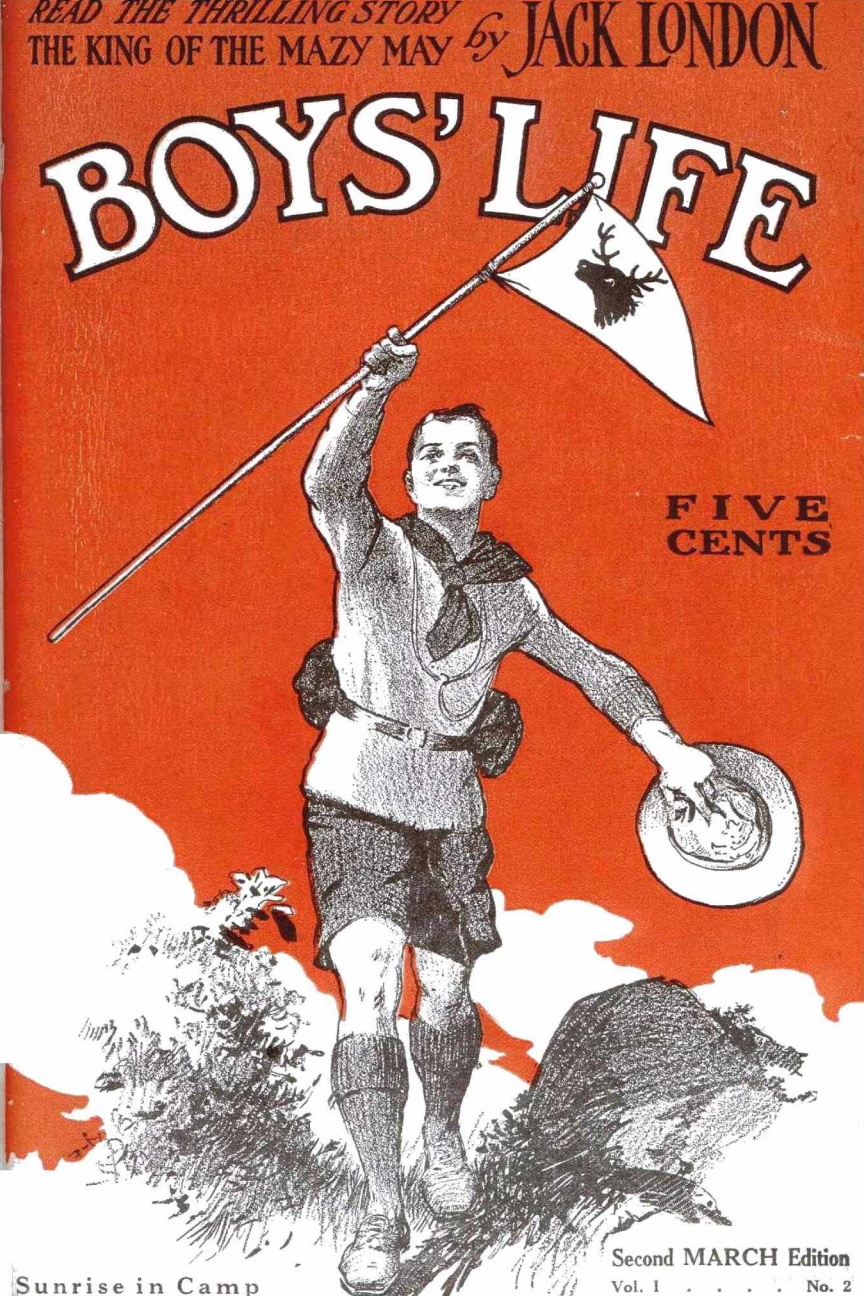
READ THE THRILLING STORY
THE KING OF THE MAZY MAY by JACK LONDON

BOYS' LIFE

FIVE CENTS



Sunrise in Camp

Second MARCH Edition
Vol. I . . . . No. 2

VOLUME ONE NUMBER 2

BOYS' LIFE MAGAZINE

THE BOYS' AND BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

SECOND MARCH EDITION TWICE A MONTH

LIST OF CONTENTS

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BOYS' LIFE
A REAL BOYS' MAGAZINE

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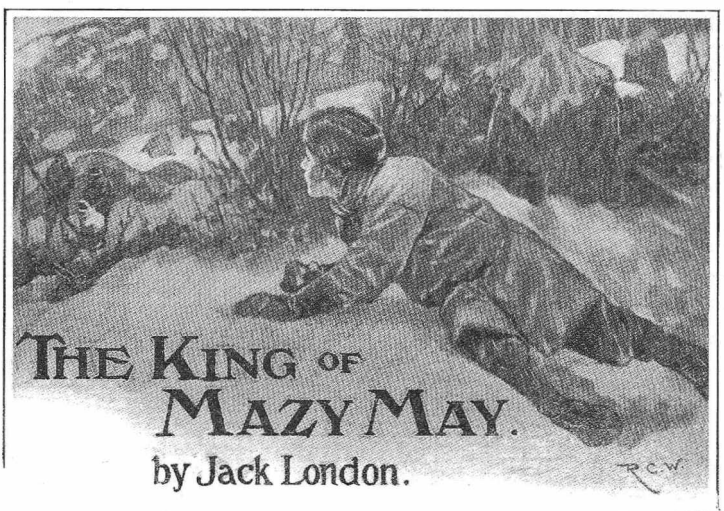

THE KING OF MAZY MAY.

by Jack London.

WALT MASTERS is not a very large boy, but there is manliness in his make-up, and he himself, although he does not know a great deal that most boys know, knows much that other boys do not know. He has never seen a train of cars nor an elevator in his life, and for that matter he has never once looked upon a corn-field, a plough, a cow, or even a chicken. He has never had a pair of shoes on his feet, nor gone to a picnic or a party, nor talked to a girl. But he has seen the sun at midnight, watched the ice-jams on one of the mightiest of rivers, and played beneath the northern lights, the one white child in thousands of square miles of frozen wilderness.

Walt has walked all the fourteen years of his life in sun-tanned, moose-hide moccasins, and he can go to the Indian camps and "talk big" with the men, and trade calico and beads with them for their precious furs. He can make bread without baking-powder, yeast, or hops, shoot a moose at three hundred yards, and drive the wild wolf-dogs fifty miles a day on the packed trail.

Last of all, he has a good heart, and is not afraid of the darkness and loneliness, of man or beast or thing. His father is a good man, strong and brave, and Walt is growing up like him.

Walt was born a thousand miles or so down the Yukon, in a trading-post below the Ramparts. After his mother died, his father and he came on up the river, step by step, from camp to camp, till now they are settled down on the Mazy May Creek in the Klondike country. Last year they and several others had spent much toil and time on the Mazy May, and endured great hardships; the creek, in turn, was just beginning to show up its richness and to reward them for their heavy labor. But with the news of their discoveries, strange men began to come and go through the short days and long nights, and many unjust things they did to the men who had worked so long upon the creek.

Si Hartman had gone away on a moose-hunt, to return and find new stakes driven and his claim jumped. George Lukens and

his brother had lost their claims in a like manner, having delayed too long on the way to Dawson to record them. In short, it was the old story, and quite a number of the earnest, industrious prospectors had suffered similar losses.

But Walt Masters' father had recorded his claim at the start, so Walt had nothing to fear now that his father had gone on a short trip up the White River prospecting for quartz. Walt was well able to stay by himself in the cabin, cook his three meals a day, and look after things. Not only did he look after his father's claim, but he had agreed to keep an eye on the adjoining one of Loren Hall, who had started for Dawson to record it.

Loren Hall was an old man, and he had no dogs, so he had to travel very slowly. After he had been gone some time, word came up the river that he had broken through the ice at Rosebud Creek and frozen his feet so badly that he would not be able to travel for a couple of weeks. Then Walt Masters received the news that old Loren was nearly all right again, and about to move on afoot for Dawson as fast as a weakened man could.

Walt was worried, however; the claim was liable to be jumped at any moment because of this delay, and a fresh stampede had started in on the Mazy May. He did not like the looks of the newcomers, and one day, when five of them came by with crack dog-teams and the lightest of camping outfits, he could see that they were prepared to make speed, and resolved to keep an eye on them. So he locked up the cabin and followed them, being at the same time careful to remain hidden.

He had not watched them long before he was sure that they were professional stampeders, bent on jumping all the claims in sight. Walt crept along the snow at the rim of the creek and saw them change many stakes, destroy old ones, and set up new ones.

In the afternoon, with Walt always trailing on their heels, they came back down the creek, unharnessed their dogs, and went into camp within two claims of his cabin. When he saw them make preparations to cook, he hurried home to get something to eat himself, and then hurried back. He crept so close that he could hear them talking quite plainly, and by pushing the underbrush aside he could catch occasional glimpses of them. They had finished eating and were smoking round the fire.

"The creek is all right, boys," a large, black-bearded man, evidently the leader, said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to pull out tonight. The dogs can follow the trail; besides, it's going to be moonlight. What say you?"

"But it's going to be beastly cold," objected one of the party. "It's forty below zero now."

"An' sure, can't ye keep warm by jumpin' off the sleds an' runnin' afther the dogs?" cried an Irishman. "An' who wouldn't? The creek's as rich as a United States mint! Faith, it's an ilegant chanst to be gettin' a run fer yer money! An' if ye don't run, it's mebbe you'll not get the money at all, at all."

"That's it," said the leader. "If we can get to Dawson and record, we're rich men; and there's no telling who's been sneaking along in our tracks, watching us, and perhaps now off to give the alarm. The thing for us to do is to rest the dogs a bit, and then hit the trail as hard as we can. What do you say?"

Evidently the men had agreed with their leader, for Walt Masters could hear nothing but the rattle of the tin dishes which were being washed. Peering out cautiously, he could see the leader studying a piece of paper. Walt knew what it was at a glance—a list of all the unrecorded claims on Mazy May. Any man could get these lists by applying to the gold commissioner at Dawson.

"Thirty-two," the leader said, lifting his face to the men. "Thirty-two isn't recorded, and this is thirty-three. Come on; let's take a look at it. I saw somebody had been working on it when we came up this morning."

Three of the men went with him, leaving one to remain in camp. Walt crept carefully after them till they came to Loren Hall's shaft. One of the men went down and built a fire on the bottom to thaw out the frozen gravel, while the others built another fire on the dump and melted water in a couple of gold-pans. This they poured into a piece of canvas stretched between two logs, used by Loren Hall in which to wash his gold.

In a short time a couple of buckets of dirt were sent up by the man in the shaft, and Walt could see the others grouped anxiously about their leader as he proceeded to wash it. When this was finished, they stared at the broad streak of black sand and yellow gold grains on the bottom of the pan, and one of them called excitedly for the man who had remained in camp to come. Loren Hall had struck it rich and his claim was not yet recorded. It was plain that they were going to jump it.

Walt lay in the snow, thinking rapidly. He was only a boy, but in the face of the threatened injustice to old lame Loren Hall he felt that he must do something. He waited and watched, with his mind made up, till he saw the men begin to square up new stakes. Then he crawled away till out of hearing, and broke into a run for the camp of the stampeders. Walt's father had taken their own dogs with him prospecting, and the boy knew how impossible it was for him to undertake the seventy miles to Dawson without the aid of dogs.

Gaining the camp, he picked out, with an experienced eye, the easiest running sled and started to harness up the stampeders' dogs. There were three teams of six each, and from these he chose ten of the best. Realizing how necessary it was to have a good head-dog, he strove to discover a leader amongst them; but he had little time in which to do it, for he could hear the voices of the returning men. By the time the team was in shape and everything ready, the claim-jumpers came into sight in an open place not more than a hundred yards from the trail, which ran down the bed of the creek. They cried out to Walt, but instead of giving heed to them he grabbed up one of their fur sleeping-robes, which lay loosely in the snow, and leaped upon the sled.

"Mush! Hi! Mush on!" he cried to the animals, snapping the keen-lashed whip among them.

The dogs sprang against the yoke-straps, and the sled jerked under way so suddenly

as to almost throw him off. Then it curved into the creek, poising perilously on one runner. He was almost breathless with suspense, when it finally righted with a bound and sprang ahead again. The creek bank was high and he could not see the men, although he could hear their cries and knew they were running to cut him off. He did not dare to think what would happen if they caught him; he just clung to the sled, his heart beating wildly, and watched the snow-rim of the bank above him.

Suddenly, over this snow-rim came the flying body of the Irishman, who had leaped straight for the sled in a desperate attempt to capture it; but he was an instant too late. Striking on the very rear of it, he was thrown from his feet, backward, into the snow. Yet, with the quickness of a cat, he had clutched the end of the sled with one hand, turned over, and was dragging behind on his breast, swearing at the boy and threatening all kinds of terrible things if he did not stop the dogs; but Walt cracked him sharply across the knuckles with the butt of the dog-whip till he let go.

It was eight miles from Walt's claim to the Yukon—eight very crooked miles, for the creek wound back and forth like a snake, "tying knots in itself," as George Lukens said. And because it was so crooked the dogs could not get up their best speed, while the sled ground heavily on its side against the curves, now to the right, now to the left.

Travellers who had come up and down the Mazy May on foot, with packs on their backs, had declined to go round all the bends, and instead had made short cuts across the narrow necks of creek bottom. Two of his pursuers had gone back to harness the remaining dogs, but the others took advantage of these short cuts, running on foot, and before he knew it they had almost overtaken him.

"Halt!" they cried after him. "Stop, or we'll shoot!"

But Walt only yelled the harder at the dogs, and dashed round the bend with a couple of revolver bullets singing after him. At the next bend they had drawn up closer still, and the bullets struck uncomfortably near to him; but at this point the Mazy May straightened out and ran for half a mile as the crow flies. Here the dogs stretched out in their long wolf swing, and the stampeders, quickly winded, slowed down and waited for their own sled to come up.

Looking over his shoulder, Walt reasoned that they had not given up the chase for good, and that they would soon be after him again. So he wrapped the fur robe about him to shut out the stinging air, and lay flat on the empty sled, encouraging the dogs, as he well knew how.

At last, twisting abruptly between two river islands, he came upon the mighty Yukon sweeping grandly to the north. He could not see from bank to bank, and in the quick-falling twilight it loomed a great white sea of frozen stillness. There was not a sound, save the breathing of the dogs, and the churn of the steel-shod sled.

No snow had fallen for several weeks, and the traffic had packed the main-river trail till it was hard and glassy as glare ice. Over this the sled flew along, and the dogs kept the trail fairly well, although Walt quickly discovered that he had made a mistake in choosing the leader. As they were driven in single file, without reins, he had to guide them by his voice, and it was evident the head-dog had never learned the meaning of "gee" and "haw." He hugged the inside of the curves too closely, often forcing his comrades behind him into the soft snow, while several times he thus capsized the sled.

There was no wind, but the speed at which he travelled created a bitter blast, and with the thermometer down to forty below, this bit through fur and flesh to the very bones. Aware that if he remained constantly upon the sled he would freeze to death, and knowing the practice of Arctic travellers, Walt shortened up one of the lashing-thongs, and whenever he felt chilled, seized hold of it, jumped off, and ran behind till warmth was restored. Then he would climb on and rest till the process had to be repeated.

Looking back he could see the sled of his pursuers, drawn by eight dogs, rising and falling over the ice hummocks like a boat in a seaway. The Irishman and the black-bearded leader were with it, taking turns in running and riding.

Night fell, and in the blackness of the first hour or so Walt toiled desperately with his dogs. On account of the poor lead-dog, they were continually floundering off the beaten track into the soft snow, and the sled was as often riding on its side or top as it was in the proper way. This work and strain tried his strength sorely. Had he not been in such haste he could have avoided much of it, but he feared the stampeders would creep up in the darkness and overtake him. However, he could occasionally hear them yelling to their dogs, and knew from the sounds that they were coming up very slowly.

When the moon rose he was off Sixty Mile, and Dawson was only fifty miles away. He was almost exhausted, and breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed on the sled again. Looking back, he saw his enemies had crawled up within four hundred yards. At this space they remained, a black speck of motion on the white river-breast. Strive as they would, they could not shorten this distance, and strive as he would he could not increase it.

Walt had now discovered the proper lead-dog, and he knew he could easily run away from them if he could only change the bad leader for the good one. But this was impossible, for a moment's delay, at the speed they were running, would bring the men behind upon him.

When he was off the mouth of Rosebud Creek, just as he was topping a rise, the report of a gun and the ping of a bullet on the ice beside him, told him that they were this time shooting at him with a rifle. And from then on, as he cleared the summit of each ice-jam, he stretched flat on the leaping sled till the rifle-shot from the rear warned him that he was safe till the next ice-jam was reached.

Now it is very hard to lie on a moving sled, jumping and plunging and yawing like a boat before the wind, and to shoot through the deceiving moonlight at an object four hundred yards away on another moving sled performing equally wild antics. So it is not to be wondered at that the black-bearded leader did not hit him.

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After several hours of this, during which, perhaps, a score of bullets had struck about him, their ammunition began to give out and their fire slackened. They took greater care, and only whipped a shot at him at the most favorable opportunities. He was also beginning to leave them behind, the distance slowly increasing to six hundred yards.

Lifting clear on the crest of a great jam off Indian River, Walt Masters met with his first accident. A bullet sang past his ears, and struck the bad lead-dog.

The poor brute plunged in a heap, with the rest of the team on top of him.

Like a flash Walt was by the leader. Cutting the traces with his hunting-knife, he dragged the dying animal to one side and straightened out the team.

He glanced back. The other sled was coming up like an express train. With half the dogs still over their traces, he cried "Mush on!" and leaped upon the sled just as the pursuing team dashed abreast of him.

The Irishman was just preparing to spring for him—they were so sure they had him that they did not shoot—when Walt turned fiercely upon them with his whip.

He struck at their faces, and men must save their faces with their hands. So there was no shooting just then. Before they could recover from the hot rain of blows, Walt reached out from his sled, catching their wheel-dog by the fore-legs in midspring, and throwing him heavily. This brought the whole team into a snarl, capsizing the sled and tangling his enemies up beautifully.

Away Walt flew, the runners of his sled fairly screaming as they bounded over the frozen surface. And what had seemed an accident proved to be a blessing in disguise. The proper lead-dog was now to the fore, and he stretched low to the trail and whined with joy as he jerked his comrades along.

By the time he reached Ainslie's Creek, seventeen miles from Dawson, Walt had left his pursuers, a tiny speck, far behind. At Monte Cristo Island he could no longer see them. And at Swede Creek, just as daylight was silvering the pines, he ran plump into the camp of old Loren Hall.

Almost as quick as it takes to tell it, Loren had his sleeping-furs rolled up, and had joined Walt on the sled. They permitted the dogs to travel more slowly, as there was no sign of the chase in the rear, and just as they pulled up at the gold commissioner's office in Dawson, Walt, who had kept his eyes open to the last, fell asleep.

And because of what Walt Masters did on this night, the men of the Yukon have become very proud of him, and always speak of him now as the King of Mazy May.

These stories are the best that can be purchased in the world, and in order to be able to give them to you we need more subscribers. Are you with us? $1.20 pays your dues for a whole year—24 issues.

We aim to give the boys the very best stories, and if you are pleased with our efforts let us know. We want to give you only that which you like.

KNOTS WORTH KNOWING

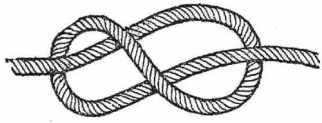
How To Tie Some Useful Knots

Here you can learn the best knots. We shall tell you each issue how to tie a fresh one. Last issue described the making of the overhand knot. —Editor.

THE FIGURE OF EIGHT KNOT

The Flemish or figure of eight is a better and more reliable knot than the overhand knot, and it is more ornamental. The way to make it is to pass the end back, over, and round the standing part and down through the loop. See that you commence by forming a loop, as though you were about to make a simple overhand knot, but then, instead of bringing the end up through the loop, turn it over the standing part and *down* through the loop.

It is well as to use a rather firm material such as blind-cord, for practicing small common knots; or, better still, line used for sea-fishing. Either can be tied up over and over again,



which is not the case with common string, and it is easier to see which way the parts of a knot lie.

The figure of eight is a very useful and interesting knot. It will not jam like the overhand knot, as the turns are longer, and it is not so likely to slip. There is never any necessity to take a knife to cut it, as it can be untied in an instant, no matter how tight it has been pulled.

Sometimes this knot is used to join two ropes. The ends are laid together alongside one another, the double parts are taken in each hand, and when the knot is formed it is made taut by hauling on both parts at once.

Next issue: The Sailor's Square Knot.

In the explanations which are given the *standing part* of a rope means the main part, or long portion; the loop (most knots begin with a loop) is termed the *bight*, and the short part of the rope, which is used in forming the knots, is called the *end*.

Employer: "Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Do you think you will suit?"

Applicant: "Well, I've just finished throwing nineteen other applicants out of the building."

"Yes, madam, I remember very well your buying a stamp," said a post-office assistant.

"Well, I put it on a very important letter and posted it. It has not been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again."

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THE GREAT LINEN SALE

An Interesting Story of Business Life

By FRANCIS MARLOWE

CHAPTER I

Trouble in the Camp

MR. SNAPESON, of Snapeson and Twigg, was about to take his annual holiday, and he had been spending a busy day dealing with affairs that needed his attention before he left the entire burden of management on the shoulders of the junior partner, Mr. Twigg.

In Mr. Snapeson's private office the two partners were holding a final conference. In such an enormous business as Snapeson and Twigg's, a firm that combined importing, exporting, wholesaling and retailing of almost everything manufactured for the use and comfort of mankind, there was necessarily much to be talked over when such an important person as the senior partner was to be absent for a month. At last all pressing affairs were settled; nothing remained but small matters of daily routine, which made no urgent demand on Mr. Snapeson's time.

The senior partner had locked his desk, and was on the point of leaving the office, when the door was opened abruptly and a tall, pale-faced man of middle age entered, followed more leisurely by a bright-looking young fellow of about twenty years of age. The elder man was Mr. Wilson, the firm's manager; the younger was Dick Gordon, Mr. Snapeson's nephew, whose career up to a few months before had been rather unsettled, but who was now employed as head of one of the smaller departments of the firm.

Actually, Dick Gordon's status was not much above that of a clerk, and he was directly under Mr. Wilson's control. It was evident that the visit of these two to the partners' private office was the result of some friction between them, for the manager's thin lips were tight drawn and his close-cropped, mutton-chop whiskers seemed to bristle with anger, Dick Gordon's face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled; but it was clear that his temper was under better control than Mr. Wilson's, for he smiled easily as he caught his uncle's inquiring gaze.

"I'm in hot water again, sir," he said lightly. "Mr. Wilson does not seem to approve of my methods."

"It's the cards he's stuck all over his counters, Mr. Snapeson," said the manager, with suppressed indignation. "I spoke to him yesterday about it, and I thought he would pay some attention to what I said; but today they're more flaring than ever. You know, sir, the firm has never permitted itself to go further than a quiet, modest card marking the price of our goods, and not always that; but he has made a kind of circus of his department with glaring show cards—loud, gaudy, almost vulgar. They're a disgrace to the firm, sir."

The manager paused for breath, and looked for sympathy from one partner to the other. Dick Gordon seized the opportunity to make an explanation. He seemed to find the situation amusing.

"Those cards Mr. Wilson complains about are selling the goods, sir," he said, addressing his uncle. "Since I've used them I've almost cleared out a line of old stock that had been hanging about the shelves for months. I thought it was my business to sell the goods I am in charge of."

Mr. Snapeson looked across at his partner and shrugged his shoulders. He was a man well on in years, and he liked to leave all matters that promised to be troublesome to the more energetic Mr. Twigg.

"He calls it advertising, Mr. Twigg," put in the manager, "and when I asked him to take them down he told me I could do it myself if I wanted to spoil his trade. They're not dignified, sir, and I think it should be made clear to Mr. Gordon that the firm will not tolerate anything of the kind in the future."

Mr. Twigg pursed his lips and looked severely at Dick Gordon. He was a plump, fair-faced man, hot tempered and impulsive as a rule, but he rather prided himself that he could dispense even-handed justice in any emergency that presented itself.

"I think, Mr. Wilson," he said, "we had better leave this business until the morning. Mr. Gordon must certainly understand that he is entirely responsible to you, and must render you perfect obedience. We must have discipline. At the same time I must admit that the sales in Mr. Gordon's department have increased since he has had charge of it; but we cannot have this done at the expense of the firm's reputation for dignity and conservative methods. I know that Mr. Gordon means well, but he must try and conform more to the rules of the house. I will have a look at those cards in the morning."

As he finished Mr. Twigg looked at his partner for approval, and Mr. Snapeson nodded, perfectly satisfied that he was not called upon to take any active part in dealing with the matter.

Mr. Wilson inclined his head stiffly and withdrew. Dick Gordon stayed a moment to wish his uncle a pleasant holiday, and then followed him.

"Do you know, Snapeson," said Mr. Twigg briskly, when they were alone again, "I wish you could persuade that nephew of yours that he is not cut out for this business. We are having constant trouble with him, and it seems to delight him to oppose his opinions to Wilson's. He is too headstrong and independent, and I have been thinking for some time past that it would be better for him, as well as for us, if he were to take up some business that he is better suited for. No doubt he will make a success at something, but this is not his line at all."

Mr. Snapeson looked at Mr. Twigg thoughtfully for a few moments before he answered.

"I wonder whether you are right, Twigg," he said at last. "I don't like this constant friction between him and Wilson, and I have been rather troubled to know the best thing to do. The youngster is very keen on his work, and he tells me he likes it; and then, you know, he has invested in the business that five thousand dollars his father left him. After all, you know, there is always something worth considering in these new ideas that he keeps trying to force on us, and in time we might make something of him. He's got plenty of initiative and resource, and I don't like to discourage him."

"That's all very well, Snapeson," said Mr. Twigg, in grumbling fashion; "but we must *do something* to prevent these continual upsets of discipline. I like the lad, of course, and know that he is keen, but we can't stand by and let him run the business."

"Why not put him into the advertising office?" said Mr. Snapeson tentatively. "He'd seldom run across Wilson there, and as an assistant to our advertising manager we might be able to turn some of his bright ideas to really good account."

Mr. Twigg's gloomy face cleared.

"That's a good idea," he remarked cheerfully. "I'll move him to the advertising department tomorrow, and keep him there until you come back. If it doesn't suit him, you can have a talk to him when you return."

"I think he will like it," said Mr. Snapeson, and concluded the discussion by leaving the office to catch his train.

CHAPTER II

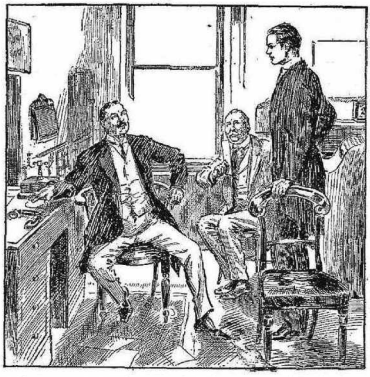
Against Orders

Dick Gordon found his new employment very much to his liking, and he was not at all inclined to grumble at the change. He welcomed it as providing a larger field for his energies; instead of being restricted to selling bargains at the oddments counter, he was now engaged in assisting to sell the stocks of every department of the house. He devoted himself with unflagging zeal to this work.

He was cordially welcomed by the advertisement manager, Mr. Martin, who saw that he had a natural bent for his new work, and regarded him as a distinct acquisition to his branch of the business. Within a couple of weeks he had learned a good deal of the technical side of advertising, and he had the satisfaction of seeing some of his ideas and suggestions embodied in the firm's advertisements.

It was seldom now that he came in contact with Mr. Wilson; in fact, except in passing out to the street on his way to the newspaper office, he scarcely ever saw the manager. It was soon established as part of his duty that he should take out the advertising matter to the newspapers in which the firm advertised, correct the proofs, and generally become to the newspapers the recognized mouthpiece of Snapeson and Twigg. Thus it happened that the first time Mr. Wilson addressed him since the incident that led to Dick's change of occupation was about a month after Mr. Snapeson went away, three days before he was due to return.

It was on Saturday afternoon. Dick Gordon had cleared up his work and was just hurrying out with the advertisements which were to appear in the morning papers on the following Monday. It had happened that during the morning the firm had been offered a large quantity of linens by the Northern Mills Company, who wished to make room for fresh stock. Snapeson and Twigg were always open to a bargain of this description, but with the senior partner absent Mr. Twigg had hesitated about buying the ninety cases which were offered to him. It was a deal of unusual magnitude; but, though the price was tempting, it was not the season for the class of goods offered. As Mr. Snapeson was out of reach, Mr. Twigg conferred with his manager, and eventually decided that he would buy only ten cases. He then notified his advertising department of the purchase, and gave instructions that the



"You scoundrel! You unprincipled scoundrel!" cried the junior partner. "Are you trying to ruin us or have you gone mad?"

linens should be specially referred to in the advertisements that were then being prepared. It was with these very advertisements that Dick Gordon was leaving the house when Mr. Wilson saw him and stopped him.

"You are going near the Northern Mills offices, Gordon," said the manager; "will you call in and tell them that we will take only ten cases of those linens they offered us? Tell them to send them on to us at once; the porters will wait to take them in."

"All right, sir," replied Dick cheerfully.

As he went out he wondered somewhat that Mr. Twigg had not decided to buy the whole ninety cases. He knew enough of the market to see that the price at which the linens were offered made them an unusual bargain, and he felt sure that Mr. Snapeson would have bought the lot.

"Only ten cases," he muttered; "why, it's throwing money away."

His first call was at the mill offices.

"Tell Mr. Gardiner that I've come from Snapeson and Twigg," he said to the clerk who inquired his business.

The clerk turned and knocked at the half-opened door of the private office behind him; but it was evident that his knock was unheeded, for a rather loud conversation that was in progress within was unchecked.

The clerk waited a moment and then entered the room. Dick Gordon was so near the door that he could not help overhearing what was said on the other side of it.

He recognized Mr. Gardiner's voice.

"It's no use, Howard," he heard. "I've offered Snapeson and Twigg the lot, and if they'll take them they've got to have them."

"But I tell you, Gardiner, there will be an advance of at least a cent a yard on the stuff on Monday. We've got the only stock of these goods in the city, and it would be worse than foolish to sacrifice them like this."

At the warehouse door Dick met his uncle who was evidently very angry. "You young scamp!" he cried, "I've heard all about this."

"It can't be helped," exclaimed Gardiner irritably; "if you'd been able to tell me sooner about the shortage—"

"But I couldn't," interrupted the second voice, "I only found out today."

"Well," said Gardiner, "we can only wait to hear what Snapeson and Twigg say. They have the option of the goods. But perhaps at this season of the year they won't care to take all we offered. That's our only chance."

At this moment Mr. Gardiner evidently noticed the clerk, who had entered to announce Dick Gordon.

"Well, Flint, what is it?" he asked.

Just then Dick Gordon was thinking rapidly. In a flash he saw the chance his firm was missing. To buy only ten cases when practically the entire wholesale supply of that particular stock of goods was at their disposal, with prices rising! It was missing an opportunity that might never occur again. He thought of telephoning to Mr. Twigg, but recollected that it was Saturday, and that the junior partner had gone home. He wished heartily that his uncle was within reach. It was a maddening situation.

When he stepped into the inner room Mr. Gardiner and his companion looked at him sharply. It needed all Dick's self-control to conceal the fact that he had overheard their conversation.

"I'd nearly given you up," said Mr. Gardiner; "it's almost one o'clock. Does Mr. Twigg want the goods?"

Dick's self-possession nearly deserted him at the question. A wild idea had occurred to him, and he badly wanted a moment or two to grapple with it. If Snapeson and Twigg took the ninety cases they would practically control the retail market in linens for some little time. It would mean big profits to them, and Dick Gordon had suddenly seen a way to give them this profit.

"Yes, he wants them," he said. It was an effort to get the words out; his tongue seemed strangely parched.

He was in a condition of frightful indecision. For him the issue was a momentous one. Dare he shoulder the responsibility his impulse was driving him toward?

Still, to gain time to think, he continued to speak.

"Will you send them down at once? We've kept the porters waiting to take them in, and would like to get them away as soon as possible."

"Yes, but how many cases?" replied Mr. Gardiner impatiently. "I'll telephone to the warehouse now, and they'll be sent out at once."

As he spoke he lifted the telephone receiver from the instrument which stood close at his elbow.

"We want the ninety cases at the price you named."

Dick Gordon spoke slowly and with not a tremor in his voice, but perspiration was beading on his forehead. He had made a desperate plunge.

The telephone receiver slipped from Mr. Gardiner's hand, and he turned and faced Dick with a wrinkled brow. The other man suppressed an angry exclamation.

Dick stuck boldly to his guns.

"Can you get them all down this afternoon?" he asked.

"You want the lot?" asked Mr. Gardiner, in a voice of keen disappointment. "Are you sure that's right? It seems a plunge for your firm at this time of year."

"It's quite right," Dick answered firmly.

Dick Gordon was unmistakably trembling when he got into the street again. He had Mr. Gardiner's assurance that the entire ninety cases would be delivered that afternoon. His bold enterprise had succeeded, but he was troubled with uneasy apprehension of the volcanic outburst with which Mr. Twigg would be sure to receive the news of what he had done. He hoped prayerfully that his uncle would return early on Monday.

The advertisement copy in his hands claimed his attention. The linen sale would have to be more extensively advertised now that there

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were ninety cases to dispose of instead of ten. Having put his hand to the plough, there was no turning back for him.

At the nearest newspaper office he drafted a display advertisement more vigorous in setting and wording than anything that had ever carried the name of Snapeson and Twigg, and when he looked it over he was well satisfied with his work, convinced that it did full justice to the importance of the great linen sale that it announced. The newspapers unquestioningly accepted this advertisment and his order for increased space.

When he had finished this work he went home in a very sober and thoughtful mood. The seriousness of what he had done had thoroughly impressed itself on him; but he was gradually evolving in his mind a plan whereby he could deal with any objections which Mr. Twigg might make to his unauthorized action.

* * * * *

Monday morning arrived, and when Dick Gordon reached his office he was told that Mr. Twigg was waiting to see him. He found the junior partner in an almost apoplectic condition. Mr. Wilson was with him, looking very pale and disturbed.

Mr. Twigg could only splutter incoherently when Dick made his appearance, but quickly his words took form.

"You scoundrel! you unprincipled scoundrel!" he cried hoarsely. "What is the meaning of all the advertisements I see in every newspaper I take up? Are you trying to ruin us, or have you gone raving mad?"

"Mr. Twigg—" began Dick quietly.

"Don't talk to me!" screamed Mr. Twigg. He turned to the manager. "Mr. Wilson, you told this fellow to order ten cases of linens from the Northern Mills?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Wilson mournfully.

"I ordered the whole ninety," said Dick, "because there's a big profit——"

"You idiot!—you mad idiot!" gasped Mr. Twigg, shaking his fist almost under Dick's nose. "You deserve to be in prison."

"Has Mr. Snapeson come in yet, Mr. Wilson?" asked Dick, turning despairingly from Mr. Twigg, who was becoming inarticulate again.

Mr. Wilson turned a pained face to him.

"Mr. Snapeson will not be back until tomorrow," he answered with frigid severity.

This was an unexpected blow to Dick. His courage began to ebb. He had pinned most of his hopes on his uncle's return. He felt that if he was given a chance to explain his action would be approved of, but he saw no hope of doing anything with Mr. Twigg.

"Go for the police, Wilson!" cried Mr. Twigg in uncontrollable fury. "We must give him in charge."

"Look here, Mr. Twigg," cried Dick angrily, "you are talking nonsense. You can make no charge against me, so Mr. Wilson had better stay where he is. I've done you a good turn and you won't have it, so now I'll take those ninety cases off your hands, or rather the eighty of them you don't want."

"What!" shouted Mr. Twigg, "you call it a good turn to saddle us with a lot of high-priced goods that we shan't be able to sell for months. Preposterous! As for taking them off our hands, I wish you could."

"I shan't trouble to show you where you are wrong when you say you can't sell the goods," replied Dick; "I'll take them myself and sell them myself."

"Do you know what the cost is?" cried Mr. Twigg.

"I certainly do," answered Dick calmly; "but you forget that there is five thousand dollars of my money in this firm. I want you to write off from that the cost of eighty cases of those linens, and let me have the cases."

Mr. Twigg jumped up swiftly.

"Put that on paper—write it!" he said eagerly, "and see how quickly I will accept it!"

Dick sat down at the desk without speaking.

"Where will you put the goods?" gasped Mr. Wilson, looking at Dick in undisguised amazement, when Mr. Twigg, with a grim chuckle, pocketed the written undertaking.

"I'll soon find a place for them," said Dick confidently; "that is, if you'll give me leave of absence from my work."

"Leave of absence!" exclaimed Mr. Twigg, hot again; "you have leave of absence forever. You are no longer employed by us. You were beginning to think you were a partner."

"Very well, Mr. Twigg," said Dick quietly. "I suppose there is no other way out of it."

CHAPTER III

A Truce

Within an hour Dick had hired an empty warehouse in one of the streets that flanked Snapeson and Twigg's block of buildings; then he drew some money from his private banking account, and at the end of another hour had several men employed carrying the eighty cases of linens into his warehouse. After this he bought a couple of long counters on which to display his goods, and sent for three assistants, temporarily unemployed, whose addresses he got from Snapeson and Twigg's timekeeper. While he was busy with his preparations he observed with a little malicious pleasure that there was an ever-swelling crowd pouring into Snapeson and Twigg's. Plainly his advertisements were doing their work even better than he had anticipated.

Before two more hours had passed he began to speculate as to whether the ten cases which Mr. Twigg had kept would last him throughout the day. This reminded him of the necessity for a signboard for his warehouse, and he hurried off to a sign painter and gave instructions for one to be prepared. After that he had something to eat, and when he got back it was clear from the crowds still besieging Snapeson's that everything was going to fall out exactly as he had foreseen, and already he began to count the profits that would be his. He had practically the entire supply of the wholesalers in his hands, and, selling at the same figures which he had advertised for Snapeson and Twigg, he could defy competition from the small stocks of other retailers and make enormous profits.

Toward six o'clock in the evening he had made all his preparations for the hoisting of

his sign in the morning. He was encouraged in his anticipations of success by overhearing one of Snapeson's porters announce to another that a case which he had just hoisted from the basement was the last of the ten that had been left behind. In the advertisements Dick had announced a week's sale at Snapeson and Twigg's, and he now began to wonder what the firm would do on the morrow, when the public still crowded in, and they were unable to supply the demand for the goods advertised.

On Tuesday morning the most important business in hand for Dick Gordon was to get his signboard fixed over the warehouse front. He deferred having this done until shortly after ten o'clock, when the flow of people into Snapeson and Twigg's showed that his advertisements in Monday's papers for that firm had lost none of their power of attraction. This was the time, he decided, to start active operations in his salesroom. In the course of the next few hours, crowds of people who had come to buy the linens, at sale prices, would find there were none to be had at Snapeson and Twigg's huge emporium, and so they would come pouring into Dick's rival establishment.

With these thoughts running in his mind, the young man began to feel quite cheerful, although he could have wished that it was any other firm but his uncle's with whom he had been forced into business rivalry.

And then, quite suddenly, a strange thing happened.

As a couple of the sign-painter's men were preparing to hoist the sections of the large sign Dick happened to look across the street. From Snapeson and Twigg's he saw his uncle come out briskly, with Mr. Twigg following in a somewhat shamefaced manner. Mr. Snapeson's face was flushed, and it was very apparent that he was exceedingly annoyed. In his left hand he carried a large sheaf of papers.

Dick met him at the door of the warehouse with a quiet, happy smile..

The old man was angry, but he could not resist that smile. The sternness of his face relaxed.

"Look here, Dick, you young scamp!" he cried. "I've heard all about this business, and it has got to stop at once. Do you see these?" he slapped the papers he carried, "these are orders from our biggest out-of-town customers wanting those linens, and we can't supply a single one of them. We're turning away customers across the road now. What are you going to do about it—ruin our reputation, or come back and do our advertising for us? Mr. Martin will be retiring soon, and we'll want someone to take his place."

Two men were just lifting the first section of Dick's sign into position. Dick checked them.

"You can take that sign inside. I won't need it now," he said.

Then he turned to the partners.

"Of course, you'll pay all my expenses here?" he said, looking at Mr. Twigg with a good-humored twinkle in his eye.

"What do you think of that, Twigg?" exclaimed Mr. Snapeson, with a hearty chuckle. "He won't make such a bad business man after all."

AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' DEPARTMENT

Conducted by

PAUL C. OLIPHANT

BOX 246, WARREN, OHIO

As this space is to be given to Amateur Journalism, the little world of amateur belle-lettres, and in order to make it clear to all who do not understand just what Amateur Journalism is and what it does for its devotees, the editor of this page will quote, in part, the booklet that was published by Mr. Paul J. Campbell, a few years ago. This booklet was given to the National Amateur Press Association and was used in recruiting new members. It contains some very good material for those who are unfamiliar with the work to read and tells the story of Amateur Journalism about as well as it has yet been told—thus the use of it here:

There are a great many young people in America with literary taste, talents or inclinations, who form a dilettante or unprofessional world of letters. Some of them are students, some literary aspirants, and some have Amateur Journalism for a hobby. They edit, publish and contribute to the amateur press, which is composed of a great variety of miniature magazines, newspapers and periodicals, ranking in size from the postage stamp species of the junior recruit to the hundred-page century (6-inch by 9-inch) of the alumni.

In the matter of typography, diversity also prevails, and vacillates from the product of a juvenile hand-press to the neat forms of the commercial printer or painstaking amateur, and to the illuminated pages of the art printer, who, when he is the wielder of a talented pen, is about the thirty-third degree of A. J.

These amateur journalists exchange papers, comments, criticisms, etc., and times are never slow in the realm of the Prince of Hobbies. Editorial discussion on current and other topics often reaches a lively stage of animation. Competition under the standard of merit is a strong stimulant to ambition and advancement.

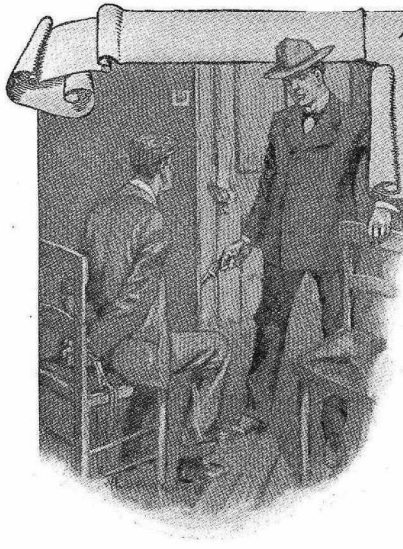
Amateur Journalism is a kind of literary school, taught by experience in co-operation with the fraternity. For, while experience may ever be just in her school, she is not always encouraging, so the comradeship of fellow amateur journalists is found helpful and pleasant.

Amateur Journalism is the dilettante world of letters. We work at the literary art for art's sake. Most of us believe there is but one aristocracy—the aristocracy of brains. And although we make no pretentions of having a monopoly on the literary variety of this aristocracy, we like to think that we have an interest in it.

We write stories, poems and essays; edit and print amateur papers, doing as well as we can, knowing that no really good piece of work is ever lost. If it benefits no one but yourself, it had been worth while.

There is so much pleasure and mental profit about editing and contributing to an amateur paper that innumerable young people are prevented being in our ranks only because they do not know them. To know of Amateur

(Continued on page 14)



THE TEST

A Strange Tale of New York.

By STEPHEN ANGUS COX

CHAPTER I

"WHAT are you doing here?"

"Looking for work."

"What kind are you looking for?"

"Any kind that's honest."

Harry Ford looked searchingly at the man who had accosted him. The young man had been in New York two weeks, and had been looking for work diligently all the time, but had not been able to find any. There did not seem to be any work in New York.

But here was a man, well-dressed and prosperous-looking, asking him if he wanted work. His hopes rose. He wondered if he were going to get work after all.

The man had been eyeing Ford keenly, and now he spoke again:

"I'll give you work, if you say so. And the work is honest, too, but dangerous. The pay is good."

"What is the work?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"That I will not tell you, unless you agree to take the job."

"How much pay is there in it?" asked Ford.

"Ten dollars an hour," was the calm reply. Ford stared.

"How long will the job last?" he inquired.

"Perhaps an hour; perhaps months. It all depends."

Ford was almost out of money, and so he decided to accept the proposition.

"I'll take the job," he said.

"Come with me."

The man turned and made his way down the street. Ford kept beside him, and they were soon in the financial district, where they entered one of the big office-buildings and took the elevator. They got off on the top floor, and walked back to the extreme rear, where the man opened the door of a room and entered, Ford following.

As he stepped inside, the door went shut behind him with a click, and he found himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver held in the stranger's hands.

CHAPTER II

Harry Ford was possessed of plenty of courage, and although he was amazed by the other's unexpected action, and somewhat startled as well, yet he did not give any sign of this; but, after steadily looking at the man behind the revolver for a few moments, he said simply and quietly:

"Why is this?"

"Put your hands behind you!" came the stern command.

There was a menace in the eyes looking along the top of the revolver, and, after a moment's hesitation, Ford did as requested.

"Turn your back to me."

Ford obeyed; but at the same time he said: "What does this mean, anyway?"

"Ask no questions," was the reply.

Then Ford felt the man bind his wrists together with a rope, after which he was told to sit down. He did so.

Then the stranger also seated himself.

"You still want the job I spoke of?" he asked.

"I guess so," Ford replied. "But I can tell better when I know what the job is."

"Very well, I will tell you. I have invented a machine with which it is possible to make a trip around the world in twenty-four hours. At least, that is what I believe the machine is capable of doing, and it is in the test of the matter that I wish your aid. Are you willing to enter the machine and make the attempt?"

Ford looked at the man wonderingly.

"What will happen if the machine isn't a success?" he asked.

"Therein lies the danger. If the machine fails, it will be because of the fact that after having overcome the attraction of gravitation —the secret of doing which I have discovered —it might be impossible to return to the earth again."

"Explain fully," said Ford.

"Well, this machine is what I call the anti-gravity air-traveller. All that is necessary is that the machine may rise in the air any de-

sired distance, where it is stopped by the anti-gravity lever. Here the machine remains stationary while the earth revolves beneath; and as our globe revolves once in twenty-four hours, all that is necessary is to stay in the air that length of time, then alight again, and you will have made a trip around the world."

"H'm," murmured Ford.

He eyed the man searchingly and somewhat suspiciously, and the other permitted his features to relax into a grim smile.

"Oh, I mean what I say!" he remarked. "I have the machine up on the roof. We'll go up there just as soon as you say you'll take the job."

Ford still looked somewhat dubious and sceptical.

"Why did you threaten me with the revolver?" he asked.

"To try your nerve. You stood the test—never flinched. So far, so good."

"Why did you bind my wrists?"

"Merely as a precaution, to keep you from trying to attack me while I was explaining matters to you."

"Humph! Take the rope off, then. I won't attack you."

The man cut the rope, and Ford's wrists were free.

"Do you want to take the job?" he asked.

The young man hesitated. He wanted to earn the money, but he valued his life rather highly also; and there was no telling how this man's anti-gravity air-traveller might work. It might go straight up in the air, after the attraction of gravitation was overcome, and never come back to earth again.

In that case, the job wouldn't be worth the cost. His ten dollars an hour would do him no good.

"Supposing I go up and take a look at that machine before coming to a decision," said he.

The man shook his head.

"No," he declared. "Unless you agree to make the test, you will not be permitted to see the machine."

"All right," said Ford, after a few moments. "I'll give your old anti-gravity air-traveller a whirl. If I succeed in staying in the air the twenty-four hours, I will earn two hundred and forty dollars, and will have become famous as having made the trip around the world at the record-breaking speed of more than a thousand miles an hour. Yes, I'll tackle the job."

"Very well. Come with me."

At the far side of the roof stood a fair-sized cottage. This was the home of the janitor of the building. Near the cottage, resting on the flat roof, was a peculiar-looking machine, appearing like the combination of an aeroplane and a boat. The stranger led the way to this contrivance and surveyed it with an air of satisfaction. Then he glanced at his companion.

"What do you think of it?" he inquired.

Ford shook his head.

"It doesn't look as if it would do what you claim for it," he said.

"I feel pretty certain it will."

"But you are not sure of it," said Ford rather dubiously.

"If I were, I would not pay you ten dollars an hour, and give you the chance to become world-famous as a circumnavigator of the globe in the period of twenty-four hours," was the calm reply. "I would do it myself, save the money, and get the fame. There is sufficient doubt regarding the success of the machine, so that there is a chance that I might sail away through space and never get back to earth again, consequently I am offering you an opportunity to make yourself famous, and at the same time earn big wages."

"Yes, and you are offering me a chance to get killed, too; or so it would look to the casual observer," Ford said.

"Are you going to back out?" asked the man, frowning.

"I didn't say so," was the reply. "No, I'll try that machine, just as I said; but I don't know how to manage the levers. I'll likely pull the wrong one, or break the machinery, or something like that, and keep on sailing upward till I collide with Venus or Mars, or go riding off on the tail of Halley's comet, very likely."

"The mechanism is not complicated," the other assured him. "I can teach you in a few minutes, so that you can handle the levers as well as I could."

"All right. When do you want me to make the start?"

"This evening, just after nightfall. I don't want to attract the attention of people. Come into the house. We'll stay there till it's time to make the start."

The man led the way into the cottage, which consisted of several fair-sized rooms, furnished comfortably. The stranger talked continually about his machine. If it was a success, he said, he would organize a company, to be known as "The Anti-gravity Company, Ltd."

Toward evening the janitor entered the cottage, and the man introduced him to Ford, explaining that the young man was going to test the anti-gravity air-traveller. The janitor talked a few minutes, and then went into the kitchen and cooked supper.

By the time they had finished, it was growing dark, and they went out on the roof again where the stranger instructed Ford in the use of the levers. The young man felt that he would have no difficulty in manipulating the right ones; that part would be easy. It was what would happen after the levers were operated that was worrying him.

Presently Ford got into the machine and took his seat, the stranger and the janitor standin near.

"Are you ready?" the man asked.

Ford set his teeth, and then said firmly:

"Yes. I'm ready to let it rip."

"All right, then; start the motor."

Ford did so. There was a whirring sound, and the machine shook and quivered at a great rate. It was very trying to his nerves, but he made up his mind to stick.

"Now the moment you shove the anti-gravity lever over, the machine will rise in the air," explained the inventor. "Go up to a height of about a thousand feet, and then set the lever at the middle notch, which will—or should—hold the machine stationary; then shove over this other lever, which counteracts the momentum of the machine, caused by the motion of the earth.

"Move this lever gradually, so as to overcome and stop this motion by degrees; and when it has been stopped, and the machine is stationary, all you will have to do will be to sit there and let the earth whirl around beneath you. In twenty-four hours, reverse and come to the earth, and you will have made the circuit of the globe."

"All right," said Ford.

The man shook hands with the young man, as also did the janitor.

"Good-bye," said the inventor. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," was Ford's grim reply.

"All right, shove the anti-gravity lever over."

Ford seized hold of the lever, hesitated a moment, and then shoved it over.

There was a clicking sound as the lever went across into the notch—but the machine did not move.

CHAPTER III

"What's the matter with it?" asked Ford.

The two men began laughing.

"The matter is that this machine is a fake," said the man. "It would take a derrick to lift it off the roof."

"It may be funny," said Ford, "but it doesn't seem to tickle me at all. Why is it, anyway? What's the game? Explain the why and the wherefore of this deception."

"I'll explain," said the fake inventor. "As you may know, down here in the financial district there is an immense amount of money handled every day. Messenger boys carry large sums in cash, and also in bonds and shares of stocks, from office to office, and to the banks, and there are numbers of desperate crooks constantly prowling around down here, looking for a chance to steal. And if necessary to their purpose, many of these crooks would not hesitate at murder, and to guard against that the chief of police keeps a picked corps of detectives down here on the watch for the crooks.

"For this corps, men of cool head and cold nerve are needed, and as there is one member missing, owing to his getting sandbagged, I have been at work several days trying to find a man to fill this place. We do not take men off the regular force, for the reason that none of the members of the secret corps—known as the Lion-Hearts—are known to one another, so I recruit the membership from outsiders. You are the tenth man I have tested, and you are the only one that had the nerve to shove over the anti-gravity lever, after starting the motor. You have proved yourself possessed of sufficient nerve for membership in the corps of the Lion-Hearts, and I herewith pronounce you a member, said membership to continue till you resign, got killed by a crook, or die of old age."

"Thunder!" gasped Ford.

"Your pay will be a dollar an hour, ten dollars a day," said the man. I suppose you take the job?"

"Well, I should say yes," said Ford.

He's a member of the Lion-Hearts still, and probably will be till he gets knifed, shot, or sandbagged, or dies of old age, for he likes the job and the pay.

AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 11)

Journalism, for many young people, is to want to become an amateur. There is an instinct in most of us that prevents us letting a good thing pass, if we know about it.

Amateur Journalism is the comprehensive title under which we gather all dilettante journalists. There are several organizations. The two of national scope are the National Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Association. The National was founded by former Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, James M. Beck, at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876; the United was formed in the middle nineties. Prior to 1876 Amateur Journalism had no organized existence. The first amateur paper is generally conceded to have been issued by John Howard Payne in 1804.

The associations bring amateurs into closer touch, and thereby very materially advance the cause of Amateur Journalism. Their membership lists make good mailing lists, and there is an association spirit, which is, in a measure, akin to the class spirit of our high schools and colleges.

Membership in other associations may be beneficial, but the most is to be got out of a dollar invested in the N. A. P. A.

The Association is governed and conducted by officers elected annually. The most important officers are the President and Official Editor. The latter publishes for the Association the official organ, *The National Amateur*, which contains lists of members and officers, official reports, President's message, a Critical Department by the Bureau of Critics, editorials by the Official Editor, and general news of Amateurdom reported by correspondents.

A Convention is held each July, the next one occurring at Chicago, Illinois, at which officers are elected, laureateships awarded, and the business of the Association transacted, in addition to a good time socially, which all delegates are sure to have—with the possible exception of a defeated politician!

The laureate contests may be participated in by all members. There are departments for stories, poems, sketches, essays and editorials; these contests are judged by professional literateurs, and laureateship certificates are issued to the winners by the Association.

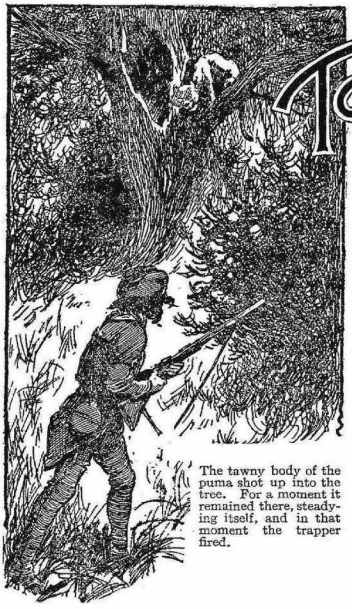
The politics, like all of their kind, tend to give interest, and sometimes excitement and enthusiasm. All members vote; those absent from the Convention are represented by proxy ballots mailed to the Custodian of Ballots. Amateur campaigns are almost invariably conducted with more vigor than a Presidential campaign.

The fraternal side of Amateur Journalism is well illustrated by the fact that an amateur but seldom passes through a city wherein reside other amateurs but what they get together and make a bright spot in the journey. There is enough in common to draw them together.

To anything worth having there is a preparatory stage. You must serve your apprenticeship in one way or another. You have to be initiated. It's an established necessity.

When a recruit enters the ranks of Amateur Journalism he or she is comparatively a "Freshman," and according to unwritten law must serve a period of probation. One must become acquainted with a thing before he can appreciate its merits. One is not necessarily an amateur journalist because he owns membership in an association—he may be something else. It is not proof of his superiority, if he scoffs at an association and says it's no good—it is rather the opposite.

(*Continued in the next number*)



The tawny body of the puma shot up into the tree. For a moment it remained there, steadying itself, and in that moment the trapper fired.

Tomahawk and Rifle

CHAPTER I

Tracker and Tracked—The Cry in the Wood—A Terrible Situation.

BENEATH his painted breast the heart of Young Wolf beat with a fearful excitement.

There were no scalps at the belt of wampum that the boy Blackfoot wore round his slender body, the hunting lodges of his tribe were adorned with no trophies that he had taken in battle. It was true that his years were not many, but he knew that his older comrades expected him to prove that in his heart ran red blood of courage.

And now his chance had come.

Across the far end of the glade he had seen pass the figure of a white man, or boy—he was not sure which.

Yet Young Wolf hesitated. He had a big advantage, for not only had he seen his enemy without being seen, but that enemy was surely not dreaming of any lurking peril, since the peace-pipe which the palefaces of the settlement and their Blackfeet neighbors had so long smoked in company had been shattered but a sunset back.

It was war between the white men and the Indians of the Upper Missouri waters. The Night Hawk—that dreaded old chief who had fought in wars since he was strong enough to raise a rifle—had called his tribe together, and every heart among them was thirsting to be on the trail.

Neil Paterson, who had been seen by the lurking Young Wolf, had been absent from Running Water Settlement for two days; and, though he was returning there, he was not yet aware that the tomahawk and the rifle had been prepared for war.

The excited Indian still hesitated. That swift glimpse which he had caught of the white man had shown him that the latter carried a long gun. Young Wolf had but a knife at his belt. It was a long blade, and of razor sharpness, but in Indian warfare a rifle-bullet is better than a knife.

If he would kill his enemy he must get to close quarters, and must do so without being perceived.

A thought flashed through Young Wolf's brain.

"The paleface knows not that he and his brothers are now foes of the Blackfeet. I may go to him with outstretched hand, and as he clasps it, with the other I can stab him to the heart."

It was a terrible thought. In the circumstances, an older warrior might not have hesitated to embrace it. But Young Wolf was more brave than cunning, and though he did not know why, something in his heart made him shrink from such deadly treachery.

He commenced to run noiselessly, so as to get in front of the settler. Presently he heard him whistling gaily as he trod the undergrowth beneath his feet, suspecting nothing.

The eyes of the Indian flashed with a fierce light. His muscular hand that kept touching the horn handle of his knife trembled with

excitement. Expectation, the frenzied joy of slaying an enemy, mounted to his head like strong drink.

He continued to move forward well ahead of the other. He was in no hurry, and he wanted to find the best possible place where he could hide, and from which he might spring out like a wildcat upon the young trapper as he passed.

Suddenly he came to a halt by the side of a wide-spreading cottonwood tree. Its trunk gave him ample concealment. He crouched behind it.

But even then he was doubtful. The trapper would certainly pass the tree, which lay in his path, but if he went by at a few yards' distance such a gap might prove serious to one armed only with a knife.

Quivering with excitement, Young Wolf looked up, and suddenly an idea presented itself to him.

"Ugh! He is mine!" he muttered.

In a moment he had caught a low bough and swung himself up. His intention was to gain a higher one, to crawl out along it like a snake, hidden by the foliage, and to drop upon the trapper as he passed beneath, just as a puma or a wildcat will fall upon its prey.

It was a fine idea. Young Wolf longed with all his heart that the eyes of his brothers could see him put it into execution.

The bough on to which he had drawn himself up was short and frail. He must gain a higher one. To do that he must reach the trunk of the tree, for he dared not hazard an upward spring from the slender branch he was on. He crawled to the trunk, and perceived that it was hollow, and partly dead. He looked down as into a cave, but the bottom was in darkness. He commenced to climb higher, but at that instant the decaying wood gave way beneath his weight.

With a grunt of fear and rage Young Wolf fell—fell into the open heart of the big tree, and in a moment disappeared from view.

The knife had slipped from his clutching fingers, and dropped upon the ground by the tree.

The muttered exclamation of fright which the Blackfoot had uttered was choked off into one of astonishment. His tumble was broken by something soft, while in a moment he felt moving about him four or five lithe bodies, from which emanated deep purrings and whining snarls.

Young Wolf guessed directly what it all meant. A wild animal had brought her cubs to this novel hiding-place, probably a puma or catamount.

One of the little beasts immediately fixed its teeth in the Indian's left wrist. The pain was not great; but, acting hastily, he seized the cub and dashed it lifeless against the inside of the tree. The others began to gambol and play round him as well as the confined space would allow. They licked his body with their rasping tongues, they uttered tiny, whining cries.

At that instant the enraged and disappointed warrior heard his escaping prey pass by outside the tree. He was still whistling; but suddenly the sound ceased.

"Hallo!" cried the voice.

For a second Young Wolf thought he was discovered, but it was only his dropped knife which had been found by the other.

"A good blade. The Injun who lost this must have felt a bit mad," said Neil aloud.

He thrust the knife in the belt of his hunting-shirt, and went on. Young Wolf heard his footsteps grow fainter and fainter. He fumed with rage.

After all, it was as well that the eyes of his brothers had not been upon him to witness his exploit!

He now began to try and climb out. After the third attempt a new fear commenced to knock at his heart. The drop was a deep one, and the smooth interior of the old tree gave him not the slightest grip for his clutching fingers. In vain he leaped upward. He only injured the puma cubs, who cried out under it.

And then, from far away through the woods, there came to his ears a terrible sound, that turned his blood to ice.

It was the high scream of a full-grown puma.

Warned by her inexplicable instinct that her cubs were in danger, the female parent was coming to their aid.

Few animals can travel faster than the yellow panther of the Missouri district. To hear her one minute is to see her the next.

Young Wolf's heart almost stopped its beating. His position was one of the most appalling that can be imagined. Confined in that hole, without a weapon, what were his chances? They did not exist. The puma would drop upon him—would fall upon him with distended talons and gnashing teeth—would tear the flesh from his bones in her fury.

One more effort he made to escape. His outstretched fingers almost touched the broken edge of the hollow trunk. Then back he fell, all his strength gone, nerveless, sick with terror.

He was lost!

Again that awful scream came floating to his ears. It was terribly near; and, without knowing what he was doing, mad with fear, the prisoner answered it with a yell that drowned the cry of the brute.

Neil Paterson had heard the panther's ear-splitting screech, but paid little attention to it. The beast was not likely to attack a man in broad daylight, and though he mechanically held his rifle ready, he had no thought of its being wanted.

Suddenly he stopped, wheeling round.

"That was not a puma's call!" he said.

He bent forward, straining his sense of hearing, and once more he heard that other cry—a cry of human terror.

"Someone in pretty bad trouble!" he muttered.

He gave a look to his rifle, and doubled back on his tracks. The screams of the puma were now so terrible that Neil was aware the beast was in a condition of fury against someone or other. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of her yellow body, and at the same instant he realized whence those other cries proceeded.

"There's a man in the tree, by all that's strange!" he muttered. "And the beast is after him!"

He ran forward half a dozen more paces, then dropped upon one knee, with rifle levelled. The tawny body of the puma shot up into the tree. For a moment it remained there, steady-

ing itself, and in that moment the trapper fired.

He had no fear of his aim, for there was no better shot in Running Water Settlement. The puma, hit through the heart, bounded up from the branch with outstretched limbs and curving talons, her red jaws open in one final screech; then down she came, and the life went out of her writhing body.

Young Wolf had heard nothing until the gunshot rang out which saved his life. He had expected nothing but death—death in so terrible a manner. That ringing report, followed by the creature's yell of agony, told him that the trapper whose scalp he had coveted had rescued him.

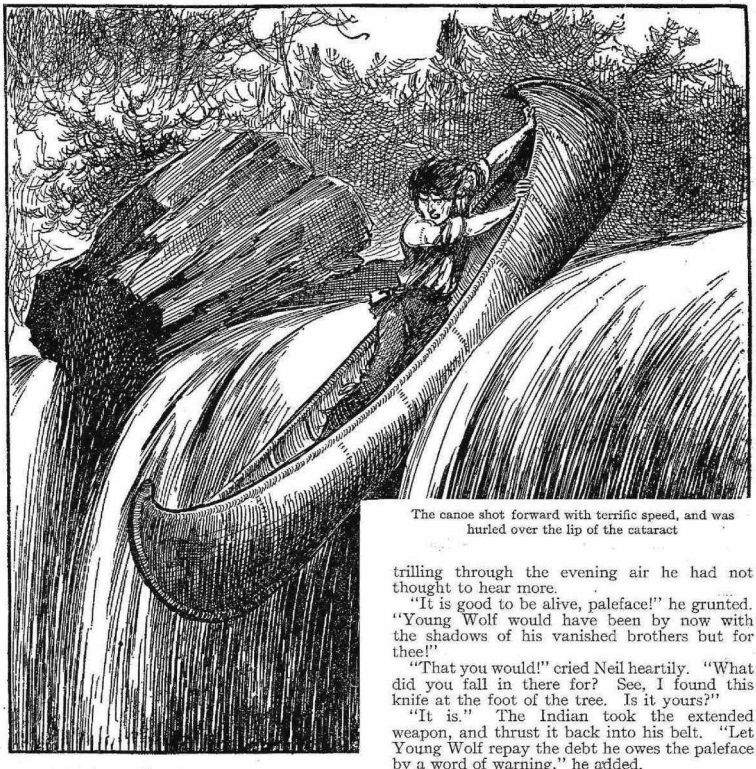
The revulsion of feeling was so strong that the young Indian almost fainted. While he struggled with the weakness he heard a shout of friendly encouragement, and the face of the trapper appeared above him.

"Hello, Injun! What on earth are ye doing there?" cried Neil.

"Help me out!" answered Young Wolf.

Neil got a grip of a branch with his legs, lowered his right arm as far as he could, and at the first attempt the imprisoned Blackfoot seized the other's wrist. He was drawn up, and in a few moments stood safe upon the forest path.

Young Wolf rolled his eyeballs as he drank in a blissful sense of life. The red disc of the setting sun which glowed through the wood he had not thought to see again; the songs of birds trilling through the evening air he had not thought to hear more.



The canoe shot forward with terrific speed, and was hurled over the lip of the cataract

"It is good to be alive, paleface!" he grunted. "Young Wolf would have been by now with the shadows of his vanished brothers but for thee!"

"That you would!" cried Neil heartily. "What did you fall in there for? See, I found this knife at the foot of the tree. Is it yours?"

"It is." The Indian took the extended weapon, and thrust it back into his belt. "Let Young Wolf repay the debt he owes the paleface by a word of warning," he added.

"Warning?"

"My tribe is on the war trail. It is death between the white men and the Blackfeet. Let the young paleface hurry to his lodges, for there are tomahawks in the forest that are ready to drink his life."

Neil stared. A whistle of concern broke from him. He had known that there had long been friction between the natives of the woods and his people; and now some spark had fired the train. The war trail! That dreaded name chilled his blood. And suddenly, as his keen eyes rested upon the Blackfoot's painted face,

with its hideous streaks of war-paint, he understood.

Neil stepped back, and, like a flash, his rifle was at his shoulder.

The Indian moved not an inch; not a muscle twitched in his face. He said, in a perfectly steady voice:

"The white man saved my life, but he can take it. I meant to kill him. It is true, I waited in the tree to drop upon him. The knife he has returned to me was to kiss his heart."

Neil listened, and a burning rush of anger made every nerve tingle. He had reloaded his weapon while talking with his enemy, and he was terribly inclined to send the bullet through the Blackfoot's brain. The rough heart of the settler of those days did not know much of the quality of mercy, and life was held cheaply.

Young Wolf, who knew that his life was suspended in the balance, showed not the slightest trace of fear. For half a minute the steady barrel of the long rifle covered his forehead.

"Shoot!" cried the Blackfoot, in a tone of scorn.

"No, I won't!" growled Neil. "I saved your life, and I won't take it. Young Wolf shall see his lodges again. Go!"

At the sharp word of command the Indian wheeled, and disappeared with the swiftness of a swallow through the dense forest.

CHAPTER II

The Sleeping Trapper—Toward the Falls—A Run for Life

Neil Paterson whistled no longer as he continued his journey. He no longer trod carelessly, looking nowhere in particular. Every sense was on the alert. The quiet evening air had suddenly become tense with peril; the shadow of deadly danger hung over the forest. A Blackfoot brave might be hiding behind any of the tall trees in his path; a painted warrior might be crouching behind any of the clumps of undergrowth. The twang of a bow, the crack of a rifle, the hiss of a flying tomahawk might sound at any moment.

Neil had still a considerable distance to go before reaching Running Water Settlement. Turning leftward, he presently saw the river shining through the trees. It was a deep, quietly-flowing tributary of the great Missouri; but its current was strong, and three miles down a great volume of water boiled over a platform of rocks in a drop of a dozen feet.

Neil chose to move along by the banks of the stream. It was true that an enemy hiding on the further shore could easily catch sight of him; on the other hand, if he was attacked where he was he had a chance of escape by taking to the water, being a good swimmer.

The setting sun burned with a hue of blood along the stream.

Suddenly Neil stopped, then darted behind a tree. He had seen something which quickened the beating of his heart.

"An Injun and a canoe!" he murmured.

Forty yards up the stream, and on the opposite shore, a canoe was fastened by a strip of rawhide to the overhanging bough of a willow, which alone prevented it from moving away down the current. From where Neil stood, the fragile craft of birch-bark seemed without an occupant; or, if it had one, he was lying at the bottom of the boat.

On the opposite bank, close to the boat, a Blackfoot warrior was standing. The red sunlight shone full upon his body with its war-paint; upon his head-dress of porcupine quills, upon his hatchet-like features. He was leaning forward, gazing with an expression of the most malignant cunning into the canoe.

"There must be someone in it," muttered the watcher.

The Indian, after a long look, stepped forward with the utmost caution into the water, while at the same moment he drew a knife from his belt.

"And that someone must be a white man, for the crafty reptile is going to take a scalp," added Neil.

He levelled his rifle, but hesitated to press the trigger. In the first place, it was a long shot for the weapons of those days; and in the second, the report would perhaps bring a dozen Blackfeet upon the scene.

"If there is a white man in that canoe, though, I must risk the shot," murmured Neil uneasily.

Suddenly an unexpected thing happened. The Indian raised his keen blade, but it was to sever, by a single slash, the strip of hide which held the canoe. He had secured a grip on the gunwale with his left hand, so that the boat did not at once glide away.

The Blackfoot put the knife between his teeth, seized the gunwale with both hands, and commenced to push it before him; then, exerting all his strength, he shoved it out vigorously into the centre of the stream, when it began to glide down the current.

Now that it was too late, Neil saw through the other's game. It was a little form of sport which the Blackfoot had arranged for his own benefit. The current, at first gentle, would bear the boat onward with the sleeper in it. The latter would be awakened by the roar of the falls; he would start up, find his paddle missing, and himself rushing toward destruction.

Having pushed the canoe out, the Blackfoot, his features distorted with a fiendish grin of delight, scrambled back to the bank and commenced to run along it, keeping level with the boat, waiting for its occupant to awake. Later on, when he had recovered the body from the river, he would look after the scalp.

"The artful varmint! Fool that I was not to have stopped him!" growled the watching trapper.

He leaned forward in the hope of catching sight of the slumbering victim of the trick as the canoe swung by. He did, and as he perceived the form lying in the bottom of the boat, all unconscious of the peril, a shout of horror and rage rose to Neil's lips.

A white man was there, sure enough, and Neil at once recognized him. The trapper was his brother Jim Paterson.

The Blackfoot on the further shore heard that frenzied shout of rage. He flashed a look across stream, and saw a white man there with a long gun in his hands. He turned like to dive behind cover, but swift as he was, the

avenger was swifter, and the bullet swiftest of all.

The Blackfoot, struck by the rifle-ball between his shoulder-blades, fell face downward, and lay without movement.

"Jim!" roared Neil.

Awakened by the report, the sleeper opened his eyes and sat up. On his left he perceived his brother wildly waving his arms. Between them was a wide stretch of deep water, racing toward the falls whose cry could be already heard. The boy in the boat made a grab for his paddle, but it was not there.

In a moment he realized his danger, and saw also that nothing could avert it. The current was much too powerful for him to hope to gain either shore by swimming. He turned very pale, then folded his arms to await the worst.

Half frantic with horror, Neil sent a last roaring shout across to the fast-rushing boat.

"The Blackfeet are up!"

The other heard and understood. But he was doomed. He waved a hand in token that he comprehended, and resigned himself to his fate.

While Neil gazed after him, pale with emotion, an arrow whistled past his ear and sank with a soft thud into a tree. He wheeled to face his enemies, but could see no one. A second shaft grazed his cheek. He waited no longer, but took to his heels for dear life in a mad race for the settlement.

In the meantime, Jim Paterson was endeavoring to look death in the face without being afraid. The deep roar of the rapids grew louder and louder. He had once seen an Indian rower shoot the falls, but it had been a dare-devil action; and certainly a boat without a paddle was in a hopeless position.

Suddenly Jim perceived the curtain of spray that beat up in mist from the rocks below the falls. The red ball of the sun was shining through that filmy curtain and threading it with the most gorgeous colors. But Jim failed to appreciate its beauty at such an instant.

The canoe shot forward with terrific speed, was hurled over the lip of the cataract, and came down with a grinding smash upon the needle-sharp rocks below.

That smash flung out the occupant. The fury of the swirl hurled him here and there like a straw. In a moment he had swallowed a great quantity of water. He was dragged down, tossed up, blinded, deafened, turned over and over. Every time he opened his mouth for a breath of air he was choked by a rush of water. Strength was battered out of him; and then, just as he was hoping that after all he might escape being dashed against a rock, something struck him on the head, and in a moment he felt what seemed the final darkness close over him.

CHAPTER III

The Night Fire—The Stranger—A Duel for Life—A Great Surprise

To Jim Paterson all this seemed a wild dream when next he opened his eyes. A confused recollection of being swept away down a rushing river wandered in his feverish thoughts. He moved his head, and his eyes fell upon a strange sight.

The glow from a great column of fire dazzled his sense of vision. An immense camp-fire was burning, flinging up myriads of tiny sparks and tongues of flame into a perfectly windless air.

Round this fire was a wide circle of Blackfeet braves. Each warrior was wrapped in a blanket, each had his eyes fixed upon the fire, and all were absolutely silent.

Behind the circle rose the forest trees, one side brilliant in the firelight, the other plunged in profound shadow.

So silent was this scene that Jim at first believed it was part of a dream. Only the crackling of the huge fire broke the deep quiet.

Suddenly it was shattered. With a bound like that of a wildcat, a warrior flung off his blanket and leaped from his place into the circle.

"Let not my brothers open their ears to the words of a coward!" he shouted.

The epithet apparently was not relished by the brave to whom it was addressed, for that outraged warrior bounded to his feet, his tomahawk glittering in his fingers.

"Antelope lies!" he cried. "His father was a liar before him, and he is the children of liars!"

This comprehensive charge stung the first speaker to madness. He whipped out a long knife and flew at the other, who awaited him, tomahawk in hand, and an expression of disdain upon his countenance. But before Antelope could reach his insulter, he was tripped by a blanket which someone flung in his path.

He went down with a crash. Upon every painted face a grin showed, and a chuckle of amusement went round the circle.

Antelope rose, very much abashed, and slunk back to his place in sullen silence.

Then up leaped another warrior.

"Why all this babble of talk, my brothers?" he cried, with a dramatic gesture. "The Night Hawk listens to our words, but his mind is made up. He will lead us to the camp of the palefaces; we will burn it to the earth, and the poles of our lodges shall groan with a weight of scalps."

"Sighing Wind speaks what is in his heart, and not the truth," spoke another. "Is it wise, O great chief, to offer our bodies to the long guns of the paleface dogs? Their hut is big; there are holes on all its sides; there are no trees near behind which we can dodge; and the leaden bullets will lay us with the dust before our torches can fire the strong logs. Let the white men come out. We can wait!"

The speaker resumed his place, and once more there was silence. But this time every eye was turned upon the Blackfoot chief. Jim could see him plainly where he sat, his long pipe between his lips.

The red firelight glinted in the stern and cruel eyes of the dreaded Night Hawk. He was an Indian of immense stature, not young in years, but more powerful still than any of his tribe. His painted face was scarred with wounds of innumerable fights.

He did not answer, nor remove his eyes from the fire. At last, after a long pause, he took his pipe slowly from his lips.

"Silver Fox has not spoken," said he, and replaced his pipe.

An old warrior rose to his feet.

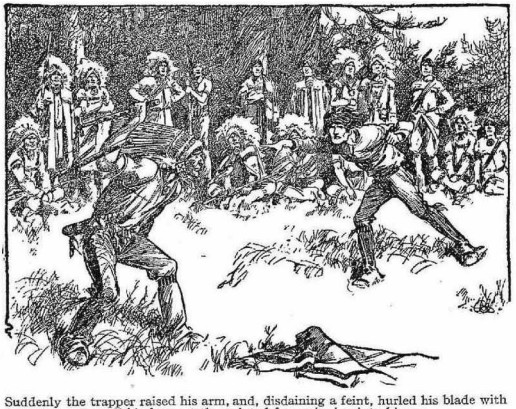
"Hear me, great chief of the Blackfeet!" he cried solemnly. "I know a way better than those of which our young braves have talked to us until our ears are tired of their voices. We have in our midst a paleface prisoner who was dragged from the river by Slender Pine."

All eyes were directed toward Jim, who lay back and closed his eyes, feigning continued unconsciousness, though he missed not a word.

"Let the Night Hawk send to Running Water Settlement," went on Silver Fox. "Let him demand for this prisoner a thousand beaver-skins, and a score of guns. I have spoken."

A loud murmur of dissent arose as the old warrior sat down. Another took his place instantly.

"Silver Fox is wise. Who doubts it?" cried this speaker. "His words are words of cunning,



Suddenly the trapper raised his arm, and, disdaining a feint, hurled his blade with all his force at the painted face grinning into his

of craft. But the time was—many moons back—when Silver Fox would not so have spoken. Strength has gone from his arm; his hands, old and thin, grasp the tomahawk no longer; his eyes, weak and aged, direct no longer the arrow's flight, and from his heart the fire of battle has died. He thinks of beaver-skins. Bah! Can we not get those for ourselves? At the word of Night Hawk we have put on our war-paint. Shall we wipe it off? At thy command, great chief, we have sharpened our knives, whetted the edges of our tomahawks. Shall we blunt them against stones? Lead us against the palefaces! Our young men will show their courage, the red blood of their hearts. Let us not return to our wigwams with beaver-skins, lest our squaws point at us with mocking laughter. I have spoken."

An unrestrained murmur of applause greeted these words of Slender Pine. It had not died away when an Indian darted through the circle and faced the warriors. A mutter of surprise greeted him. Taking no notice of anyone he addressed himself to the chief.

"Night Hawk, great chief of the Blackfeet," he cried, in ringing tones, "Grey Wolf has come many miles for this hour. From the sun-rising, from the camps of the Chipewyans, your brothers, have I come at the word of my chief."

He stopped, looking straight into the deadly eyes of Night Hawk, which were fixed upon him with an expression of the most intense scrutiny.

"Let Grey Wolf, our brother, speak his message," answered the Blackfoot chief after a profound silence.

"It is brief, great warrior."

The Indian paused, and this time he rolled his eyes round about the circle of braves until they finally rested upon the prostrate figure of Jim Paterson. He went on, still looking fixedly at the prisoner:

"It has come to the ears of Hugging Bear, chief of my tribe, that his Blackfoot brothers have unearthed the war-hatchet against the palefaces. Is this true, O chief?"

"What has Hugging Bear to do with war?" answered the Night Hawk, with a sneer of contempt. "He has his squaws and his fire-water. The spirit of the chief of the Chipewyans is content."

"The words of the great chief are filled with the poison of disdain," answered the messenger. "But Hugging Bear has wearied of his squaws. He remembers the days when his arm was strong in war. He would help the Blackfeet if it be true that the war-hatchet is unburied."

The Night Hawk laughed with derision.

"My people fight with brave warriors!" he cried.

"Shall that, then, be the answer I must take to Hugging Bear?" demanded the messenger, drawing himself up and folding his arms with a haughty gesture.

Silver Fox stooped and whispered in the ear of his chief. They were words to modify the Blackfoot's contempt for an ally, for the Night Hawk listened, and the laugh died from his lips. He looked at Grey Wolf, and he said:

"Where is Hugging Bear, if we call for his help?"

"Thirty miles toward the sun-rising, O chief, are his camp-fires. He waits for the commands of his brother whether he goes back or comes on."

The Blackfoot frowned, uncertain what his answer should be, astonished at this offer of assistance from a tribe who loved peace, and were unskilled in the use of the tomahawk. The Blackfeet had little sympathies with their distant neighbors whom they despised. He was inclined, therefore, to decline the offer with scorn; but the words which Silver Fox, the wise man of the tribe, had whispered in his ear were not without effect.

Silver Fox had said:

"If you insult Hugging Bear, O chief, you place an enemy between us and the lodges we have left. Make him your friend, lest he turn your foe."

At last the Night Hawk answered the messenger:

"Since when have my brothers the Chipewyans learned to fight?"

At the sneer a chuckle of laughter left the lips of the circle of braves, the messenger felt their eyes turned in scorn upon him, and there was but one way in which he could meet it. He drew himself up to his full height.

"If the Night Hawk thinks in his heart that a Chipewyan cannot throw the tomahawk, let him place one in my fingers and I will show him!"

It was a direct challenge. A dozen braves leaped to their feet to accept it; a dozen hands gripped the handles of their axes.

"Back!" called the Blackfoot chief sternly. He turned to the messenger. "If a Blackfoot slays thee, Hugging Bear will come for vengeance. The courage of Grey Wolf is poor, since he knows that none here can fight him."

Like a flash the insulted Chipewyan turned and pointed to where Jim lay upon the ground, listening with keen interest to every word.

"There is a paleface!" he cried. "Set him before Grey Wolf, that I may teach the young Blackfoot braves how to kill an enemy!"

The offer met with instant approval.

"Good!" grunted the chief.

In a moment the cords which bound the wrists and ankles of the prisoner together were untied. A tomahawk was thrust into his fingers, and a vigorous push from two pairs of strong arms sent Jim staggering into the circle where his antagonist waited.

It was a trying moment for poor Jim. His cramped limbs at first refused to act properly. Without the least warning he was suddenly set to battle for his life with a young and powerful Indian.

The Chipewyan was in no hurry to begin the combat. With a sneer of contempt he surveyed his adversary, who was ruefully rubbing his left leg to restore the circulation, and expecting to feel the Indian's axe at any moment sink into his brain.

A profound silence fell upon the warriors. They understood Grey Wolf's reluctance to begin, his hesitation to attack a practically defenceless foe, and appreciated it.

Suddenly the Chipewyan drew his tomahawk from his belt, and advanced toward Jim. The young trapper had recovered the full use of his limbs, and had not the least idea of putting up anything but a great fight for his life. He grasped his weapon, in the use of which he was by no means unskilled, and calmly waited for his adversary to give him an opening.

Grey Wolf moved slowly round the other, stepping on his toes, in a half-crouching position, ready for a sudden leap in any direction. Twice he lifted his weapon, twice his arm swung back over his head, twice Jim waited for the blade to hurtle.

The circle which the Chipewyan was drawing round the trapper grew smaller at each turn. He hurled contemptuous epithets at his adversary, daring him to fling his tomahawk.

"A foot nearer, my fine fellow, and I'll chance all on the throw," mutteted Jim.

Still nearer drew Grey Wolf, his eyes fixed upon Jim with the most intense expression. And then suddenly the trapper raised his arm, and, disdaining a feint, hurled his blade with all his force at the painted face grinning into his.

Grey Wolf leaped aside. Had he delayed the movement a fraction of a second nothing could have saved him from a split skull. The trapper's axe almost stirred the hair on his head as it hummed past.

There was a subdued roar of excitement from the spectators. Before it had died away, Grey Wolf sent his tomahawk hurtling through the air. The throw was hailed with a burst of derision, for it was so bad that it missed the other's head by half a foot.

Grey Wolf flew forward, and the next instant he and Jim were locked in a terrible embrace. They crashed to the ground, Jim fighting for his adversary's throat. But he ceased his efforts, and a gasp of stupefaction broke from him as he looked straight up into the face above him.

"Neil!" he panted.

"Roll out of the circle with me!" gasped the other. "Once clear, bolt! Our only chance!"

CHAPTER IV

A Wily Stratagem—Pursuer and Pursued—The Death of Young Wolf

When Neil Paterson had fled from the river shore with unseen enemies shooting at him, he had little hope of escape. Fortunately, he was not surrounded, and, thanks to his fleetness of foot, he reached Running Water Settlement ahead of the Indians.

The assembled trappers, expecting an attack at any moment, had placed the women and children in a big log cabin surrounded by a stout palisade of pointed stakes, and waited there with their eyes to the loopholes. Neil was seen as he broke from cover and came running like the wind for the hut.

Six Blackfeet ventured into the open. A bullet stopped the first, and a rush back for the wood ensued. The fugitive burst into the cabin in a state bordering on exhaustion.

A council was held, and Neil told of how Jim Paterson had been sent down the river over the falls.

It appeared that a messenger had ventured up the river in the hope of reaching the next settlement and bringing help.

"But it's forty mile there, an' forty back, ter say nothink of delays what's bound ter happen; so thet even if he gets through, we can't expect assistance for a day or two," said old Zeph Pott, the acknowledged leader of the trappers. "We want ter gain time. Before you came to interrupt our deliberations, boy, we was discussing an idea."

"What was it?" asked Neil, rapidly recovering his wind.

"Thet one of us goes into their camp disguised as an Injun."

"What—Zeph! A stranger would be recognized in a twinkling."

"A strange Blackfoot, my son. In course he would. But it wouldn't be as a Blackfoot that he would go. I was thinking of them Chipewyan fellers down over by Blue Creek. I wanter go myself, as a Chipewyan Injun sent by Hugging Bear, with a perposal of assistance. If the offer were accepted, as I believe it would be, it 'ud mean a sure delay of a couple of days for the Chipewyan fellers to come along, and that 'ud mean life to us. I say I wanter go myself, but it seems I'm not to be allowed."

"I should think not. If there's one man wanted here more than another, it's you," answered Neil. "And there's another reason, Zeph Pott—I mean to go myself."

There was a murmur of dissent from the trappers.

"It's a young life, sonny, that ye offer to risk," said one.

"And ye haven't counted the cost if you're found out. The stake ain't a marciful death, not by a long way," grunted another.

"I haven't anyone depending on me," answered Neil stoutly. "And, besides, it's possible—just possible—that Jim got over the falls with a whole skin, in which case the Blackfeet would be almost sure to get him, for the river 'ud carry him right into their country. I'll go, and take my chance of capture, if you can make a good Chipewyan of me."

"That I'll promise to do, at any rate," said Zeph Pott, "and no one could do it better. Ye shall be a parfect specimen of a Chipewyan, lad, and ye shall take the name of Grey Wolf. The rest we leave to you; and if ye show half as much wisdom as ye have pluck, we shall owe our lives to you."

So it came about that Neil Paterson found his brother Jim a prisoner of the Blackfeet, and was compelled to fight him round the camp-fire. That was by far the most trying part of his terrible ordeal. Jim failed to recognize his brother at the few yards' distance, and Neil was well aware that the former could fling a tomahawk with no mean skill. He had saved himself by a lightning-like leap, had flung his own weapon purposely wide of the mark, and had run in to close quarters that he might reveal himself.

So far the artifice had succeeded. He had delivered his fictitious message from Hugging Bear—that chief being many miles away, utterly unconscious that his name and authority were being made such use of; and he had contrived to get Jim free of his bonds.

But now?

Now the situation had suddenly become truly desperate. Flight was the only hope. Therefore it was that Neil panted to his brother as they rolled upon the ground in pretended conflict: "We must take to the woods!"

Jim answered: "I'm ready!" But despair weighed his heart down.

"Now!" said Neil. "Make for the settlement!"

He permitted Jim to slip away from his grasp. In a moment Jim was on his feet, backing slowly, his pretended adversary following him up with a knife clenched in his right hand.

The Blackfeet, whose grim faces showed the strongest excitement, watched the duellists.

They passed round the circle until Jim was nearest the forest-path that would lead him on the clearest course to the settlement. Suddenly he turned, dashed through the circle of Indians, and vanished amongst the trees. With an assumed howl of rage, Neil was after him before the spectators could move a hand.

They were free!

Even then the trick was not suspected. The waiting Blackfeet had as yet no reason to believe that the messenger was not a Chipewyan Indian, but a paleface. They had little doubt that the unarmed Jim Paterson, weakened by his recent experience, could not escape his supposed pursuer. Grey Wolf would assuredly reappear in the light of the camp-fire, bearing with him a dripping scalp.

But time passed, and he did not come.

The braves looked at each other. Was it possible that the white boy had overcome his pursuer? It was not possible.

Silver Fox, that old and cunning warrior, rose to his feet.

"The Blackfeet have been made fools of, great chief," said he.

A subdued shout of rage went up. The Night Hawk's eyes glared with a deadly gleam. He spoke, and silently a dozen braves sprang from the circle and disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

The pursuit had commenced.

One of those braves was Young Wolf, who had been saved from the yellow panther by Neil Paterson. He darted ahead of the others, who moved with greater caution. He was burning with desire to take his first scalp, determined this time, if fortune helped him, that he would not return without the ghastly trophy.

A full moon had risen. The forest mists magnified the orb enormously; it glowed red and sinister through the stems of the silent trees, and by its light Young Wolf hit upon the trail.

His heart beat strongly with excitement. He pressed forward, taking risks in his resolution to be first. The chase led him deep into the wood, but though he missed the trail once, he found it again. Suddenly he heard voices—scarcely more than a whisper, but the quick ears of Young Wolf caught the sound.

Face downwards, extended full length like a snake, the young Blackfoot wriggled along the ground. Not a twig snapped as he moved; not a bush rustled as he crept along.

Parting the leaves of a creeping vine, he saw a sight which filled him with wonder.

Grey Wolf, the Chipewyan warrior, had flung away his head-dress, and was laughing quietly with the trapper, who seemed to share the other's delight.

"When I think that I meant my tomahawk for your brains, it makes me feel ill," Jim was whispering.

"Not half so bad as when I saw you fling it," was the answer. "I tell you, it stirred the hair on my head."

"Don't!"

"Never mind; it was the best thing that could happen. Gave us the very chance that was wanted. I took those reptiles in beautifully."

"You did. I never dreamed, as I lay on the ground and listened to you, that it was not an Indian who was speaking."

"You wouldn't, being white. All the same, I felt my heart sink under the straight look of

Night Hawk. It seemed to go through me, and—"

"Hark!"

"I heard nothing," said Neil, after a silence.

"I thought I heard a twig snap."

Jim was right. And Young Wolf, crouching behind the bush not a dozen paces away, had heard the sound also. His comrades had struck upon the trail, and were not far off!

The heart of Young Wolf fluttered strangely under his painted chest. The words of Neil Paterson, and the throwing away of part of his disguise, had been sufficient to reveal to the listener the truth. He knew that he was looking at the paleface who had saved him from a terrible death.

Young Wolf admired a brave man more than anything on earth. The knowledge that the young trapper had ventured before Night Hawk himself, had so put his head into the very jaws of the lion, filled Young Wolf with astonishment and something deeper.

Again a faint sound troubled the air.

"Hark again!" whispered Jim, half rising.

"Only a restless bird in a tree," said Neil, after a pause. "Why should they follow us? How can they guess that Grey Wolf is Neil Paterson? But we will push on in a minute, when we have fairly got back our breath. Only a couple more miles to the settlement. We shall be there before daybreak. They will be pleased to see you; but the worst of it is that I have really failed in my mission unless Night Hawk sends one of his own Injuns to Hugging Bear to tell him that he accepts his offer. That would be a great joke, and—"

The sentence was never completed.

Young Wolf had been trying to nerve his heart that he might fling his tomahawk at one of the trappers, and rush in with his knife upon the other. He could do it, for he was sure of himself, and the advantage was with him. But Young Wolf had never killed an enemy in battle, and something in him shrank from slaying this paleface who had saved his life, and, knowing his treachery, had let him go. But while he hesitated he heard behind him the soft footfall of one of his comrades—heard him draw in his breath with a hiss of surprise and gratification.

Then Young Wolf did a thing which, if he had time to consider, he might not have done. He sprang to his feet and rushed forward.

"Fly, white men!" he cried.

At the same time a tomahawk left the hand of the Blackfoot who had drawn near. It was meant for the head of Neil Paterson, and it sung through the air with a hiss of speed and fury.

Young Wolf, darting between his comrade and the trappers, was struck by the flying axe. With that cry of warning ringing from his lips, he crashed forward face downward upon the sward.

Neil had caught one flashing glimpse of the stricken Blackfoot, had heard his cry to them both to run. Both boys leaped to their feet and dashed madly through the trees.

But Young Wolf lay where he had fallen, the keen edge of a tomahawk biting into his brain, and his nerveless fingers clutching the sodden earth.

No scalp would ever hang at Young Wolf's belt!

CHAPTER V

A Mad Flight—Betrayed!—The Foiling of Night Hawk

Blaming their folly at stopping for those fatal few minutes, Neil and Jim fled through the woods. The death of Young Wolf had caused a little delay in the chase, which they made good use of; but before long they heard the fierce yells of the Blackfeet ringing in their ears.

Jim—a good deal weakened by his recent experience—soon felt his strength failing him. His knees trembled, and a bursting sensation filled his lungs.

"Go on!" he panted to his brother. "I'm done! Better that they take me than both of us!"

"Courage! The settlement is but a quarter of a mile away now!" exhorted Neil.

Jim called upon himself for a great effort. Could he race over that quarter of a mile? If the struggle killed him it would be worth it, for better—far better—death that way than face the Blackfeet torture.

It was the thought of that torture also which gave Neil power to outrun at that moment the fleetest-footed Indian of the Missouri region. If he were captured, what would he not be made to endure? The unpardonable offence of outwitting the Night Hawk had been his; he had made fools of the entire tribe, and the brain of every Indian there would be called upon to devise some especially fearful form of torment.

Knowing this, small wonder that, for a second, when Jim urged him to go on, temptation was instantly crushed.

The Blackfeet drew nearer. They felt their prey escaping, and redoubled their exertions.

"We shall do it!" gasped Neil.

"I'm done!" groaned Jim.

"Look! The cabins of the settlement!"

They were true words. Through a gap in the trees the big log hut glistened in the pale moonlight. There were the trappers, with their long rifles ready to drill holes in the bodies of any Blackfoot who broke from cover.

But Jim was done for. He lurched forward, then recovered himself by one more effort. A crimson light swung before his eyeballs, his heart appeared to be struggling to break through his ribs, a cold perspiration suddenly replaced the heat wrought by his efforts, and, with a final gasp of "Go on!" he pitched forward upon the ground.

Suppressing a groan of dismay, Neil stooped to pick up the unconscious figure. At the same instant the foremost Indian leaped into view. He was taken aback, not expecting to find the quarry almost under his feet. With a lightning-like movement Neil sprang upon him, and dealt the surprised brave a terrific blow on the point of his chin that lifted him up and dashed him down as senseless as a log.

Then Neil, his knuckles bleeding from the blow, picked up his brother, slung the motionless form over his shoulder, and went reeling and staggering on.

He called on every nerve, on each aching muscle, on his bursting heart, for the effort of

his life. There was the clearing around the stockade. He lurched forward, he gained it.

Would he be seen by his comrades? Undoubtedly. Every moment he looked for the red flash from a rifle, but none came. Every moment he thought to hear a volley of gunshots to beat off the Indians who were now at his very heels, but not a report rang out.

Fainting with exhaustion, the young trapper sent a frenzied yell across to the stockade. It was not answered. He kept on, almost gained the door, looked in vain for it to open, and then crashed heavily with his burden to the ground.

He kept his senses even then. He felt three Indians fall down upon him, pinioning his limbs; he saw their swarthy faces grinning with fierce triumph.

He was lost—betrayed by his own people!

Neil could stand no more. A wave of blackness rolled over his eyes, and he fainted.

The Blackfeet shared their prisoner's amazement that no rifle-balls sped from the loopholes of the big cabin. They could not understand it; but, suspecting a trap, they rushed back to cover, taking the two trappers with them.

A consultation was held, and a messenger was sent back to the Indian camp with the strange tidings. The dozen Indians on the spot dared not make an assault upon the hut, being outnumbered easily by the white men.

When Night Hawk received the news that the supposed Chipewyan was a white man, and that he had been captured, he almost choked with rage.

"We have been made fools of; we have been treated as children!" said he. "Terrible shall be our revenge!"

With all his braves he hastened to the settlement, which was reached at the break of dawn.

There had been no sign of life within the great cabin. All was still there. It was resolved that a general attack should be made upon it. Bearing heaps of brushwood and lighted torches with which to burn down the hut, the Blackfeet emerged into the clearing.

By that time Neil and Jim had fully recovered. They lay, bound hand and foot, upon the ground by the edge of the clearing, and looked to see a big fight begin.

"It will be too late for us!" groaned Neil bitterly.

Suddenly a great yell of astonishment went up from the attacking Indians. No resistance being offered they broke into the hut. It was empty—empty of men, of everything!

What could be the meaning of it? It seemed an act of madness to the two brothers. The whole body of trappers, with their wives and children, had left their refuge for the open!

"The whole settlement will be wiped out!" said Jim.

"I cannot understand how Zeph Pott should have betrayed me in such a fashion," groaned his brother.

A council was held, and action speedily decided upon.

"Trail is plain," said Night Hawk. "A child might read it. We follow it, and before nightfall a hundred scalps shall be at the belts of our braves."

Without loss of time the warriors, taking their prisoners with them, set out upon the trail of the settlers.

As the hours passed a strange silence slowly came upon the braves. Silver Fox kept shaking his head with some solemn meaning, while the Night Hawk muttered uneasily.

The trail was leading them straight to the lodges of the warriors. It was taking them to the wigwams which they had left for the war trail. Where were their squaws, their children, their household goods, their treasures?

They reached their encampments by sunset. They were in the hands of the trappers. A hastily-built stockade had been erected in a circle, and within it were the men of Running Water Settlement, ready with rifles, and with them, as prisoners, the Blackfeet squaws and children, and all they held dear.

The Night Hawk cursed with anger. He had been outwitted by Zeph Pott. A messenger came out from the stockade, and the Blackfoot chief gave him audience.

The trapper's message was brief.

"Know, great chief of the Blackfeet," said he, while every brave listened in sorrow and in anger, "that your squaws and your treasures are in our power. What we will, we can do to them. If Night Hawk attacks us, they must suffer. But Night Hawk is wise. He will take the right hand of friendship which the palefaces hold out; he will swear once more to be their brother. If he has a white boy with him as prisoner, or more than one, he will first deliver them up. And then we will go away. We will return to our own lodges, we will harm nothing, and we will live as friends with Night Hawk and his warriors."

The Blackfeet were caught in a trap, and the answer was not long in coming.

"Let it be so," said the Night Hawk. "We have two prisoners. Take them."

"And let the great chief of the Blackfeet swear, in the presence of his braves, and before Manitou, that we shall return to our lodges without fear, without a hand lifted against us," said the trapper. "The word of Night Hawk is as sure as the strength of his arm, as the keenness of his eye. What he says that shall be."

"I swear!" answered Night Hawk.

And before the next sunset every white man of the settlement was back again in his place, and the war-hatchet was buried.

Zeph Pott explained to Neil and Jim.

"The idea came to me d'reckly ye had gone, lad," said he to Neil. "I mistrusted whether ye would take in the Injuns, after all; while, if ye did, that 'ud not have stopped the war, but only put it off. I saw a good chance of stealing a march on 'em by getting to their wigwams by a roundabout way, and we did it, by thunder, leaving nothing valuable here! While, if you was found out, our little ruse was the only chance of getting you out of the Injuns' clutches. And lucky for you things turned out as they did!"

"It was!" agreed Neil heartily.

And then he told his story, and how Young Wolf had died in the act of paying off his debt.

"That Injun was worth knowing," grunted Zeph. "He oughter have been born white."

"Ay; and not every white man could do a thing like that!" said Jim.

One of the Finest Boys' Stories Ever Written

FOR HIS VOW'S SAKE

A Wild Dash to a Strange Land

By WARREN KILLINGWORTH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Cyril Guest while at college joins a secret society, which has established a method of communication between its members of advertising in the "Agony Column" of the *Times*. Guest one day notices such an ad which reads, "*I declare-Tobolensk-Mongolia communications, if any. Le Chung, Hertcho.*" Guest understands this to be a fellow-member calling for help, and he is sworn to answer such a call, so he starts for Mongolia. While en route he falls in with a Mr. Greville, a mining expert, and they become very good chums. They reach Krasnoiarsk, Russia, where they purchase a sledge and provisions for the journey and hire a yemschik (or native driver). They reached the Port for changing horses without accident. Here they find a Mongolian who has secured the only relay of horses in the place. They put up at this post house and retire for the night. Early in the morning, Guest awakens and finds the mysterious Mongolian ransacking their baggage. The Mongolian extinguishes the light and a scuffle ensues in which Guest is rendered unconscious.

CHAPTER III

BOUND and gagged, though otherwise unhurt, Cyril was left by his assailants to watch for dawn and wonder.

His reflections, as may be imagined, were of the most confused character. He had literally nothing to go upon in trying to account for the Mongol's visit, though it was apparent that his ostentatious departure earlier in the evening with the only available horses had been nothing but a blind. Was robbery the motive?

Only the return of daylight and examination of the baggage could answer that question.

Had their arrival been looked for, and was this outrage part of a preconcerted plan?

This thought in the light of Greville's reasoning in the train gave Cyril pause.

After all, one could not absolutely determine that, however suspicious the circumstances; though he had to admit that the occurrence as it stood gave very decided color to the idea.

Would Greville never wake? Would the first streak of dawn never appear to relieve the dense darkness that seemed to press a dead weight upon his eyeballs?

The post-house had seemed quiet enough after the precipitate retreat of his mysterious assailants, though it was impossible to more than conjecture whether they had left the place, since the air in his immediate neighborhood resounded with the irritating stertorous breathing of his unconscious companion, which completely drowned all other sounds that might otherwise have reached his ears and given him a clue to the exact position of affairs.

That weary waiting for the dawn in the Siberian posthouse was one of those incidents which haunted Cyril's memory all his life. How he managed to wear out the hours of darkness beset on all hands with the darkest forebodings, was a wonder. But dawn broke at length, and with the return of daylight Greville got the better of those suspicious vodka fumes, Cyril watching him curiously the while.

A yawn, with half-opened eyes; a full arm's length stretch; and Greville started up with a guilty air, as of one who has unwarrantably overslept himself.

Looking about him in bewilderment, his glance fell upon Cyril.

"What, in Heaven's name—" he began, and stopped, so overcome with astonishment in the still cloudy condition of his brain that further words failed him.

A confused mumbling from the victim, which was more suppressed laughter than an effort to speak—so ludicrous was Greville's expression, quickly roused the latter to prompt action.

In a moment the gag was removed and the cords cut.

"Well," exclaimed Cyril, as he rolled off the improvised couch and stood upright, "it isn't any credit to you that I haven't had my throat cut."

"That villain of a moujik post-house keeper must have doctored my vodka," commented Greville in extenuation of his conduct, when Cyril had detailed his experiences; "let's go and rout him out."

"But what about the baggage?" cried the other. "Hadn't we better first see if our effects are intact?"

"Oh, hang that!" replied Greville. "The passports, papers, and cash were in the kit-bag I sat upon, so they're all right. I'm simply itching to punch that confounded moujik's head. Come along."

Entering the outer apartment where they had first seen the Mongol crouching beside the stove, a strange sight met their astonished gaze.

Tied back to back and both effectually gagged, as Cyril had been, were the moujik and his wife, who had apparently shared the fate of their unfortunate guest.

Cyril and his companion could scarce repress an inclination to roar with laughter at the sight.

Neither of the pair was particularly well-favored in feature, and their frantic mouthing in an effort to speak was screamingly funny.

On the couple being released, each vied with the other in anathematizing the arch-villain who had done this thing, and for several seconds the air resounded with what even Cyril in his ignorance of the language could not mistake for anything else than particularly strong language.

Greville eyed the moujik critically as he entered into explanations, and Cyril, who was far from entertaining any suspicion at this stage as to the part played by their host, noticed

how the latter's cunning little eyes, evading his interlocutor's direct gaze, sought a corner of the room and rested there.

"How did this Mongolian stranger effect an entrance, brother?" queried Greville. "Was the door forced? I see no sign of it."

A sullen look succeeded the outraged expression on the moujik's face, but he did not answer.

"I don't believe your story of a forcible entrance, or, rather, what you would have me believe," continued Greville. "How, by the way, was it that my friend was not roused? He drank no vodka, remember."

The scowl on the moujik's face deepened, but still no word escaped his lips.

"Look here," continued Greville, "if you don't tell me the truth I'll denounce you to the Government. Drugging an accredited American traveller, with view to robbery, is a crime sufficient to send you to the mines on conviction. That you drugged my vodka, I'm sure. Tell me the whole truth, and I'll keep my mouth shut. Come now!"

The moujik pondered a moment with downcast eyes; then, looking up, he queried:

"Have I that on your sacred word of honor, Excellency?"

Greville nodded.

"Well, then, believe me, until yesterday I had never before set eyes upon the Mongolian stranger. You will remember I went out to horse his sledge. He followed."

"Well?"

"He offered me money, and I am very poor."

The moujik stopped short, eyeing Greville timidly, ready to cast his eyes downward at the slightest sign of anger.

"I can make allowances for sudden temptation, brother," Greville replied in a conciliatory tone. "What was the bargain?"

"I was to make the Americans sleep soundly," replied the moujik.

"For what purpose?"

"The Mongol—a stranger to me, Excellency, believe me—wished to examine papers to establish identity."

"What were his reasons?"

"Those only the Mongolian stranger himself knew."

"Go on."

"Only your Excellency of the two would take the vodka, and so——"

"It became necessary," interposed Greville, "since my friend would not drink your wretched concoction, for the Mongol to threaten his life as the price of silence, and with your aid, eh?"

"Believe me or not, Excellency, I saved your friend's life. Look!" and the moujik showed Greville the murderous weapon with which Cyril's assailant with fell intent had been armed.

"Give me that knife," commanded Greville, "and go on!"

"Your friend, waking when he did, disturbed the searcher, and I, who stood behind ready, was forced to act. It was I who gagged and bound him. Had the Mongol made the attempt single-handed, that knife which you have just handed to your friend would surely have found a sheath in his heart."

"That I can quite believe," said Greville sententiously. "You need tell me no more."

As this colloquy proceeded, the moujik's wife took the opportunity of leaving the post-house, and while Greville was telling Cyril all that had passed she returned, and with her a score or so of the villagers, including the yemschik, all with mouths agape and eager for further details of the attempted robbery of the American travellers.

It was evident that the post-house keeper's wife had given the village gossips entirely her own version of the affair. This sudden interruption of the villagers roused Cyril to fury.

"Hang it all!" he cried. "We don't want our affairs advertised in this fashion. Our method is to slip through quietly—not to have it bruited abroad that two American travellers well worth robbing are on the road, or, what is even worse, intent on some mysterious mission."

"I quite agree with you," replied Greville; "but so far as this village is concerned the fat is in the fire."

"The sooner we get out of it the better," replied Cyril. "Tell that gaping fool of a yemschik, will you, to make ready to start on the next stage? I wish I knew Russian."

"Good job you don't, I think," replied Greville imperturbably, whereat Cyril laughed, despite his annoyance.

The yemschik, however, had evidently heard too much for his courage to stand.

"Your Excellencies," he said respectfully enough, but firmly, "must take the road with another driver." As for him, he wouldn't run the risk of having his throat cut under a thousand roubles.

This sentiment finding universal expression among the villagers, the travellers had no other alternative open to them but to purchase the horses and proceed alone until such time as they might be able to make fresh posting arrangements at some other stopping place on the road.

Wasting no time, therefore, their sledge was horsed and, without saying farewell to so cowardly a crew, Cyril and his companion took the ice-road once more, yemschikless but with stout hearts, eager to come up with the mysterious Mongol, who, if the posthouse keeper was to be believed, had taken the same road seven or eight hours before.

"There are times," remarked Cyril as the sledge swept out of the village, "when the want of language is irksome."

Greville laughed.

"I gave it to them pretty warm," he said, "How would you like to be called a white-livered serf?"

"Did you say that? Well, that's something, certainly. You shall give me the Russian equivalent for that. It ought to sound well."

CHAPTER IV

Once out of the village, with a clear track ahead, Cyril and his companion fell to discussing the previous night's occurrence.

The latter acted as yemschik, endeavoring to emulate their late driver's efforts toward keeping up speed, for now, more than ever, were they anxious to pass the frontier as soon as possible, since it appeared as if an elaborate plot was in train to check their progress thither.

Long after his companion had dismissed the subject with an open mind, Cyril—for the most part in silence—continued to wrestle with the

pros and cons of the situation, becoming more and more convinced that the Mongolian stranger —whoever he was—had hit the mark, and that it was himself and not some other American traveller such as Greville hinted, whom he wished to molest.

The strangers general behavior; the ruse he had adopted in leaving the house, first taking care to bespeak the fresh horses; the return by night and subsequent bribing of the posthouse keeper; and, above all, his departure south, all tended to confirm Cyril's suspicions.

A man would not so act unless he were pretty sure of his quarry, and in this connection Cyril was inclined to credit the post-house keeper's statement that to his efforts was due the fact of no blood having been spilt, as well as the comparative failure of the scheme, for, so far as they could judge, the man had gone away empty-handed.

That being so, the Mongol might be depended upon to dog their footsteps and take the first convenient opportunity of effecting his purpose, undeterred by the scruples of a posthouse keeper who feared the law. The probability, therefore, of a further attack at an unwary moment invested the journey with a lurking element of danger quite distinct from ordinary accidents of the road which, if stories of Siberian travel were to be believed (and Greville was full of blood-curdling yarns on the subject), were more than sufficient to satisfy the most insatiable adventurer.

Meanwhile, Greville had continued to urge the horses onward after the most approved manner of the native yemschik, and the effect of his exertions said a great deal as well for his intimate knowledge of the Russian language as the strength of his arm and the skill with which he handled whip and reins.

So far they had since starting out followed the course of a frozen river. Villages were few and far between, and not always visible from the ice-road, it being necessary to leave the track and drive up and through some inlet of the bank.

These approaches were well known to the native yemschik, but Greville had quite enough to do in maintaining the pace and keeping a sharp lookout for the Mongol's sledge without watching for stopping places.

Consequently, village after village may have been passed by when, late in the afternoon, having traversed a very considerable distance with scarcely a stop, fears for the staying power of the horses counselled a decided halt.

The straining beasts were pulled up; while Cyril, quitting the sledge, crossed the ice with the intention of discovering an outlet whence he might gain the bank and look around for signs of habitation. Not a sound broke the stillness of the ice-bound river, save only the snorting of the horses, whose breath—so intense was the cold—became resolved into hoar-

He found himself suddenly clasped by two heavy, bear-like arms

frost, powdering neck and flanks, while the poor beasts' nostrils were choked with icicles.

At this point the near-side bank, in places quite precipitous and thickly grown to the summit of rocky pinnacles with silver birches, firs and larch, dropped to a lower level some two hundred yards further on, where appeared an inland track leading through sombre forest land.

Thither Greville proceeded at a walking pace, while his companion took a bee-line toward the opposite side of the river.

Here Cyril discovered a similar depression

a little lower down than that toward which Greville was driving.

Hailing his companion and pointing to the spot, Cyril commenced climbing the ice-hummocks which strewed the opposite track, having cleared which obstructions he raced toward the outlet, scrambling over piled rocks, cemented by ice and frozen snow, on his way to the frowning crest of the river bank.

Having gained this eminence, Cyril turned and, first waving to his companion to indicate his whereabouts, commenced trudging across a trackless waste of ice and snow, his object being to gain higher ground yet, whence he might sweep the horizon with his glass in the hope of discovering shelter for the night.

Hardly, however, had he traversed a quarter of a mile when the sound of a shot proceeding from the river broke the stillness.

Cyril stopped short, every nerve in his body tingling with apprehension. A revolver-shot was the signal agreed upon when parting from his companion.

Could anything have happened to bring him in that short space of time, or had Greville merely taken a pot shot at a chance hare or even a stray wolf?

While Cyril hesitated between proceeding on his way and instantly returning a long-drawn shout of distress reached his ears. There was no mistaking that signal, and while yet the echo lingered among the rocks he had turned and was racing back to the bank.

On reaching the crest of the acclivity up which he had lately climbed, he stopped and scanned the frozen expanse below him, and as he did so, shading his eyes with his hand in utter bewilderment, his heart gave a bound.

Nothing was now visible but the frozen track running north and south. Sledge, horses and driver had disappeared. To slide down the bank, careless of risk to neck and limb, was the work of a few seconds. The level gained, Cyril scrambled over the ice-hummocks with the same reckless impetus, and thence, without drawing breath, across the ice toward the spot where he had left his friend scarcely twenty minutes before.

Here he stopped, listening intently.

"Greville!" he shouted, "Greville, I say—Sledge ahoy!"

But his frenzied shouts brought no response, and, quick as thought, his eyes fell upon the ground.

That the sledge had been manoeuvred round the bend leading to the forest track was plainly evidenced by the condition of the ice, and, following this road, Cyril soon struck the trail of the runners.

"Whatever could be the meaning of it all?" was his thought as he raced along.

Hardly, however, had he penetrated the track a hundred yards, when something pounced on him from behind the shelter of a forest tree, and he found himself suddenly clasped by two hairy bear-like arms.

Turning his head to discover who or what his assailant might be, he came face to face with a moujik of so repulsive a caste of countenance that he recoiled in horror.

Instantly he divined his danger and knew the cause of Greville's shout for aid.

It was a braggada who held him—one of those desperate escaped convicts whose one hope of getting clear away lies in stopping some traveller unawares and obtaining, besides supplies, that indispensable aid to liberty—a passport.

To cope with the braggadas, who think nothing of committing murder in order to attain their object, was the worst calamity that could possibly befall, for these men are spurred to deeds of violence by an arch necessity that knows no law.

All this flashed through Cyril's mind as, powerless to resist—so completely had he been taken unawares—he was dragged by his captor deeper into the recesses of the forest track.

At a bend in the track his captor stopped, and Cyril, looking round, faced Greville—not, as he had last seen him, habited as a well-equipped traveller, but clad in the sheepskins of a Russian moujik, while another braggada, having apparently just donned Greville's fur pelisse, stood beside him on guard, armed with a Winchester rifle stolen from their kit.

"It's all up, Guest," cried Greville, seeing his friend's bewildered expression; "we're fairly collared, and have got to exchange with these fellows. That's the price of our lives, and we're lucky to get off so cheap."

"Cheap!" cried Cyril, beside himself with indignation. "What in the name of goodness—"

His further remarks were cut short by a blow across the mouth from his captor, who, well-versed in rough-and-ready methods, relieved him of his outfit in a very short space of time, substituting for expensive furs his own greasy sheepskins and other equally uninviting appointments.

This done, the miscreants, warning off the Americans with threatening gestures, bundled into their sledge and drove furiously down the incline toward the river, where, turning the corner, they vanished—due south.

"Off to the frontier, thanking their lucky stars—curse them!" was Greville's comment. "Henceforth, until we can find a way out, we have no name, rank or station. The evidence of our bona fides lay in our passports, which, with our other belongings have vanished."

Greville spoke only too truly.

Outcasts in that Siberian waste, their very appearance rendering them liable to abuse in whatever village they might dare to show their faces, with the ever-present risk of capture and servitude, well might the friends exchange looks of despair and remain tongue-tied in face of so horrible a situation.

Dusk had begun to fall in the forest, and the ice-laden wind, numbing their limbs and threatening to arrest circulation, moaned among the trees.

Cyril broke silence at length.

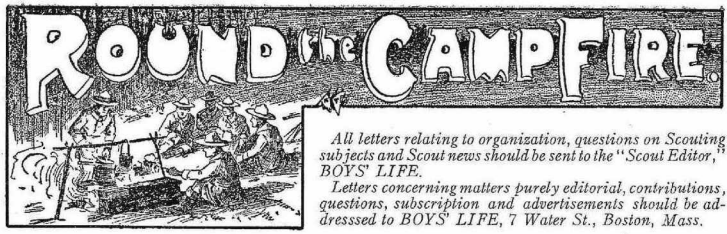
"We'd best be moving," he said.

The two Americans eyed one another narrowly.

Hitherto their relationship had not been marked by any great cordiality, their connection one with the other having been purely a matter of business.

Now, however, the bond of adversity drew them close as brothers.

(To be continued)



All letters relating to organization, questions on Scouting subjects and Scout news should be sent to the "Scout Editor," BOYS' LIFE.

Letters concerning matters purely editorial, contributions, questions, subscription and advertisements should be addressed to BOYS' LIFE, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Straight Talk

I want every boy and Boy Scout who reads this number of BOYS' LIFE, to drop me a line telling me how he likes my paper.

While I write this talk, the first number is being distributed over the country by the News company, and from advance reports received show that BOYS' LIFE has made a hit, and is selling rapidly.

This is good news, but I am anxiously waiting for letters from you, telling me what you think of its contents, for in order to give my readers the kind of stories and articles they like, I must hear from them, get their opinions and suggestions for the improvement of the magazine—no letters will go into the waste-paper basket, but all will be carefully read and the suggestion considered.

I Want Your Help

I am giving you strong, powerful stories that hold you from start to finish, written by the best boys' authors, and cleverly illustrated. Articles upon scouting, "Things all Scouts should know," all written by men who know the ropes. The departments will all be up-to-date in every respect.

I firmly believe that BOYS' LIFE is the finest boys' magazine published and in order to keep it up to the high standard set in the first two numbers it must have a very large circulation. The more subscribers I have the larger and better I can make the magazine, so I want all my readers to help me out—my circulation managers have a fine proposition for boys who would like to secure subscriptions, and which should appeal to Boy Scouts and Scout Masters as an ideal way to raise funds for equipment and camping expenses. It is easy to get subscribers for BOYS' LIFE so fill out and mail the blank which will be found on another page, and full particulars will be sent you.

Write to Me

Under the heading, "Round the Camp-fire," I am going to answer some of the most interesting letters which I receive. If you are in trouble and want advice, or if you wish information upon scouting or other subjects, write to me and we'll talk it over "Round the Camp-fire." If you wish a reply by mail you must enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

"Boys' Life" and the Boy Scout Movement

As you will see, I am devoting considerable space to the Boy Scout movement. I am doing this because I believe in the movement thoroughly, and sympathize heartily with its ideals and aims.

Any movement which can inspire boys in the manner which this does, is worthy of support. It takes our boys off the streets, out into the country and teaches them the value of living a clean, manly life. It shows them that the cigarette-smoking, flashily-dressed, street-corner loafer is a pretty poor specimen of a man, and instead of emulating him, as so many young fellows do, the boy who takes the scout's oath and lives up to the scout law becomes a bright, manly boy, ready at all times to help others, scorning to tell a lie to get himself out of a difficulty, and able to take care of himself under any possible condition.

And because I believe so thoroughly in the aims of the Boy Scout movement, I am devoting space in BOYS' LIFE to the best and most up-to-date articles on the subject which it is possible to secure.

A True Boy Scout Incident

In closing my talk with you I will relate an incident which I observed some time ago.

An elderly lady was standing upon one side of Tremont Street, Boston, her arms full of bundles, waiting for a chance to cross the street which was crowded with teams and autos besides being very muddy.

As she stood there, undecided just how she should get across, a boy of perhaps fourteen years stepped up to her, raised his hand to his hat in the Scout salute and asked her if he could assist her to cross. Taking her bundles the lad escorted her across the crowded street, then as the lady started to open her purse to reward him, he saluted and said: "Thank you, madam, but I am a Boy Scout and the scouts do not accept money for doing their duty."

I tried to get to the boy and speak to him, but he ran down the street and disappeared. This little incident illustrates the cardinal principle of the Boy Scouts—helpfulness to others.

Your Editor,
GEORGE S. BARTON.

THE WORK OF TODAY'S SCOUTS

The Scouts of today—the men who go in front—have all the wild places of the world for their workshop. They are busy men, and do all sorts of things (the hunter, the explorer, the railway builder, the cowboy, the missionary, all belong to the same strong tribe of pioneers), and adventure and danger are part of their daily life as they tread their difficult trails in the far corners of the world. In this series Mr. Roger Pocock, who knows his subject from actual personal experience, will deal with different pioneer types, and will tell you how they work and how they live.

THE PATH OF THE PROSPECTOR

By ROGER POCOCK

(Our next article will deal with the Hunter and Trapper)

BECAUSE I don't know how prospectors work in other continents, the less I say the better; so I must limit myself to the game as played in North America.

You can always tell a prospector at sight, because he is much weatherbeaten and very hard up. He usually wears the remains of an old slouch hat, a heavy shirt of blue flannel, turning green with age, a heavy woolen undershirt showing red at the neck and wrists, duck trousers of faded blue.

His usual outfit consists of one or two pack ponies, or small mules, but often he has a saddle pony as well; and he generally carries a rifle or shotgun to get meat with, and a line with some hooks for fishing. His pack ponies carry flour mixed with baking-powder in fifty-pound sacks, a side or so of delicious sugar-cured bacon, a sack of beans, and bags of sugar, salt, tea, coffee, and dried fruit. The cooking gear consists of a frying-pan, in which he bakes bread at the camp fire, a tin coffee-pot, and a little pot for stewing the beans and fruit. A few plugs of tobacco, a few bunches of matches, the ammunition, an axe, a gold-pan, pick and shovel complete the outfit.

The saddle blankets and pack cover serve for bedding, and sometimes a little tent is carried, seven feet by seven feet, to be put up in case of wet or cold weather. Such is the outfit with which prospectors, usually working in partnerships of two, set out on journeys into the wilderness, which may last for months. They fish and hunt for a living, falling back in time of need on the food in the cargo.

The money for outfitting is generally supplied by some trader, and is called a grubstake. The capitalist expects his share in all discoveries made upon the journey. It is very rarely indeed that the trader is cheated by any real prospector. The man who explores for gold is absolutely honorable in all his dealings, except that he makes it a point of honor to cheat the eye-teeth out of mining capitalists. If the capitalists had been honest in their dealings with prospectors, hey might occasionally escape being cheated.

There are two kinds of prospectors, the first exploring for gold in the streams, the second searching for minerals in the rocks. The stream prospectors sometimes search for rubies, sapphires and platinum; the quartz prospectors, at times, not only for minerals, but for precious stones.

When one comes to a river, it is easy to see what sort of country the water has come from. Water running with quartz sand may have come from a box canyon, some vast abyss whose rock walls soar thousands of feet above the stream, while muddy water comes from glaciers; but if there is a lake in the course of the stream, that serves as a filter, dropping the dirt to the bottom, so that the water runs perfectly clear. Indeed clear water means lakes, and brown water is a sure sign of swamp or forest. That is how the prospector knows exactly what sort of country to expect at the source of each stream.

The stream miner tests his river with the gold-pan, to see if there is gold at the sources. This pan is of iron, the size of a large wash-basin, with a flat bottom and flat sides, widely sloping. Into this shallow dish the miner puts a spadeful of "dirt," which means sand, gravel, or earth. Dipping the pan in the stream, he then moves it rapidly in circles, throwing out the stones and coarser grains until only a streak remains of fine sand. The water leaves this in the shape of a comet, at the head, grains of iron sand.

It is here among the black sand that one searches for the tiny specks of gold which are known as colors.

If the colors look good enough, the prospector turns up stream, and travels steadily, taking an occasional pan of dirt for testing. As he gets nearer to the source from which the gold entered the valley, the colors increase in size and number, but the moment that one passes that point all traces of gold will disappear. So in time the prospector finds a slope of ground from which gold entered the stream.

His next work is to test that slope, to find in which part of its length the colors are thickest. It may be that the gold came from the outcrop of some mineral-bearing reef, and this outcrop is quite likely to be covered with many feet of barren earth, so that its position can be traced by several days of close testing with the gold-pan.

It may be that the gold is traced to the gravel which the stream had made many thousand years ago before it carved the valley to its present depth. The level of this ancient bed of the stream may be found hundreds of feet up the side of the valley. It may be that the whole of the surrounding hills are of rock which bears, perhaps, a dollar in fine gold to every ton. The great Sierra Nevada, a range in California, is said to run one dollar in gold to the ton, wealth beyond all imagination, more gold than all the mines have yielded of all the world since men began to dig; but the gold will stay there so long as mining costs one dollar and a half a ton.

There is another marvelous deposit of gold quite beyond human reach, in British Columbia. The Fraser River, as big a stream, say, as the Rhine or the Danube, has washed away millions

of tons of rock from the surrounding mountains. The rock was washed away in gravel, sand, and mud, down to the ocean; but the gold, being very heavy, stayed where it fell, in the bed of the river. When that gold was found in 1859, there was a rush of many thousands of prospectors, and there was tremendous excitement until the bars played out. But only the banks, above the water level of the present stream, were within human reach, and the bulk of the gold still lies beneath the bed of the channel. It sounds easy enough to dig in the river bed until one gets there and sees the great torrent as it goes roaring down its mile-deep canyon, rolling boulders along its rapids. Many attempts have been made with modern machinery to reach the hidden millions down in the bed of the Fraser. All have failed.

Far North, in the valley of the Yukon, a little crowd of prospectors worked for years on the scanty diggings of a stream called Forty Mile Creek. When they wanted meat, they used to go a day's march up the Yukon to Deer River, which the Indians called Thronduyk. One of the prospectors, Siwash George, was hunting at the head of a little stream running into Deer River, when he came upon a place where the stream had undercut its banks, making a steep wall of earth. Half way up this bank, the old bed of the creek showed dust and nuggets, forming a clear streak of flashing gold.

I don't know what became of Siwash George; but everybody knows about Eldorado Creek and the river now known as the Klondyke, the richest mining camp ever found in America. Some of the prospectors from Dawson City may be much weather-beaten, but they do not appear to be hard up, if one may judge by such symptoms as fur coats and diamond breastpins.

So far we have followed the stream miner; but there is another kind of prospector, and a couple of stories will tell more than many pages of description the kind of life men lead who search the rocks for veins of mineral.

The stories are written just as they were told me, word for word, by a miner, as we sat in the shade of a rock amid the blazing heat of the Painted Desert.

It is many years since Messrs. Mitchell and Meyrick, prospectors, left Durango for the Navajo Indian country. "We've found the mine," they said, "with ancient Mexican workings, a smelter, and heaps of slag. We're going back to the place and we may get killed; but if the Navajos get us, and our bodies are ever found, look under some flat rock nearby, and you'll find a map to guide you to the mine. We'll sure find time to bury the map before they kill us."

My friend told me the sequel as we sat under the shadow of the rock.

"We had a trading port down on the San Juan," he said. "That was in '83, or maybe '84. When we heard that Mitchell and Meyrick were killed, my brother and three other fellows went out to search for the bodies. We knew they'd have kept their promise about the map, but Mitchell's father was too smart for us, and sent out an Indian that morning before we were well awake.

"When our boys got to the place, the Indian had been there before them. Got that map for old Mitchell? No; the Indian knew that map was hidden up to guide more white men to the Navajo mine—that would mean that the Navajos had done the killing for nothing. The Indian tore that map into little pieces. Our crowd found the bodies, the overturned stone, and some useless scraps of paper. The Navajos had outwitted us for once.

"Well, our people concluded to make friends with old Chief Hostinini. When the United States Government whipped the Navajos in the sixties, Hostinini, the head chief, refused to surrender, so his commission was taken from him, and a new chief appointed in his place. The old gentleman is still pretty hostile agin' the whites, though he's got power to do any mischief.

"We invited him down to the trading post, and fed him for weeks, hoping to open his heart. In return he asked us out to camp, fed us four weeks, and showed us the silver mine. What Mitchell and Meyrick told us was all correct, for we found the Mexican works, the furnace and the slag. There was plenty of silver. So one day we laid down a blanket before Hostinini, and spread out twelve hundred silver dollars; but he only let a hoarse laugh out of him.

"'What good for me, you white men? I can take out all the silver I want. What good your dollars?'

"So there we were beaten again, for, though we had actually been to the mine, we were led around to it in circles, and never could find our way back. Three outfits prospected after that under regular captains, with thirty or forty men in each crowd, and proper sentries every night for fear of the Navajos. We prospected ourselves for a whole year, four of us wintering in a cave, which we fortified, and getting our supplies in from Prescott. Besides the matter of the Indians, we had our little troubles among ourselves. Fist-fights and gun-fights, too, for it was lonesome work, and we felt pretty bad over our chances. The Indians laughed at us.

"Scotty Ross was one of our outfit, a pretty fair make of a man, and one of old Hostinini's three squaws must needs fall in love with him. We made Scottie buy that squaw. He paid one horse. And then we trusted him to work her into guiding him back to the mine. He was six months with the Indians before he got her to tell him the secret, but at last she pointed out the way, and he started down a canyon at midnight.

"I guess that Mrs. Scotty told the tribe to follow. Anyway, Scotty had only gone four miles when they gave chase. He pulled for our trading post, hid up on the way when it began to get light, started off again in the dark, rode sixty miles, and woke us up at two in the morning by hallooing across the river. We gave him a fresh horse, and he quit the country. We've never seen Scotty since.

"We've never found that mine. You? Oh, you'll be safe enough crossing the Indian country, but don't ask any questions about where their silver comes from. That might cost you your life."

The tale of some lost mine is told at every campfire, and, like a story of pirate treasure, it never fails in charm. The frontier bristles with lost mines, each with its romance of boundless wealth, its tragedy of men who died for the finding of it, leaving some faint clue, its comedy of hopeful prospectors spending long years in the search.

Here is the second story the miner told me:

"Years ago there used to be an Indian trail which crossed the Grand Canyon somewhere between the Little Colorado and Lee's Ferry. How human beings ever got across that gap without wings, I can't imagine; but the cowboys used that trail for driving cattle. One day a party of Mexicans, crossing the canyon, discovered a cave. The rock inside ran streaks of native gold, and then Greasers made out that the roof hung in solid gold stalactites—which, of course, is all rot. I believe in telling the truth. Anyway, before the Mexicans had got to work, the Navajo Indians ran them all out of the country.

"Naturally, them Mexicans wanted to get back to their mine, but they had to just wait until Kit Carson and the army came along and whipped the Indians. Meanwhile, the stock-owners found out that their old trail across the canyon was being used by the cow-thieves. They was plum wild over their losses, and they concluded to block the trail. It was only a narrow place where the tracks went down the cliff, and a few sticks of dynamite was enough to change the whole face of the country. Nobody can tell now where the trail went, leastwise the Mexicans never found their gold mine, and," he sighed, "I've put in four years now.

The miner puts into his "pan" a spadeful of "dirt," and dips it into the stream. . . . Among the atoms of fine black sand, he searches for tiny specks of gold.

"It's somewhere back of Tuba City; I know that, 'cause I'm all right so long as I search from there. Only, when I get disgusted and quit I hear the spirits. They tell me 'you're going away from it; you're going away from the gold!' They know where it is, and I'll find it yet. You bet your life," he added dreamily, "I shall find it yet."

And I expect he is still searching for the mine.

WATCH FOR THE FIRST APRIL EDITION OUT MARCH 15

PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSDEALER EARLY

THINGS ALL SCOUTS SHOULD KNOW

EDITED BY JOSEPH J. LANE

The paragraphs below explain many little things that are well worth knowing. If during your travels you come across items which seem suitable for this page, forward them with the correct explanation to me. The senders of those which I use will be rewarded. Readers must enclose a stamped and directed envelope if they wish any contributions to be returned when unsuitable. Address your letters to the "Scouts Should Know Editor."

HELPS WHEN BOILING EGGS

Every Scout is on terms of great familiarity with the egg. Camp life without it would not seem like camp life, for does not the egg fill one of the most important *roles* in the menu? Boiled in a few minutes it is a handy thing when there is a rush on, and it can be made the backbone of many a tasty dish. No wonder that it is an autocrat of the camp.

But, boiled in a billy-can it can give the boiler something to think about. It's a very easy thing to drop an egg into a billy-can full of water, but it's not such an easy matter to get it out. A spoon of no mean size is required to manipulate the egg.

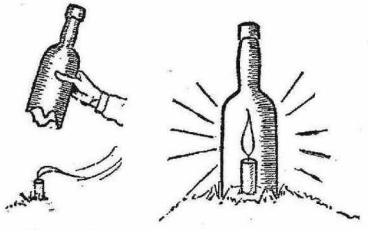
To save time and trouble in boiling an egg, a Scout, having experienced the above difficulties, has constructed the egg-holder shown in the diagram. It is made of wire, spiral shaped at one end to contain the egg, and with a hook at the other to fasten on the side of the can. In this way the egg is held fast while boiling so that it can be easily removed from the billy when it is done by lifting the hook.

A BOTTLE BEACON

An uncovered signal light displayed on the top of a hill is, of course, in the very finest possible position for being blown out by the wind.

On the other hand, when you want to make use of such a light, a glass-protected lantern is not always at hand.

But a candle, or a piece of one, and an empty bottle are generally to be obtained, and with those you can get along famously if you know how, even on the very gustiest of nights.



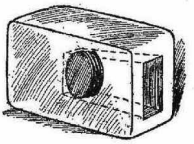
Break off the bottom of the glass bottle, which should be without a cork. Plant the candle in the ground, light it, and quickly pop the bottle over it, pressing the latter down firmly into the earth.

There you have a cheery little beacon, that will shine out and not blow out, no matter how the gales rage.

HIDDEN IN SOAP

Some people when they wish to hide anything go to a great deal of trouble. The chimney is now too well known for absolute security, so digging up the ground in the coal cellar or some such place is resorted to.

There is not the slightest reason to make such a fuss, for the best place to hide anything is in an object which does not seem to offer any scope as a hiding place.



Soldiers seem to have realized this, and it is said that when "Tommy Atkins" received his money he used to make a hole in a bar of soap, place the coins in the middle, as shown in the illustration, and seal up the end by banging the bar down on something hard. Who would think of looking for anything in such a place?

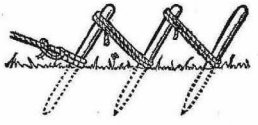
Tobacco has been smuggled into this country in imported broom handles, and lady smugglers used to cross the Atlantic with babies who were never known to cry. The reason was made apparent when it was discovered that the babies consisted of lace and other contraband articles.

So when you want to hide something give a simple hiding place a preference.

TO STAND THE STRAIN

For fastening a rope upon which strain is to be placed, a picket, or sharp stake like a big tent-peg, is commonly used. But, if the strain is great, or if the only pickets you have handy happen to be small, it may be necessary to make a holdfast for the purpose.

This is constructed of three pickets, driven



into the ground at a slope, one directly behind the other, and the top of each one lashed to the lower part of the picket behind it, as shown.

Such a holdfast should be neatly put together, and it will then withstand a tremendous strain on the rope.

THE CLUB-ROOM

A good many troops are fortunate in having nice club-rooms of their own, well lighted and furnished. This is a great help toward scouting—having a snug place for keeping kit stored away, and for meeting in the evenings. These Scouts probably do not realize how lucky they

are, and never will, till they find themselves in one of the unlucky troops which have to make the best of a bad job, and put up with some old shed or stable as their headquarters.

People often think twice about letting a room for Scouts to use, because they think it will be turned into a sort of bear-garden; and this, coupled with the cost of hiring a good room, often makes it very difficult for a troop to find comfortable quarters.

People are, of course, quite mistaken in thinking any Scouts would turn their room into a bear-garden, because, even if they were not Scouts, no boy would be foolish enough to spoil their own room. The club-room belongs to the Scouts, and they will see that it is decently kept. They will make the best of it, even if it is a poor sort of place.

The furniture ought to be useful, and not too much of it—bare boards are better than dirty pieces of carpet, and so with other things.

PRESERVES THE MANTLE

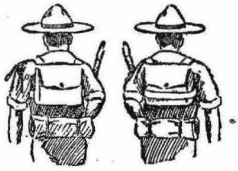
After a gas mantle has been used for a short period it is liable to become covered in some places with carbon.

This may be removed by carefully sprinkling a little fine table-salt on all the blackened patches, and burning it off again. If this is done very carefully the mantle will give as good a light as when new.

A Scouting Wrinkle

When running while scouting no doubt many Scouts have experienced the unpleasant sensation caused by the haversack bumping against the back. Here is a simple remedy for putting a stop to this.

The strap of the haversack goes across each shoulder, under each armpit, and across the back under the haversack as shown in the first sketch. Well, the second sketch shows how



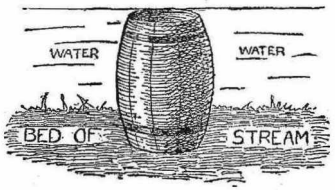
the strap can be arranged to go over the haversack instead of under it. Thus it is secured both top and bottom and cannot possibly inconvenience the Scout by bumping.

Of course, this applies only when the patrol or troop are out scouting and not on parade, as the haversack presents a much smarter appearance with the strap underneath it.

FOR DIPPING WATER

When, as often happens, most of the water for general camp purposes has to be obtained from a shallow stream, a proper dipping place should be provided.

Usually, this is merely a hollow scooped out in the bottom of the river or rivulet. But such dipping places as that are frequently un-



satisfactory, for in use they are liable to make the water thick and muddy.

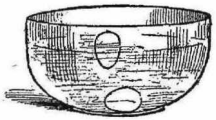
The best kind of dipping place is formed by sinking an open-topped barrel in the bed of the stream, into which pails can be conveniently dipped from the bank, and without fear of stirring up any sediment in the water.

Needless to say, the barrel so used need not be a water-tight one.

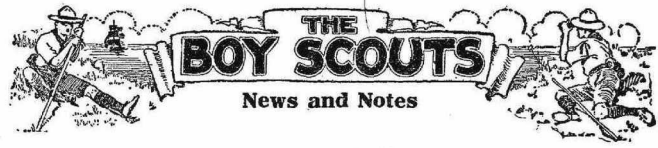
FRESH OR STALE?

Here is something more about the egg, much more important than the boiling question. It is to see whether it is worth boiling or not. No one but a person unpossessed of the sense of smell can mistake a bad egg when it is opened, and the most unfortunate individual is he who has opened it and perhaps carried the first spoonful in the direction of the nose.

The difference between a fresh and a stale egg can be detected, however, the moment they are put in the water for boiling. The fresh egg immediately sinks to the bottom and



lays flat upon its side, whereas, the stale egg will be seen to rise on end. If it rises slightly it may only be a trifle stale, but according to the angle at which it inclines with the bottom of the saucepan, its staleness can be told. If it rises to the top, as shown in the illustration—well, take it out to the dust bin, *but be careful not to break it.* One disadvantage to our camp egg boiling receptacle, described above, is that it prevents the testing of the egg in its boiling water, and in this case it is advisable to test the egg in a fairly shallow vessel beforehand, or with cold water in the billy-can.



NEW ENGLAND BOY SCOUTS RECEIVE 1390 APPLICATIONS DURING FIRST 20 DAYS OF FEBRUARY

During the month of February, 1911, 1,390 applications for membership with the New England Boy Scouts have been received from the following places: Boston College; St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, Mass.; Stoughton, Mass.; Enfield, N. H.; Somersworth, N. H.; Somerville, Mass.; and Roslindale, Mass.

Daily this office is receiving from 9 to 100 applications.

On March 17 some 300 or more New England boy Scouts will participate in the Evacuation Day parade in full scout uniform.

Examination of scout masters are being held every Tuesday and Friday evening, and none will be accepted unless they can comply with the requirements as to character and ability to handle boys.

We are completing arrangements with one of the leading Boston banks with the view of their becoming a receiving depository for any and all donations given, which will be publicly acknowledged by them.

We have petitioned the Massachusetts legislature for incorporation (house bill 1499). The petition has been referred to the committee on mercantile affairs, and will be given a hearing February 28.

Mr. James F. Cavanagh, of the firm of Cavanagh & Hendricks, counsellors at law, who is chairman of the banks and banking of the state legislature, has consented to act as legal advisor for the New England Boy Scouts.

The support of this work depends on donations and contributions from people interested in the development and moulding of boy character. We believe that there are many who will aid financially a movement of this character, therefore make the appeal for funds to carry on the work. These can be sent to the secretary, 262 Washington Street, Boston.

Our movement is absolutely non-sectarian. We already have thousands of boys of every faith and creed, which proves this a fact. We are friendly to all existing boy organizations, nor will we permit anything that savors of rivalry.

NOTE
To Scout-Masters

It is the intention of the publishers to present in each issue the news of the Boy Scout Movement throughout the country and to attain this end we ask that Scout-masters send us as soon as possible all the news of their patrols for publication.

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT PRAISE BOY SCOUTS

Roosevelt Enjoins Courage and Courtesy Upon Young America

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Praise for the Boy Scout movement as a notable benefit to American boyhood was expressed by President Taft in an address at the White House to the national council of the Boy Scouts of America today, and likewise in a letter from Theodore Roosevelt read at the banquet of the organization tonight. Accompanying the members of the national council at the White House was a delegation of boy scouts from Baltimore and Washington who saluted the President as he entered the East Room.

American boyhood should be resourceful and inventive, so that the American man of the future may be ever ready to help in the hour of the nation's need, is the opinion of Theodore Roosevelt.

"It is unfortunately out of the question," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "for me to accept your invitation to speak at the Boy Scout banquet. I am very sorry. I earnestly believe in the Boy Scout movement, because I see the national possibility of this movement among boys. There are several things which we should see in the lives of our American boys. They should grow up strong and alert, able to stand the strain of an honest day's hard work and of an honest attempt to help forward the material and moral progress of our nation.

American Boyhood

"American boys should always show good manners, and the desire to help all who are in trouble or difficulty, and indeed to help the weak at all times. Courtesy is as much the mark of a gentleman as truthfulness and courage, and every American boy should be a gentleman, fearless in defending his own rights and the rights of the weak, and scrupulous to inflict no wrong on others. The boy who is to grow into the right kind of a man should scorn lying as he scorns cowardice and he should remember that the right kind of strong man is always considerate of and courteous toward others. In this nation of ours, the ideal of everyone should be to help in the work of all. Therefore, let each boy try to render service to others, and to do well every task that comes to his hands, big or little.

"The boys of America should understand our institutions and their history; they should know of the lives of the great men that have blazed the trail for our national greatness, and of the mighty deeds that they wrought; they should feel a high pride of country and a real spirit of patriotism, which will make them emulate these careers of gallant and efficient service and of willingness to make sacrfices for the sake of a lofty ideal.

Duties As Citizens

"American boys should grow up understanding the life of the community about them, and appreciating the privileges and the duties of citizenship, so that they may face the great questions of national life with the ability and resolute purpose to help in solving them aright. Each boy should make up his mind that, when a man, he will be able to earn his own living and care for all those dependent upon him, and that in addition he will do his part in serving the nation as a whole.

"I believe heartily in the work your association is doing. You seek to supply the necessary stimulus to alert and strong manhood. You insist on the doing of a good turn daily to somebody without reward, and thus furnish the elements of a national widespread American courtesy. You try to teach boys to do things for themselves and so make them resourceful. You stand for true patriotism, true citizenship, true Americanism. I wish all success to a movement fraught with such good purposes.

"Faithfully yours,
(Signed)
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Progress with Boy Scouts of America

Mr. Frederick N. Cooke, Jr., who is acting as temporary Executive Secretary of the New England offices of the Boy Scouts of America, attended the meetings of the National Council of the movement which were recently held in Washington, D. C. Mr. Cooke reports that his organization was much gratified at the success of this first session of the National Council. The members, together with two troops of scouts from Baltimore and Washington were received in the East Room of the White House by President Taft who is the Honorary President of the Council, and were commended for the work in behalf of boys which has been accomplished in the past year.

Among the speakers at the subscription dinner which was held at the New Willard Hotel were Monseigneur Thomas Shahan, President of the Catholic University of America, the Honorable Gifford Pinchot, and the Right Honorable James Bryce, the British Ambassador. During the serving of the dinner there were demonstrations of such Scout activities as fire kindling without matches, signalling by the different codes, setting up the tepee, and examples of first aid work.

The National Council authorized its Executive Committee to proceed with plans for the further extension and development of the administrative and field organization throughout the country. Two new Scout Manuals are being prepared and other literature which will be of service to the Boys and their Scout Masters and to communities which are organizing.

The Boston Office, which is to be Headquarters for the Department of New England, is about to engage a permanent Field Secretary, and the many Scout Patrols and Councils, which are already in existence in surrounding districts will look to this office for instructions and equipment for carrying on their work.

EVERETT, MASS.

The Everett Troop of the New England Boy Scouts held a "Tag Day" on February 25. Each scout, in full uniform, armed with tags and collection box as ammunition stormed the city. It is the idea of the Scout Masters in charge of this work to hold a "Tag Day" in every town and city where there is an active troop.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Dorchester Troop of the New England Boy Scouts have moved their headquarters from 498 Quincy Street to the corner of Adams Street and Dorchester Avenue. Scout Master Leighton has made the following appointments: Harold McCarthy, Troop Leader; Arthur Ryan, Leo O'Leary and Kingdom McSweeney, Platoon Leaders.

The Dorchester Boys are having great success with selling tickets for the Military Drill and Ball, on the evening of April 19. Several prominent officials of the city and state have signified their intention of being present.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

In Jamaica Plain is a troop of A-No. 1 Scouts, under Scout Master E. W. Gay. This troop was formed, a patrol at a time, and drilled as they enlisted by patrols, so that each boy knows just where his position is. Every Scout stands at the position of a soldier, neat, polite, and maintains strict silence while in ranks.

The Scouts are working hard to enlist all the boys in their city.

Patrol Leader Bishoff is instructing the boys on knot-tying.

Jamaica Plain is proud of her boys.

ENFIELD, N. H.

The Enfield Boy Scouts met at the Board of Trade Room, February 22, and held a business meeting. The Scout Master told an interesting "Scout yarn."

Major E. R. Short, secretary of the New England Boy Scouts gave an interesting talk Saturday evening, February 25, in the church. A full explanation of the Scout movement was given. A large audience was present and appeared well pleased with the address.

BULL-BAITING

This is a game which does not sound very great from the description, but which trains the ear, and, at the same time, gives a good deal of amusement to the onlookers. A tent peg is driven deeply into the ground, and two ropes or cords, about fifteen feet long, are tied to the peg.

Two blindfolded Scouts hold the end of each rope, one armed with a bell, and the other with a pillow or newspaper sword, with which he has to strike the other, who, of course, endeavors to avoid him. No further description is necessary, as the rest of the game is obvious; you can almost hear the bull and the dog listening for each other's footsteps.

A DASH FOR LIFE

A Thrilling Tale of the Sioux Indians

By WALTER HERROD

THE Sioux were up!

Old Joe Miller and his son Jim had seen a party of young braves in full war paint early that morning, and without a thought for their own safety—without even a good-bye—had set out in opposite directions to warn the white settlers of the threatening danger.

Old Joe had every confidence in his son. Had he not been his constant companion ever since he was old enough to hold a rifle? And had not he (Joe) instilled into the boy's mind all the cunning of the old backwoodsman?

And Jim? Well, Jim was just a brave, fearless lad; and he meant to show old Joe that his lessons had been well taken to heart. Tall and muscular, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, nothing appeared to tire him. He had the fleetness of the greyhound, too, and never seemed to want for breath.

With eyes now peering intensely on the ground for any signs that would tell him that an enemy was in the neighborhood, and next instant glancing warily ahead, the boy sped onward toward the little settlement at Badger Creek, there to give his first warning.

So far, he had seen nothing to indicate that any Indians had passed that way; and he felt strong in the thought that he would be in time to warn the white men of their peril.

But what was that dim, shadowy form that flitted from one tree to another but fifty yards ahead? Was it an Indian? Well, if it were, the redskin would soon learn that Jim Miller was not a youth to be deterred by a single enemy.

With rifle held firmly in his right hand he dropped to his knees. Silently, stealthily he crept toward the spot where the redskin had disappeared. Had the enemy seen him, he wondered. If not, he might be able to continue his journey without troubling to silence him.

But in his eagerness to catch sight of his quarry Jim had failed to notice the fierce painted faces that gazed out of the bushes to right and left. Suddenly, however, a twig cracked behind him. Instantly the boy was upon his feet. Then, with a bound that would have done credit to a deer, he cleared a bush to his left, and sped through the forest with a score of whooping redskins at his heels.

* * * * *

Leaping and dodging, with every now and then a bullet whistling past his head, the boy ran on. At first it seemed that the yelling horde must overtake him before he had run two hundred yards; then he noted with joy that he was gaining on his pursuers, and he felt a thrill of pride at the thought that he could outdistance a Sioux.

But it was no time for congratulation. Jim knew only too well that the cries of his pursuers would quickly attract the attention of any other Indians that might be in the neighborhood; and if there happened to be an enemy ahead of him he would have little chance of reaching Badger Creek.

Curiously enough, his own danger seemed hardly to trouble him at all. His thoughts were for the settlers he had hoped to warn. Could he shake off his pursuers, and get to the settlement in time to put the white men on their guard?

The question was answered with tragic suddenness.

His foot caught in the half-buried root of a tree, and, with a cry of despair, he crashed head foremost to the ground. Before he could properly recover himself his foes were upon him.

But even then the fine courage of the backwoods displayed itself. Shaken as he was by his fall, the boy clubbed his rifle and laid about him with the strength and fury of a lion.

Two of his foes fell beneath the powerful strokes. But the odds were too great, and ere he could further defend himself he was gripped by powerful arms and flung cruelly to the ground.

Jim closed his eyes, expecting to be tomahawked. But he was not to escape so easily. The young braves needed some sport to stir them to deeds of valor. With his arms and legs tightly bound by strong hide thongs, he was dragged to the foot of a tree, and there left to his own thoughts while his captors discussed the special kind of torture to be meted out to him.

* * * * *

Jim's feelings as he lay there and listened to the heartless suggestions for his torture can be better imagined than described.

First one and then another of his captors voiced his ideas on the subject. At last a decision was come to, and Jim heard his fate.

He was to be "staked out," and burned, in the true Sioux fashion.

The poor boy knew only too well what this meant. Many times had his father described the torture to him, and already he could see himself placed on his back, with his wrists and ankles bound fast to four stakes, and his body covered with burning splinters of wood.

The thought made him writhe, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed a cry for mercy.

Then with an effort he pulled his shaking nerves together, and braced himself for the coming ordeal. He would at least prove himself to be a worthy follower of his father. He would let these fiends see that he could die the dreadful death without an appeal for mercy.

Already some of the braves were cutting the stakes, while others were busy collecting the sticks. Suddenly, however, one of them stopped in his work, and called his comrades around

him. He had another proposition to make. He had thought of a way whereby they could have more real sport with their captive.

"Let the red men, armed with strong sticks, stand in two lines," he said, "and let the white boy be unbound and forced to run between the rows, and receive the blows from the sticks until he drops from exhaustion. Then let him be burnt."

The fiendish suggestion was received with acclamations of assent, and off went the young braves to cut the sticks for their sport.

Jim heard of the addition to his torture with mixed feelings. That the ordeal would be a terrible one he well knew; and yet it provided at least a bare possibility of escape.

Escape? The mere thought seemed ridiculous! And yet the bare possibility was there. If he could once get clear of the redskins he would show them how to run. No tree-root should cause his downfall this time.

At last all were ready, and the captive was hauled unceremoniously to his feet. Quickly his bonds were snatched from his aching limbs, his jacket and shirt from his shoulders.

In case he had failed to comprehend the meaning of the preparations, one of the warriors,

He leaped at the nearest brave, and with one blow of his powerful fist, sent him spinning to the ground

with a few words of broken English, aided by signs, explained what was required of him; and with a kick and a shove he was started on his run.

The blows rained thick and fast as he sped between the rows of warriors. The sticks cut his back, some fell on his head, some on his face.

He reached the end of the lines at last, but he was allowed no respite. With another brutal kick he was forced round, and again started on his tortuous run.

Then a wild passion seemed to surge through the boy's veins. Giving voice to a loud cry of rage he leaped at the nearest brave, and with one blow of his powerful fist sent him spinning to the ground.

Another warrior leaped at him with uplifted tomahawk, but before the weapon could fall the man's feet were knocked from under him by a well-planted kick, and Jim, with a loud, mocking laugh, was speeding away among the trees with the horde of yelling fiends again at his heels.

And how he ran! First one and then another of the braves gave up the pursuit (trusting to his fellows to capture the white boy), until two young braves alone followed him.

But Jim's powers were even then fast ebbing away, and his breath came in short, labored gasps, while his two pursuers, running almost abreast, seemed not to be exerting themselves more than was necessary to keep the boy in view.

Evidently they had noticed his distress, and had determined to play with him much as a cat does with a mouse when she lets her captive get away a short distance only to pounce on it again and put it to fresh agony.

Jim felt that he could not last much longer. Yet he taxed his brain in vain for some subterfuge whereby he might escape from his relentless pursuers.

Oh, why didn't they overtake him and kill him with one blow of their sharp tomahawks? Once he almost stopped in despair of ever shaking off his pursuers, but the thought of the agonizing torture awaiting him spurred him to fresh efforts, and he staggered on again.

But his stride was unsteady, and a mist swam before his eyes, making the tree-trunks look weird and unshapely.

The end was near now, he told himself with a groan. He would never see his father again. Never help him set his traps. Never sit with him over the camp-fire and listen to his yarns of danger and daring.

His pursuers were close on his heels now. He could hear their labored breathing but a few yards behind him.

Then he began to see familiar shapes about him as though he was dreaming of familiar things. There was the burnt tree which marked the track to Badger Creek. A little further on he could see, or thought he could see, the narrow stream which flowed down to the settlement, and constituted the trappers' water supply.

Why, even his father had come into the picture, and was beckoning him to run to him. Yes, he was raising his rifle to fire. If only old Joe were really there! Oh, how he wished he could hear the report of the trapper's gun, to tell him that what he saw was real, and not merely a vision conjured up by an overwrought brain.

Ah! he stumbled then. The next time he would not be able to right himself. Yes, there was old Joe still standing, half hidden by a tree, with his rifle pointing straight and true in his direction. If only he could hear—

Bang! Bang!

It *was* old Joe, then, and he was safe. Safe from that terrible torture, safe from that—

But the limit of his endurance had been reached. With a stifled cry of joy the bleeding, panting boy lurched forward a step or two farther, and fell senseless at his father's feet.

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THE SCOUT MASTER

This is not a sermon. It is a straight talk that will cause you to take a greater pride in the position of Patrol Leader.

By A. R. MAURELLO

The patrol leader's position is one of pride, but it is also one of trust and responsibility. On the example of the leader depends the well-being of the whole patrol, and no boy should think it one of "side" alone, with no serious duties.

The mere giving of orders is all very well in its way; but beyond this point very many patrol leaders fail to go. After all, it calls for very slight ability to jerk out an occasional "Right wheel!" or "Left wheel!" on the march; if this were all that were needed of a patrol leader, a gramophone would be quite good as a substitute.

All the same, I do not wish to convey that the matter of giving orders is one which requires no care; on the contrary, a leader should be very careful not to give unnecessary commands, and to give them in a crisp, decisive way when they are necessary.

"He Who Hesitates is Lost"

A hesitating way betrays doubt, and is very liable to breed lack of confidence in its leader throughout a patrol.

All cricketing readers know that if an umpire give a man out in a stammering, uncertain way, the retiring batsman is sure to feel that he has been wrongly dismissed; if on the other hand, the verdict be given in a sharp, decisive manner, the batsman will probably not dispute the most dubious of l.b.w.'s.

However doubtful a patrol leader may feel as to what his next move should be, he ought never to let it be evident to his men.

His most important duty, however, is that of setting a good example for his patrol to follow.

Boys are naturally apt to copy those about them, and a patrol leader's character, whether good or bad, will very quickly become evident in the boys under his charge.

It is a bad example which always starts a boy on the wrong path; he is not crooked by nature, but nothing is easier than to reflect the behavior of his companions, and bad habits are much easier to make than to break.

Boys expect their officers to be better than they are themselves in every branch of scouting, and to be able to advise them in difficulties. A leader should do his best to perfect himself in the various subjects before they come up for treatment, as, should he have to plead ignorance in reply to a question, his reputation goes down with a run.

Keenness

Above all, a leader *must* be keen; otherwise he is about three times worse than useless, as he will soon find out to his cost.

In his dealings with his boys a patrol leader should strike the happy medium between leniency and strictness. As Tennyson wrote, "He that only rules by terror doeth grievous wrong."

There is no need at all to roar at your boys like a tornado; if you do, they will only wait for a suitable opportunity to leave. At the same time, you must not let yourself be imposed upon, as you certainly will be if you are not careful. You can give your orders mildly in the first case, but take a boy up pretty smartly if he does not obey.

On no account ignore disobedience as being the easiest way out, or the disobedient one will in future ignore you.

Do not display the "mailed fist" unless necessary, but let the boys understand that it is there in case of need.

When a patrol leader is first appointed he is rather apt to think, "Well, I won't be too strict at first, or they will rebel"; but in this he makes a great mistake. If he shows from the first that he intends to maintain discipline, he will have very little trouble in keeping his patrol up to the mark; but once he lets it get out of hand, it will require a Kitchener to restore order.

No boy will think the worse of you for wanting your own way and seeing that you get it.

No Shirking!

Do not shirk a difficult or unpleasant duty by putting it on to your corporal; not only is it a cowardly thing to do, but the boys will most certainly see through it.

Encourage a healthy spirit of rivalry between your own and the other patrols in the troop, but do not let it go too far; remember that it is the good of the troop as a whole for which you are working.

Lastly, let a patrol leader remember that in taking his duties seriously he is benefiting not only his boys but himself as well, for he who proves *himself* capable as a boy of leading a patrol will later, as a man, prove capable of leading in the sterner struggle of life.

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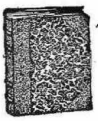

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172-178 Congress Street, Boston

By W. HANSON DURHAM

THE stack of the Andover Woollen Mills was finished. Straight up into the air it towered, with its four brick sides tapering from a 20-foot base to a 4-foot corniced cap ninety feet from the ground. The staging had been removed the day before, and the general *debris* of construction was being rapidly cleared away. Billy Nevins, foreman of the construction crew, was congratulating himself on the stack being completed within contract time and without an accident, when he happened to glance aloft, up along the square slanting sides of the giant stack, at the rope which hung swaying in the wind. One end of the rope was run through a stout stationary pulley-block at the top of the chimney and a sling seat or "bosun's" chair on the other end, and by seating themselves in the sling seat the men raised or lowered themselves, hand over hand, to and from the top, and it was in this way that the finishing-touches had been put to the cap, while the scaffolding was being removed. Nevins was the last man down, and, glancing aloft, he was about to pull the free end of the rope through the block and sever the last connection with the top, when he stopped suddenly as he remembered that in his hurry to get down, he had left his coat behind him on the top of the stack.

He knew the men would finish by the time the whistle blew, and, this being Saturday night, would expect their weekly pay. He kept their time on the company's regular time-sheet, and that was in the pocket of his coat, ninety feet above.

Nevins glanced at his watch and saw that it was almost whistle time; already the men were preparing to knock off work, and as the rope hung a little to one side of the stack, he stepped round, slipped into the sling seat, and began to haul himself rapidly hand over hand up the steep side of the stack, until he finally reached the top and, securing the rope at the pulley-block, leaned over the edge for his coat. It lay where he had left it not five minutes before, but just beyond his reach, so, carefully steadying the rope, he rose cautiously to his feet and leaned farther over the edge of the cornice and tried to draw the coat toward him. It was a long reach even then, but his fingers were just about to grasp it when the sling seat on which he stood, being partly relieved of his weight, tilted a little and swung quickly round, causing the slip-knot in the rope to unfasten, whereupon his feet slipped suddenly from the narrow board and left him sprawling and helpless half-way over the outer edge of the corniced cap.

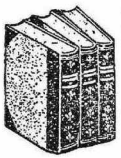
The instant Nevins felt his feet slide from the sling and found himself slipping slowly back over the edge of the cap, his first natural movement was to clutch desperately with both hands at the inner edge of the cap to save himself.

For a second he hung helpless, hardly daring to breathe, and in that short but awful suspense he heard the rapid run of the released rope through the pulley-block as the sling fell back to the ground, drawing the free end of the rope through the block after it.

Nevins had slipped back in spite of his efforts, so that his chest now rested across the outer

(Continued on page 44)

FIRST 50 YOUNG MEN



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edge of the cornice, where he clung fast with both hands, his fingers barely reaching and clutching the inner edge, with the strain of his entire weight upon them and the sharp brickwork cutting into his breast.

It is in moments like this that a man either loses complete control of his faculties or his mind becomes suddenly and strangely clear. Nevins felt himself still slipping slowly but surely back, and he realized that he could hold on but a moment longer, for already he felt his aching arms growing numb from the strain upon them. With almost superhuman strength, born of mingled desperation and dread of death, he drew himself forcibly upward almost to his elbows, but the sharp edge cut deeper, and he sank back a little farther, clinging and clutching desperately.

He knew that it would be worse than useless to waste his breath calling for help from that dizzy height, but, hoping that some of the men had lingered, he turned his head and glanced downward. The sight of the dizzy distance beneath only caused him to grow weak and giddy, so he quickly raised his head so that now his chin barely rested level with the outer edge of the chimney.

He vaguely wondered how much longer he would be able to hold on and extend the awful agony; then, realizing the utter uselessness of it, he was about to close his eyes and let go quickly and have it over, when, almost touching his left knee, he suddenly heard the metallic rattle of the pulley-block suspended there from a stout iron hook.

If he could only summon strength enough in his arms to raise himself a little, so that he could reach out and slip his foot into the curve of the hook for a moment, it might relieve the strain on his arms sufficiently for him to make another effort to gain the top. He knew his only chance was in his first attempt, for his strength was now too far gone for him to make a second.

Drawing a deep breath of hopefulness, he gathered his fast-failing strength for his final effort. Slowly, ignoring the agony inflicted by the sharp edge of the bricks, he forced his straining, benumbed muscles to lift his body inch by inch, and then, his gaze fixed and frenzied, he held himself suspended and groped blindly about with his left foot.

But in vain. He had missed the hook. His last chance was lost, for his strength was gone. He could hold out no longer, and began to slip back over the edge of the cap. Then he came to an abrupt stop. His left foot had struck and rested secure upon the hook somewhere below, and he drew a deep breath of relief. He had raised himself a trifle too far.

In the sense of momentary security that followed, Nevins came nearer letting go his hold than ever, but catching himself barely in time to save himself, he shuddered involuntarily and rested his weight cautiously on his left foot, still clinging desperately to what handhold he still had, and the relief that followed was inexpressible.

Just how long he stood there, uncertain how to move, hardly daring to breathe, Nevins never realized. He felt the rush of relieved blood through his aching arms, but dared not even ease his cramped and clutching fingers. He heard from below the sudden blast of the mill whistle, and he imagined just how the men were hurrying away, unconscious of him clinging to the top of that tall tower.

With a feeling of mingled hope and fear, Nevins waited another moment until he felt the return of life stronger in his arms; then, again summoning all his strength, he carefully lifted his weight from his foot with his arms and drew himself cautiously upward once more.

Slowly, painfully, inch by inch, by sheer strength he strained until he found his elbows on the extreme outer edge of the cap, and with this slight leverage he lifted and dragged his body gradually up until he felt a rest for one knee; then with a final effort he lurched face forward and fell flat across the top of the chimney, safe but senseless.

* * * * * * *

When Nevins at length found his wits and realized his perilous position, his first rational thought was, now that he had reached the top, how was he going to get down?

Marooned on a desert island high in the air, he was, it seemed to him, as he lay a moment motionless. Working cautiously farther over, he sat up and looked about. It was cold up there on his airy perch. The wind blew cuttingly about him. Through the gathering gloom Nevins could see, far below him, the distant gleam and twinkle of scattered home-lights, and he began to wonder how long it would be before he was missed, and some search made for him.

He struck a match and, shielding it from the wind, glanced at his watch, and was greatly surprised to find that he had been lying unconscious and exhausted for more than an hour on the extreme edge of the cap. He shuddered as he thought of it. Knowing that it would be utterly useless to shout or call for help or expect anyone to see his position before morning, he slipped on his coat and crouched flat in a huddled heap to wait for dawn.

The brickwork on which he lay was cold and comfortless, and he was now beginning to get chilled through to the bone, but by constant vigilance he managed to keep awake. With the great gaping mouth of the chimney yawning at his back, and ninety feet straight down to the ground before him, Nevins lay on that narrow ledge, wide awake but sleepy, through the hours that followed.

Still crouching and clinging, he heard the first herald of dawn in the crowing of a rooster somewhere in the world below, and slowly raising his head he looked long and saw the first faint flush of daybreak along the eastern horizon. For another hour he waited wakefully, still wondering how he was going to get down. All that night, through the long weary hours, he had kept himself from sleep by close application to the solution of the perplexing problem: How was he going to get down?

The sun rose slowly, and a gray, dismal day dawned. Nevins leaned cautiously toward the outer edge of the cap and looked over and down. Evidently the town still slept, for he could see no signs of life anywhere yet, and he was about to sink back and wait another hour

when he saw a man with a lantern come suddenly round the foot of the chimney. It was the night watchman of the mill making his last round, and in desperation Nevins seized a small piece of broken brick and dropped it down.

The missile struck sharply on the ground in front of the watchman, who stopped short and stood looking wonderingly about. Then Nevins found and dropped another fragment, and called loudly:

"Hello—down there!"

The watchman turned quickly and, looking upward in surprise, spied him there, and evidently understood the situation at a glance, for the sling seat and its coil of rope still lay there on the ground at the foot of the stack. Setting down his lantern he placed his hands to his mouth and called loudly:

"How are you going to get down?"

Nevins heard him plainly and shook his head perplexedly in reply.

"I'll go and rout out the men!" shouted the watchman, and snatching up his lantern he was about to hurry away, when, struck suddenly with the possible solution of the puzzling problem, Nevins shook his head and called loudly after him.

"Hold on! Wait a minute. I'll tell you what to do."

The watchman turned and set down his lantern again, and stood waiting as Nevins drew suddenly back out of sight.

With shaking hands Nevins groped for and found the time-sheet in his pocket, tore off a small piece, and with trembling fingers scrawled hurriedly:

Blow up small paper bag with air and attach light line. Open iron door at base of chimney and let draught carry it up the flue to me. At end of line tie stout cord and then I can pull up rope. Hurry, please. Up here all night!

He wrapped the piece of paper carefully about another bit of broken brick, and dropped it over the edge of the cap. He saw the watchman pick it up and read it, then nod his head understandingly and disappear inside the mill.

To Nevins, crouching there, the seconds seemed to grow into minutes of misery. He wondered even if his scheme were plausible—would it work? He was wondering why the watchman was so slow in following his directions, when he heard the slam of the iron door in the base of the stack, and, with but a slight suspicion of hope, he leaned over the inner edge of the flue and gazed down into the black depths, waiting breathlessly. A moment passed and then another, and then, suddenly, as he crouched there watching wearily with hope against hope for the success of his scheme, he saw far below, in the bottomless blackness, a white wobbling something, which, even while he watched, seemed to shoot straight up into his very face, and with eager hands, and hope high in his heart, he reached out his hands and seized it—a small paper bag, inflated with air, to which was tied a stout linen thread.

Stronger now in the success of his scheme Nevins seized the thread almost tenderly and began to draw it up carefully until he came to the end, and there, securely tied, he found a stouter and heavier cord, for to the end of that was securely tied the end of the sling rope. Coiling that beside him as he drew it up, he at length had it all, and then, leaning cautiously out over the edge of the cap, he thrust the free end through the pulley-block, ran it down to the ground, then swung the seat round, dangling there high in the air.

Still cold and cramped from his hours of night exposure on the chimney-top, Nevins sat on the edge of the cornice and hesitated almost fearfully; soon with calmer courage he slipped cautiously over the edge of the cap into the sling seat and lowered himself, hand over hand, down to the ground, and with a mumbled word of thanks to the wondering watchman, staggered off to his home and threw himself, utterly done, upon his bed.

THERE ARE OTHERS

Don't imagine, my boy, if you throw up your job
That the firm that employs you will fail,
That the whole office force in their anguish will sob,
And the senior partner turn pale.
You are highly efficient and active and bright—
So you say. I'm unwilling to doubt you;
But the chance of all this is incredibly slight.
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get mad with the girl, and to make her feel bad,
Fail to go for your usual call.
It's the truth, though I know it sounds awfully sad,
That she may never miss you at all.
It's a mighty poor policy staying away,
Though I grant that at times she may flout you,
But I know I am in a position to say
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get soured on the world, and do anything rash,
Not to speak of the good for your soul,
If you jump in the lake you may make a small splash,
But you'll never leave much of a hole.
Don't expect folks to make such a terrible fuss,
When they think very little about you,
And to use common language, aren't caring a cuss.
There are plenty of others without you.

A woman, coming down the garden walk, was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head.

"Johnnie," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standin' on my head," gurgled Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at something that wouldn't wear my boots out?"

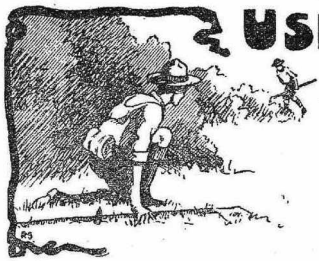
"Why, Johnnie, you've got a big lump on your head. Have you been fighting again, you disgraceful boy?"

"Fightin', not me!—I was sitting on Tommy Saunders and I forgot to hold his feet."

FIRING LINE.—"Son, I hear you hav joined the boy scout movement."

"Yes, dad."

"Well, s'pose you scout ahead and see if your mother is sitting up for me."



USEFUL HINTS FOR SCOUTS

MARCHING HINTS

Again let me say to the patrol leader that he must march by his weakest member. The rate of his patrol, so long as it is to be a complete patrol, and not a straggling mob, must be that which the youngest member can stick to. Our great military generals know and obey this unalterable law when planning their manoeuvres. When various arms of the Service are about to march to a certain spot, either to fight or go into bivouac, it is the time which the heavy siege guns or the slow-moving transport will take in covering the distance which decides how much ground has to be covered.

In a march of five miles there ought to be two halts—one of about five or ten minutes after the first two miles have been covered, and the other, which may be extended to fifteen minutes, at the end of the five miles. There is nothing of the molly-coddling about this rule. Science has proved that the man who takes regular rests at the end of given distances can go much further and finish much fresher than the man who goes on and on without proper breaks.

Lastly, here are a few hints for the individual scout when route marching.

Breathe through your nose.

Try to do without drinking water. A mouthful rinsed in the mouth, and a few drops snuffed up the nose to clear the dust now and again, is much better.

If you suffer from aching feet, soap rubbed on the inside of the sock, or earth dusted inside, will be found useful.

March easily, and without strain. Allow your body to bend forward a little. You may not look so nice, but you will arrive at the journey's end feeling much better than the man who walks like a ramrod.

Keep a uniform time, no matter how much the length of pace may alter. Don't think of the distance before you. Think of the dinner you'll enjoy when it's over.

CAMP LIFE

To get the best out of anything, no matter what it is, there must be method in its working. From planting potatoes to flying an aeroplane, from the easiest to the hardest, the man who undertakes them must map out his plan first, if he wants to make a success of his enterprise.

Anybody can camp out. A pole, a yard or two of canvas, a frying-pan and a blanket is within the reach of everyone to obtain. But if a patrol leader wants his command to look back on their days under canvas as being the finest time of their lives, he must see to it that his plans have been "well and truly laid," as the usual phrase attached to foundation-stone laying goes.

EXERCISES

I have already dealt fairly exhaustively with the wants of the inner man when on a camping-out expedition. I must now say a word or two on the outward, or muscular side of him.

Every morning, wet or fine, there ought to be at least ten minutes devoted to exercise of a physical kind, and that ten minutes should always be before breakfast. I know well enough that there are mornings when a fellow feels beastly tired—perhaps a little stiff from the previous day's work—and hangs about until the delicious odor of frying bacon sneaks through the taut canvas, playing on his appetite with marked effect. I know also that at such a time it seems that to waste ten whole minutes in bending and stretching the body, raising and lowering the legs, etc., when breakfast is dragging you for all it is worth, is a refined torture. But if the patrol leader values the health and discipline of his patrol, he will keep a firm hand, and insist on the camp law being followed. He may depend upon it that his scouts will thank him for his insistency before the holiday is over.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER

If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another fair day. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red evening portends fine weather; but if the redness spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially in the morning, it foretells wind or rain or both.

When the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea-green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery.

If you wish to know what sort of weather you may expect, go out and choose the smallest cloud you can see. Watch it, and if it grows smaller and finally disappears, you may be pretty sure of fine weather; or the opposite if the cloud grows larger. The reason is that when the air is becoming charged with electricity, each cloud attracts smaller ones, until it passes off in rain; but if rain is diffusing itself, a large cloud breaks up and dissolves.

Previous to much rain falling, the clouds grow bigger, and increase very fast, especially before thunder. If clouds form high in the air in thin white trains like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, which probably will be lasting

A haziness in the air, which dims the sun's light, and makes the orb appear whitish, or ill-defined; or, at night, if the moon and stars grow dim, and a ring encircles the former, rain will follow. If the moon looks pale and dim we expect rain; if red, wind; and if of her natural color with a clear sky, fair weather.

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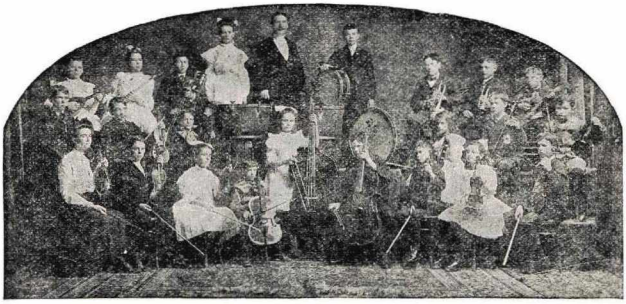

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