on the half dollar of 1826 nor on the three cent piece of 1853.

A READER, Mt. Oliver, Pa. Your envelope bearing the names of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, has no special value.

J. W. H., New York City. "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom" were issued in book form long before THE ARGOSY was started.

C. B. A., Pitman, N. J. There were six numbers of THE ARGOSY containing "Reuben Stone's Discovery" after No. 509, Vol. XV.

S. J. H., New York City. If your half dollar of 1836 is without "E Pluribus Unum" on the reverse and is in good condition, it is worth from 75 cents to $1.25. See advertisements of coin dealers.

CYCLIST, New York City. The reply to your second query in the July number should read "eight miles an hour," new rules having been made as to the limit of speed at which wheelmen may ride in New York.

L. R. E., Elroy, Wis. 1. Lieut. R. H. Jayne has written several serials for THE ARGOSY. 2. Frank Converse has been dead over five years. It is possible we may print an article by the other writer named, in the next number.

A. K., Baltimore, Md. Mr. Moffat has never written a story called "Brotherhood of Sylvester." What you are thinking of is a secret society so named described in his serial "Dirkman's Luck," published in Vols. XIII-XIV of THE ARGOSY.

J. F. P., Whitestone, L. I. The only way in which a young man can secure a position in the literary line is by showing ability for that sort of work. For the writing of fiction, this ability must be born in him, just as it was in *Pen Rae* in Mr. Moffat's story.

H. L. E., Sag Harbor, N. Y. 1. There is no premium on the "Eagle" cent of 1857, on the three cent pieces of 1865 and 1871, nor on your quarter of 1853. 2. For a circular of information about Cornell University, write to the registrar of the college, Ithaca, New York.

BRANDON TARR. 1. Only at very rare intervals and in special cases. 2. Cyanide of potassium is a more deadly poison than hydrocyamic acid. 3. We may publish a railroad serial within the next few months. 4. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) is at present writing only for book form.

A READER, New York City. Better than waterproofing tents is to buy the ordinary canvas, not the heavy kind, but light "drilling." This for the tent proper. Then purchase ordinary cotton cloth for the fly. It will be cheaper for you to buy the sort of material you want for your folding boat than to try to make it yourself.

THE WHITE KING OF AFRICA. 1. W. Bert Foster's serials for THE ARGOSY were: "The Treasure of Southlake Farm," Vols. X-XI. "Arthur Blaisdell's Choice," Vols. XI-XII-XIII; "A Lost Expedition," Vol. XIV; "In Alaskan Waters," Vols. XV-XVI; "A Mountain Mystery," Vols. XVII-XVIII; "The Quest of the Silver Swan," Vols. XIX-XX. 2. There is no objection to sending queries to us on a postal card.

C. L. G., Winston, N. C. 1. Horatio Alger, Jr. has written what would average up to about a book a year for every year of his life. 2. General Schofield is acting commander of the United States Army. The naval ranking of the nations of the world was given in answer to W. F. A. in the June number. The comparative strength of the various armies cannot be determined with any degree of accuracy.

L. C. F., Waterville, Me. 1. Julia Marlowe was married in April, 1894, and did not play again until after she returned from Paris. 2. We have no binders for THE ARGOSY. 3. Francis Wilson may be addressed at New Rochelle, N. Y.; Beerbohm Tree, Haymarket Theater, London; Charles Frohman, Empire Theater, New York. The other persons named may be reached by addressing them care of this office.

W. C. H., New York City. The serials by William Murray Graydon that have appeared in THE ARGOSY are: "The Rajah's Fortress," Vol. IX; "Under Africa," Vol. X; "With Cossack and Convict," Vol. XIII; "On Winding Waters," Vols. XIV-XV; "Tracked Through Russia," Vols. XVI-XVII; "The Diamond Seekers," Vols. XVII-XVIII; "The Sun God's Secret," Vols. XIX-XX; "Over Africa," Vol. XX.

E. B., Charleston, S. C. 1. Freight charges are lower than express rates. 2. Yes, if a four page amateur monthly has a bona fide circulation of paid subscribers, it may be entered at the post office at second class rates. 3. About 9 ounces of spaces are used in an ordinary column of THE ARGOSY. As to the number of quads used, it depends altogether on whether the matter is solid or open, as when there is much dialogue or short sentences.

I. T. R., Shelbyville, Ky. 1. Mr. Munsey's novel, "On the Field of Honor," appeared complete in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, Vol. VII. 2. Mr. Graydon's novels, "Vera Shamarin" and "The House of Orfanoff" may be obtained in Vol. VI of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. 3. "Captured in the Punjab" was in Vol. VII of THE ARGOSY, and is not a sequel to "The Rajah's Fortress," which was not published until later. 4. The last issue of THE ARGOSY in weekly form was No. 590.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER."

ONE of the Chinese modes of punishment, especially when a confession is wanted from a criminal, is to place him where a drop of water will fall upon one certain spot in his shaven crown for hours, or days if necessary. The torture this inflicts is proven by an experience of Sandow, the strong man.

When he was in Vienna a few years ago, a school teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a half liter of water drop down upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half liter is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this.

So a half liter measure was procured, and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop. Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gaily—at first. The schoolmaster kept tab upon the number of drops. At about the two hundredth Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop, Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished.

His hand was sore for several days after.

A HAPPY EXPEDIENT.

AT Annapolis, science as an aid to discipline has been found effective where all else failed.

A naval officer once found he could not teach the youngest men in the Naval Academy not to squirm and start and jump, and plug their ears with their fingers, when the heavy cannon were fired. It was of no use to argue with them; pleadings were in vain and reproofs were useless. It was highly ridiculous to have a lot of young men, whose profession it is to make war when war is needed, act like school girls when the sea artillery was in noisy operation.

Finally the officer hit upon a plan. He had a camera "trained" upon his gallant cadets without their knowing it, and then he ordered broadside after broadside to be fired. The noise was thunderous, and the actions of the cadets were as usual most undignified and most unwarlike. A few days later some excellent photographs of the "young-men-afraid-of-a-noise" were hung up in prominent positions to be a perpetual reproach to those who plugged their ears.

Those photographs did their work. The next time the cannon roared the cadets stood like statues carved from stone, petrified with their fear of the "deadly camera" and its brutal frankness.

SURGERY THAT USED LIVING THREAD.

A WOUND is not a pleasant thing to be obliged to endure at any time, but with the style of surgery said to be in vogue among the Indians of Brazil a man who is troubled with weak nerves must look upon the cure as a more horrible experience to pass through than that of the wounding itself.

The materials are handy almost anywhere in the Brazilian forest. These materials are a species of very large *ant*, which has mandibles which can bite through almost any substance. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, these jaws still keep their hold. What the Brazilian Indian does when he has received a gash is this.

He catches some of these ants, and holding them to the wound, which he has previously closed together, lets them bite. They fix their mandibles on each side of the wound, and then he pinches off the rest of the body. The jaws do not come apart, and so a row of these ants' heads keeps a wound together as well as the surgeon's needle and wire would do, and as the bite of the ants is not poisonous, this rough and ready surgery is quite efficient.

FISH THAT CAN'T SWIM.

IT has been commonly asserted, as a somewhat singular fact, that sailors are not as a rule good swimmers. But still more surprise will be excited by the statement that there is more than one species of fish which cannot swim.

The most singular of these is perhaps the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish, to some extent, bears a resemblance. It is provided with a long up turned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of a maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all.

Other examples of non swimming fishes, include the seahorse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the star-fish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

A BICYCLE IN SMALL COMPASS.

WE heard recently of a bicyclist who escaped paying toll by dismounting just before reaching the gate, hoisting his wheel to his back, and carrying it past the gaping toll keeper. He might have outwitted the latter still more neatly if he had possessed a machine of the pattern thus described by a New York paper:

One of the most interesting scenes in the city on a recent evening was a bicycle rider in a suit of brown corduroys and a white cap, riding down Broadway. He had on the handle bar of his bicycle a small bundle of tools. When he got to the City Hall Park he stopped and began to take his wheel apart and put it in a bag. The people passing by stopped to look at him. One man, thinking he had got a fall, asked him if he was hurt. He said no, that he was tired, like his bicycle, and was going to go home by train, and down to the Park Place Station he went with his bicycle in his bag.

NOBODY WOULD BE LATE AT THIS SHOW.

THERE is probably no truth in the assertion made in the subjoined paragraph, clipped some time since from a daily paper, but it is interesting as affording an idea of what sort of entertainment will prove of thrilling pleasure to the large number of spectators that would have to be attracted in order to make such an enterprise (?) profitable.

A Chicago man is going to get up a spectacle for the coming summer that will be peculiarly Chicagoesque. He expects to lease 100 acres of land in one of the suburbs and build a railroad track thereon. He will buy two engines at an estimated cost of $10,000 apiece. Then he will erect an immense grand stand on each side of the railroad, accommodating 100,000 people. The engines will be steamed up to their full capacity and started toward each other. The spectacle when they collide, the Chicagoan calculates, will be so thrilling that thousands will want to witness it.

THE CLEVER OCULIST.

THE man who takes up a certain line of business should take pains to master every detail of it. He never knows when he may be called upon to make use of bits of information that may seem unimportant when acquired, but which may prove of immense service when applied in certain directions.

In a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his sight was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist, retained for the defense, examined the alleged injured member and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with the left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He procured a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

BOULDERS THAT ARE NOT STONE.

THE Falkland Islands, far off in the South Atlantic, between the lower end of South America and Africa, are not very inviting spots to visit. They are swept by fierce winds blowing from the South Pole and carrying all obstructions before them. For this reason there are no trees on the island, at least not what we, who are accustomed to think of trees as things with height, would call trees.

The visitor to the Falklands sees, scattered here and there, singular shaped blocks of what appear to be weather beaten and moss covered boulders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength, in fact you will find that you are fooling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd shaped blocks into fuel, because it is perfectly devoid of grain, and appears to be nothing but a twisted mass of woody fibers.

HAP HAZARD MAGNETIZING.

WE are all pleased when an effort to conduct an experiment in magnetism results successfully, but there are occasions when results are attained without any intention on our part of bringing them about. And confusion, not to say calamity, is the consequence.

The recent order of the British admiralty whereby sentries are forbidden to carry side arms when on duty in the dynamo flats of her majesty's ships, appears to be due to some experiments which are said to have demonstrated that bayonets belonging to the marines have become highly magnetized owing to close proximity to the dynamos employed for lighting purposes.

Both magnetic and electric influences may easily be perverted, and sometimes with startling results. Not long ago a passenger on board an ocean steamer folded up his iron deck chair before retiring, and as the night was stormy left it inside the pilot house. The man at the wheel presently began to be aware of something wrong with the compass, and before the delinquent deck chair was pounced on the ship was half an hour out of her course.

An equally well authenticated case is that of a learned professor who took his head student out testing one day. It was winter, and as a cold wind blew through the station the student kept on his hat while taking insulation readings. The result showed an unprecedented degree of insultation, one, in fact, greater than infinity, and the professor, as well as the student, was amazed and mystified. The former, however, repeated the test, and obtained results much less creditable but still good. The student had ignored the fact that his hat was stiffened with a steel wire in the rim.

QUALITIES THAT WIN.

THE BULLSEYE OF JOURNALISM.

"WHICH men make the best reporters—high school or college graduates?" This was the theme of a discussion not long ago among newspaper men. The decision arrived at was in favor of the high school boy. And why? Because of the comparative simplicity of his work. THE ARGOSY is not prepared to agree that college training unfits a man for newspaper making. But it is a strong advocate of simple writing, direct and to the point.

It may be argued, says the Washington *Times*, and with all truth, that some of the best newspaper men in the country have had the advantage of college educations, and any of us could print a long list of brilliant names in proof of that fact. But they are successful not merely because they are college men, but because, unlike the majority of their fellow collegians who aspire to literary fame, they had the journalistic instinct, that indefinable thing called the "nose for news," and, leaving their togas outside, entered the journalistic field with the consciousness that they did not "know it all"; that they had much to learn.

When the last flood made rivers of our beautiful streets two young reporters were sent by the city editor to the river front to gather the facts for a "story." One was a high school boy and the other a graduate of a famous college. The latter was quite a long time "covering" his moist field, but when he returned, his essay, for it was nothing less, was good enough for the archives of a university.

It recited the history of famous floods, and grandiloquently depicted the scene, teeming with such ornate language as "opalescent skies," the "blue empyrean vault," and so on. A good blue pencil was spoiled on it.

The high school boy's report was a little grandiloquent also, but he confined himself to "surging waters," "rushing waves," and like phrases. However, his manuscript teemed with cold facts, his descriptions were accurate, and his whole effort was well knit and such as the editor wanted. It was published. The college man is now a clerk in a real estate office, while the high school boy is a prominent New York newspaper man.

THE MAN AND THE OPPORTUNITY.

HOW did it happen that Columbus, the poor, unhonored Italian, obtained an audience with the king and queen of Spain?

He was resting by the roadside one warm day and asked for a drink of water at the door of a convent. The prior entered into conversation with him, and, struck by his appearance, and afterwards by the magnificent simplicity of his ideas, gave him the introduction he so sorely needed; and thus Columbus gave to Castile and Aragon a new world.

Had the navigator thought such a trivial opportunity not worth the testing, how different might have been the result! The man who wins is he who believes in his idea and neglects no occasion, however insignificant it may seem, to maintain it.

HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

A WASHINGTON paper, the *Pathfinder*, offered a prize to the person who should send it the best original history of the United States, containing not more than 100 words. There were 911 contestants and the qualities that won were possessed by the author of the following, W. T. Gooden, of Pana, Illinois.

The revival of learning, commercial rivalry, and religious zeal in Europe lead to Columbus' discovery of America in 1492. Conflicting territorial claims and parental animosity involved English, French, and Spanish colonists in wars culminating in English supremacy in 1763. England's oppression alienated colonial affection, induced revolution, hastened independence. Common cause and danger begat colonial union; the weakness of the confederation demanded a Federal Republic. Party differences tempted legislation. Negro slavery precipitated civil strife, secession, emancipation. Federal authority supreme, reorganization succeeded. Religious freedom, an unmuzzled press, invention, internal improvement, and universal education have conspired to prosperity at home and honor abroad.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

FAITHFULNESS in service and the capacity to stick to the post of duty through thick and thin are qualities that employers, whether they be business men or the government, are constantly looking for in applicants for positions. These are prime requisites in lighthouse keepers, and in an article on the subject, the *Detroit Free Press* tells of the contrasted actions of two keepers in Chesapeake Bay.

The lighthouse at Sharp's Island was lifted from its foundation, thrown over on its side and carried away by ice early in February, 1881. The keeper and his assistant clung to the fallen house, and, although one of their boats remained uninjured, they were adrift in the bay sixteen and a half hours, without food or water, always in great peril, as the heavy floating ice often piled up against and threatened to swamp the house. It grounded, fortunately, on an island, shortly after midnight, at high tide, and was full of water. Being satisfied that it would not float off again, the two keepers went ashore in their boat, and when the tide had fallen they returned, saved and took to the shore the lens, its pedestal, the oil, the library, much damaged by water, and even the empty oil cans, and then reported the facts to the lighthouse board.

Meantime the keepers of another lighthouse, fearing the ice, had deserted their post and gone on shore. The fact that no vessels could

have needed the light while the ice remained unbroken, and that they returned to their post when the danger had passed, did not avail them. As soon as the fact of their desertion was known, they were dismissed the service, and the two keepers who had spent those terrible hours afloat in Sharp's Island lighthouse, and then had saved the apparatus, were highly complimented and appointed to the deserters' places.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CLEVER INVENTIONS.

THE best way to become an author is to be born with a brain subject to flashes of inspiration that will supply you with first class plots. But if you want to be an inventor you should work from the opposite standpoint. Find a crying need, and seek to think out a means by which it may be met. Here is the fashion in which one man did this.

Walking through a greenhouse one day, he noticed that the gardener in charge was obliged to go to a good deal of trouble to raise each ventilating window separately.

"Why could not some arrangement be devised," this observant individual said to himself, "by which all these windows could be opened by one movement?"

He thought over the problem, and contrived a model, and the result was the apparatus now in use in all conservatories, and which brought a fortune to its inventor.

THE VALUE OF QUICK THOUGHT.

THE stamp of courage that requires prompt decision and instantaneous action is nowhere better exemplified than in the Alpine guides. Here is one instance out of many.

The Lyskamm is one of the most disagreeably dangerous mountains in the whole of Switzerland. Most of the route lies along a ridge of snow with a steep slope on one side of it, and a precipice veiled from view by a cornice of ice on the other. The ascent on this occasion had been made in safety, but during the descent an accident occurred. The party, of course, were secured together by the rope. One of them slipped. The impetus of his fall dragged his nearest companions from their foothold, and the whole weight of the three falling men came upon Peter Knubel. He knew that he could not withstand it, and he had only a fraction of a second in which to decide what he would do.

On the instant, before the rope had time to tighten, he threw himself over the precipice, crashing through the cornice, and hung suspended in mid air, balancing his companions and checking their fall long enough to enable them to get their ice axes into play and cut themselves fresh steps and haul old Peter up on the ridge again.

A HERO OF THE REBELLION.

PHILADELPHIA is proposing to erect a statue to Admiral David D. Porter in front of her city hall. It is eminently fitting that such a plan should be carried through. Admiral Porter as a hero of the late war and a loyal son of Pennsylvania is deserving of such an honor.

As early as 1824, when but eleven years of age, Admiral Porter left his home in Chester, going with his father in the ship John Adams to suppress piracy in the West Indies. In 1829 he entered the navy as midshipman, and after a cruise in the Mediterranean served on the coast survey until 1841, when he was promoted to lieutenant.

He served throughout the Mexican war, and was engaged in every action on the coast, first as lieutenant and later as commander of the Spitfire. At the breaking out of the civil war he was placed in command of the steam frigate Powhatan and sent to join the Gulf blockading squadron at Pensacola. Subsequently he was placed in command of the mortar fleet of twenty one schooners, with which he joined Admiral Farragut, in 1862, assisting in the bombarding of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, below New Orleans. The forts surrendered to Porter in April, 1862.

In 1862, while in charge of the Mississippi squadron as acting rear admiral, he improvised a navy yard at Mound City, and in coöperation with General Sherman's army captured Arkansas Post, in January, 1863. One of his most daring exploits was performed shortly after this, when he ran past the batteries of Vicksburg and captured the Confederate forts at Grand Gulf, which put him into communication with General Grant and made him a prominent factor in the capture of Vicksburg. In 1864 he was transferred to the North Atlantic Squadron, and shortly after, in, 1865, captured Fort Fisher.

Congress tendered him a vote of thanks for this as well as for his services at Vicksburg. In 1866 he was appointed vice admiral, and in 1870 was made admiral. He died in 1891.

HOW THE PAGES SWELL THEIR INCOME.

ELECTRICITY is to banish the pages from the House of Representatives at Washington. They are to be stationed in two adjoining rooms and summoned, when wanted, by pressing a button. Thus a rather picturesque feature of one of the halls of Congress will pass away. In connection with this announcement, the New York *Sun* prints some interesting items about these servitors of statesmen.

Many schemes are employed by the pages to make extras, and a bright boy with good business talent has little trouble in securing quite a respectable income in one way or another. The favorite method is to collect the different speeches on national questions as they are delivered and printed, and then sell them when a set is completed. The value of such a collection is regulated by the number of speeches made and the prominence of the subject. A complete set of tariff or silver speeches could be purchased last session for ten dollars. When McKinley made his famous tariff speech several years ago two of the older pages secured the privilege of printing it. They gave McKinley as many copies as he wanted, and sold the balance at ten cents apiece and netted over $100 each.

Years ago, during the autograph fad, the pages derived a good deal of revenue from the collectors, who paid good prices for autographs of celebrated statesmen. There is but little demand for this sort of souvenirs now, and a job lot of a hundred names will not bring more than three or four dollars. The work of the pages is not very hard, and the place offers many advantages to a bright youth, who can get an excellent idea of the working of the national government. The most attractive feature, however, is the $75 per month salary.

WORKSHOP AND PLAYGROUND.

THAT TRIAL TRIP.

HERE is a hint to our young friends who may want to sell a last year's wheel in order to put themselves in shape to afford a '95 make.

A Harlem man had advertised his machine and a possible purchaser appeared at his house to inspect it. The Harlemite was only too eager to exhibit all its good points.

"Do you mind my trying it?" asked the stranger.

It was a spring evening, the bicycle had been brought out to the area door, and the street was asphalt paved.

"Certainly not," answered the eager owner, who felt that the wheel was already as good as sold.

He assisted the other to mount and stood on the curb, watching him as he rode off and saying to himself how well mated he and the machine were. And he might have been watching yet, if he had waited for the fellow to come back, for the trusting Harlemite has not seen him from that day to this.

FRENCH SARCASM.

PARIS was the paradise of wheelmen until lately, when a slight reaction has set in. A good idea of the lengths to which the craze went while its most virulent stage was on may be obtained from the satire in the subjoined code of rules for pedestrians, suggested by *Figaro:*

"Every pedestrian is to be supplied with a bell and a signal horn, which he shall sound on crossing a street whenever he espies a cycle on the horizon. At night the foot passenger shall carry on his breast a lantern containing a lighted candle. France shall be entirely leveled, in order to save cyclists the annoyance of hill climbing. The tax on cyclists shall be abolished, and a tax on pedestrians shall be substituted. Any foot passenger who, by his awkwardness and want of attention, shall occasion the fall of a cyclist by allowing himself to be run over, shall be liable to a fine of 100 francs, and for a repetition of the offense shall be transported to a mountainous region."

LITTLE BULLETS THAT ARE GREAT.

IT is the record of history that the world's great men have in many instances been small of stature. The new bullet recently adopted for use in the United States navy is another example that size is no criterion of power.

This new cartridge is only a 23 bore, making it smaller than that of any other government. In fact there is only one size smaller manufactured, the 22 bore, sold to boys, and generally considered harmless.

Yet this little bullet, which will soon be in use on all the vessels of the navy, has enormous penetrative power, and an immense range; and fired from the Lee rifle, which has been adopted as the official rifle of the navy, it is deadly.

The bullets, while being much smaller in circumference than a lead pencil, are very long, and they are blunt at the point.

They are called "steel jacketed," and are filled inside with lead, but there is something more than steel in the envelope. They are very much lighter than if they were all of lead, and they look for all the world like bits cut off a large copper wire. These bullets are fired with smokeless powder, which is also a novelty in the small arms of the navy.

The cartridges are very long and bottle necked, and they are very expensive. They cost at wholesale five cents apiece, so that each shot fired henceforth by the blue jackets of the navy will represent the actual "blowing in" of a nickel on the part of Uncle Sam.

One of the advantages of these new cartridges is that the sailor who makes one of a landing party or climbs into the tops can now carry with him a much larger amount of ammunition than heretofore.

VICTORY ON ONE WHEEL.

TANTALIZING and elusive as the quest for the fountain of eternal youth, perpetual motion, or the recipe for the manufacture of gold—seemingly as hedged about with impossibilities as all these was the creation of a unicycle, a problem with which the wheeling world has been puzzling itself for years. But it is now claimed that E. N. Higley, of Boston, has succeeded where so many others have failed. His machine weighs only fifty four pounds, and can be successfully ridden in a circle and guided at will without a collapse.

The wheel is made of aluminium and stands 7 feet 3 inches high. It consists of an outside rim which carries a huge pneumatic tire. In the middle is a smaller wheel just about big enough for a man to crawl through, and these two concentric wheels are connected with strong steel spokes.

In the center of the inner wheel is a saddle and handle bars. A double gearing operates the unicycle, both rims of which revolve about the rider. The power is applied by friction. There are no teeth which engage. The saddle and all bearings have ball bearings, and the entire thing moves easily and without much friction.

The wheel is steered by the changing of the center of gravity of the rider's body. When he wants to go round a corner he leans out towards the corner and the wheel answers readily, being very sensitive. When the rider sits in the saddle his feet are within touch of the ground.

This wheel will not be used very extensively, probably, as it is such a huge affair that it would scare a horse out of his wits.

A NEW BRAKE FOR BICYCLES.

THE tendency to do away with the brake on bicycles is altogether too marked. Riders complain that it adds too much to the weight of the machine, and that the same ends can be gained by back pedaling. But back pedaling is of no avail whatever when a sudden emergency calls for an immediate halt. Stick to the brake, wheelmen, and show non riders that you do not neglect any precaution that will insure not only your own safety but that of those by the way.

A new style of brake, of the automatic pattern, has lately been placed on the market. It is called the saddle brake. It is light in weight and strong. It is clamped securely to the saddle springs underneath the saddle, and fits equally well any kind of a spring. It is also clamped to the two rear forks, and the spoon is attached to a spring steel, so that when the pressure is released it immediately comes back to its normal position, disengaging from the tire. The upright rod is in two parts, so that it may be lengthened or shortened to correspond with the height of the saddle when raised or lowered. The spoon and spring are enameled in black.

The point is made that the brake works directly on the rear or power wheel; also that with both hands on the handles and both feet on the pedals the rider can regulate the brake at pleasure by moving a little further back on the saddle than usual. It is explained that in case of a collision being inevitable the rider can throw the entire weight of the body on the brake and stop instantly, but that a header is avoided by the weight being so far back.

THE WORK ON AN AXE.

AN axe appears to be a very simple article to make, but forty workmen handle each one before it is ready for the shop.

The raw material comes in rough iron bars, usually scaly with red dust. It goes at once to the forges, and here the end for a distance of some feet is heated until it glows a rich red. It is then withdrawn sometimes with the help of a tackle, and fed between the rollers of a wonderfully ingenious machine, which cuts the bar into double axe lengths, shapes the metal in the general form of two axes placed butt to butt, and finally doubles the pieces together around a mold, which leaves a loop at the middle of the helve hole. Next the axe goes to the grate of a furnace fired with gas, where it is raised to a white heat. In this form it is carried swiftly to the base of a great tilt hammer, which drops down upon it with terrific force, welding the folds together in an instant.

On leaving the tilt hammer, the axe goes again to the furnace, where it is heated red hot. Then it is taken in hand by a workman who rasps its edges with a sharp saw to take off the "fins" or jagged fringe, of iron which still clings to it. This is highly dangerous work. The axe is hot, and as the steel of the saw plows through it, a stream of red hot sparks shoots high in the air. Usually the workman is protected by means of a glass frame in front of his face, but even this does not always keep off the particles of hot iron.

Now the iron parts of the axe, all of the butt and most of the blade, are complete. The steel for the knife edge is first heated at the furnace and then stamped into the proper shape by a powerful die press.

The two parts are now sent to the welding room, and the following occurs: A groove is cut into the forward edge of the iron butt, the steel knife edge carefully inserted, and after being heated the great hammer welds the two together.

The most important point of the whole process is the tempering, and it is here that some manufacturers have been highly successful, and some have failed completely. According to the most improved methods, pots of lead, suspended over a furnace, are used for heating purposes. The steel axe blade is dipped down into the molten lead very carefully, and when sufficiently hot it is instantly removed and thrown into a vat of cold water. As soon as it comes out it goes at once to an inspector, who makes very careful tests to find out whether or not the steel is too brittle or not brittle enough. It must also be exactly of the standard size and weight. The usual way of testing for tempering is to strike the edge sharply with a hammer. If it chips off or cracks the axe is thrown aside without further ado.

After all the inspector's requirements have been met the axes go out to the grinding room, where half a score of spectacled men sit behind swiftly turning grindstones and "smooth" them all over, giving particular attention, of course, to the knife edge. Next the polishers take the axe in hand, and after a few minutes of work with emery and wooden wheels the implements assume the shining appearance which they present in the hardware store.

A NEW PACE SETTER.

CAN a man ride a mile a minute on a bicycle? Charles Murphy, of New York, thinks he can if he is paced by a locomotive. At this writing he is trying to arrange with the Pennsylvania Railroad to lay a board track between the rails, allowing him to follow immediately in the wake of one of their fast engines. This will cut off any wind resistance and give Murphy the benefit of the engine's suction. But if an accident should befall the locomotive, what then?

THE BICYCLE UP TO, AND BEYOND, DATE.

THE boom in bicycling still continues. Recruits to the ranks of the riders are constantly being made from almost every class, age, and condition. Here is the very latest in cycledom, so far as the machines themselves are concerned:

The popular weight for a road bicycle this year is twenty one pounds, more or less. They range from twenty to twenty one and a half pounds. Experiments have been made with aluminium for the frames of bicycles, on account of its great lightness, but they have been unsuccessful so far.

Steel tubing is so strong and light that manufacturers think that it will not be superseded. The next improvement, they say, will be something to take the place of the sprocket chain. The rest of the machine is so nearly perfect, from a mechanical standpoint, that the chain seems crude, but nothing has been found thus far to take its place.

FLOATING FUN.

A SHORT STORY.

IT is never easy to confess our faults, and the German child *Fliegende Blaetter* tells about is not to be blamed for trying to smooth the way for herself.

"Mamma, do you like to hear stories?" she began.

"Yes, my child."

"Shall I tell you one?"

"Yes"

"Will you be very much interested?"

"Certainly, my child."

"But it is not a long story."

"Never mind; tell it to me."

"Well, there was once a—cologne bottle—and I broke it!"

WHY NOT PLAY BALL?

MRS. HONNIMUNE voices the sentiments of a good many people who know a great deal more about baseball than she does.

"Charlie, dear," she said to her husband the other day, "I don't think I take enough interest in things that men care for. Won't you tell me something about baseball?"

"Of course. Anything that I can."

"I've noticed that sometimes when a club gets beat it's because the umpire doesn't do right."

"Yes."

"And sometimes because the weather isn't right."

"Yes."

"And sometimes because the audience doesn't do right."

"Yes."

"Well, Charlie, dear, what I want to know is what the players have to do with the game?"

HIS CLEVER DEVICE.

The inventor of the following device is not an Irishman with a predisposition to bull making, as might be supposed, but a German.

He had procured a watchdog to guard his house, providing him with a house in the yard. But the dog kept him awake o' nights by his barking, so his owner conceived the brilliant plan of rigging a speaking tube from the side of his bed to the kennel, through which he can call down and command quiet without the trouble of rising and going to the window.

THE SOFT SIDE OF HIS FALL.

THE hero of the subjoined incident went even further than the advice of the old adage to "grin and bear it" calls for.

Terence Murphy was such a good carpenter that he was rarely without employment. One Saturday, towards the tired end of the day, he was at work on the roof of a new house. Suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. As the house was low, the fall was not long, yet he lay so motionless that the other men ran to him quickly, believing that the worst had happened. Just as they reached him he opened his eyes and grinned.

"Are you much hurt, my boy?" asked one of the men tenderly.

Terence grunted.

"That was a bad fall, Terence."

The unfortunate fellow drew a breath.

"Och, niver moind," he said. "Oi was coming down after nails, any way."

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST."

HERE is another Irishman story—of a man who took a pride in his work, albeit it was the pride of ignorance. He was working for a contractor who took a great interest in his men, so when Pat announced that he was going to leave, he invited him to the office and requested him to give his reasons.

"Well, well, Pat," he began, "what's this I hear about your leaving? What's the matter? Haven't I always treated you well?"

"Indade ye have, sorr," replied Pat.

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"It's that boss Smith. Shure yisterday he took me away from me hod an' bricks, an' sint me way up on a hill, that was covered wid rocks. He put me on the top, with a stheel rod in me hand. 'Drill a hole there,' says he. An' I squatted down wid a hammer an' the rod, an' I worruked for two hours makin' a foine nate hole. An' then will ye belave it, sorr, a big fool came along, and filled the foine hole with powdher and blew it all to smithereens, an' I'll not do that fool thrick ag'in."

THE TABLES TURNED.

THE old maxim's declaration of what happens "when Greek meets Greek," seems to be well demonstrated in the following.

"I guess my hat's my own! I paid for it!" snapped the young woman at the matinée, turning round and addressing the two men who were making audible remarks about her towering head dress. "And I paid for my seat, too!"

"But you didn't pay for all the space between your seat and the ceiling, my dear young lady," mildly observed the elder of the two men.

CHILDHOOD THAT CONQUERS.

THE unconscious cleverness of children! What is more delightful? It is as refreshing as the studied efforts of some of their elders to pose as wits is wearying to the soul of the beholder.

It was at dinner, and there had been chicken, of which the little daughter of the house had partaken with great freedom.

"I want some more chicken," said Frances.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied Frances' mamma.

"I want more," and Frances pouted.

"You can't have more now, but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?"

"I wish for some more chicken," said Frances promptly.

She got it this time.

WHAT WORRIED HER.

THE writer once put a bad penny in the contribution box in mistake for a dime. The treasurer of the church was a friend of his to whom only the night before he had exhibited the bad penny as a curiosity. Of course there was nothing for it but to seek out the friend, explain matters and substitute another offering. Here is an episode of the same sort, but with a different denouement.

The pastor bade her proceed.

"Tell me all," he urged kindly.

"I put a button in the contribution box," she faltered.

"And did your conscience trouble you?" he asked.

The woman raised her eyes earnestly.

"No," she answered; "I put in the wrong button and broke a set, and I would like to exchange it, if you please."

A TIMID PETITIONER.

HERE is another specimen of the Irish bull, although this time it was evidently perpetrated with malice aforethought, as it were. But the point of the joke lies elsewhere.

A young man in want of a five pound note wrote to his uncle as follows:

DEAR UNCLE:

If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die.

I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew,

PERCY CRAVEN.

P.S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot overtake him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!

The uncle was naturally touched but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

MY DEAR PERCY:

Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter.

Your affectionate uncle,
TIMOTHY PURSEPROUD.

TURN ABOUT FAIR PLAY.

WHAT'S sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, says the adage. Why, indeed, should an artist in music or letters be expected to furnish gratuitously examples of his skill, where one would not think of asking a lawyer or doctor to do the same?

Kullak, the famous German pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the repast Kullak was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterwards the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots.

"What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man.

With a genial smile Kullak replied: "Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

WHO will say that the policeman was not right? A speedy wheelman may at times be a thing of terror to pedestrians, but a learner is always a menace.

"Here, now!" cried officer McWart, "it is agin the law to ride thot wheel ahn the sidewalk."

"But I am not riding," pleaded the beginner. "I am only trying to."

"Bejabbers, thin, Oi will run ye in for givin' an akkyrobatic exhibition widout a license."

WELL POSTED.

BARBER'S talk is generally accounted wearisome. Now and again, however, a member of the fraternity gets off something good.

"I see you wear a Grand Army button," said the man in the chair.

"Yes, sah," responded the African, with a smile.

"Belong to a colored post, I suppose?"

"No, sah. The cullud post belongs to me."

It was not till he had stepped out and noted the barber's sign that the customer saw the point.

WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

IF a man pays a big price for a thing, he wants to make sure that he is having every fraction of enjoyment that can possibly be derived from it. At least some men do. One of them is a Bostonian who visited Cleveland during an electric light convention that was held there.

He occupied with two friends a very elegant and luxurious suite of rooms at the Hollenden. Another friend happened to call about three o'clock A. M. and was surprised to find him sitting in a big armchair smoking and reading.

"Hello! Do you know what time it is?" inquired the friend. "I should have thought you'd have been in bed and asleep."

"Asleep? Why, man," was the reply, "I can't afford to sleep in these rooms. They cost me sixteen dollars a day, and sleep at two dollars an hour is a little too expensive for yours truly."

NOT ON THE MARKET.

THE incident described below must have occurred in leap year.

Mistress (a widow)—"Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you." (Pleasantly) "I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now!"

Johnson (the butler)—"Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The September number will contain the opening chapters of a new serial story, detailing the experiences of a Southern boy suddenly thrown on his own resources in Gotham; an illustrated article on Mountain Climbing; a timely paper on the Adirondacks, with pictures; an interesting account of the everyday life of the little crown prince of Germany, with portraits of himself and his brothers; a splendidly illustrated description of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn's famous school; together with a specially attractive variety of other matter in letterpress and illustrations.

"LATENT BIOGRAPHY."

WE call the special attention of our readers to this series of papers by D. O. S. Lowell, begun in the present number of THE ARGOSY, and to be continued for several months. They are to deal with prominent Americans, and while strictly accurate as to facts, will stimulate curiosity and research by veiling the identity of the subject under an initial letter from some one of his names.

Mr. Lowell is what may be called a charter contributor to THE ARGOSY, being the author of the "Argosy Yarns" which ran through several of the early numbers, beginning with the first, and has since been issued in book under the title, "Jason's Quest."

PHONOGRAPH POSSIBILITIES.

GRACELESS youths who take pleasure in terrifying the timid have now the chance to vary the old method of white sheets and lantern bearing pumpkin heads. The phonograph has recently been applied to watches of the repeating pattern, so that instead of the hour being tinkled by a bell, it is called off by the human voice.

The weird results obtainable from an extension of this idea readily suggest themselves. It might, indeed, be made effective in the line of burglar alarms.

THE MILITARY SPIRIT AND THE FLAG.

IT begins to look as though this last half decade of the century were to be signalized by an outbreak of the military spirit in the United States. It has already invaded our public schools, and higher praise was won by the schoolboys in the Decoration Day parade in New York, than by any other portion of the procession. And now the Brooklyn postmaster has ordered that all letter carriers shall salute their superior officers when they meet.

One good result of this infusion of the martial element into the American mind is the influence it has undoubtedly exerted in spreading the love for the flag. Flag Day, the 14th of June, was observed this year by a grand display of the Stars and Stripes that augured well for the increase of that patriotism in which our country has hitherto been somewhat lax.

A SUGGESTION FOR PARIS.

MANY hundred years ago St. Paul told the Athenians that they were always seeking some new thing. What he would have thought of the striving after novelty in the civilized world today it would doubtless require many exclamation points to punctuate.

This craze for the unique, the fanciful, the bizarre, becomes especially noticeable at the time of an international exposition. The Paris Eiffel Tower of 1889 was succeeded by the Ferris Wheel of our own Columbian Fair, and now the French are cudgeling their brains for a brand new sensation arouser for their exhibition of 1900. The idea at present under serious consideration is that of a hole in the earth nearly a mile in depth. This would certainly be a sufficient contrast to M. Eiffel's tower, but it could scarcely be expected to be so attractive in itself.

Why not give Europeans an example of American energy in the way of building an opera house in a day? Such a thing was done not long ago out in Colfax, Washington. The foundations were prepared, to be sure, but the brick laying was all done between dusk and dawn, the interior work was completed by the following evening, and that night the first performance was given in the theater to a packed house.

BOY REPORTERS.

A WASHINGTON newspaper is giving the schoolboys of that city an opportunity to train themselves in reporting. It offers 25 cents for every item of news of sufficient public interest to be printed, and of which the editor has not already been apprised. This is all very well, but there ought to be a special prize awarded for accuracy.

Have you ever read in the morning paper a description of some occurrence of which

you yourself were a witness? If you have, you have without doubt seen one, two, three, probably as many as half a dozen misstatements in less than half a column.

What does this show? Careless work, and yet it is the average work done on every paper in the land.

"Oh, I guess I've got the main facts all right," the reporter says to himself. "Any way, I haven't got time to investigate, and nobody'll take the trouble to object."

But even though there is no protest and the city editor never finds out the inaccuracies, this slovenly work reacts on the young man's own mind. Careless in this detail, he drifts into carelessness in every other, and his progress is away from instead of towards the editorial chair.

And this explains why the latter nowadays is so frequently filled by men who have received their training in other fields.

PEARLS TO ORDER.

DIAMONDS might still be as beautiful as ever, but if they were as easily within the reach of every one as daisies in June, their value would be proportionately lessened. In this connection it will be of interest to note what may be the result of experiments that have been made at Washington, with some degree of success, tending toward the production of artificial pearls.

Into the shells of a certain species of fresh water mussels, small particles of beeswax were thrust. These, in the lapse of time, have been covered with the thin, transparent film which goes to form the pearl, and it is claimed at the Smithsonian Institute that one of the pearls thus "manufactured" was as large as a pigeon's egg.

Suppose this method of producing one of the most valued gems should flood the market with pearls as beautiful as any obtained with infinite pains by divers in the South Seas; would their owners rejoice as much in their possession?

Supply and demand are a gauge of value, whose scales may always be depended upon to register accurately.

A NEW VIEWPOINT FOR OLD METHODS.

ARE we mistaken in calling this the progressive age? Listen to what a man of science tells us:

"If the electric light were universal today, the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention, as it enables a person to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of cumbrous machinery or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by means of wire before it could be lighted."

Such a viewpoint starts a far reaching train of thought. Why should not the same reasoning hold good with regard to any of our modern improvements? The railroad car is swifter than the stage coach, but then the coach may be driven practically anywhere, while the coach must stick to the rails. Then there is the advantage a stairway possesses over the elevator of being always at one's service, and not being found at the top story when one is at the street entrance, and vice versa. And so one might go on through the list.

But in spite of some advantages old methods may possess over the new, we fancy that not even learned professors will wish to exchange places with their grandfathers, and use "tallow dips" rather than gas and electricity.

ALMOST GONE.

THE bound volumes of THE ARGOSY forming our special offer are almost gone. Some of them indeed are already sold out. Vols. III, VI, and XI come off the list this month. This leaves only Vols. VII, VIII, and IX at $2 each (former price, $5), and Vols. XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, and XVII at 50 cents each (former price, $1.50).

Vol. VII is of quarto size, containing the numbers for half a year in 864 pages. The illustrations in this volume are of especial attractiveness, and there are 16 spirited serials.

Vol. VIII contains 832 pages and 19 splendid serials, the aggregate cost of which in book form would be $23.75.

Vol. IX contains 786 pages and 14 serials, including two by James Otis and one by William Murray Graydon.

Vol. XIII, page almost the size of *Harper's Weekly*, contains 364 of them, with a dozen serial stories by leading authors, and special articles on Archery, Curve Pitching, Modern Torpedoes, Rare Coins, Football, etc.

Vol. XIV has the same number of pages, 16 serial stories, and special articles on Swimming, Camping Out, Riding, Rowing, Hare and Hounds, Lawn Tennis, Bicycling, Baseball, etc.

Vol. XV, the same size, has 17 serials, and special articles on Boat Sailing, Boxing, Gymnastic Exercises, Our New Navy, Trapping, etc.

Vol. XVI, also with 364 pages, contains 18 serials, and special articles on West Point, the Annapolis Academy, Homing Pigeons, Glass Blowing, Pottery Making, Kite Flying, etc.

Vol. XVII has 434 pages and 21 serials, with special articles on Some Novel Uses for the Camera, Flying Machines, Animal Training, Working One's Way Through College, Some Queer Fish, Shot Making, etc.

In addition to the foregoing features, these volumes are richly freighted with clever short stories, spirited pictures, and a vast amount of interesting miscellany.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

JUDGING from personal observation in this section of the philatelic world, as well as from what stamp dealers tell us, there has been no appreciable falling off in the interest shown by collectors in their hobby, notwithstanding the hot weather. Dealers everywhere report that business is unusually brisk for this time of year, and the attendance at auction sales and the prices realized are both large.

The tendency to put by stamp collections during vacation time seems to be decreasing. Many collectors are proposing to take their albums away with them, and doubtless many an hour of stormy weather will be enlivened thereby.

Those dismal pink 2c stamps first turned out by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which caused such a wail of protest to go up all over the country, are, from present indications, going to be valuable before a great while. Comparatively few of them are being saved, and as they have been recalled and millions of them are now awaiting destruction in Washington, they may in time rival the famous 3c pink of 1861. It would be a wise precaution for collectors to preserve such of them as may come into their possession, for though quite a number are still in circulation, the small percentage which is likely to escape destruction will be rapidly absorbed by dealers, who shrewdly appreciate our weakness for such philatelic "freaks."

The recent finding of a 5c Hawaiian missionary stamp in San Francisco, as chronicled in the May number of THE ARGOSY, and the selling of the same for $350, resulted in the disclosure of another of these missionary stamps, although a distinct variety.

On reading the account of Mr. Sturtevant's lucky find, a lady residing some fifty miles from San Francisco, whose father formerly lived in the Hawaiian Islands, searched among her old letters, and was thus richly rewarded.

Why don't *you* look up your old letters?

The demand for United States stamps is unprecedented. This is a good sign. No other country presents such an interesting field to the specialist, and while prices may be high at present, they are going to be a great deal higher before many years roll by. If a comparison between the prices demanded today and those asked ten or fifteen years ago be any criterion, United States postage stamps are exceedingly profitable investments.

A. L. and J. W. R. will find two methods for easily distinguishing water marks of stamps in THE ARGOSY for July.

Scott's valuation of the $5 State Department is $100, unused. Used value is not given.

Some of the more wealthy philatelists house their collections in a very sumptuous manner. A British collector, living in Manchester, has hit upon a scheme for displaying his treasures that is highly ingenious. It consists of a longitudinal box containing an endless band to which the stamps are affixed. By pressing a button the band revolves, pausing as each stamp appears behind a magnifying glass in the box. A tiny lamp and an electric motor to furnish the motive power are necessary to complete this apparatus; but a contrivance similar to this that could be operated by hand, could be easily made by a clever boy.

The war on speculative issues is now on, and will be pushed with unremitting vigor. A few young men were laughed at a few years ago for proposing to organize an anti Seebeck society, but since then the evil has been steadily increasing until the principal dealers and collectors are taking the matter up, and a society similar to that proposed by those far seeing young men, only of vastly larger proportions, is now being organized.

It will have the good wishes and support of every collector, man or boy, who has the good of his favorite pastime at heart.

Many used specimens of the old United States department stamps, particularly War and Interior, which are quoted at constantly ascending prices, may be found filed away among the official correspondence at the various military posts and Indian agencies of the West. An entire sheet of the 10 cent War Department was found a few months ago at a fort in Oklahoma; and at one of the Indian agencies in the same territory were found several strips, blocks, and pairs of the 30 cent Interior, unused, as well as a large quantity of the smaller denominations.

These are at present worth about double their face value, but a few years from now will probably bring far more.

The arrest of Maximilian Maitreat, a Frenchman, on the charge of counterfeiting West Indian and South American postage stamps, will, it is to be hoped, put a damper on the ardor of the individuals who choose this method of living by their wits.

Maitreat had some twenty thousand counterfeit stamps (Hayti, 3c) in his possession when arrested, and subsequent investigation showed that he owned a perforating machine and various other appliances of new and improved pattern for pursuing his nefarious trade.

The Secret Service detectives claim to have traced two million stamps manufactured by Maitreat.

Our Binghamton correspondent signing himself XL writes to inquire about the so called Bussahir stamps. Bussahir is said to be a tiny native State in India which has just waked up to the fact that there is money in issuing stamps even if they are not needed to any extent for postal purposes. The set consists of seven varieties, rather grotesque in design, and perhaps is quite as authentic as the majority of the stamps of the native Indian States. We decline to advise our friends as to the advisability of investing in them, however; it would be wiser to wait a few weeks or months until more is known about Bussahir State, which is not down on the map, and may prove to be entirely fictitious.