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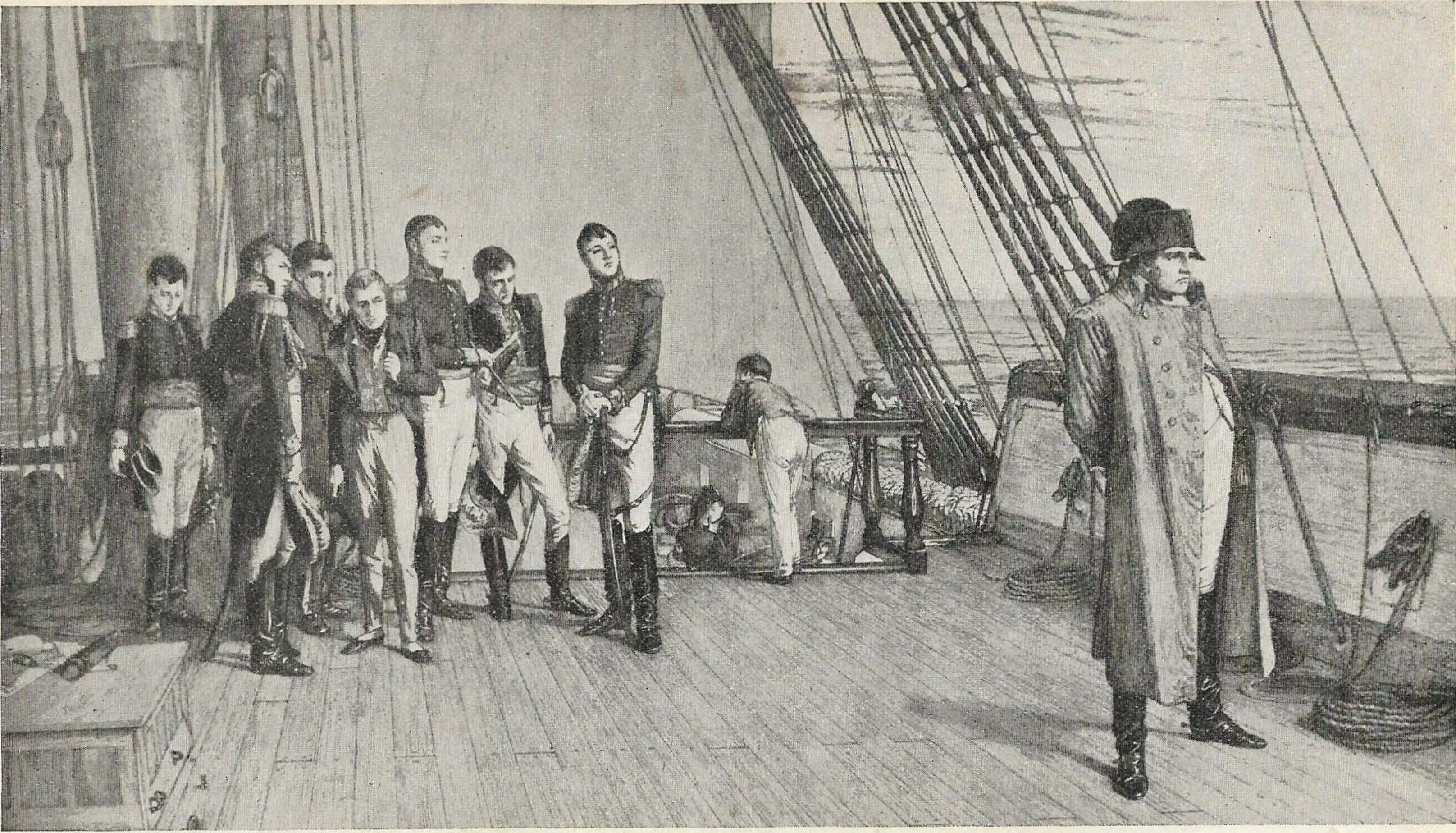


Napoleon on Board of the Bellerophon

From the painting by W. Q. Orchardson.

See page 343.

THE ARGOSY.

VOL. XX. JULY, 1895. NO. 4.

OUR HEROES IN BRONZE.

The men whom the country has delighted to honor in its capital city—Some of the statues which adorn the streets and squares of Washington.

By Samuel N. Parks.

IT was a beautiful idea of General Washington to make our capital city a city for our government's home, and nothing else. It belongs to us all—the wide streets, the enchanting parks, the lofty and beautiful buildings, are national, are *ours*. We are filled with pride and patriotism as we walk the streets which knew Washington and Jefferson, Adams and Clay, Lincoln and Grant.

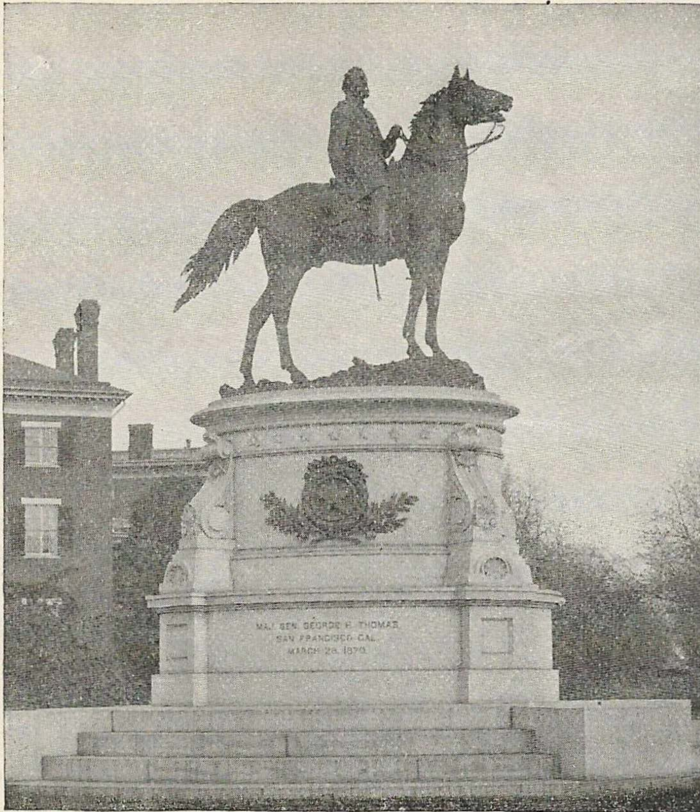
The American people have made a Mecca of Washington. Men who fought in the civil war under Sherman and Grant, marched here victorious to the blood stirring sound of the fife and drum, and it was here that they were honorably mustered out to help bring the country an everlasting peace.

As the years have gone by these men have come back from their homes in the North, the South, the East, and the great new West, which they created, and have brought their children to see Washington.

The heroes of bygone thrilling, stirring days are many of them dead. But the nation does not intend that their figures shall be forgotten by the American citizen today, or their deeds ignored.

All the way from Capitol Hill, in almost

Statue of Admiral Dupont, Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues.



Statue of General Thomas, Thomas Circle.

every little park, there is a statue of some one of the nation's creators, keeping his watch over the city which he helped to make possible.

All about the noble capitol itself are statues. Directly opposite the east front is Greenough's statue of Washington.

It is of colossal size, and has a very interesting history. It was ordered in 1832 by the men who felt that there could not be too many reminders of him who has been called the father of his country.

It was the intention at that time to have the body of General Washington buried in a tomb, under the rotunda of the capitol.

To Greenough the sculptor, then in Italy, was given the commission for a heroic statue of the man who had made a capitol at Washington a possible thing. It was intended that it should stand in the center of the rotunda directly over the tomb.

In 1840 Greenough finished the statue. All the time he was working on it he was being paid large sums, until when it was done it had cost the country about thirty one thousand dollars. It was then brought to America, at great expense, and set up in the rotunda.

But there was dissatisfaction with this position, and the statue was removed to its present site. The cost of bringing it to America and erecting it in its two positions was nearly fourteen thousand dollars.

As we stand beside it and look up the steps to the beautiful capitol portico where the Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated, and imagine George Washington gazing upon the scene, we wish that the statue was more typical of him in his own life and times.

It is a seated figure, with bared back and chest, and sandaled feet.

Equestrian Statue of Washington, Washington Circle.

Even the queue of the father of his country is absent. He holds in his hand a short Roman sword.

The chair on which he sits is ornamented with the acanthus leaf and lions' heads. On one side an Indian, who looks very much out of place, leans against the back, and on the other is a small figure of Columbus, who also appears to be wondering why he should assist at the glorification of an ancient Roman.

On the right of the chair is a bas relief of the Greek god Phœbus Apollo driving the chariot of the sun around the world. This is supposed to represent by a pictured allegory the crest of the coat of arms of America—the rising sun.

On the other side of the chair there is a representation of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent, while his weak twin brother hides his face. This illustrates the spirit of North and South America.

On the back of the chair is the Latin quotation :

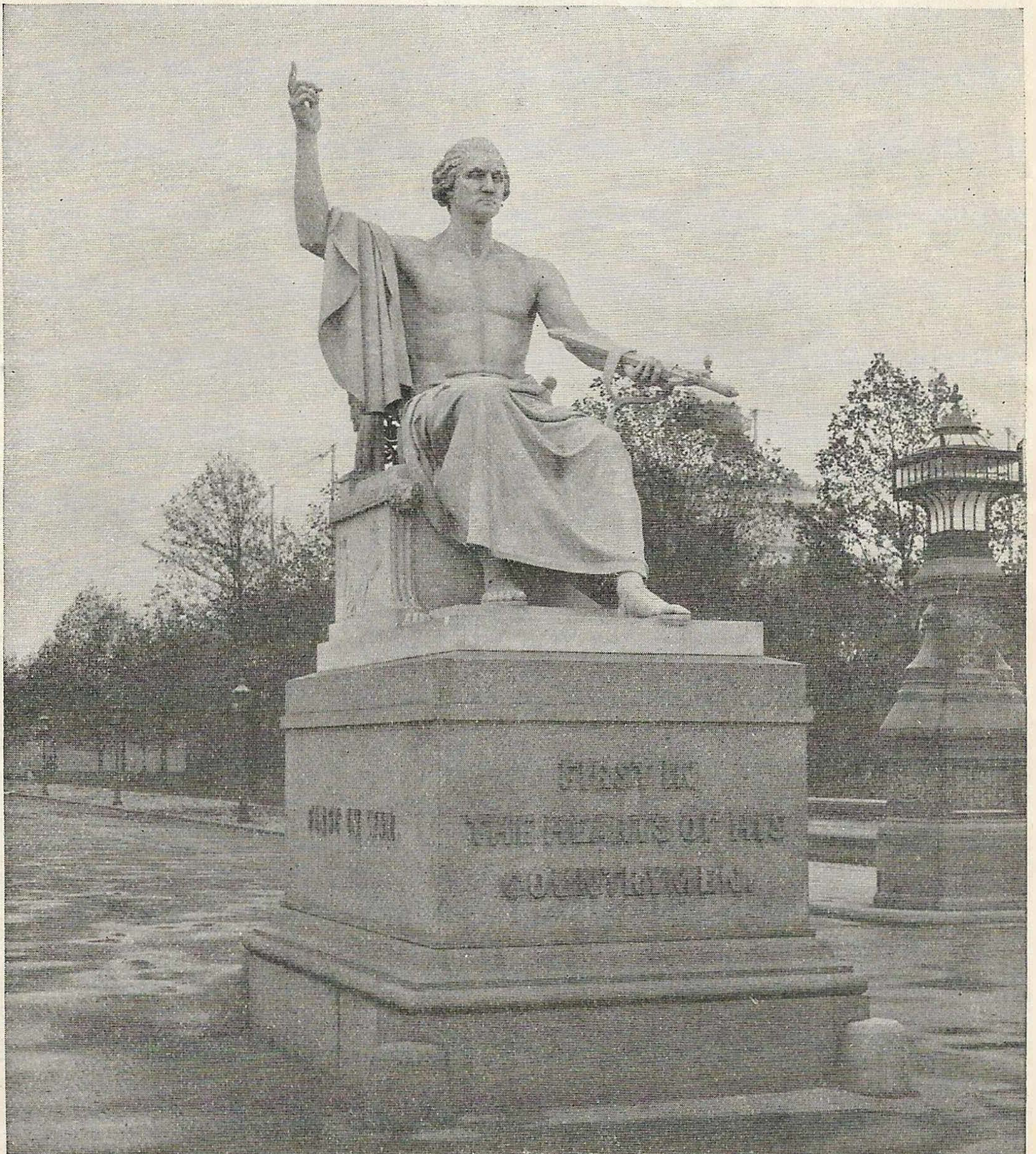
"*Simulacrum istud ad magnum Libertatis exemplum, nec sine ipsa duraturum.*"

HORATIO GREENOUGH,
Sculptor.

This has been translated to read :

"This statue cast in Freedom's stately form and by her e'er upheld."

The other statue of Washington is in one of the beautiful flowery parks, called the Washington Circle. It is at the crossing of



The Statue of Washington at the East Front of the Capitol.

Pennsylvania and New Hampshire avenues. Here the young and gallant soldier, fire and stateliness in every line, reins in his high headed bronze horse with one hand and holds the sword in the other. He can look away across the trees, and it almost seems as though he had pushed the cocked Continental hat back that he might see the better.

This statue is the work of Clark Mills. It was cast from captured guns donated by Congress for that purpose. The old bronze cannon brought from England to put down the impertinence of the young America have lost their warlike form, and have stayed here to help show the man who conquered them to the world.

It is a most fitting thing to place the statue of Lafayette, the enthusiastic young friend of Washington, in the city which bears Washington's name. One sentiment has always been foremost in the hearts of true Americans: that of gratitude and love for Lafayette.

The young Marquis de Lafayette was only a boy of nineteen, when one night at a dinner given to the brother of the king of England, he heard the American Declaration of Independence discussed.

Filled with a French boy's love of glory, Lafayette was unique in his appreciation of the fact that true glory is only gained in a noble cause. This he saw in the gallant fight the young Colonies were making for independence.

Lafayette went to Paris and hunted up an old general in the army, and told him the plan he had formed to go to America.

The old general's reply was—

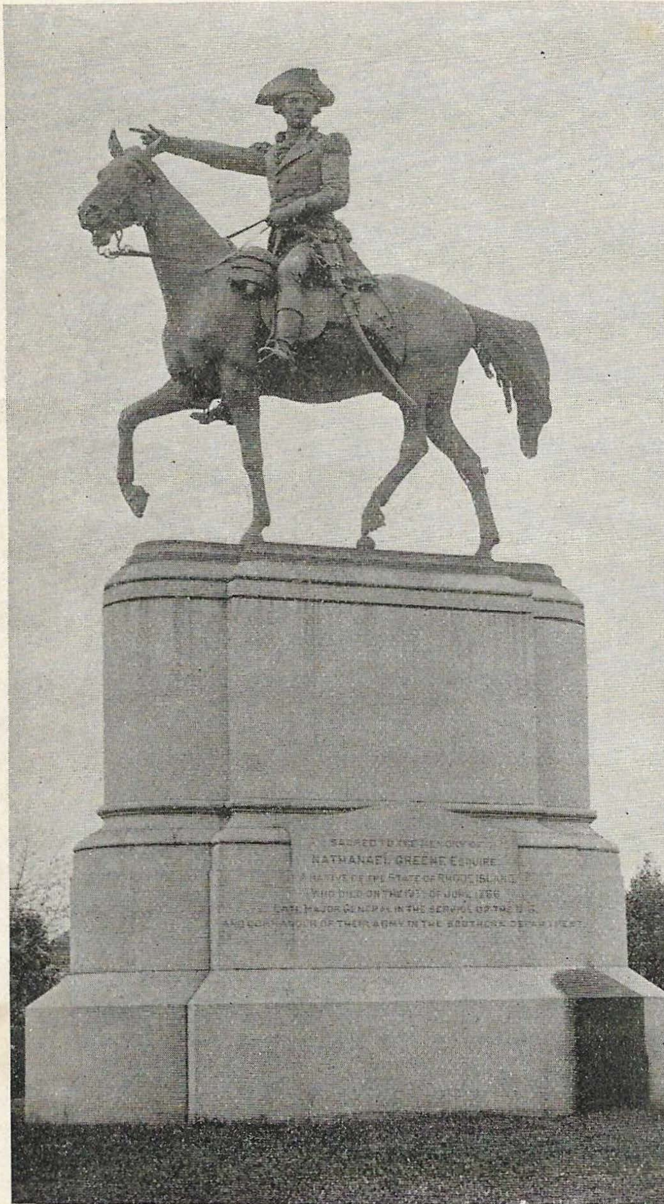
"I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy, and witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden. I will not be accessory to the death of the only remaining member of the family."

When Lafayette's father in law heard that he was to go to America he arranged to have him arrested, but the marquis' young wife, whom he had married when he was only sixteen, arranged the plot by which her father was circumvented, and her gallant husband got away with his ship. It seems to me that she ought to be on the pedestal, too.

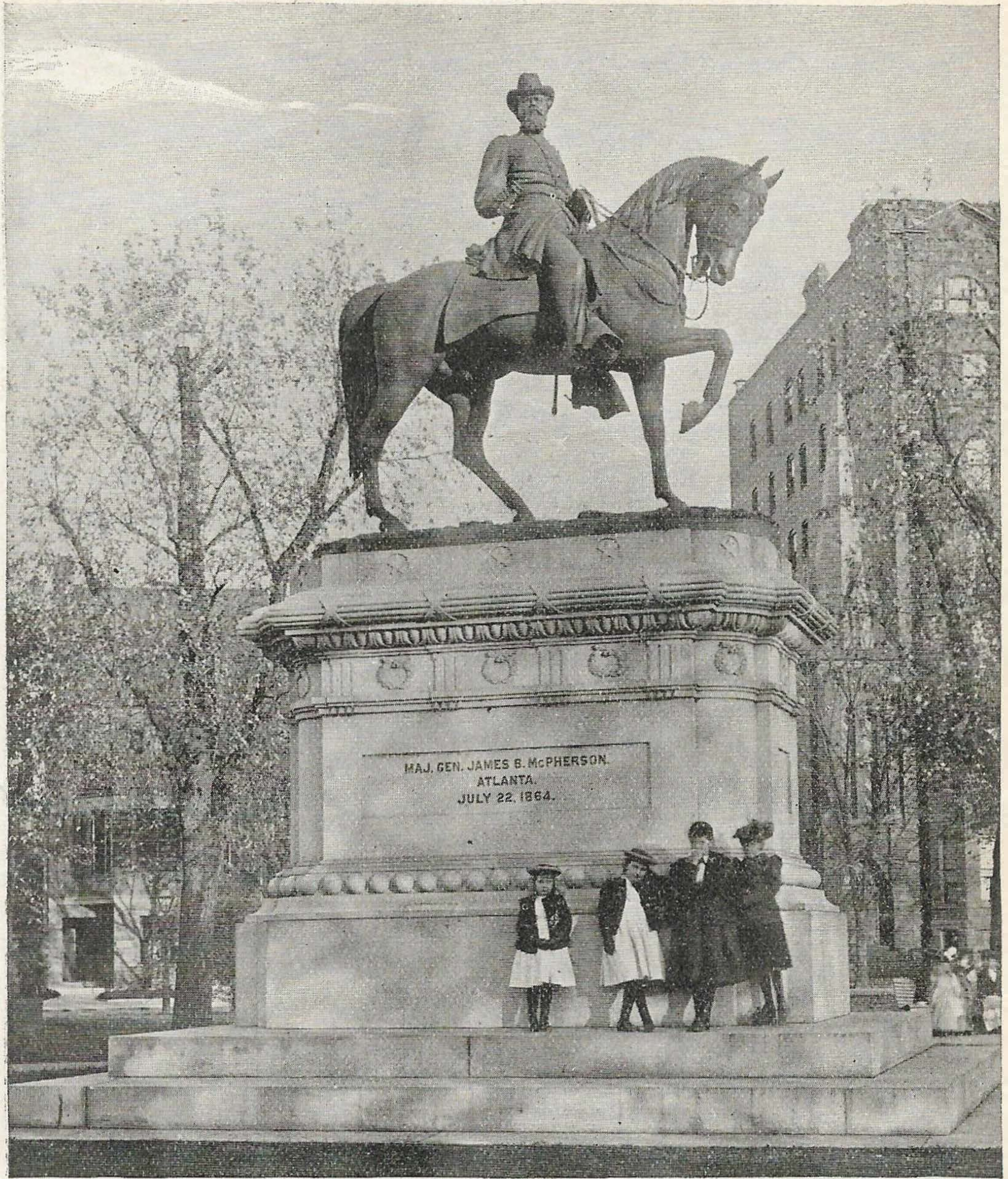
It is a very handsome monument which stands at the corner of Lafayette Square. This is one of the larger squares north of the White House. The monument is forty five feet high, and is one of the most beautiful in Washington.

On the top of a pedestal thirty five feet in height, stands the bronze statue of the Frenchman. Below him a beautiful female figure, representing Freedom, tenders him the sword of a soldier.

On the west of the shaft stand heroic figures of Count de Rochambeau and



Statue of General Greene, Greene Square.



The Statue of General McPherson, Vermont Avenue and I Street.

the Chevalier Duportail, representing the army, and on the east side are Count D'Estaing and Count de Grasse, representing the navy.

This monument was ordered by a committee of Congressmen, and was designed by two of the greatest artists in France—Alexandre Falquiere and Antoine Mercie. It cost forty five thousand dollars.

Near by is General Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," on a rearing horse. Like the statue of Washington, it was designed by Clark Mills and cast from captured guns.

The Jackson Monument Association spent ten thousand dollars, and the government about forty thousand, on this statue.

The best equestrian statue in Washington, and one of the best in America, is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's statue of General Thomas, at the Fourteenth Street circle where Massachusetts and Vermont Avenues cross and give an excuse for another park.

Thomas was a Virginian, who attained a distinction in the very beginning of the last war by remaining true to the flag he had sworn to protect, even when his colonel, Robert E. Lee, resigned to go with his native State in her rebellion.

The army of the Cumberland erected the statue at a cost of forty thousand dollars.

The general stands, hat in hand, as though he might be reviewing his enthusi-

Statue of Lafayette, Pennsylvania Avenue.

astic soldiers, old comrades in the hot fights.

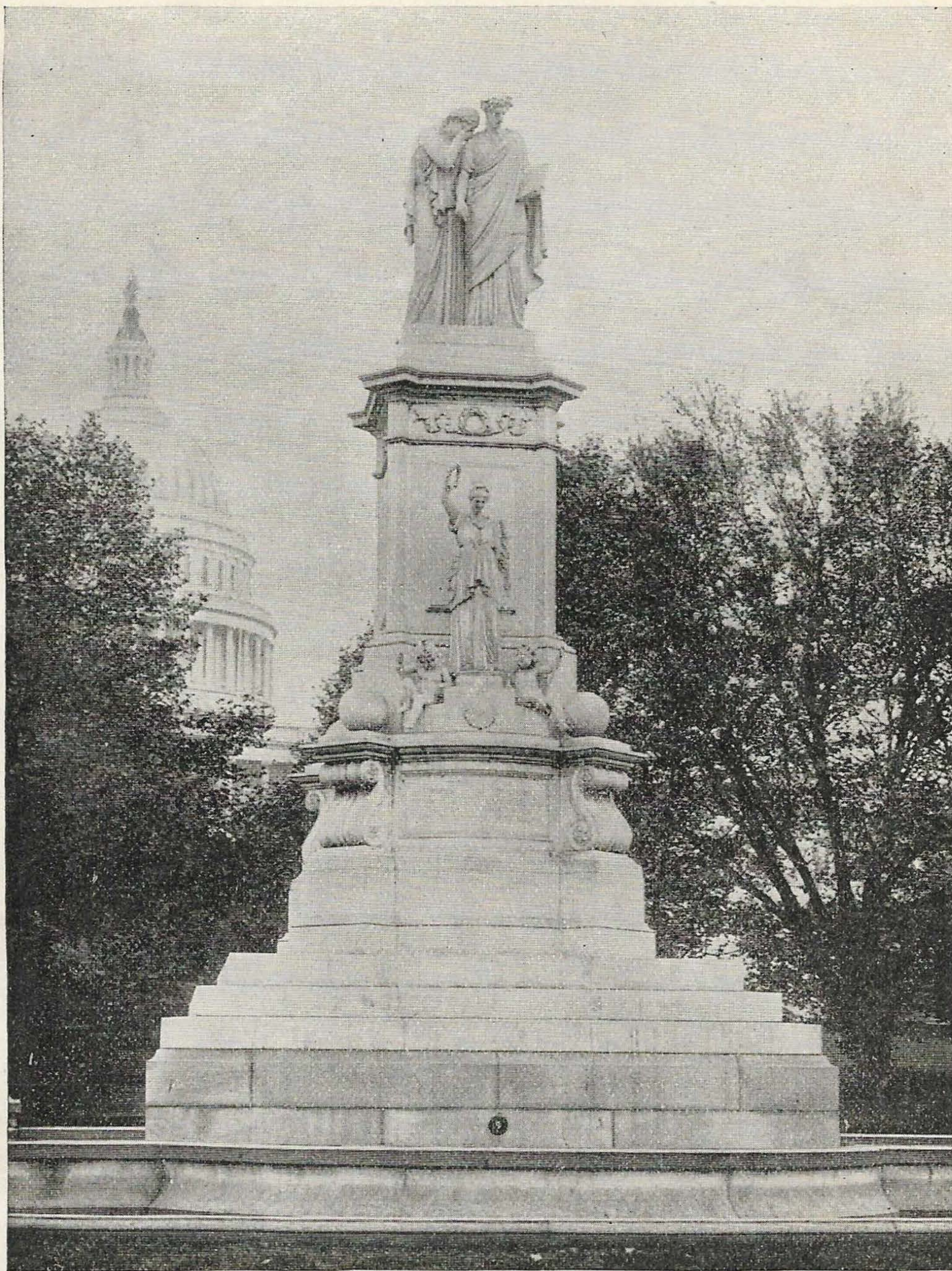
Further down Massachusetts Avenue is the equestrian statue of Major General Nathaniel Greene, which was voted to the city by the Continental Congress, but not erected until 1877—almost one hundred years later.

But the typical American hero, the man New Yorkers have learned to know and love as a living personality through St. Gaudens' statue of him in Madison Square, is Admiral Farragut.

In Washington he stands, with field glass in hand, his rugged, fine old face braving no harsher winds than those which blow over Maryland. But the life and determination to stand anything has been put into his features by the sculptor, Miss Ream.

There is another admiral whom Washington has honored with a statue and a park. This is Admiral Dupont, whose father was one of France's representatives to our new country, and who placed his son, a little boy, in the service of the United States.

Lying west of the capital is McPherson



The Peace Monument.

Square, where the statue of General McPherson stands. It was erected by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

McPherson died young after a career of the greatest distinction. He graduated first in the class at West Point with Schofield, Hood, and Sheridan.

In Lincoln Square not far from the great white obelisk rising against the brilliant sky of Washington is the group which the freedmen of America erected to President Lincoln. It represents him breaking the fetters of the slave. It was designed by Thomas Bell and cast in Munich.

As we drive up and down the beautiful avenues of Washington every instant the eye finds some new point of interest.

The Peace Monument rises as we approach the capitol grounds up Pennsylvania Avenue. It is forty feet high and was built to commemorate the important services of the navy during the late war.

Two figures, History and America, stand on the top. History holds in one hand a

The Statue Farragut, Connecticut Avenue and I Street.

tablet. America stands weeping, with head bowed. History tries to comfort her by pointing out what she has written on her tablet:

"They died that their country might live."

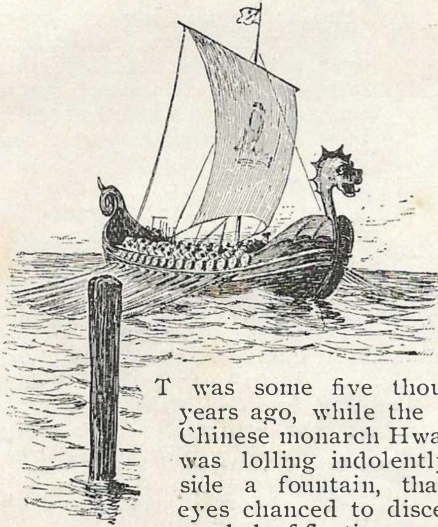
In looking for monuments there are some famous names we miss. There is none to General Grant and none to General Sherman. Where are Webster and Clay? Where is Thomas Jefferson?

This beautiful city should be kept forever as the nation's meeting place, where her heroes are remembered, and when one of them dies his counterfeit in bronze should be put here to point the story of his life.

SOME QUEER CRAFT.

The strange boats of other days and other lands—The Chinese version of the origin of navigation.

By Horace W. Overton.



IT was some five thousand years ago, while the great Chinese monarch Hwang-ti was lolling indolently beside a fountain, that his eyes chanced to discern a maple leaf floating gracefully upon the water. Even as he looked a beautiful butterfly lit upon the leaf and was wafted gently hither and yon. The insect seemed to be so thoroughly enjoying itself that Hwang-ti longed to emulate its example.

Now, when a Chinese emperor wants anything, he usually gets it. If he doesn't he is sure to make things unpleasant for somebody.

Consequently, when Hwang-ti summoned his artificers, and after showing them the floating maple leaf, commanded them to produce something of the kind which would uphold him, they went to work without asking any questions. The result was a piece of wood resembling a huge leaf in shape, and color too, as it was painted green.

When it was finally launched, the potentate approached to embark. These primitive boat builders and the rest of the community as well, fairly held their breaths with anxiety. If the thing should capsize or sink, and thereby precipitate the great man into the water, the unhappy builders, and like as not the spectators, too, would probably be boiled in oil, or undergo some other punishment equally unpleasant.

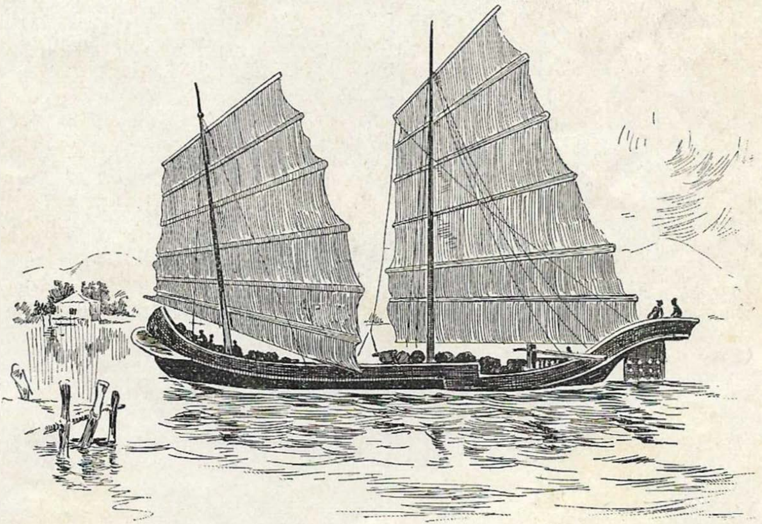
But it didn't sink, and it didn't capsize. It floated gently on the surface of the water, to the great delight of Hwang-ti, and the unspeakable relief of his dutiful subjects.

And that was the origin of navigation—according to the Chinese historians.

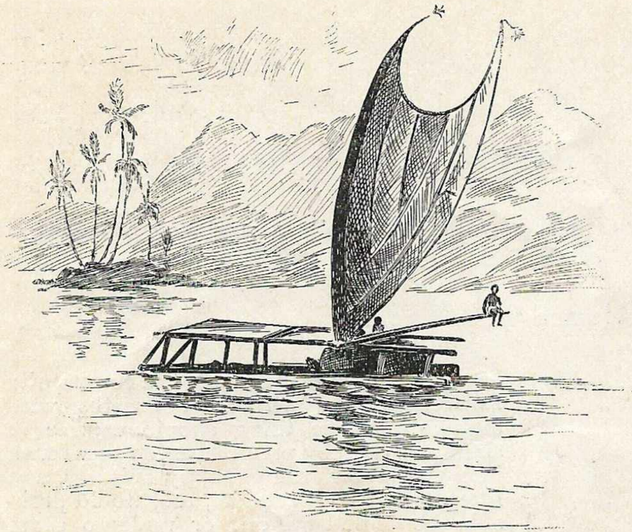
The Flowery Kingdom is decidedly not a progressive nation, and nowhere is their inertia more apparent then in their shipping. The majority of boats in Chinese waters are almost precisely similar to those used by their ancestors four thousand years ago.

The queer, old fashioned craft—raft, tek-pai, sampan, and junk, are exceedingly interesting. The tek-pai is nothing but a large bamboo raft, with a sort of bulwark around the edge, and a great wooden tub lashed to the middle for the accommodation of passengers and their baggage.

They vary in size, but are seldom larger



The Chinese Junk.



The Proa of Banikoro Island, Southern Pacific.

than one hundred feet wide and perhaps twenty five broad. They are propelled by either sails or powerful sweeps.

The sampan is often provided with a half roofing of matting, and frequently affords shelter and habitation for an entire family. These boats are more elaborate in construction than the tek-pais. They are light and stanch, but owing to the large surface they offer to the wind, vast numbers of them are destroyed during the frequent gales and typhoons, by being blown violently against rocks or heavy vessels, against which they crush like eggshells. In a single storm in 1892 over six hundred and fifty of them were thus destroyed.

The dragon boats of China are used for carrying despatches and news through the waterways of the empire. They are usually about forty feet long by less than three feet wide. Manned by a crew of fifteen to twenty expert oarsmen they can easily make thirteen or fourteen miles an hour.

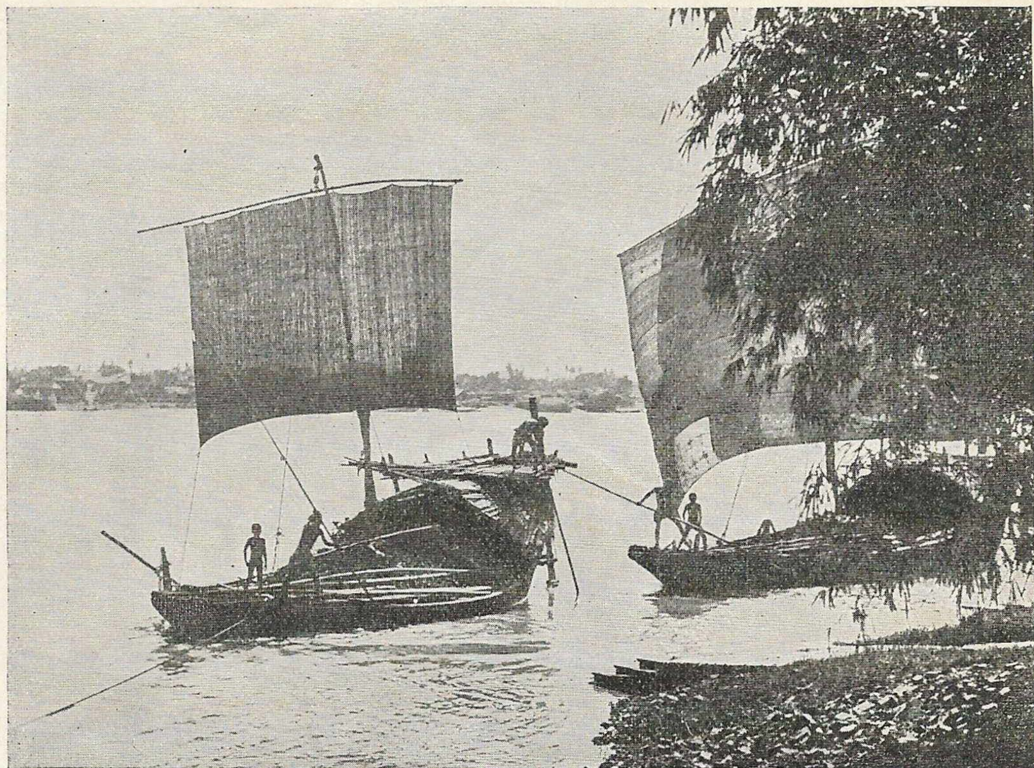
By far the most important type of boat used in the far east, however, is the junk. This is a flat bottomed, square prowed vessel, the stern of which is frequently built two, three, or even four stories high, like the old time galleons of Spain.

They carry from one to five masts, with matting sails, and a large rudder, which is lowered only when at sea. These vessels are used for trading purposes only now, but for many centuries they served also as vessels of war.

The Chinese custom of painting eyes on each side of a ship's bow is a very ancient one. The guileless Celestials presumably believe that this enables the boat to see where to go. It certainly must be a great aid to navigation.

But the Chinese are by no means the only people of the east who possess queer

Burmese Boats and Boatmen.



Indian Boats on the Hooghly River, Calcutta.

boats. The ships of Japan, Siam, and Burma are very similar in construction—too similar to merit a separate description.

The pirogue of New Guinea is a huge, canoe shaped boat, with a high stem and stern, and a lateen rigged sail. In India the boats are principally large and badly constructed canoes and pirogues. A feature of some of the East Indian boats is their transparent matting sails.

The Malay proas were long famous as the vessels used by the terrible pirates that infested the far east. In these days of swift and powerful modern cruisers piracy has gone out of fashion, and the Malays now use them only for trading. The proas are made with stem and stern alike, and consequently can sail equally well in any direction without the trouble of turning about.

The lee side of a proa is usually flat and an almost straight line from end to end. The weather side is rounded like an ordinary craft. This peculiarity would render them extremely liable to capsize, if it were not for the outrigger with which they are invariably provided. This consists of two spars projecting from the side of the boat with a canoe shaped block of wood connecting the outer ends. Outriggers are not infrequently used on both sides.

The proa of Banikoro Island, in the Southern Pacific, differs from the foregoing. Its peculiar construction is best described by referring the reader to the picture on page 316.

The earliest type of ship used by civilized nations was the galley, a sea going vessel propelled by oars as well as sails, employed by the Greeks and Romans, and which, with modifications, continued in use for some two thousand years.

The war galleys, such as were used in the great naval battle of Salamis, when the Greeks overcame the ponderous naval armament of Xerxes the Persian, had but a single mast, carrying one square sail amidships. Later another mast was added, but almost the entire dependence for propelling power was placed upon the oars, which were arranged in a single line on either side.

The number of these oars was from thirty to fifty at first, but gradually the war galleys were enlarged until they bore three or four banks of oars. Some historians have told of a huge ship of this kind built by Ptolemy Philopator, the Egyptian, which possessed forty banks of oars; but they have neglected to inform us how these rather complicated means of propulsion were arranged.

The war galley with two banks of oars was known as the bireme, the three bank as the trireme, the four bank as the quadrireme. They were very long and narrow, and carried large crews. In later periods they frequently had several decks, and were furnished with rams and towers for offensive and defensive purposes.

Galleys were used until the latter part of

the seventeenth century, and, indeed, it may truthfully be said that they are not entirely obsolete even yet. The feluccas and similar vessels now in use are but modified types of these boats.

Criminals and prisoners of war were always condemned to serve on the State galleys, particularly in France, and a more miserable existence than that led by the galley slaves would be difficult to conceive.

The galleass was an unusually large vessel of the galley type, carrying three masts and some twenty guns. These were also propelled by oars, as many as three hundred galley slaves frequently being employed on a single boat. The galleass usually bore a castellated structure both fore and aft.

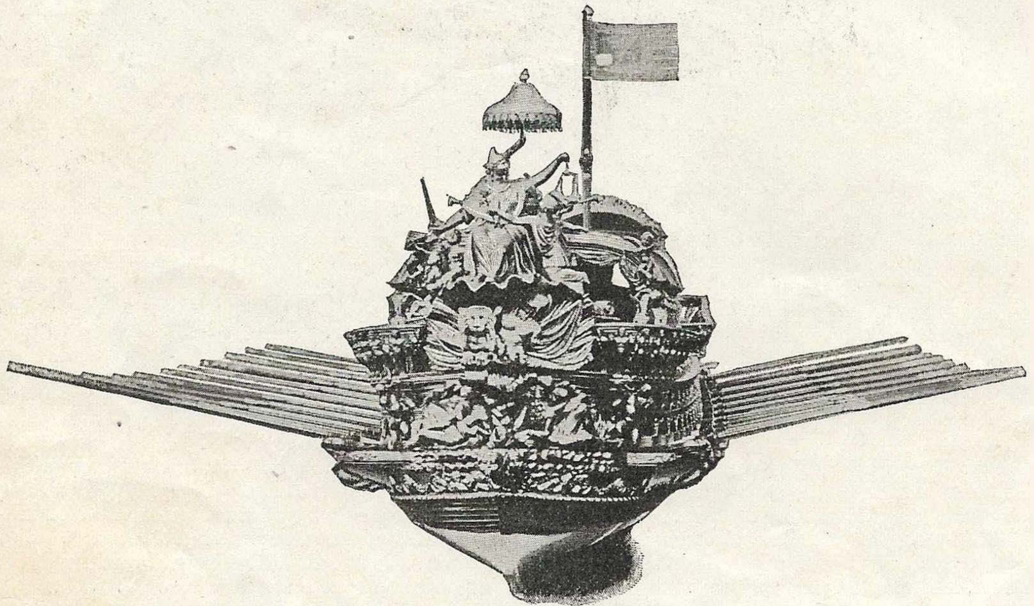
Feluccas are the long, narrow vessels used in the Mediterranean extensively at the present time. They carry two masts, which incline forward, and are rigged with lateen sails. They are now used solely as coasters and fishing boats, but formerly they were highly prized for carrying passengers or despatches on account of their very considerable speed. Vessels much resembling the Mediterranean feluccas are used on several of the Swiss lakes.

The galleons of Spain were big, unwieldy ships, built up at stem and stern like castles, with three or four decks, and carrying a number of cannon. They were used in commerce with South America and the East and West Indies.

These ships generally carried rich cargoes or treasure of some kind, and great numbers of them were captured by the pirates of the old days, as well as by the British men of war and privateers during the wars between England and Spain.

The State barge of Venice was known as the Bucentaur, and in this the doge and the senate were accustomed annually, on Ascension Day, to perform the ceremonial marriage of the State with the Adriatic—a quaint custom presumably symbolic of the commercial power of the Venetian republic.

Another type of boat which is peculiar to Venice is the gondola, which was formerly the only means of conveyance on the canals of the city. Today small omnibus steamers have partially superseded them, but it will be many a year before the gondola becomes entirely obsolete.



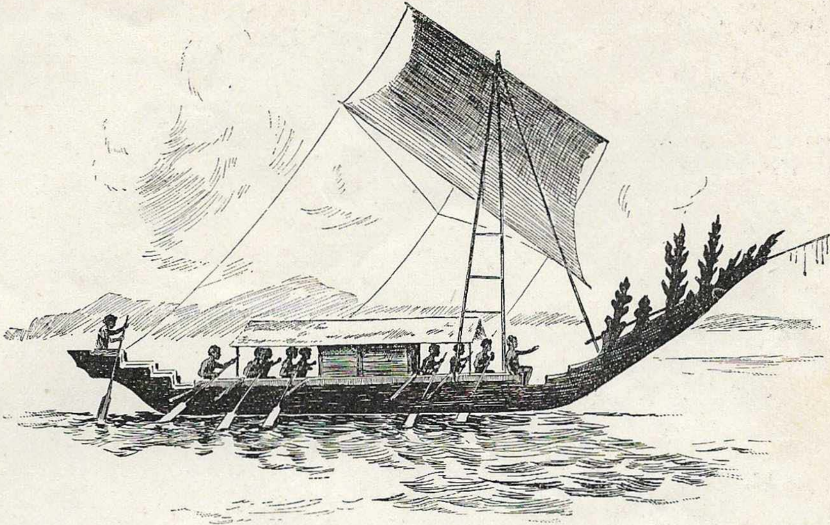
The Bucentaur of the Venetian Doges.

The gondola is a flat bottomed boat, usually about thirty feet long and five feet wide. Each end terminates in a sharp, elevated peak. They are generally propelled by one man, who stands in the stern, though sometimes a second gondolier will be stationed at the bow.

The gondoliers of Venice have long been famous for their songs as well as for their dexterity in managing their curious craft.

An old law against extravagance in ornamentation compelled all gondolas to be painted black, which fact, together with the curtained cabin in the center for the use of passengers, caused the poet Byron to liken the gondola to "a coffin clapt in a canoe."

The coracle, a boat consisting of a wicker frame covered with leather or oil cloth, which is used extensively by Irish and Welsh fishermen; the catamaran, which is really more like a raft than a boat, and which is used in India and other eastern countries, as well as in South America and the West Indies; and the canoe, as made by the American Indians, of

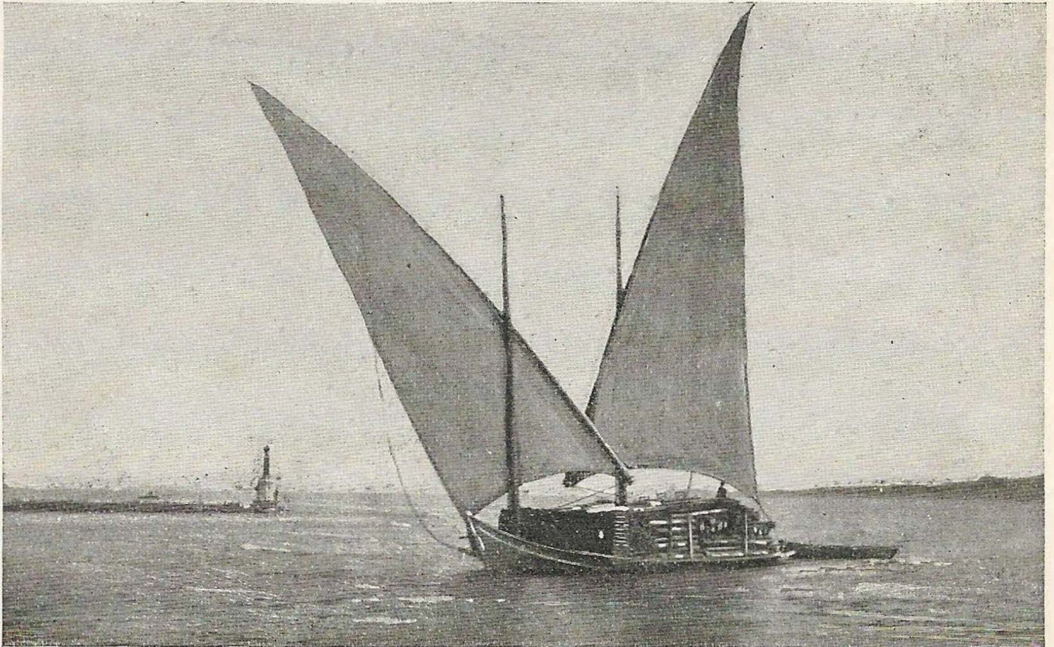


The Pirogue of New Guinea.

birch bark or hides, or perhaps the trunk of a tree hollowed out—these are three widely different types of small boats which deserve to be enumerated under the head of queer craft. Both the catamaran and the canoe are largely used in this and other countries at the present time as pleasure boats.

There are various vessels in use today that are just as curious and interesting to the thoughtful observer as the Chinese junk or Malay proa, or any other of the strange vessels I have attempted to describe. But familiarity breeds contempt, according to the old maxim, and indeed such boats as the new ram Katahdin, the submarine torpedo boats, or the monitors, we are apt to regard with comparative indifference.

Perhaps, three or four hundred years from now, some historian may devote himself to the study of the queer craft used in bygone days. If so, the monitor, that "tin can on a shingle" type of boat which whipped the Confederate iron clad Merrimac, and saved the Union, or some other of our nineteenth century inventions, may be deemed the most interesting of all.



Lateen Sail Boats on the Lake of Geneva.

The Death of Alexander the Great.

From the painting by Carl Piloty.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THE first playthings which were given to Alexander, the young son of Philip of Macedon, were the tame snakes of his half barbarous mother, Olymphias; the first stories which were told to him were the tales of his two great ancestors Hercules and Achilles, and of his father Philip.

There is still preserved, it is said, a revised edition of the Iliad which Aristotle made for Alexander.

Boys in those days grew to manhood early, as is the case in all warlike countries.

When his son was sixteen Philip marched against Byzantium, and left Alexander to govern the kingdom.

Sitting on a throne was a small task for a boy like this, so he went to war on his own account, conquering the sacred band of the Thebans, and showing that wonderful management of cavalry which won for him so many later victories.

When Philip returned he threw his arms about him.

"My son," said he, "seek for thyself another kingdom; that which I will leave will be too small for thee."

The story of Alexander's successes is like that Iliad which was his mental food when a lad.

He was only twenty when he came to his father's throne, and it was as though he stood on its steps and looked over the whole known world, claiming it as his kingdom.

When he had conquered the Persians, and Darius had offered him half his kingdom, Alexander refused to take less than the whole.

"I would do it, were I Alexander," his great general Parmenio suggested.

"So would I, were I Parmenio," the young king returned. "But I am Alexander."

Such a thing as death or defeat he did not believe could touch him.

This arrogant belief was the ruin of the young man. Thinking that he could do no wrong, could make no mistakes, he forgot the teachings of his youth and became the victim of the wildest dissipation.

After he had invaded India, had traversed seas and deserts, and was known as the conqueror of the world, Alexander took up his triumphal march toward Babylon, where ambassadors from every corner of the globe had come to confer with him and to do him honor.

On the way from Ecbatana to Babylon, he traveled with a great escort, gorgeous with trappings, a pageant which was never equaled before. Suddenly the solid phalanx of spears ahead was brought to a halt.

Three Magi, just such wise men as followed the Star of Bethlehem, had arisen and commanded the king to stop.

Alexander listened to them. They warned him not go to Babylon, that it would be the death of him and his plans.

But the king mocked them.

"What could harm Alexander?" he said, and rode on.

He was preparing fleets for a great new expedition, and he must feast his allies. Night after night was given up to banquets and dissipation.

Suddenly, one night in the midst of his revels a hot flush swept over him, and he remembered the words of the Magi. But he would not cease his merrymaking.

All night he would drink and feast, and all day lie on his couch, making plans for his new expedition.

Finally some stout heart had the temerity to tell him that he must die.

It was in June, 323 years before Christ. He was only thirty two years of age and he did not want to die, and he did not believe he would.

But as the hours went by and he grew weaker, a doubt began to possess him. Fear he did not know.

"Call my soldiers," he said.

He lay in the house of a friend where the last banquet had been given.

The side of the pillared portico was thrown open, and the lieutenants, many of whom had been friends of his boyhood, marched by, each stopping to kneel and kiss his hand.

His aged counselor leaned over him and asked who should be his successor.

"The strongest," answered the king.

Perdiccas received his ring, and became guardian of all kings during their minority.

But even as he gave the ring Alexander smiled. He believed that he himself would be "the strongest." He did not believe that he, ruler of the world, demigod, could die the death of a mortal, and murmuring of that belief he died. They put his body in a gold coffin and built a tomb at Alexandria.

Alexander did more than shed blood; he taught the arts of Greece wherever his victories led him. If he had believed in himself as a man instead of a demigod, he would have been one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

OFF TO THE ROCKIES.

By Edward S. Ellis,

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

CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD HO!

IT is not often that a vigorous young man, devoted to athletic sports and pastimes, fond of fishing and hunting, and a fine horseman, injures his health on account of too close application to study; but that is precisely what occurred in the case of Arlos Hayman when he was only eighteen years of age.

Arlos found, upon going back to his studies in the civil engineering school one autumn, that he had fallen wofully behind his class. He was so humiliated that he set his teeth with the grim resolution that he would forswear all amusement and exercise until he had fully made up his deficiencies.

And he did it. He pulled up to the head of his class, only in the hour of triumph to collapse utterly. Had he not been accustomed to active, outdoor life, this might not have happened.

His condition was alarming. Heroic measures were all that could save him.

His father called upon Dr. Kleinman, the family physician.

The doctor listened with the interest he always showed in his patients. He and the banker, Mr. Hayman, had been intimate friends for years, and the doctor was specially fond of young Hayman, who was named for him. He asked several incisive questions and then gave his decision.

"There's but one thing to be done. From what you have told me, he is in a bad way. Accustomed from boyhood to fresh air and rugged exercise, he has almost committed suicide by his cessation of everything of that nature. He has taken all the strength from his body and thrown the terrific strain upon his brain. It can't stand it. He must cease to use his brain, and rebuild his constitution."

"But, doctor," said the elder Hayman, "Arlos feels a repugnance to physical exertion that amounts to disgust. I cannot persuade him to take his gun in hand, to indulge in any of the sports of which he used to be so fond."

"That is natural, and only emphasizes what I have said about the urgent need of the change recommended."

"How would a trip to Europe do?"

"Ordinarily it would be a capital tonic, but it won't serve in his case. At the end of a week, he will be on the other side of the Atlantic. What inducement would he find there for exercise, the one thing which he needs? He would be in danger of falling into dissipation and wouldn't live a week. No; a trip to Europe will not answer."

"Then you recommend a long sea voyage?"

"In many cases, that would be just the thing, but it will not do for Arlos. The routine life on board a sailing ship would become unbearable. The sea air is beneficial and for a time he would improve, but he can't attempt to play sailor. He is too weak to begin. At the end of a month, he would probably be as bad if not worse than when he left home. It will not answer."

"Doctor, you hold out no hope," said his caller despairingly.

"You mistake me; Arlos can be made himself in the course of a few months. The path to perfect health is plainly marked before him."

"Will you point it out?"

"Your boy is fond of hunting. Send him to the far West; to the Sierras or the Rocky Mountains, to spend several months. He will find royal game, he will live out of doors, he will be away from books, he will breathe ozone, he will have a touch of dangerous adventure that will put him on his mettle, he will form a love for the stir and excitement of such a life, and, when he comes back to you, he will be—well, just what he ought to be, a strong, sturdy, manly young fellow."

"I see the wisdom of your counsel, doctor, but I fear Arlos cannot be persuaded to adopt the treatment; the medicine is too distasteful. His antipathy to all manner of physical exertion is too deep seated to be overcome."

"There can be no trouble about arranging *that*," remarked Dr. Kleinman in so cheery a voice that his caller insensibly imbibed the hopeful feeling. "I have had just as bad cases. It is now about the close of my office hours and I will go around to your home with you. I wish to have an interview with this young gentleman."

Arlos Hayman was reclining on the lounge in the sitting room, his mother and sister

Miriam his only companions. He was pale, thin, weak, with lack luster eyes. His courteous nature and breeding caused him to rise and extend his hand in friendly greeting to his friend, who saw that the slight effort was exhausting.

When the way had been fairly paved, the doctor told Arlos that he had arranged an excursion for him. Noticing the disappointed expression that immediately came over the wan countenance, the physician added with an air and voice of heartiness that could not offend the most whimsical patient:

"It doesn't make a whit of difference to me whether you like it or not; *that* doesn't enter into the question. You've got to do as I say; do you hear that, young man?"

"I learned long ago, doctor, that there's little use of disputing you."

"Very well, sir; don't forget that fact. Mrs. Hayman, how long will it take you to pack up this boy's traps, so as to bundle him off for several months' absence?"

"Why," replied the surprised mother, "I presume we could do it tomorrow."

"Very well, do it. Perhaps it's rather too late to begin tonight, but tomorrow complete the job. Miriam can give some help, I suppose, by taking a seat in a convenient chair and making criticisms. As for Arlos, make him work. Don't let him play off on you; he has an excellent Winchester; let him see that that is in shape."

"But for what purpose?" asked Arlos, interested, but a little startled,

"Tomorrow night you will take the train for San Francisco, but you're not going there."

"Then why board that train?"

"Don't be impertinent, young man," replied the doctor, with an assumption of severity which deceived no one. "You will leave the train at some point this side of the Rocky Mountains. Denver will be a good station, for it is not far from that range. Leaving the railway at that point, push to the north or northwest, and never stop until you are in the heart of the wildest regions on this continent."

"And what then?" asked Arlos, amused in spite of himself.

"Go to shooting grizzly bears, antelope, deer, and wolves, scalping an Indian now and then to give variety to the thing; take a look 'round for any gold or silver mines that may have been lost; don't be too rough with the 'bad men' that you may run against; sleep out doors, climb mountains, plow through snow drifts, swim mountain torrents, and—well, lots of other things that will occur to you."

The face of the doctor was so serious that every one laughed. He turned toward Arlos and said severely,

"Well, sir, what have *you* to say?"

"I don't see that it will do any good for me to say anything. My wishes have not been consulted in the matter."

"Of course not, for you have no business to have any wishes. It's a piece of impudence on your part to presume anything of the kind. You have twenty four hours to make your preparations. I shall come 'round tomorrow evening, and if I find you here—well, sir, you will regret it."

Arlos Hayman looked appealingly at his father and mother. If they had given him so much as a glance of encouragement, he would have rebelled.

The youth uttered a dismal, half comical sigh.

"I'll do it if it kills me."

"If it kills you?" repeated the doctor. "It will save you! It will bring you back at the end of a year a strong, healthy, rugged youth; though, if I may add a recommendation, it is that after you have slain all the grizzly bears, wolves, and hostile red men, this side of the Sierras, you continue your journey to San Franciso, and there embark for India or Australia, and make a circuit of the world. In that case, I should feel sure that in picking up your health again, you will also imbibe some common sense and won't make such a fool of yourself as you have during the past year."

"Well," added the father, "it may not be necessary for Arlos to go upon quite so extensive a tour, but, at the same time, if he feels inclined to visit Australia or any foreign country, he has my consent to do so."

The physician rose to depart. Stepping across the room to the lounge, he took the flaccid hand of the former athlete within his own

"My dear boy, I have not the slightest doubt that you will make this journey to the West precisely as I have outlined it."

"Why are you so confident, doctor?" asked Arlos, who was on his feet, with a greater display of energy than he had yet shown.

"Because you have given me your promise. You are my namesake. You scorn a lie as much as I do. You will keep your pledge, though it kills you, which it won't do."

The doctor was tactful in uttering these words. He feared that his young friend, when he came to think more deliberately over what was certainly a serious undertaking, would be frightened, and seek to draw back. He, therefore, put the boy upon his honor, knowing how exalted his moral sense was.

An encouraging feature of the situation was the interest which Arlos showed in the discussion of the theme after the departure of the physician. He sat erect and laughed when his sister Miriam recalled several of the mirthful stories told by the physician, and began to speculate over the expedition upon which he had resolved to embark.

He admitted that only a brief while before he had been urged by his old friend, Dolph

Bushkirk, who had lived a number of years in Denver, to spend several weeks with him on a hunt among the mountains. The excursion was wonderfully enchanting to Arlos, and it was only his desire to complete his studies that prevented his accepting the invitation.

He would have preferred to write to his friend and learn whether he could join him in the jaunt, but that would involve a delay of more than a week at the least, and Dr. Kleinman would not listen to it.

"I will telegraph to Dolph tomorrow," said Arlos; "and let him know when to look for me. If anything prevents his joining me, I shall have to pick up some one else."

"Of course," remarked his mother, trying to conceal her solicitude, "you will not venture into those frightful solitudes alone."

The son laughed.

"The solitudes are by no means so frightful as they seem to you, mother. The Union Pacific Railway has been completed for several years. The country is settling fast, and we shall have to go a long way from Denver to reach the wild country that the doctor insists shall be my home for an indefinite time to come."

"But what about the Indians?" asked the alarmed Miriam.

The ring of laughter with which Arlos greeted this question filled the hearts of his parents with joy.

"Some years ago—and not so very many either—there might have been good cause for your question, but the red men don't enter into any account now. They are all at peace with the United States."

"Still there are bad characters among them," the father thought it wise to remark.

"So there are hundreds and thousands of bad characters right here in the city of New York. I would rather meet the worst Indians in the most remote regions of the Northwest than many white persons that can be found within a block of where we are sitting this minute."

As Dr. Kleinman had promised, he called at the home of the Haymans the following evening to inquire about Arlos. He was told that he was already several hundred miles on the road to the Pacific slope.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE MINERS' DELIGHT.

ARLOS HAYMAN was surprised and delighted by a discovery which grew upon him, after he had bidden his parents and sister good by and started for the great West. His interest in the expedition continually increased and he found himself looking forward to the few weeks or months he expected to spend in the mountains with the keenest anticipation of enjoyment.

He was still weak and easily fatigued, but felt decidedly better by the time he reached Chicago, and leaving the train, enjoyed a few hours' ramble about the Lake City, which he had never before visited.

But he was eager to be on his way and was soon hurrying westward again.

At Denver his first disappointment met him. As joyous and hopeful as a child, he did not wait till the train had stopped, but leaped out upon the platform and looked expectantly around for his old friend, Dolph Bushkirk.

"Hello, Arlos, I hardly knew you!"

Young Hayman turned to greet not a youth like himself, but a bearded man, whom he recognized as Mr. Bushkirk, the father of Adolphus. The gentleman shook him warmly by the hand and showed by his looks that he was startled at the greatly altered appearance of his young friend.

"Where is Dolph?" asked Arlos. "There's nothing wrong with him, I hope."

"Nothing at all, I am glad to say, but it was most unfortunate that your telegram was delayed. My carriage is waiting and we will talk as we ride homeward.

"I believe Dolph wrote to you a couple of months ago, proposing that you should join him on a hunting excursion?" added Mr. Bushkirk, after entering the vehicle.

"Yes; I was tempted to join him, but I had fallen behind in my studies and was determined to catch up if it cost my life, and it came near doing so," explained Arlos. "But where is Dolph."

"Away. I received your telegram and opened it. I did not reply because I feared it might prevent your coming. I do not expect Dolph back for a number of weeks; perhaps not for months."

"Where is he?"

"He started last week for a hunt in the mountains. Almost his last words expressed his regret that you could not go with him."

"Too bad!" commented the disappointed Arlos; "by that I mean it is too bad for me, for it is my loss as it is my fault. He urged me to go with him, but I declined so decisively that he did not repeat the invitation."

"Yes, Dolph and a friend named Varnum Brown, a veteran hunter, took the stage to Central City. There they will procure horses and push on toward the headwaters of the Grand River, which is one of the wildest regions in the Rocky Mountains. I have heard such stories of the canyon of the Grand River, that I was tempted to go with them, though they are not likely to see that wonderful place. The sources of Green River and the Platte are not very far to the north and one is sure to meet the most royal game on the American continent."

"I wonder whether there is any hope of my overtaking Dolph and his friend."

"Since they have had a week's start it is hardly possible, unless some accident has befallen them. They are in no hurry and yet have no cause to lag; but inasmuch as you are both aiming for the same region, it seems to me you have reason for looking for a meeting with Dolph, before either of you returns."

"It is a big hunting territory."

"So it is, covering thousands of square miles. There are other white men and a few Indians in the mountains, and you may never get within sight of where Brown and Dolph are trying to thin out the game. Of course you will not go alone?"

"I would not think of it; I will need a mountaineer of experience, who is acquainted with the country, the game and the inhabitants; but where shall I find a guide of that kind?"

Mr. Bushkirk had a large family, consisting of four girls and three boys, all of whom with the exception of the eldest, were at home. They had been friends and neighbors of the Haymans, before moving West, so that Arlos was among old acquaintances.

That evening the plans of the visitor were discussed, and a line of action agreed upon. The youth was to make his way on the morrow with his gun and baggage to Central City. There he would wait until he could find a trustworthy guide whom he could engage to accompany him into the mountains.

They would try to hunt up Dolph Bushkirk and his companion, but would not neglect the real errand—the pursuit of health and recreation—which took Arlos thither.

The first part of this scheme was carried out to the letter. The time of which I am writing was not long after the completion of the railway across the continent, when hundreds of the thriving towns and cities of the West were not dreamed of, and many vast, dismal solitudes were yet unbroken by the feet of the pioneer.

It was late in the afternoon of a bright, invigorating spring day that Arlos Hayman, who was the only passenger in the ramshackle coach, descended in front of the Miners' Delight, with the intention of staying perhaps for two or three days.

In the long, rough ride thither, he shared the front seat with Val Perkins, the driver, from whom he gathered much interesting information. He learned that Dolph Bushkirk and Varnum Brown had ridden with him just six days previous over the same route. They had stayed at the Miners' Delight one night and part of the next day, when, having bought a couple of tough little ponies, they set out for the mountains to the northwest.

The driver did not know their precise destination, but thought Belix Jenkins, the landlord, might be able to give his passenger a pointer or two.

Among other things Arlos learned a great deal concerning Central City itself, so that he showed no disappointment or surprise when he found that the "city" consisted of barely a score of rude shanties, among which the Miners' Delight was the one and only inn where travelers could obtain the rudest kind of accommodations. The lower floor consisted of two rooms, of which the largest contained the bar, where most of the city assembled each evening to smoke, drink, gamble, talk, and occasionally to exchange revolver shots.

Belix Jenkins, the landlord, was a burly Missourian, six feet three in his stockings, with the strength of an ox, and the courage of a lion. He lived in the rear lower room, while two small apartments up stairs, reached by the help of a sloping ladder, were reserved for the guests who at rare intervals came that way.

The quarters were anything but inviting to Arlos, but he had good sense and tact, and could accommodate himself to circumstances. He was prepared to make the best of everything and offend no one, unless such a person was bent on having trouble.

Inasmuch as no person would undertake to carry a large trunk around with him while hunting in the mountains, Arlos meant to leave his at the Miners' Delight, against his return. Such articles as were indispensable could be carried on the back of the horse he intended to buy.

He was satisfied from the careful inquiries he made, that Belix Jenkins, though rough, combative, and poorly educated, was, like many of his class, honest and trustworthy. The stage driver, in the course of the conversation, incidentally told how two tourists, on their way to the mountains, left five thousand dollars in money, beside a quantity of valuable jewelry, with the proprietor of the Miners' Delight. They never returned, and some months after their departure it was learned that both had been killed by Indians.

They had not left instructions with Jenkins as to what he should do with their property in the event of their death, and he had no means of learning who their friends were. He was advised to appropriate to his own use the windfall which had thus come to him.

He refused to entertain the thought. He made a journey to Denver, and deposited the money and jewelry in the bank, where he swore it should remain until the crack of doom unless the legal heirs came forward and proved their claims.

That night, after finishing his supper of excellent game, Arlos told the landlord that he had a thousand dollars which he desired to leave with him.

"I don't see what use I can make of money in the mountains," explained the youth, "and I shall be likely to lose it. I wish to hire a guide to go with me, to buy a couple of ponies, and then, reserving a little money for possible contingencies, I

wish to place the rest with my trunk and extra baggage in your charge."

"I'll take it on one condition," replied the landlord, who, having no family of his own, was seated at the table with his solitary guest.

"What's that?"

"That you don't try any such low down trick as them two Englishmen that was here summer before last played on me."

"What did they do?"

"Went off and got skulped by Injins; didn't leave me any directions as to what I should do, and consequently caused me a thunderin' lot of trouble."

"I shall certainly do my best to keep out of such a hole; but, if anything should happen to me, you'll find full directions inside of my trunk, which you can open with this key."

"All right," replied the landlord, shoving the implement into his pocket; "it's a go."

"Now," went on Arlos, "what about the horses?"

"I will see that you get what you want. Some of the boys may try to work off their old plugs on you, but leave the matter with me."

"I will be glad to do so. More important than the animals is the hiring of the right sort of guide."

Belix Jenkins had left the bar in charge of his assistant, so he was in no hurry to return. He lit his pipe, and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling, made of rough planking.

"There's only one man in Central City that I could recommend, and I ain't sure that I can recommend him, or that if I done so, you could get him."

"Tell me about him."

"The chap I have in mind is Budd Slogan. There ain't a better hunter and mountaineer between the Missouri and Rio Grande. He traveled for years with Kit Carson, and was his equal all the way through. He sarved a couple of years in the Confederate army, and is in the prime of life."

"What is the objection to him?"

"Wal, in the fust place, Budd has got it into his head that there's bushels of gold in the mountain side—which the same may be the fact—and he wants to put in his time hunting for that. Howsumever, I guess you can get him to postpone that bus'ness for a while, if you pay him purty well."

"How much ought I to offer him for his services as guide and hunter?"

"How long do you expect to be in the mountains?"

"I cannot say positively, but I should guess about a month or six weeks."

"A hundred dollars a month is good pay."

"I will be glad to do better than that."

"Would you be willing to give him, say, one hundred and fifty a month?"

"Quite. Suppose I offer him four hundred dollars for the job, with the understanding that it shan't last longer than two months, or, if it does, I shall pay him at the same rate?"

"That'll fix him dead to rights. The chance is too good for him to throw away."

"And I'll give him half of it in advance; and ——"

"No, you won't. You won't give him a cent until he gets back," interrupted the landlord decisively. "Any other plan will bust the deal."

"How, then, shall it be arranged?"

"You will give the terms in my presence. He'll agree to 'em, powerful sudden. I'll tell him you've put the money in my hands, and when he comes back with you I'll see that the agreement is kept."

"It secures me against loss, and if, as you feel certain, he will accept the conditions, nothing could suit me better. You intimated, however, that you did not recommend him unreservedly."

"The trouble with Budd is that he has the confoundest thirst on him of any chap this side of the Mississippi. If you paid him two hundred dollars you couldn't pry him away from Central City with a forty foot crowbar until he had drunk every cent of it, and then he wouldn't be fit for anything inside of a week. When Budd is drunk, he's as ugly as a grizzly b'ar with the measles, but when he's sober he's one of the best fellers that ever lived."

"But he will be unable to procure any liquor after leaving this place."

"That's true, onless he takes it with him, and he can't carry 'nough to hurt him. The trouble is, howsumever, that Budd has got plenty of funds now. He rode into Central City three days ago, and has been guzzling ever since. He's got one of the best animals in the place, so if you hire him, you'll have to buy only one pony and trappings for yourself. I'll fix it about his drinking," added the landlord, with the manner of one who has reached the solution of a puzzling problem.

"How?"

"The Miners' Delight is the only place within fifty miles where he can get a drop. I'll shet down on him. It will make him mad, but I don't care for that, purvided he doesn't mount his pony and start for Glencoe, Sunset, Boulder, or some other place, where he can drink as long as his money holds out."

"Where shall I see Slogan?"

"He will be here tonight. You had better leave the matter with me, for, if he kicks purty hard, it won't do for you to talk to him. He might not treat you white; I'll handle him the best I know how."

"I am sure of that; you place me under great obligations and I shall be happy ——"

"That'll do on that p'int; we'll adjourn to the bar room now, as it's time to light the lamps. Pete will 'tend to these things."

Pete was the young man, not specially bright witted, who acted as barkeeper, when landlord Jenkins was called away, and who did the cooking and such chores as were necessary about the Miners' Delight.

As the landlord and his guest entered the large room of the hotel, the former spoke to Pete, who nodded and passed back into the living room, which served all other purposes, except the lodgment of the guests.

Three of the citizens of Central City were standing at the bar, glasses in hand. They looked at Arlos curiously and one of them invited him to drink. The youth thanked him and said he never partook of liquor.

The man instantly flared up.

"When I axes a stranger to drink with me and he insults me by slingin' back the words in my teeth, he's got to apolergize or fight, or——"

The iron grip of landlord Jenkins was on the speaker's neck, with the other hand upon his trousers. The astonished miner dropped his glass with a crash and tried to stay his progress toward the outer air. But he was a child in the hands of a giant.

The next moment he was flung headlong out of the door and the proprietor of the Miners' Delight walked calmly back behind his bar with the remark:

"This young feller's my friend, and he doesn't drink with nobody 'cepting myself; you hear what I say, pards."

They heard him, and hearing, heeded his words.

CHAPTER III.

ARLOS AND HIS GUIDE.

ARLOS took the most modest place he could find in the Miners' Delight. The seats consisted mainly of stools, empty boxes, and one or two strong chairs. It was an interesting study for him to watch these men, of whom eight or nine appeared, before the evening was well advanced.

They were not all miners, but they formed a coarse, rough, heavily bearded set, with their trousers tucked in their boots, slouch hats on their heads, and most of them without coat or vest, in place of which was a red or blue flannel shirt. The belt around the waist was full of cartridges, while the revolver at the hip was always ready for instant service, and those fellows knew how to use it.

Despite his retired position, Arlos naturally attracted notice and several invitations to drink followed. He invariably declined, saying that landlord Jenkins had arranged that he should do all his drinking with him. The point was generally caught at once and no unpleasant attention followed.

The youth entered into conversation with a number, with whom he soon established pleasant relations. But he was on the lookout for Budd Slogan, who, from some unexpected cause, was a long time in showing up.

It was past nine o'clock when a short, heavy set, powerful looking man, attired much the same as the others, roughly pushed open the door and striding up to the bar, struck his fist upon it, turned round so as to face the rest, and said in a ringing voice:

"Come, pards, nominate your p'ison."

Promptly all went forward, excepting Arlos Hayman, a slight which the new comer was quick to notice.

"What's the matter with you, stranger?" he demanded with a threatening look.

"Nothing; I never drink."

Arlos had caught a nod from the landlord when this individual entered, which told him that he was Budd Slogan. He decided to be frank with him, a thing he could well afford to do, when he knew Jenkins would back him up in it.

Budd seemed taken back by the promptness with which he was answered.

"Stranger, you're nothin' more'n a boy; if you was a man and insulted me like that, you'd never git a chance to insult any one else. I must insist, howsumever, that you take a drink with me."

Arlos saw that the landlord was watching events closely and he felt no fear. He arose smilingly and walked forward to the bar, Budd Slogan keeping his eye on him with curious interest.

"Hanged if you ain't the finest looking younker I've seen in a good while, only your face is as pale as a girl's and you don't look stronger than a kitten."

"And I am not much stronger," said Arlos.

"What's the matter, younker?"

"I have been very sick. I have come out here for my health; it will take me a good while to get well. I have never drunk liquor and it would injure me to do so; besides, I have given my father and mother my promise never to drink. I am sure, therefore, that you will excuse me for not joining you."

The incident had taken a fortunate turn for Arlos Hayman. No words or line of conduct could have been wiser. He had won the sympathy of the rough hunter, who said with a show of feeling which surprised his companions:

"That explanation shows you're a gentleman, stranger, even if you are only a younker, and when a man speaks about his father and mother like that, he hits me hard. I once had a mother, but she is dead long ago and it was lucky for her, 'cause it was afore she had time to know what a worthless scamp of a son she had. What's your name?"

"Arlos Hayman."

"Whar from?"

"The city of New York."

"Purty fair sized town ain't it?"

"Yes, the largest in this country; con-

tains a million people, and buildings fourteen stories high——"

"Thar! that'll do," interrupted Budd Slogan, holding his glass suspended in hand, the others doing the same and listening amusedly to the conversation.

"I've heerd something like that afore and warned the chap down in Deadwood that if he slung that statement at me agin about the aforesaid houses with ten or twelve or fourteen stories, it meant fight, and I had the drop on him. What you had said previous sorter drawed me toward you, but don't sp'ile the bus'ness by any such yarns. I'll forgive you if you don't say it agin."

Arlos laughed and replied,

"Very well. We'll drop it, Budd."

"How the mischief did you know my name?"

"I am going on a hunt up the mountains. I am looking for the best hunter and guide in the country, and am willing to pay him a good price for his services. When I made inquiry for my man I was told there was only one such individual, and his name was Budd Slogan. I received so good a description of you that I knew you the moment you entered the room."

"Good!" exclaimed one of the party with a laugh, in which the others joined. "It's on you, Budd."

The hunter could not help being pleased at the neat manner in which he had been complimented. Arlos thereby strengthened the good impression already made.

The man looked quizzically at the youth for a moment, then drank the liquor in his glass, the rest joining him, after which he solemnly extended his hand.

"Younker, put it thar. You'll do."

"You're right," added landlord Jenkins. "He's true blue, and, Budd, if you aren't the biggest fool this side of the Pacific, you'll shet down on guzzling and make your bargain with that young man. He's offering you a chance which you don't get every day."

The hunter was impressed. He stood a moment as if debating whether to continue his drinking or to stop. Belix Jenkins was resolved that he should not indulge to any extent, but it would be much preferable to have him refrain of his own free will.

"There's a lamp burning in t'other room," he said. "Go in there, Budd, with him, and talk over this bus'ness."

"Come on," added Arlos, stepping briskly into the adjoining apartment. "It won't take us long to reach a decision,"

The hunter followed, and, closing the door between the two rooms, they sat down by the table, on which a lamp was burning.

A few minutes later Arlos partly opened the door, and beckoned to the landlord, who stepped forward.

"Can you give us a minute or two?"

"Of course," he replied, leaving the bar to his factotum, Pete.

"Well, it's all settled, Mr. Jenkins. Budd agrees to go with me on the terms I named to you."

"What mought they be?"

"Four hundred dollars for the trip, if it does not exceed two months, and at the same rate for all time beyond that."

"Whew! but that's a big price. Budd may claim that he's got more, but I wouldn't believe it if he swore to it."

"I hain't made any such claim," grinned Budd. "But don't you think I orter have a part of my wages in advance."

"What fur?" demanded the landlord savagely.

"Wal, it seems more business-like, that's all."

"You haven't any family. You don't want any money in the mountains, and if you had it, you would drink it all up. No, sir. Budd, this young gentleman has placed the funds in my hands, and when you bring him back you shall have every cent he has promised, but you don't get a smell of the money afore. You hear me?"

"Bein' as you're talking loud enough to be heard half way to the Big Horn range, I may say conferdently I *do* hear you, Belix; and bein' also and likewise that I ain't got any put in this matter, why, I accept the terms, and am ready to start just as soon as the younker says the word."

The best feature of the arrangement—one indeed that was better than landlord Jenkins expected—was Budd Slogan's abstention from drinking. He spent half an hour more with Arlos, going over the details of their plans, and when he was through, strode out of the bar room, without stopping at the bar.

He had given his promise both to the youth and the landlord that he would not touch a drop of liquor, except that which was contained in the small flask Mr. Jenkins promised to present to him before starting.

So excellently was everything arranged that on the following morning, before the forenoon was half gone, Arlos Hayman and Budd Slogan rode away from Central City, fully prepared for their hunting excursion, in the neighborhood of the wild forests of the Rocky Mountains, known as Middle Park.

Arlos was furnished with a fine, tough little pony, who mated well with the animal ridden by his companion. Arlos was told that the name of the animal was "Jack," while Budd addressed his as "Rio Grande."

"Which the same is on account that he hain't never been within a thousand miles of that muddy stream of water which half the time don't desarve the name of river," he explained.

They took with them as scant a supply of luggage as was possible. Each had a strong, heavy blanket strapped behind his saddle and a few smaller articles. The larger weapon in both cases was a fine Winchester,

accompanied by an excellent revolver, hunting knife, and a plentiful supply of cartridges.

"Thar's one thing I'd like to leave behind," remarked Budd, "'cause bringing it along don't give me any solid comfort."

"What may that be?"

"My thirst. I must have been born with a thirst, for I can't remember when I hain't had it."

"I think it will leave you before long."

"P'rhaps; but Belix give me a flask of his stuff. Bein' as I can't have no peace as long as that stuff is wabbling 'round the outside of me, why, I'll shift it to the interior of the aforesaid Budd Slogan, and then, by gracious! I can't help myself."

Arlos could not object, though he would have been glad had his friend not brought the flask with him.

The guide drew it from the pocket of his coat (for, like Arlos, he had donned one of those garments), twisted out the cork, put the mouth of the flask between his lips, and threw his head back with the bottom of the vessel pointed toward the sky.

The youth watched him while the fluid gurgled down his throat.

"I wonder whether there is enough to make him ugly. He is taking a big drink, and he may become morose and savage—"

At this instant Budd snatched away the vessel from his mouth and with an angry expletive flung it fifty feet from him. At the same time, he sent much of the fluid flying from his mouth in spray and mist.

Glaring like a wild beast at the wondering Arlos, he demanded,

"Do you call Belix Jenkins a Christian?"

"I did not know that he claimed to be one."

"He'd better not, confound him! What do you s'pose he done?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell."

"Why he filled that flask with water!"

At the risk of offending his friend Arlos broke into hearty laughter, which continued until his sides ached.

Budd seriously meditated turning about and having it out with the author of the trick; but they were already several miles on the road and little was to be gained by going back to the Miners' Delight. Gradually he recovered from his anger and gave his thoughts to the more serious work before them.

Ever since starting, and indeed long before, the sky to the northwest, the west, and southwest was filled by the vast mountain ranges, whose crests rose far above the snow line and presented the same spotless covering during the most sultry temperature of summer. The country over which the two horsemen approached the foothills was rough, and with so luxuriant a growth of succulent grass and vegetation that it afforded the best of grazing for their ponies.

There was an abundance of water also, in the form of small streams which, winding hither and yon, in time joined with larger ones, eventually to become some of the most important rivers, having their rise in the central portion of the continent.

Budd Slogan had visited this section before. Indeed, he had hunted in the Sweetwater range, the Laramie Mountains, Rattlesnake Hills, the Big Horn, and as far north as the wonderful Yellowstone Park. Probably no person could have given him "points" on that wild section, unless it might be some of the Indians who had spent all their lives there.

At this stage of the journey, little dependence was placed upon their rifles. They might meet with game, but the chances were that they would not see any for several days. There was a variety of fish in the larger streams, but Arlos had not deemed it worth while to bring any tackle with him, and his guide scarcely gave a thought to that kind of food which he did not secure with his rifle.

Before leaving the Miners' Delight, therefore, each provided himself with a substantial lunch, which it was believed would serve them longer than they were likely to require it.

About noon a small stream was crossed, where the water rose hardly to their horses' knees. Looking down from his saddle into the cold, clear current, Arlos saw several large fish darting here and there, and half regretted that he had not the means of making them form part of their dinner. On the further bank, they removed the bits from their ponies' mouths, and allowed them to pluck the rich grass, while their riders sat on the ground and ate their lunch, after which Budd Slogan filled his pipe and smoked.

The halt had lasted about an hour, when the hunter knocked the ashes from his brierwood and said,

"We may as well be movin'; the ponies are in good shape and will have plenty of rest after we git fairly into the mountains."

"And when will that be?"

"In two or three days, if we don't have to lay by on account of a storm, and the sky looks a little like it," added Budd, shutting one eye and squinting at the heavens, which had become slightly overcast during the last hour.

"And what is to be done in the event of a storm?"

The guide looked at his companion as if unable to understand his question.

"What's to be done? Why nothin' of course. We'll hunt cover and wait till it is over."

"That's what I mean."

"And that's what we will do if we find the shelter; but if we don't, we'll have to grin and bear it—but hold on a minute."

He had become suddenly interested in something almost due west of where they

stood. Arlos saw him fix his gray, penetrating eyes on a point apparently half way up the rocky slope. The youth looked in the same direction, but discovered nothing. Then he reflected that he had his small pocket telescope with him.

Drawing this forth, he leveled it at the mountain side and groped here and there until at last he detected what it was that had caught the eye of the guide.

From behind a mass of rocks, where there seemed to be a growth of stunted cedar, he observed a faint, bluish column of vapor creeping upward. It seemed to be the smoke from a small campfire that probably had been kindled for a long time and then left to die out of itself.

Since he could detect nothing more, he handed the glass to Budd, who was familiar with its use, The guide studied the shadowy indications for some minutes, standing rigid and in perfect silence. Then he passed the instrument back to Arlos, who asked,

"What do you make of it?"

"Nothin' more than we see. Somebody stopped there last night, but did not leave till late this morning. If that was done in Arizona or New Mexico, I'd know it was a signal of some of the Apaches, and that it said something 'bout *us*, and we'd have to look out or our skulps wouldn't be on our heads six hours longer."

"Do you think the campfire belongs to Indians?"

"As like as not, but we've nothing to fear from 'em; it isn't a signal and there fore doesn't signerfy nothin', as I remarked previous."

"I wonder," exclaimed Arlos, struck with the new idea, "whether it can be that my friend Dolph Bushkirk and his friend stopped last night there."

Budd shook his head.

"Nothin' like that; them folks have nigh onto a week's start and wouldn't be hangin' round this part of the world. They are still ahead of us and that's where we've got to look for 'em, instead of off yonder to one side of the road, so to speak."

CHAPTER IV.

ON GUARD.

IT was early in the afternoon that Budd Slogan and Arlos Hayman remounted their ponies and resumed their journey toward the northwest, steadily approaching the heart of the stupendous mountain range, where they expected to spend an indefinite time in hunting the royal game, which in those days was more plentiful than at the present time.

Now and then the guide halted, and facing his animal the other way, held the glass leveled at the point which had attracted his interest when in camp. Gradually the dim, shadowy column of vapor melted from sight, until at last even the keen eyes of the veteran were unable to distinguish it.

He seemed to suspect that the persons who had kindled the fire might reveal themselves, but they did not, and he finally dismissed them from his thoughts.

While Arlos Hayman was anxious to meet his friend Dolph Bushkirk, he knew the chances were against his doing so, at least for a week or two to come. As has been stated it was possible that they might not approach within a hundred miles of each other, until their return. Other men, both white and red, were in the section and were more likely to be encountered. Budd had intimated that the room of most of these was preferable to their company, but he showed no fear of them.

Another matter gave Arlos more immediate concern—that was his own health. It may be said that he was fully roused and more determined than ever to recover his usual rugged strength, but was too sensible to expect this to occur in a single day or in several days.

In point of fact, however, his recovery was more rapid than he anticipated. His appetite became so keen that he was astonished at the amount of food he disposed of without fully satisfying his hunger.

Arlos dreaded catching cold, but when sure he had done so, he found that the effects of his exposure were thrown off and he was in reality stronger then before. It became necessary to loosen his waistband; his garments in which, as he expressed it, he had "rattled around," began to fit him snugly; a test of strength showed that he could lift more, leap further and higher, run faster and longer, and laugh at a degree of exertion which, only only a brief time previous, would have laid him exhausted on his back. Unquestionably, the advice of Dr. Kleinman was the wisest that could have been given, and he thanked the honest physician hundreds of times for sending him to the West.

When the spring day drew to a close, the horsemen had penetrated a goodly distance into the region where they expected to hunt. They were fairly among the foothills, and the air had grown cool and bracing. Grass was still abundant, and a small stream of clear, running water, and the presence of several huge boulders made the spot an ideal one for camping.

The saddles and bridles were removed and the ponies turned loose. The guide did not consider it necessary to tether or hobble them, for he knew Rio Grande was too well trained to wander off, and Jack, was not likely to do so on his own account.

Having made the halt, the next thing was to prepare camp, which term in the West is applied to any spot where one person or more spends the night in the open. Pine and cedar were growing near, and a goodly supply was soon gathered and flung in a pile at the base of one of the boulders.

After throwing down his first bundle, Budd Slogan abruptly paused and looked at the ground. Then he stooped and scrutinized it more closely.

"What do you see?" asked Arlos, who was watching him.

"Nothin' 'ticular, 'cept that some one else camped here about a week ago."

"About a week ago!" repeated the youth, hurrying to the side; "then it must have been Dolph and Varnum Brown."

"Why so?" asked Budd, straightening up and looking into the face of his excited companion.

"They are just a week ahead of us."

"Which likewise a good many others may be; p'raps Varn—who's an old friend of mine—and the younker was the ones that spent the night hereabouts, but it ain't noways sartin, and I don't see that it makes any difference either way."

The dried twigs and branches were fixed in place with a skill acquired during years of long campaigning. Then Budd drew a match along his thigh and shaded the flame while he applied it to the fuel.

The expertnesss of many white and red men at this delicate work is amazing. An Apache or Comanche Indian will lean over from his galloping steed, strike a match against a stone, and swing back and light his pipe without abating the speed of his horse; a Chinaman or an old soldier will start a fire from wet twigs or tiny sticks which would require several boxes of matches from you or me, with the probability of a failure in the end.

But Budd Slogan found no trouble in starting a strong, crackling blaze into life. He stooped over only a moment or two, when the tiny flame caught and the diminutive conflagration was under headway. Then he left it to itself and set about his other duties.

Arlos was watching the blaze, when he caught the glimmer of something white a few feet away, as revealed in the glare thrown out by the burning wood. Picking up the object he saw that it was a portion of an envelope. The lower side had been burned, but the stamp, postmark, and business address, printed in the left hand corner were easily read.

The postmark was "Denver, April 11," and the business address was "J. G. Bushkirk & Co.," of the same city.

The inference was clear. Adolphus Bushkirk and his guide, Varnum Brown, had spent the night on the spot. The envelope may have served the purpose of starting the fire, after which it was flung aside.

Arlos announced his discovery, showing the singed paper to his friend.

"This is the very place where they stayed!"

Budd was interested in preparing some coffee, and showed no interest in that which had roused his young friend. Without ceasing his work, or doing more than glance at the envelope, he asked in turn,

"Wal, what of it?"

"Little that I know of," replied Arlos, "except that it is interesting. You were right in saying the ashes and embers are a week old, but how were you able to tell it, Budd?"

"By looking at 'em."

"I presume so, but I can't help wishing we had been a week earlier."

"Another thing would have sarved as well."

"What's that?"

"If them chumps ahead had been a week later; but, bein' as they aren't, why let's talk of somethin' else."

Among the precious supplies brought by these hunters were several pounds of ground coffee, sugar, together with salt and pepper. Each was provided with a tin cup, and what veteran of the civil war would have asked more when on the march or in camp? Milk, eggs, and the other accessories sometimes used are of no account, for experience teaches how to dispense with them.

In a few minutes, the water in each cup which had been set over the fire was boiling, the brown grains tumbling over each other, and giving off an aroma, which to hungry nostrils is more fragrant than the most ravishing perfume from the "rose valleys of Yemen." Probably Arlos Hayman was right in believing that never in all his life had he been so ravenously hungry, or his yearning for the delicious Java so irrestrainable.

"I have heard about the nectar of the gods," he sighed, setting down his cup, "but it isn't to be compared with this. Budd, how can you ever crave whisky, when you can get coffee?"

"That's what I sometimes ask myself," replied the hunter, squinting into his cup, to see whether any drinkable fluid remained; "but I also likewise asks myself the conundrum twisted 'round thusly: how can I ever crave coffee when I kin get 'knock 'em stiff' like that which Belix Jenkins sells at the Miners' Delight. Young man, I understood you never swallered any whisky?"

"You understood me correctly."

"Wal, don't never do it: that's the advice of a chap as has been fool 'nough to guzzle several shiploads of the p'ison and he would have drunk more 'cepting for the good reason that he couldn't get it. Bein' as how you've never begun, I don't s'pose you're likely to do so, and therefore, I won't temperance lecture."

"No, Budd; it is not necessary," said Arlos kindly, as his friend, having finished his eating and drinking, proceeded to fill and light his pipe; "I don't claim to be better or wiser than hundreds of others of my age, but it has always struck me as among the most idiotic things conceivable that a person should cultivate a taste for beer and liquor, when he knows it in-

jures him and takes away from the real enjoyment of life."

Seated thus on blankets spread upon the ground, with their backs supported by boulders behind them, and the air just cool enough to make the slight warmth of the camp fire agreeable, Budd Slogan was in one of his most genial moods. He had formed a deep liking for his youthful companion, and, when the latter asked him to relate some of his experiences, the grim veteran of so many campaigns and scenes of peril willingly complied.

He told of scout and skirmish and battle during the Civil War, but that which interested Arlos most was his experiences in the Southwest, in this very region and in equally perilous sections beyond. More than one story of thrilling encounter with the Apaches, the Comanches, the Kiowas, Nez Percés, Shoshones, and other tribes, sometimes alone and sometimes in the company of that ideal scout Kit Carson, or other mountaineers hardly less distinguished, was related in the uncouth, but graphic language of this man whose life, if fully recorded, would surpass any work of fiction in vivid interest.

"Now," said Budd, when the evening was well advanced, and he had smoked his third pipe, "we've got to begin doing things in business style."

"I am ready to help so far as I can."

"We're in a country where neither must sleep onless t'other is awake. I'll be easy with you at first. What time is it?"

"It lacks a few minutes to ten," replied Arlos, looking at his watch.

"Therefore, it ain't fur till midnight; you can keep guard till then, when I'll run things the rest of the night out."

"That will hardly be fair to you, Budd, for it will make your watch three times as long as mine."

"After you've been broke in, you'll have all of that you want; as it is, you'll find your hands full, for you can't walk back and forth, as a sentinel does in the army."

"Why not?"

"Wal, it might do in some cases, but if there are any redskins prowling 'round, don't you see you'll give 'em the best chance they kin ask to pick you off? We'll let the fire go down, for we don't need it, and you'll lay off there wrapped up in your blanket, where no one can't see you until he creeps up so near that you kin get the drop on him. Do you hear me?"

"I understand."

"All right; here goes."

And with no more directions, and without so much as bidding him good night, the hunter wrapped his blanket about his sturdy figure and lay down with his feet toward the fire, which even then had smoldered so low that nothing more than the heavy boots would have been visible to the keenest eyed of Indians, who might be lurking in the vicinity. Before Arlos was aware, the responsibility of a sentinel was thrust upon him.

"This is new work," he reflected, "but it ought to be easy. At any rate, there will be no trouble to keep awake two hours more. I'll stretch my duties to one o'clock, so as to give Budd a long rest. It is right that we should divide the task more equally between us."

Filled with this resolve, the youth flattered himself that he set about the business after the manner and style of a veteran. The fire, as has been intimated, had sunk slow. By and by, utter darkness would enfold the little camp.

Arlos moved his position a little further from the embers, so as to make sure he could not be seen by any enemy lurking near. The stories which his companion had told earlier in the evening so filled his mind that they produced their natural effect and caused him to magnify his responsibility.

"If I should fall asleep, some treacherous Indian might steal up and slay us both—but why suppose that which is unsupposable?" he asked impatiently.

And with his back against the boulder, his blanket folded about his shoulders and body, and his Winchester resting across his knees, where it could be seized and used at the first approach of danger, the senses of the youth were never more alert. He felt as if he could not sleep for twenty four hours, and nothing was easier than to maintain his position until the rising of the morrow's sun.

Listening intently, he failed to hear the munching of the ponies' jaws. They had finished cropping the grass, and, like Budd Slogan, were asleep, or, at any rate, soon would be. Consequently the care of them was also upon the shoulders of the young man.

The solemn, almost inaudible roar or murmur, which is an accompaniment of solitude, filled his ears. The silence was profound. Arlos felt himself alone in a world of night and shadows.

The stillness was made the more impressive by the faint report of a gun which broke upon his ear. It seemed to have been fired miles away, and from somewhere in the depth of the mountains.

"How strange it would be," he reflected, "if that was the rifle of Dolph Bushkirk; or," he added, with a shudder, "it may have been fired at him——"

He ceased his gloomy speculation, for at that moment one of the ponies whinnied. To the lonely sentinel this was evidence that a new peril was at hand.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STOLEN SCUDAWAY.

By Frank M. Bicknell.

"THAT was the costliest bath I ever took," exclaimed Maurice Benson, ruefully running his fingers through his damp hair. "It's a pretty mean trick, I say, to run off with a fellow's bicycle while he is in the water. A new Scudaway, too, as good as the day I got it, except for two little punctures in the rear tire."

"Yes, it is certainly gone, but if I were you I wouldn't look so forlorn over it," said Sherman Holmes; "stolen goods are often recovered."

The speaker had so much the air of saying something clever that his companion was a trifle nettled.

"Humph! perhaps my wheel might be recovered—by you," he remarked sarcastically.

"Possibly it might be," assented Sherman, with entire composure. "Would you like to have me give you an exhibition of my skill as a detective?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Maurice, not sure whether his friend was in earnest or not. "One hundred and twenty five dollars doesn't grow on every bush, and I doubt if my father will buy me another machine this season."

"Deduct expense of replacing one tire, and call it one hundred and twenty dollars," suggested Sherman; "but even that is well worth saving. Well, I'll see what can be done."

The two boys had met an hour earlier at that popular resort, Crescent Beach, whither Maurice had ridden on his bicycle, and Sherman had driven with a horse and buggy. While they were enjoying themselves in the surf Maurice's wheel had been stolen from the place where he had too confidingly left it, alongside half a hundred others, near one of the beach hotels.

All inquiries made by the boys concerning a "Scudaway with two pieces of tape on the rear wheel," were unproductive of the least information of value. The popcorn vendor declared that he had seen "more'n forty" wheelmen come and go during the past hour, but had not looked closely enough at any one of them to know him again. The cashier at the merry-go-round, the soft drinks dispenser, the hot tamale man, and a small crowd of idlers all said substantially the same thing. Evidently it would be useless to continue investigations further on that line.

"We'll notify the local authorities, and then we must depend upon our wits and good luck," declared Sherman, as they walked away from the waterside toward the stable where he had left his horse.

Sherman Holmes, who was the son of the chief of police in a suburban city, passed for being rather a bright witted youth. Yet his boast that he might be able to get back the stolen bicycle had been hasty, and he had no very clear idea of how he should make it good. Naturally, however, he kept to himself any misgivings he may have had on that score.

"I should say we're going to get a shower," remarked Maurice, eying a dark cloud overhead, as they drove out of the stable.

"Unless it goes around on the edges," returned his companion abstractedly.

"What are you looking for—a clue?" queried Maurice presently, noticing that Sherman was leaning far out of the buggy and closely scrutinizing the dusty roadway as they drove slowly along.

"Yes," was the short response, and the youthful detective would vouchsafe no further explanation.

There was only one main thoroughfare leading to and from Crescent Beach, and that was so much traveled that the chance of tracing the thief upon it seemed well nigh hopeless.

By and by Sherman stopped the horse and got out to examine the dust of the first branch road they had encountered since leaving the beach; then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he reëntered the buggy and drove on. The same proceeding was repeated every time they came to a street, or even to a lane, diverging from the highway.

As the country between the immediate seaside and the next town was somewhat thinly settled, this was not an arduous task during the first mile of their journey.

The shower which Maurice had predicted overtook the boys not very long after they left the stable, although it amounted only to a sprinkle of about five minutes' duration.

"I'm glad that's finished," said Sherman, in a relieved tone when the drops ceased to fall. "As I thought, we have merely come under the skirts of it. A hard patter would knock my clue into pi—mud pie, I mean."

At the top of a long, gentle rise the road forked, and Sherman again got out to examine the right hand division, which was

the less traveled of the two. Apparently he found something to interest him, for presently he began to walk slowly forward, bidding Maurice follow in the carriage.

The road they were now upon wound about a good deal, and after an eighth of a mile began to ascend a tolerably steep hill. Sherman often bent over to look at the dust, which had been barely dampened by the brief spatter, and paused several times over a wisp of hay, evidently the scattering of a heavily loaded cart which could be seen toiling up the hill in the distance.

"I should like to know what all this is going to amount to," exclaimed Maurice at last, with pretended impatience, although in reality he had quite a sufficient inkling of what his companion was trying to do.

Sherman halted.

"I'll show you something if you'll drive along here," he said; "only you must rein out to the left a little so as not to muss the trail."

Maurice obeyed directions and drew in the horse at the spot indicated.

"That track," Sherman continued, pointing impressively, "I take to have been left by your Scudaway."

Maurice leaned out of the low vehicle to inspect the clue. It was tolerably clear to the sight, but he could not understand Sherman's inference that it was made by his bicycle in particular.

"Oh, that is easy enough," explained his friend when questioned, "thanks to the two pieces of tape you put on to cover the punctures in the rear tire. See! there are the imprints of them."

"That is so," acknowledged Maurice, "although it seems to me the tapes might not have been on a rear wheel. They might have been on a front——"

"No, they mightn't," interposed Sherman, "for if so the marks would have been obliterated, in part at least, by the track of the rear wheel coming after they were made. You can see that they were certainly on the rear wheel, and nowhere else. Just get on to the curves, will you."

"What do you mean?" Maurice demanded, rather surprised at what he took to be a piece of slang from his friend's lips.

"I mean just what I say," was the calm reply. "The forward wheel of a bicycle, in turning, usually makes a sharper curve than the rear one. Now if you look here you will observe that the mended tire has made the more gradual curves, and consequently must be that on the rear wheel."

"Yes, that is true," said Maurice, entirely convinced. "But tell me how you know which way the bicycle was traveling. Suppose it were going in the opposite direction——"

"It wasn't," interposed Shetman positively. "I know that by the curves again. In mounting a hill as steep as this a rider naturally zigzags more or less to help himself along. This fellow has done so a good deal. Had he been going down hill he would have made a much straighter track."

After this explanation Sherman bade his companion drive on. At the end of the next ascent he called another halt.

"Have you ever heard the Eastern tale of the man who correctly described a stray camel which he hadn't seen, as being blind in one eye, lame in one foot, and loaded with honey and millet?" he asked abruptly.

"I think I recall the story," answered Maurice, eying his friend curiously. Before he could put the question that rose to his lips Sherman continued:

"This trail is hot. It was made not more than a half hour and not less than fifteen minutes ago. If I were to make a guess I should say your wheel was taken by a youngish man weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, who wore a pair of very old tennis shoes, the left one lacking a part of the sole near the toe, who limped in the right foot, and—let me see—well, I rather think he chewed tobacco."

"Listen to him, will you?" cried Maurice, dropping the reins to hold up his hands in mock admiration. "Why don't you add to the rest that the man swears and tells lies and doesn't go to Sunday school; also that he has red hair, a squint, and a cavity in one of his back teeth? Sherm, your last name is Holmes, your first should be Sherlock. I would have the final syllable of it changed if I were you."

Sherman flushed under this banter. *Sherlock Holmes* was his pet hero, but no one likes to be regarded as a mere imitator, be the model never so worthy.

"Drive on," he ordered gruffly. "We shall see what we shall see."

They went down an incline and started up another, midway of which they passed the load of hay. It had been brought to a standstill to give rest to the horses, and Maurice noticed, as he drove by, that it was in charge of a stalwart, farmer looking man, accompanied by a twelve year old boy.

A few rods further on a lane extended from the road at right angles and at the end of it was a shabby cottage with a dilapidated shed in the rear. Sherman halted at the entrance of the lane and inspected the roadway critically.

"Our man turned in here," he announced, after a few seconds.

"What are you going to do next?" queried Maurice rather uneasily.

"Wait and you'll see," Sherman replied, and wasting no more words he turned and walked back toward the load of hay to have a brief conference with the driver.

Presently the two came back together and proceeded down the lane, Maurice driving behind them in compliance with his friend's request.

On reaching the house Sherman rapped sharply at the door. It was opened after

some delay by a leather faced, scowling old woman. Behind her was visible a stoutish, ill looking young man who resembled her strongly in feature.

Without waiting to be asked what he wanted Sherman said peremptorily,

"I'd like to speak with your son there a moment, please."

"Wha' d'ye want o' me?" demanded the fellow, coming forward unwillingly.

From his seat in the buggy Maurice could see that he wore tennis shoes, that he limped, and that his cheek was swelled as if from a quid of tobacco.

"I've called to get that Scudaway bicycle you took *by mistake* from Crescent Beach about three quarters of an hour ago," said Sherman, coming to the point, without needless circumlocution.

"I hain't taken no bicycle," blustered the fellow, but his countenance changed so perceptibly that Sherman quickly followed up his advantage.

"Oh, yes, you have," he said quietly, "and I'll trouble you to hand it over without any more words."

As he spoke the young detective drew aside his coat and showed, pinned upon his breast, a special police badge that had been given him by his father.

The sight of this insignia of authority—which, by the way, the youth had no legal right to wear—had a visible effect.

"Well," exclaimed Sherman, seeing the fellow hesitate, "will you give it up of your own accord, or shall we have to take it?"

The police chief's son was seventeen years of age and unusually large and strong for a boy, while his ally, the hay driver, was a fine specimen of six foot manhood. The rascal saw that the odds were much against him, and wisely concluded to yield to superior force.

"I got a w'eel here," he growled at last, "that I s'posed b'longed to a friend o' mine. I sneaked it just for a joke on him, but if I made a mistake an' it's yours, why, o' course, you c'n have it."

"Sherm," said Maurice, as he was riding homeward on his recovered Scudaway, "I admit that you're a clever fellow, that you have observation and inference and deduction and all those fine things my father is continually telling me to cultivate; I can see how you could tell from the track of the wheel that the man was heavy, and from his own track after he dismounted, that he limped and wore tennis shoes; but I don't understand why you should fix the time of his passing along the road as being between fifteen minutes and half an hour."

"That wasn't a point worth mentioning," carelessly returned Sherman, curbing in his impatient horse a trifle. "I merely noticed that he passed after the shower, because the tracks he left were not marked by the falling drops; and I knew he went before the load of hay because the scattered wisps hadn't been ridden over, but lay up light across his trail. It was simply a matter of that observation and deduction you were talking about," he added, with a laugh, "as easy as possible after you know how, you see."

HIS WORD.

OLD Miller Brown was a miller white,
  And by his door, at blazing noon,
Was idly watching with delight
  His mill sails spin with merry croon.

His brimming sacks he saw with pride—
  He'd fill them all with gold and siller;
He knew that all the countryside
  Saw never such a mill or miller.

His neighbor Jones, the idle man,
  He spies, with frown, the hill ascending,
"Ah, sure," he says, "as bran is bran,
  His errand's borrowing, not lending!"

Jones told, with whining rigmarole,
  Nor saw his fretful listener's frowns,
How his own ass that day was stole,
  And that he'd come to borrow Brown's.

"Alas!" the wily miller said,
  "No ass of mine is here today"—
But at that moment from its shed,
  Loudly an ass began to bray.

"Aha!" quoth Jones, "his voice I heard!"
  Says Brown, "Be off, presuming drone,
That dares to take an ass's word
  In pref'rence to the miller's own!"

THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

The story of Japan's romantic march from obscurity to fame—America's part in bringing the Mikado's empire to the front.

By Clifton B. Dowd.

PROBABLY no other nation of the world has ever made, in the same space of time, such extraordinary progress as has Japan in the last quarter of a century. There are many now living who can well remember the condition of the country prior to the visit of Commodore Perry's fleet there in 1854. In those days Japan was inactive, repellent, bound down by centuries of superstition and ignorance. Today, with her representative government, written constitution, modern railroads, electric telegraph, printing presses, schools, colleges, and postal and money systems, Japan is justified in demanding to be acknowledged as an equal among civilized nations.

The Mikado's empire is by far the most important of the many archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean. It consists of four large islands and not far from four thousand small ones, most of which are very small indeed, however, as the actual territory covered by the sun flag consists of something less than 150,000 square miles, or about the extent of North and South Dakota.

The islands are volcanic in origin, and from end to end the country has no less than fifty one active volcanoes. The highest peak in Japan is called Fuji-San, or Fuji-Yama, which is 12,365 feet above sea level.

Frequent earthquakes detract somewhat from the pleasure of living in Japan. Occasionally these are very severe and destructive, but ordinarily they are slight and ineffective. It is said that an average of five hundred shocks occur here each year. In Japanese mythology the mischief was accredited to a great underground catfish, and it was told that only the god Kashima could stop his floundering.

According to the census taken in 1890 the Japanese nation numbers over 40,000,000, three fourths of which live on Hondo, the main island. There are few large cities, but many small ones. The capital, Tokio, formerly called Yedo, contains 1,155,200 inhabitants. Osaka comes next in size, with 473,541; Kioto, the former capital, has 289,588. These and Nagoya, Kobé, and Yokohama are the only cities in Japan which contain over 100,000 inhabitants.

The people are divided into three classes: the *Kwazoku*, or nobles, less than four thousand in number; the *Shizoku*, formerly called *Samurai*, over two million; and the balance are *Heimin*, as the common people are called. The people all have equal rights under the law today, but this only dates back to 1868.

The *Samurai* were the real rulers of Japan for a thousand years. At first the title was only applied to the imperial guards, but gradually the name was adopted by the entire military class. These professional soldiers scorned all work other than fighting, and armed with their terrible two handed swords they were formidable foes.

The *Samurai* custom of wearing two swords was in vogue for centuries. One, a long sword, was to use against the enemy; the other, a short one, was for suicide. When wounded in battle, or for any reason unable to escape falling into the hands of the enemy, the soldier would stab himself in the stomach. This was known as *hara-kiri*.

The Japanese are an undersized race, which has been said to be partly due to their centuries-old custom of sitting cross legged. In the perfectly formed human being the measurements up and down from the waist line are the same. In the average Japanese the upper part of the body is fully an inch longer than the lower. It is claimed that sitting with the weight of the trunk on the knees and heels would cause the blood in the lower limbs to become stagnant, and in the lapse of ages this would have a tendency to diminish the stature. However, the custom of furnishing the houses with chairs is increasingly common, and in a few generations the Japanese stature may show an increase.

The paramount religion is Buddhism, but the seeds of Christianity have been wide sown, and its influence is spreading annually. Shintoism, the ancient belief, has never been wholly forgotten. Indeed for many years it was the custom to combine the two. This gave the devout Japanese plenty of things to worship. The sun, moon, stars, ancestors, images, waters, and various animals were among those provided.

Since the social and political regeneration of Japan in 1868, the Mikado has been the supreme ruler of the country. For a thousand years the government was practically in the hands of an officer called the Shogun, who was ostensibly the executive of the Mikado, but who usually contrived to have things his own way.

This state of affairs was responsible for the civil wars which have been waged almost continuously for centuries. In 1156 two powerful military clans, the Genji and the Heiké, each tried to obtain the upper hand in the government, and a long drawn out struggle ensued, which reminds one of the Wars of the Roses in England.

The Heiké clan was annihilated in a great naval battle at Shimonoseki in 1185. The rival fleets numbered over a thousand war junks, and to this day many legends are told of the unquiet ghosts of the Heiké victims of this bloody fight. They were condemned, so the story runs, by the sea god to cleanse the ocean of its stain of blood, and fishermen still tell stories of ghosts who rise out of the sea at night and beg for a dipper. The boatmen always give them a dipper which has no bottom, as otherwise they would swamp the boat by filling it with sea water.

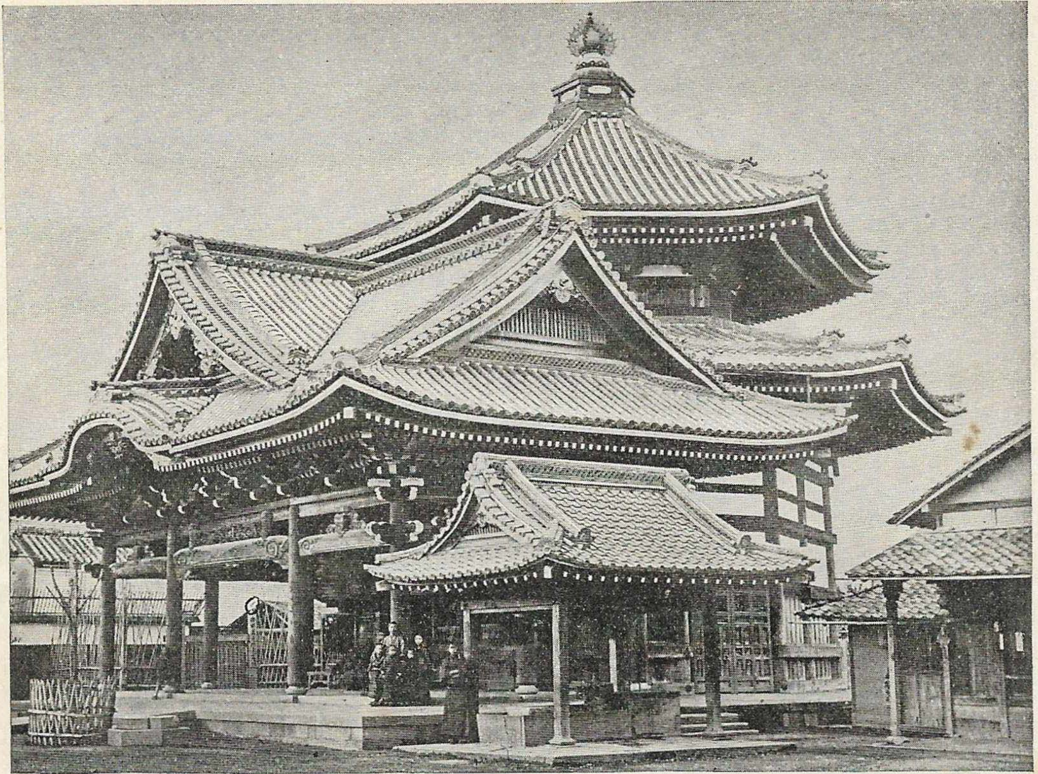
A kind of crab is found near the scene of this battle, on the back of which may be seen the figure of an angry man. The fisher folk declare that it was not known to exist before the great sea fight, and the crustaceans are known as Heiké crabs.

The chief of the victorious Genji clan was Yoritomo, who became the first Shogun, in 1192. The latter soon made himself the real ruler of the country, and it was he who founded the system of feudalism which flourished until 1871.

Kamakura, Yoritomo's stronghold and capital, once a city of a million inhabitants, was captured and destroyed in 1333, by two Japanese chieftains, Yoshisada and Ashikaga, the latter of whom was the founder of a new dynasty of Shoguns. Today Kamakura is a quiet little country town of six thousand inhabitants, and the foreign residents of Yokohama use it as a seaside resort. All that tells of the great Yoritomo, or its former splendor, is a simple obelisk tomb on top of a knoll.

The year 1274 was famous for the attempt of the great Tartar emperor Kublai Khan to conquer the Japanese. The indomitable islanders drove back the Tartar hordes with great slaughter. Kublai Khan tried it again in 1281, but a frightful storm destroyed

The Bell Temple at Asakasa.



The Six Sided Temple at Tokio.

most of his powerful fleet, and the remnant of his army was so badly beaten by the Japanese that no further efforts were made to conquer the island kingdom.

Hideyoshi, the reigning Shogun in 1592, undertook the conquest of China, but died after winning some successes, and his great enterprise came to naught. His son claimed his office, but the famous warrior Iyeyasu overpowered him, and established the Shogunate of Tokugawa, whose princes remained in power until 1867.

The first knowledge of Japan obtained by western nations came from Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, in 1295. From time to time the knowledge was added to by traders and adventurers, and a number of missionaries visited Japan and made many converts. This aroused the enmity of the Buddhists, and in 1622 a great massacre of the Christians ensued at Nagasaki.

Persecution was continued until, in 1640, the Christians, driven to desperation, took refuge in the castle of Shimabara. The Shogun's army finally captured the castle by storm, and thirty thousand people were ruthlessly murdered. This was followed by imperial edicts against Christianity and the expulsion of all foreigners except a small colony of Dutch traders at Deshima.

Gradually a few Dutchmen made their way into the interior, and from them the natives learned something of the outside world, as well as a smattering of various sciences. The relations between the Japanese government and Holland became quite friendly, and for two hundred years or more the Dutch enjoyed a monopoly of what little trade there was with Japan.

Various nations had attempted to persuade the Japanese to open their ports for commerce, but all met with positive and not any too polite refusal. The advantages offered by friendly relations with Japan, however, were so apparent that the United States government resolved to risk a snubbing, and sent out Commodore Matthew Perry, a brother of the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, with a fleet of warships.

Perry entered the bay of Yedo on July 7, 1853. He bore a letter from President Pierce to the emperor of Japan, in which the latter was addressed as "Great and Good Friend." He delivered this and sailed away, after announcing that he would return for a reply.

The proposal to open the gates of Japan to the hated foreigners met with violent opposition from the Japanese daimios; but nevertheless when Perry returned to Yedo Bay in February, 1854, with his ten men of war, a treaty was signed which provided that two towns should be made open ports for the supply of coal, provisions, and water to ships, and that all shipwrecked sailors should be treated kindly; but no trade was allowed.

In accordance with the above treaty

Townsend Harris, of New York, was formally installed as American consul at Shimoda in 1856. A year later Mr. Harris made a strong but unsuccessful effort to persuade the Japanese government to open its ports for the residence of Americans and for unrestricted commerce with the United States.

A violent display of popular sentiment against foreigners broke out all over the country about this time. A systematic assassination of foreigners and the burning of their legations was begun by the Mikado's adherents, who thought thus to embroil the Shogun into war with the treaty powers. Mr. Heusken, the secretary of Mr. Harris, was murdered among other whites.

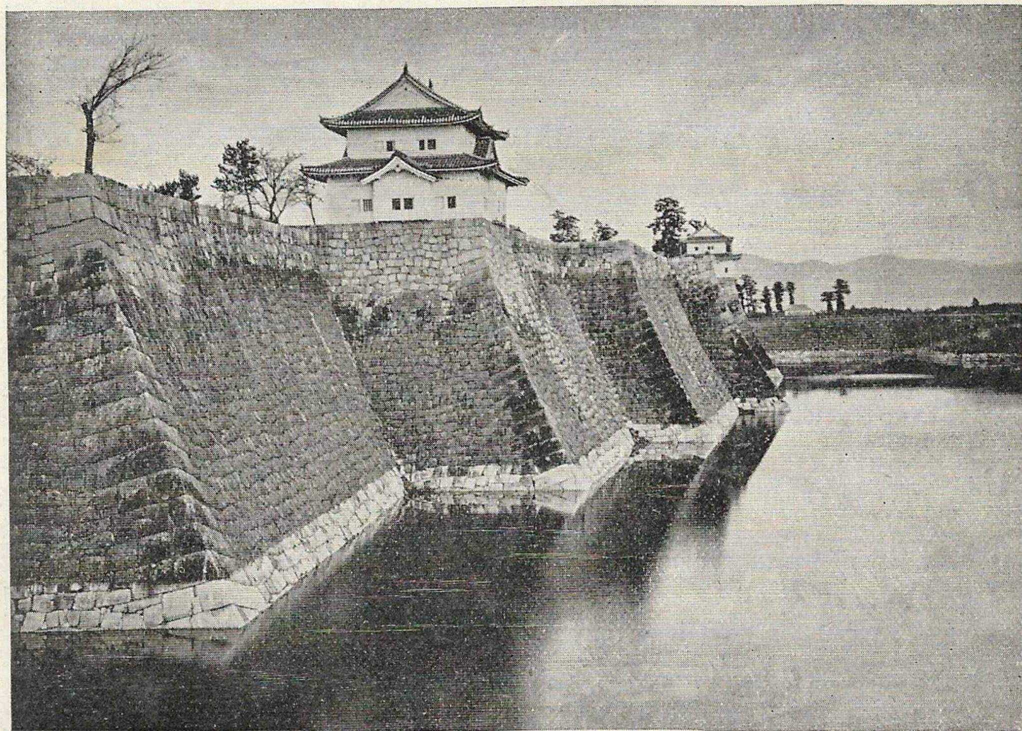
According to an old feudal custom, when the retainers of a daimio wished to avenge any act without committing their master, they withdrew from his service and became *ronins*. The country was full of these masterless swashbucklers, who committed the greater part of the outrages that occurred.

Both the daimios and the Shogun disclaimed all responsibility for the actions of the *ronins*, but the foreign governments had no course to pursue but to hold the government responsible.

Some of the southern clans openly defied the Shogun, and an army sent to suppress them was badly beaten. The men of Satsuma and Chosiu were perhaps the most belligerent. Forts were constructed commanding the straits of Shimonoseki, and several merchant vessels were purchased by them, and converted into ships of war.

An American merchant vessel, the Pembroke, was fired upon by the Chosiu troops, but made haste to get out of range. The sloop of war Wyoming, commanded by Captain David MacDougal, was in Japanese waters at the time, having been pursuing a vain search for the slippery Confederate privateer, the Alabama. When the outrage was reported to him, Captain MacDougal steamed into the straits of Shimonoseki, and, disregarding the apparently overwhelming odds, boldly attacked the Japanese batteries and warships. After destroying three men of war and one battery, the Wyoming withdrew with the loss of but six killed and seven wounded.

Not long afterwards the Daimio of Satsuma and his retinue were passing along the highroad near Yedo when they were met by three English travelers. Ignorant of the custom of the country, or perhaps underestimating the danger of disregarding it, the travelers failed to dismount and make obeisance. This was taken as an insult by the Daimio's *Samurai*, who welcomed an excuse to show their hatred of the foreigners, and they promptly attacked the three Englishmen, killing one and wounding the others. The British retaliated by bombarding Kagoshima, the chief city of Satsuma, and exacting an indemnity of $25,000 from the Daimio thereof, and $500,000 from the Shogun's government.



The Old Castle and Moat at Osaka.

In 1862 a Japanese embassy visited the United States, England, and other treaty nations. The revelations to the Japanese envoys were bewildering. For the first time in their lives they realized the utter futility of attempting to resist the demands of the western powers.

On every hand, however, they encountered interest and kindness. Every courtesy was shown them, and instead of barbarians as they had been taught to regard all foreigners, they found everywhere warm hearted and intelligent friends.

"We did not believe you when you told us of the friendly feeling of your country for us," said one of the officials to the American minister on his return; "but we now see that all you said was true."

The chastisement inflicted by the Wyoming upon the Chosiu clansmen failed to have a lasting effect, for they continued their outrages until finally, in September, 1864, an expedition was sent against them consisting of nine British, four Dutch, three French, and one United States men of war. All fortifications were razed, and Japan was forced to pay an indemnity of $3,000,000.

Early in 1867 the old emperor died, and Mutsuhito, the present ruler of Japan, took his place. The powerful southern clans were determined to restore to the Mikado the supreme authority. It seemed as if a long and bloody civil war was to follow, but the Shogun finally yielded to public opinion, and resigned. He retired to private life, and still lives at Shudzuoka.

On February 8, 1868, the Mikado sent to the foreign representatives a notification that hereafter the administration of affairs would be conducted by him, and the various consuls were invited to present themselves before the emperor on the 23d of the following month.

A Business Street in Tokio.

This was unprecedented. Never before had the Mikado admitted to his presence the despised foreigners, or placed himself on terms of equality with their sovereigns.

The event created the greatest excitement, and on the day appointed, after the French and Dutch representatives had their audience with the emperor, the British consul, Sir Henry Parkes, and his escort, were attacked by two fanatical *Samurai*. One of the would be assassins was killed, and the other captured.

High officials at once called on the consul, and expressed their deep regret and mortification over the occurrence. The audience was held without further incident the next day.

The government now issued an edict that, as the treaties had been sanctioned by the emperor, the protection of foreigners was

henceforth to be his particular care; that thereafter any *Samurai* who should be guilty of an outrage against them should be degraded from his rank, and denied the honorable privilege of committing *hara-kiri*; that he should suffer the punishment of a common criminal, and have his head exposed in token of disgrace.

The surviving culprit was thus dealt with, and this example and the imperial decree put an effectual stop to the outrages against the whites.

In 1868 the capital of the country was transferred from Kioto to Yedo, the name of which was changed to Tokio, which means "eastern capital."

In this year a strong effort was made to put a stop to the spread of Christianity in Japan, but the Mikado found the treaty powers so steadfastly opposed to his measures against the native Christians that they were soon withdrawn.

In 1871 the daimios voluntarily relinquished all their powers and possessions to the imperial court. Thus was feudalism abolished permanently and peacefully, after having flourished for nearly a thousand years.

In obedience to the Mikado's wish, the *Samurai* gave up their time honored custom of wearing swords. The common people were admitted to the privilege, under restrictions, of voting for and in the local and national assemblies, and also of serving in the army and navy.

Almost exactly twenty five years after Perry's second visit to Japan the present constitutional and parliamentary form of government was established. After the fall of the Shogun in 1868 the Mikado, on assuming entire control of the administrative affairs of the country, gave his subjects positive assurance of his intentions to grant them not only a fuller measure of personal liberty, but a voice in the affairs of government as well.

Mutsuhito's voluntary relinquishment of prerogatives enjoyed by Japanese rulers for thousands of years, is indicative of the progressive spirit which animates the Japanese from the Mikado to the humblest of his subjects. Happy the country who

The Shiba Temple at Tokio.

The Town and Harbor of Yokohama.

can boast of so wise and unselfish a ruler as Japan's.

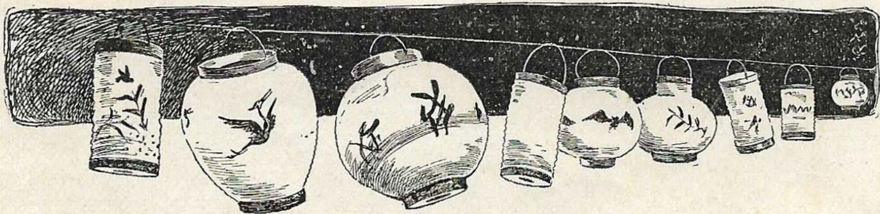
During the last ten years the taste of the people for foreign architecture, furniture, dress, food, and social manners and amusements has greatly increased. The Japanese diet meets in handsome, modern structures, provided with chairs, clocks, electric lights, and telegraphic facilities. The chief duty of the diet is to express public opinion and to shape the general policy of the government. The Japanese government is much like the German in many ways.

In commerce and manufactures the Sunrise Kingdom has also shown a wonderful advance. Particularly in the manufacture of silk and cotton goods has this been apparent. The growth of the manufacture of the latter commodity is of peculiar interest to this country, as Japan imports a great deal of American raw cotton.

Japan's exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, was exceedingly interesting, particularly in bronzes and lacquered ware.

The recent war with China opened the eyes of the western world to the progress Japan has made. She has displayed an ability, a power, a knowledge of military and naval science, quite unexpected. Her fleet is composed of modern vessels with fine armaments, her army is supplied with the latest and best ordnance and small arms; and the events of the past few months have proved conclusively that Japan knows well how to use them.

Japan in the east and America in the west have every reason to feel kindly towards each other. Such a brave, public spirited, progressive people cannot fail to arouse American admiration and enlist American sympathy.



NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

The last days of the French emperor—How the great soldier fretted under the galling chains of captivity.

By Phillips McClure.

AFTER Waterloo, and the collapse of the great shadow which Napoleon had thrown over Europe, the fallen emperor was taken to England and from there started on his voyage to the barren, rocky isle where he was to spend his last years—years which must have been full of a depth of bitterness which we of normal ambitions, knowing nothing of the heights to which his spirit had risen, could never realize.

Napoleon had given no sign that he realized that the ship was approaching St. Helena, but he was the first to hear the cry of "Land!" when the island was sighted.

Contrary to his usual custom he went on deck early in the morning, and while his companions stood respectfully in the background stepped forward to view the land where he knew that the rest of his life must be spent without the companionship of a single member of his family for whom he had done so much.

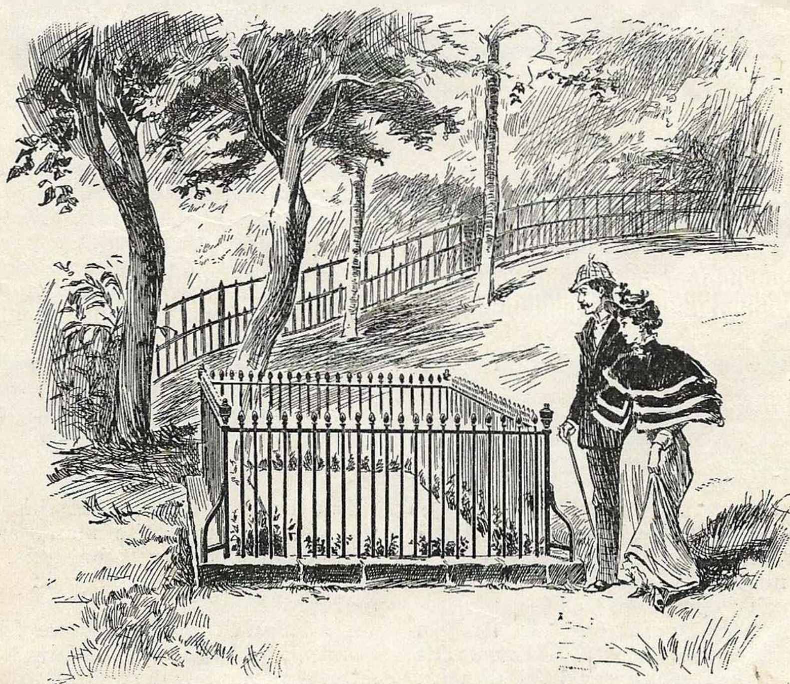
He beheld a scattering village, banked in by numerous barren hills. From every level spot, from every hill top, cannon pointed as though even the lonely, defenseless man must be held at bay.

The estate which was given to the emperor was by no means beautiful. It had originally been a farm belonging to the East India Company.

It stands on a plateau where the winds from every quarter sweep continually across it. The trees, which seem beautiful from a distance, are only miserable shrubs of gum which give no shade. The grass is killed by the wind and heat.

Barren and desolate rocks and valleys are the only view where the sea is cut off. There was nothing here to delight the eye or make the fallen ruler forget what had once been his.

The English officers who surrounded Napoleon had the most stringent orders as to his treatment.



Tourists at Napoleon's Grave in St. Helena.

"The Last Days of Napoleon."

From the statue by Vella in the Versailles Museum.

One of their number must attend him at every meal, and one must accompany him upon all his rides. But the force of character had not all left Napoleon and these orders were never carried into effect. He often received visitors, chiefly men of learning, who could satisfy his insatiable curiosity to *know*.

There seemed to be no subject in which he was not interested.

The East India ships put in here for water, and often brought well known travelers. To one of these Napoleon one day spoke of the wounds which he had received in battle during his career.

"It has been thought," he said, "that I have never met with these accidents, but there were many. I caused them to be kept secret as much as possible."

On the 14th of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe was made governor of St. Helena. His arrival was particularly noteworthy as with his régime began a system of accusations upon both sides which embittered the last five years of Napoleon's life.

Although at this time Napoleon had grown rather stout, with a heavy, square face and figure, the people about him were beginning to understand that he was not the man of iron constitution he had always been supposed to be.

In the old days he had seemed to live without sleep. Upon one occasion he had been chiding an officer for neglect of duty in some hurried preparations.

"I had only two days, sire," he answered.

"And two nights," said the emperor.

But it was now seen that this energy was the outgrowth of the man's superhuman will when work must be done. He slept until noon, and often lay in bed, fretted and unwell for days.

He hated Sir Hudson Lowe from the beginning, and vented upon him his accumulated wrath. He declaimed to him against the conduct of the Allies toward him who had

been their master. He called upon the civilized world to witness the eternal disgrace the English had inflicted upon themselves by banishing him to such a place, where they evidently wished him to die a lingering death.

He said that their conduct was worse than that of the Calabrians in shooting Murat. He vowed that he would kill himself were suicide not so cowardly an act, and he asked the kindness of being deprived of life at once.

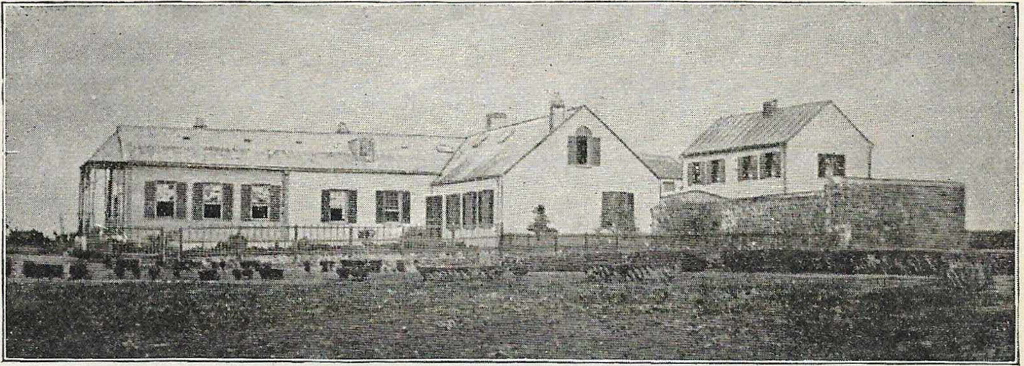
Sir Hudson Lowe told him that a new house of wood, with all its fittings, was then on its way from England. But the emperor refused it, saying that it was an execution and a coffin he wanted. A house was a mockery ; death a favor.

On the walls hung portraits of Marie Louise, many of the boy, and one of Josephine. On one side was the alarm clock of Frederick the Great, taken at Potsdam, and on the other the consular watch hanging by a chain made of hair cut from the head of Marie Louise.

In one corner was the little iron bedstead on which the conqueror had slept on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz.

After Lowe's arrival the French said that their table was not well supplied, and part of the imperial plate was sold to travelers for ready money, but there is no doubt that this was done for effect.

A great deal of trouble was caused by Napoleon's obstinacy, which grew upon him. The governor offered to take away the guard



Longwood, Napoleon's Home at St. Helena.

if the emperor would show himself once a day, and promise to make no effort to escape. This he would not do.

Had he lived he doubtless would have escaped. At the time of his death a curious ship which could be sunk and raised at will, was building in England for the purpose of removing him. The architect of the ship and projector of the scheme was a noted smuggler.

One day a Scotch lady came to see the great captive. He spoke of the sturdy qualities of the Scotch, and did not forget to remark upon the beauty of her northern complexion.

As they talked together some heavily burdened servants passed by, and the emperor moved out of the path, saying, "Respect the burden, madam."

As he spoke, the Scotchwoman looked into his face.

"And this is the man they call a monster," she said to herself.

Sir Hudson Lowe required every visitor to the French to report to him. Once there came a long period of stormy weather when Napoleon did not appear for days. There was an ever present fear that their precious prize might escape, and at last the governor forced his way into Napoleon's room, where he lay in bed, leaving after a short and stormy interview. After this Napoleon kept a pistol by him to kill an intruder.

The bedchamber was about fourteen by twelve feet, and the walls were lined with brown Chinese cotton cloth, edged with green paper.

Two small windows looked out toward the camp of the English soldiers. A white wood mantelpiece held a marble bust of the baby king of Rome, of whom his father expected so much in coming years.

Napoleon in his last days talked much of Waterloo, and voiced a suspicion that there had been treachery in Ney, Grouchy, and D'Erlou, which accounted for his own defeat.

He grew loquacious, and old. He amused himself with a garden and some gold fish. Even had he escaped, his days were numbered.

His malady, a cancer of the stomach began to show itself, and he knew that his end was near.

As he lay dying he asked for a drink. The cool water delighted him, and he babbled of it as a child might have done.

"Lay my body," he said, "where this fine and refreshing water flows." And this request was complied with until the day came when his remains were taken to France as his will directed, and laid "in the midst of French people whom I have loved so well."

CONQUERING A PEACE.

Brave deeds and able generalship displayed in the Mexican war—How the American flag came to float triumphantly over the halls of the Montezumas.

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

DWARFED into comparative insignificance by the titanic struggle between the Northern States and the Confederacy, the sanguinary conflict between this country and Mexico in 1847 has, perhaps, never been accorded the prominence in history's annals to which its importance would seem to have entitled it. It must always possess a peculiar interest to the patriotic American, however, owing to its having been the first and only war the United States has ever waged upon foreign soil.

Coming as it did, but little more than a decade before the great Rebellion, the Mexican war served as an object lesson to the soldiers of both sides. Almost all the prominent officers of the civil war—Grant and Lee, McClellan and Beauregard, and a host of others who contended so bitterly on the great battlefields, from Bull Run to Spottsylvania—in those days won their spurs fighting side by side. Three future Presidents — Franklin Pierce, Zachary Taylor, and U. S. Grant, together with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Lost Cause, were members of that little army which "conquered a peace."

General Zachary Taylor.

If the question of boundaries had not arisen in 1846, the war between Mexico and the United States would undoubtedly have been merely postponed. The southern republic's wanton attacks upon the rights of American citizens for almost half a century had created such ill feeling on both sides of the Rio Grande, that a collision must have been inevitable.

When the bill to admit Texas to the Union was passed in 1845, despite the protest of the Mexican government, its representative, General Almonte, immediately left the country, thereby suspending all diplomatic relations.

Now Texas had always claimed the Rio Grande as her western limit, but Mexico had never conceded the point, alleging that the Nueces was the rightful boundary line. When the United States resolved to support the claims of Texas, and sent General Taylor with a small army for their protection, it became evident that little short of a miracle would be required to preserve peace.

The efforts of this country to adjust matters amicably had been received by

Mexico in a most unconciliatory spirit. All sorts of rumors were rife as to the preparations of the Mexicans for war and the immediate invasion of Texas.

Finally, resolving to take the initiative, General Taylor marched to the Rio Grande, and took his station opposite Matamoras, where he built a fortress, known as Fort Brown.

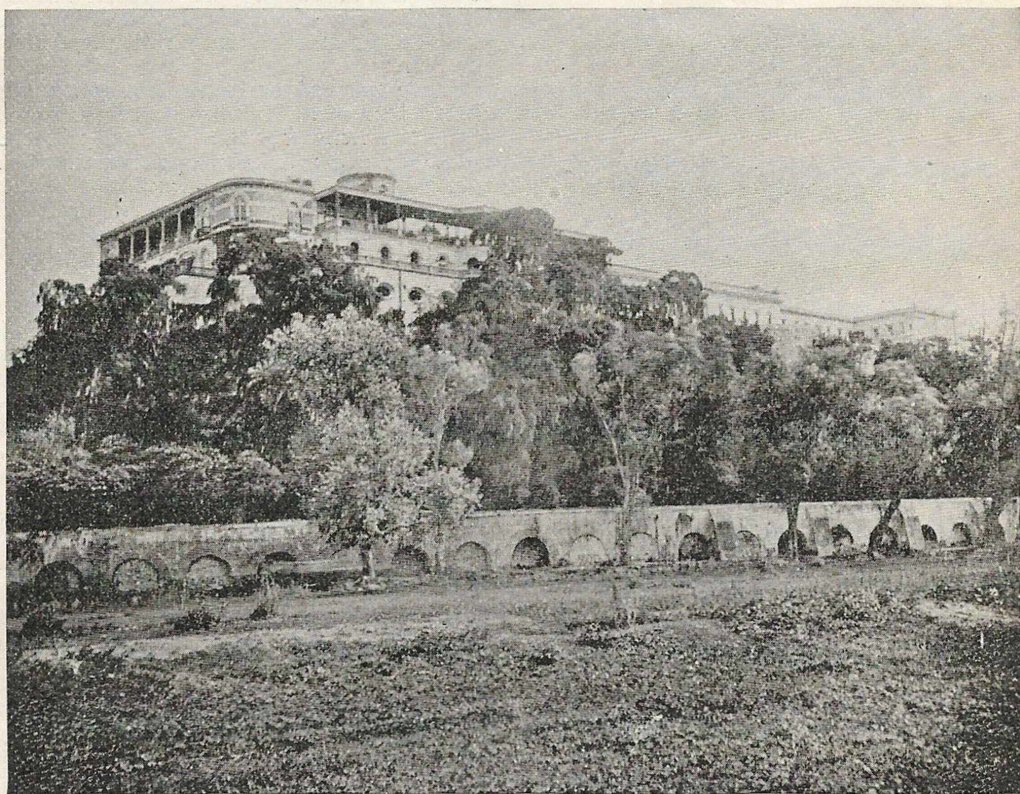
Nothing of importance occurred until April 25, when a small, detached command of American dragoons, under Captain Thornton, was surrounded by a strong force of Mexicans, and compelled to surrender after losing sixteen men. This was the commencement of hostilities and the first bloodshed of the war.

Leaving the fort in charge of a small garrison, Taylor hastened back to Point Isabel, where his depot of supplies was located, and strengthened the defenses. Then, with about two thousand men, he set out to return to Fort Brown, which he knew the Mexicans were endeavoring to capture.

The Mexican commander, Arista, on learning of Taylor's approach, crossed the Rio Grande to intercept him. On May 8, the two armies met at Palo Alto, and after a spirited engagement, the Mexicans were driven from the field.

Resuming his march the following day Taylor soon came up with and defeated the enemy again, at Resaca de la Palma.

When the news from the Rio Grande was borne through the Union, the entire country throbbed with patriotic fervor. The American forces were divided into three divisions: the Army of the West, under General Kearney, to operate against the northern Mexican provinces; the Army of Occupation, under Taylor, to hold the districts on the Rio Grande; and the Army of the Center, under General Scott, the commander in chief, to march from the Gulf coast against the Mexican capital.



The Castle of Chapultepec.

About the 1st of September General Taylor, having captured Matamoras, marched with a force of 6,600 men to seize Monterey, the most important city of Northern Mexico.

After an armistice of eight weeks, which the Mexicans treacherously employed in warlike preparations, Taylor again moved forward, and captured Saltillo.

About the first of the year General Scott arrived in Mexico for the conquest of the capital. In order to get his army away from the coast before the terrible yellow fever season arrived to decimate it, he was compelled to call upon Generals Taylor and Wool for the greater part of their commands.

This left Taylor at Saltillo with an ef-

fective force of less than five thousand men. Against him he knew that Santa Anna, the Mexican commander in chief, was marching with four times as many.

Confronted by odds like these General Taylor could hardly have been blamed had he shunned an encounter. But retreat never entered the grim old veteran's head. Finding a better position for defense at Buena Vista, he leisurely withdrew his troops to that point.

Regarding this retrogade movement as a retreat, Santa Anna pursued in breathless and quite unnecessary haste. On coming up with the Americans on February 22, he sent them a peremptory summons to surrender—which invitation Gene al Taylor politely declined.

General William Jenkins Worth.

The following day the Mexicans attacked the American position, and it looked for a time as though the latter must be annihilated by sheer stress of numbers.

Perhaps the crisis of the day was reached when Santa Anna's reserves made their final charge. But the American artillery treated the advancing column to such a torrent of grape shot that they wavered and fled. Soon their entire army was in full retreat, having lost over two thousand men.

In the mean time General Scott, with an army of twelve thousand men, had invested Vera Cruz. The city was strongly fortified, and on the water side was defended by the almost impregnable castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. After a bombardment of four days, an assault was planned, but before it was carried out the city capitulated.

The fall of Vera Cruz left the route to the City of Mexico practically open, and on April 8, General Twiggs' division set out for Jalapa, followed by the remainder of the army, under Scott.

Santa Anna planned to intercept the American advance at a rocky defile known as Cerro Gordo, and amassed a force of over twelve thousand men at that point.

Early on the 18th the Americans advanced to the attack. The Mexicans fought very well, indeed, but their invincible opponents successfully stormed their positions one by one, and by noon Santa Anna's army was fleeing, a demoralized mass, in the direction of the capital.

Moving forward, General Scott speedily took the strong castle of Perote without resistance, and soon after entered Puebla. Though a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, no defense was attempted, and here the Americans awaited reinforcements.

These arrived early in August, under General Pierce. This brought Scott's command to a little over ten thousand effective men. In order to keep open communication with Vera Cruz, he would have been compelled to leave strong garrisons at all the important towns along the line of march.

Not having sufficient men for this purpose, General Scott boldly severed all connection with the coast, and advanced into the interior. As the gene al himself expressed it, "With the scabbard thrown away, we must advance with the naked blade." And truly there was no alternative. Defeat meant annihilation.

The City of Mexico could only be approached by causeways leading across marshes, at the ends of which were massive gates strongly defended. On all sides were powerful fortifications. An army of over thirty thousand men under the ablest generals in Mexico, including the redoubtable Santa Anna, stood ready to defend their country's capital.

Generals Pillow and Twiggs commenced operations on the 20th of August, by storming the Mexican position at Contreras. In seventeen minutes a force of over six thousand troops was utterly routed, with the loss of one fourth of their number in killed, wounded, and captured.

San Antonio was the next point to receive the Americans' attention. After some lively firing the foe retreated, and Scott immediately attacked and carried the much stronger position of Churubusco.

Thus in one day the American army gained five important victories over a foe more than three times their number. The enemy lost altogether about seven thousand men, including eight generals and over two hundred other officers.

Among the prisoners captured at Churubusco, was the notorious San Patricio battalion, which was composed almost entirely of deserters from the United States army, chiefly foreigners. They were very properly courtmartialed, and all but a few were hanged as traitors.

The Mexican army at this time was in

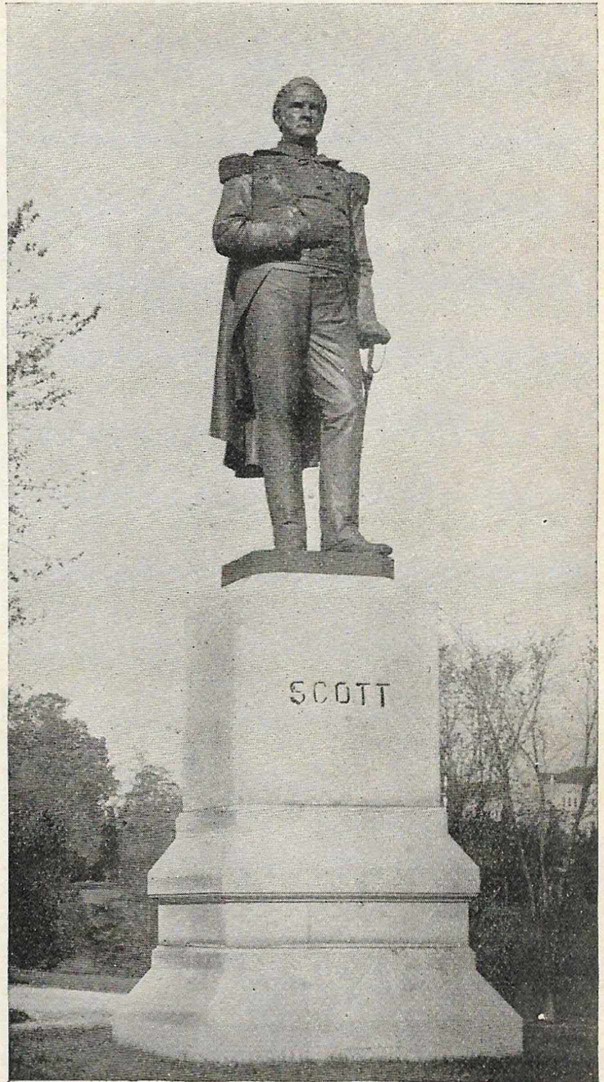
such a demoralized condition that Scott might have entered the capital with but little additional loss. But the mission of the American army was to "conquer a peace," and rather than drive away the government, and arouse a spirit of desperation which would lead to a long drawn out guerrilla warfare, the commander in chief granted the Mexicans an armistice, hoping that they might come to their senses, and render any further effusion of blood unnecessary.

On the 7th of September, the peace negotiations having failed, General Scott resumed hostilities. The western defenses of Chapultepec were Molino del Rey and the Casa de Mata, and these General Worth's division captured at the point of the bayonet, notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the defenders.

This left Chapultepec the only fortification of importance intervening between the invaders and the capital. Chapultepec was a natural fortification, and no pains had been spared to make it impregnable.

With ranks so sadly depleted by the fierce fighting of the past few weeks, its capture seemed a formidable undertaking. But every man of Scott's army was a hero.

After a vigorous cannonade of several days, two strong storming parties were formed under Generals Pillow and Quitman. On this battle depended the fate of the capital, and the Mexicans fought as they probably never fought before. But again American valor prevailed, and the Mexicans, defeated and disheartened, fled to the city, hotly pursued by the Americans.



Monument to General Scott at the Soldiers' Home in Washington.

Taking possession of the San Cosme and Belen gates, the Americans only waited for the morning to complete their work. During the night, however, Santa Anna and his army withdrew from the city.

At sunrise the war worn veterans swept into the city, and by seven o'clock the stars and stripes floated triumphantly over the halls of the Montezumas.

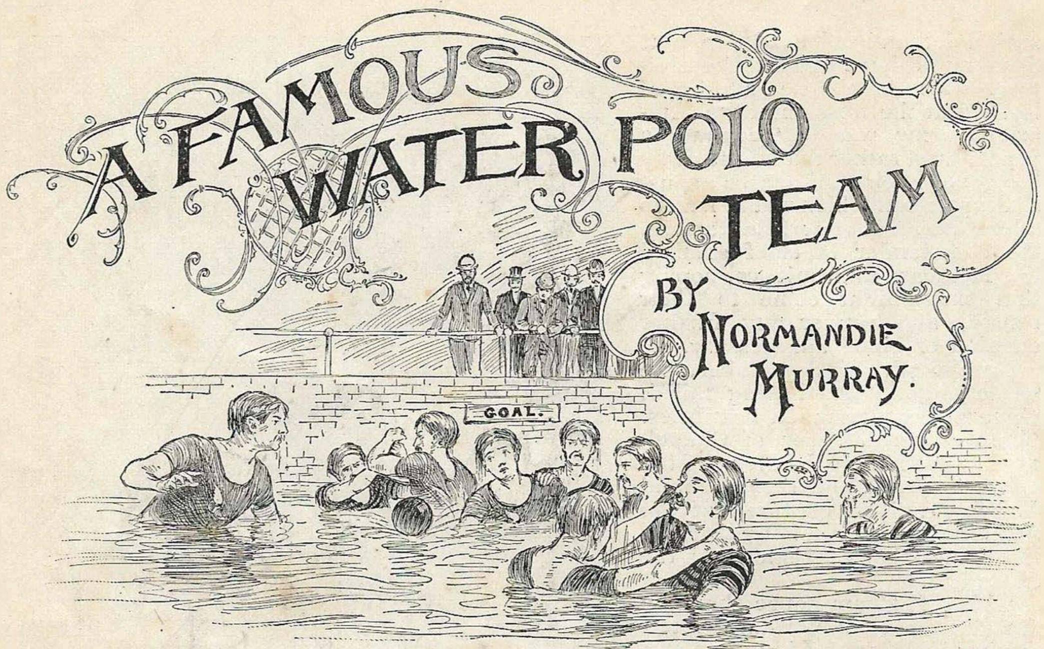
Santa Anna made an effort to capture Puebla after leaving the capital, but the garrison held out until reinforcements under General Lane arrived and succored them.

The military power of Mexico was completely broken, and it only remained to determine the conditions of peace. The American ambassador met the Mexican Commissioners at Guadalupe Hidalgo in the winter of 1847-48, and a treaty was concluded, which provided that the Rio Grande was to be the boundary line between the countries; and that New Mexico and upper California, which had already been conquered by the Americans under Kearney and Colonel John C. Fremont, should be relinquished to the United States.

In return for these and other considerations, this country agreed to pay Mexico $15,000,000, and to assume all debts due from the Mexico government to American citizens.

For his services in this war, General Worth has been honored with the monument so well known to all New Yorkers.

All differences between our southern neighbors and ourselves have long since been forgotten, and today the two republics enjoy a peace guaranteed by mutual interests. May no cause ever arise for a repetition of those dreadful, albeit glorious, days of the Mexican War.



THE game of water polo had its origin in England, where there is an association and about twelve teams, who play each year for the championship. It was first played in this country by the Boston Athletic Association, and is now confined to the larger athletic clubs that have swimming tanks. The game is played as a rule in a tank, but can be played anywhere where there is six feet of water.

Six men constitute a team, in the following positions: center rush, right and left forwards, quarter back, and two goal keepers. Two halves of ten minutes' actual play, with five minutes' intermission, constitute the game. The time is taken from the moment the referee gives the signal to start until a goal is scored, when a whistle is blown, and the teams go to their respective ends of the tank. The object of the game is to score as many goals as possible.

The ball is round and of inflated rubber, white or black. The game is started with the teams lined up at their respective ends of the tank, and the ball is placed in the center; and at a signal given by the referee, the center rush of each side starts for the ball, with the forwards on each side of him, and the quarter back a few feet behind. The center rush who reaches the ball first snaps it back over his head to the quarter back, who passes it to one of the forwards.

The ball is worked up to the opposing goal, until a goal is scored, which is achieved by the ball being touched, in the hand of a player, against the goal. The goal is a board or defined space against the end of the tank.

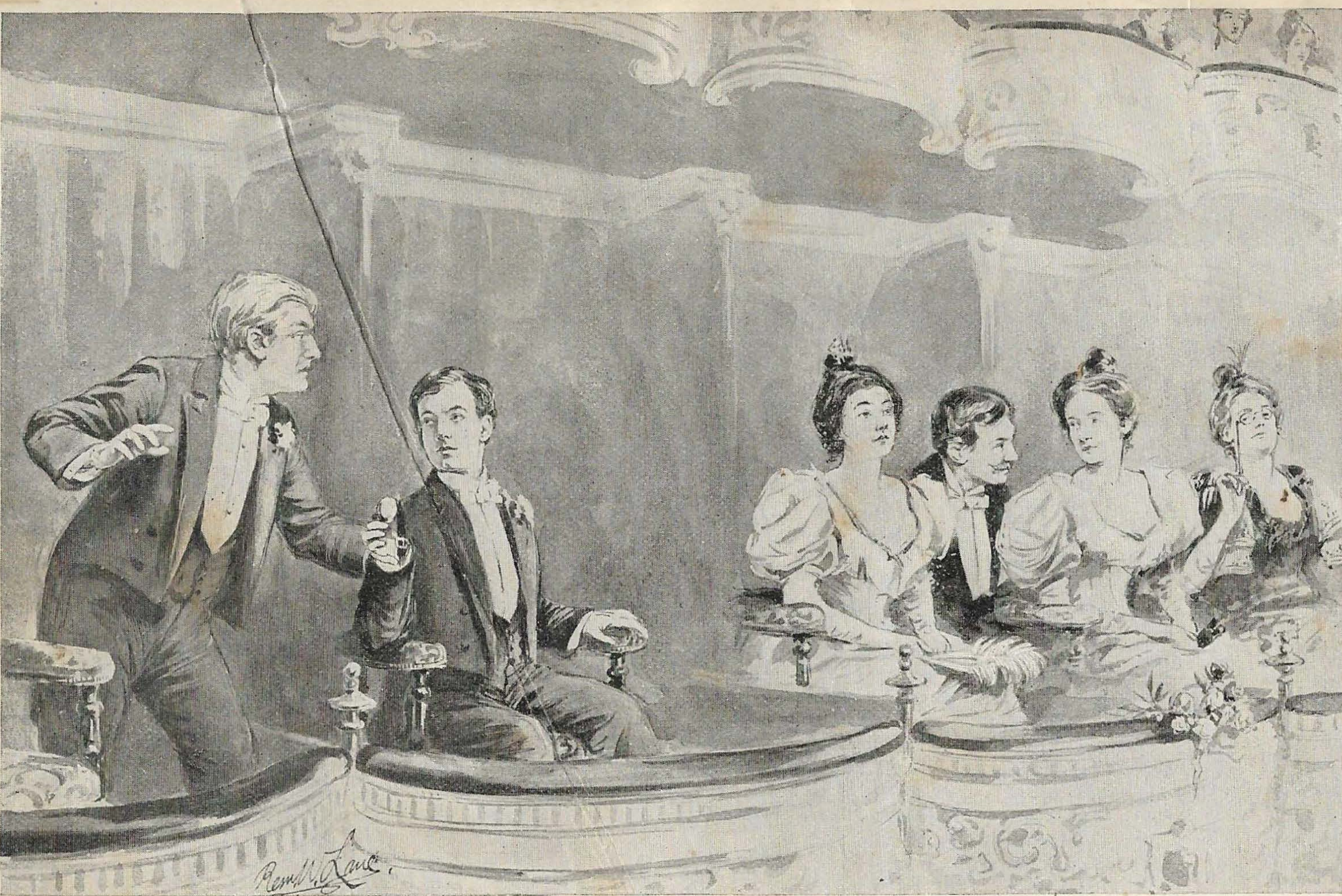
The rules of the game are very simple. Tackling is allowed when a man is in possession of the ball, or is within three feet of it. In front of each goal is an imaginary line, four feet from the goal, and stretching across the tank. No one but the goal keepers are allowed inside of this line unless the ball is thrown or carried within it. The ball being inside the line, indiscriminate tackling is allowed.

The ball must be kept on the surface of the water as much as possible. When the game was first introduced under water plays were permitted, but the rules have been changed so as to take away the element of chance as much as possible. Slugging, and tackling a man who is not within three feet of the ball, are foul.

Two judges are placed—one from each team—at both ends of the tank, who decide whether the goal has been made. The referee may, if two deliberate fouls are made, take a goal from the score of the team whose player makes the foul.

The game is a very hard one, requiring the most perfect physical condition, and a large amount of endurance. A man must be accustomed to the water, and possess a large amount of that quality generally known as "sand." Like all other games in which more than one person take part, team play is the most important feature, as was clearly shown in the recent games between the teams of the Chicago Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club.

The latter has held the American championship since 1891. That for the present year was won in April, against the team sent to New York by the Chicago Athletic Club. The New York team has for its trainer Sundstrom, the famous long distance swimmer, who is shown at the right of our picture.



"Pen drew back in surprise, but the man's grasp was firm and strong."

Polo Team New York

The Water Polo Team of the New York Athletic Club.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR.*

By William D. Moffat,

Author of "Belmont," "The Crimson Banner," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(*Continued.*)

PEN AS A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

IT was with a proud sense of importance that Pen walked down the parquet aisle and took his seat near the front. He had brought with him a pad of paper and a pencil, and as the play proceeded, he hastily jotted down his impressions.

During the intermission, he added greatly to his notes, so that, by the time the third act was over, he had covered a dozen or more sheets of note paper size with fine and almost illegible writing. He was quite conscious that he had written much that was bad, that he had repeated himself, had expressed his ideas clumsily, and had omitted much that he regarded important, but all that he thought could readily be corrected when he came to rewrite the matter at the newspaper office.

The fourth act was about to begin when Pen, to make sure of his time, glanced at his watch. Horrors, it was after eleven o'clock, and the editor had warned him that his criticism must be written and in hand by half past twelve at the very latest!

Pen made a hasty calculation. It would take him about half an hour to get down to the office on Park Row. That would bring the time to ten minutes before twelve. He would have then only a little over half an hour to write out his criticism, and, according to his reckoning, he ought to have a full hour's time to prepare his matter properly.

And then what about the fourth act just beginning? It was the culminating act of all, and no doubt contained the strongest scenes of the play—the action thus far clearly indicated that. Must he write his dramatic criticism from a mass of incoherent, scribbled notes based upon the first three acts of a play, without having seen the most important act of all?

How could it be possible to write a careful, intelligent notice under such circumstances? Pen was in despair, and for a moment could scarcely decide whether to go or not.

"You'll *have* to go," said Carl, when Pen told him of his predicament. "Every second is precious. You are no worse off after all than those two fellows across the aisle there, who I know are writing for daily papers. I just saw them slip out. You must simply hustle down town and do the best you can."

Pen caught up his hat and coat and hurried out. On the Elevated train, he set himself busily to revising and arranging his notes, hoping to get them in such shape by the time he reached the newspaper office that he could readily avail himself of them.

But he was so nervous and flustered that he made little progress, and by the time he stepped off the train at Park Place, his notes were about as confused as ever, while his nerves were almost completely upset. The consciousness of the importance to him of this trial only added to his distress, and as he hurried across City Hall Park, his forehead was moist with perspiration in spite of the cold November wind that beat against his face.

When he entered the newspaper offices, he found a number of reporters there at the tables writing briskly, and, taking a vacant place among them, Pen arranged his notes before him in what order he could, and set desperately to work.

He wrote rapidly for several minutes, then paused, read what he had written, and quickly tore it up. Again he began, filling two sheets of paper, only to find his work unsatisfactory and to end by destroying it also. Then he sat staring at his notes and trying to collect his thoughts.

His face was now perspiring freely, and his hair rumpled and damp. Several of the reporters were eying him curiously. Although Pen did not look up from his work, he was quite conscious of their scrutiny, and it only added to his embarrassment. To cover it he snatched up his pencil again, and scribbled away briskly for fully five minutes.

Writing done under such circumstances, however, could avail naught, as Pen realized when he took time to glance over what he had written.

It went the way of its predecessors. Over quarter of an hour had now been wasted, and the time of closing up the

**The first 26 chapters of this story appeared in the March, April, May, and June issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 40 cents.*

paper was approaching. Nearly all the reporters had finished and left the office.

At that moment the night editor, who was sitting at his desk at the head of the room, called out to Pen,

"Say, are you doing that Davenport story?"

"Yes," answered Pen.

"Well, you must hurry up, then. You've only twenty minutes more."

"All right," responded Pen faintly, and with trembling fingers, he again set to work.

How he got through that next twenty minutes he scarcely knows to this day. He retains only a vague impression of writing, writing, writing—rapidly, continuously, desperately; and when, at length, the city editor called out sharply, "Copy now for that Davenport story—must have it at once," he brought his work to an abrupt close, and folding the rumpled, soiled sheets, mechanically handed them to the editor, and walked out.

What the results of such work must be he knew only too well, and it was with feelings of bitter disappointment and discouragement that he set off for home.

He purposely avoided the cars, preferring to take the long, lonely midnight walk up lower Broadway to Union Square, with only his thoughts for company.

Poor company they proved to be, and the more Pen thought, the more unhappy he became. That he would receive any further work from the *Press* he now entertained not the slightest hope. But that troubled him less than the thought of the wretched piece of work he had done.

What would his criticism look like the next morning? What would the readers of the *Press* think of such a production? What would Mr. Travers think of it? And Mr. Terry, who had recommended him so warmly? At that thought his face grew hot again.

It was a restless, unhappy night for Pen, and an early hour found him up and out, anxious to know what form his work had finally taken.

He bought a copy of the *Press* at the nearest news stand, and examined it thoroughly. When he had gone quite through, he turned back again, scrutinizing each column carefully.

There was no criticism of the Davenport performance in the paper.

On the second page there was a brief news item, merely stating that the performance had taken place the night before, and adding that a full review of it would appear later.

Pen's criticism had been rejected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PEN'S PLAY.

"Well, Pen, I am very sorry your experiment resulted so badly, but don't be discouraged. Every one has his failure."

Mr. Terry tapped Pen encouragingly on the shoulder.

The two were sitting together the following afternoon in Mr. Terry's office.

"It isn't the failure alone, Mr. Terry," answered Pen, looking up seriously. "I can stand a failure or two—but it's the thought of the light I have put you in—I wanted so much to deserve your kindness by doing a good piece of work. I wanted to prove myself worthy of your recommendation. And now what must Mr. Travers think of your sending me to him?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," laughed Mr. Terry. "Travers knows as well as I do what bad beginnings some mighty good newspaper men make. His own first effort resulted something like this one of yours, and it was due to the same causes: nervousness and a lack of time to properly prepare his matter. We all have to learn to write quickly and fluently under any circumstances, however extraordinary. That is an important part of a newspaper man's training—and it does one lots of good, too."

Pen shook his head.

"I am afraid I will never make a newspaper man, then, Mr. Terry," he said, "for I cannot write under such pressure. It seems to paralyze all my faculties. I must have quiet, seclusion, and plenty of time to do good work. It's a matter of temperament with me. I can't help it."

"I know it, Pen, and under favorable circumstances you can do very good work, so there is no reason to be discouraged," responded Mr. Terry. "And now enough of that. Life is too short to spend any time thinking of one's failures. Let us turn to the bright side of things. I finished reading your play yesterday, and I can tell you honestly that I am very much pleased with it. The plot is interesting, the scenes are well constructed, and the dialogue is very cleverly written."

Pen's face lighted up.

"You really liked it?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Very much indeed—in fact, I liked it so much that I took it to David Furman yesterday afternoon and asked him to read it and let me know what he thought of it."

"David Furman—has he my play?" cried Pen, his eyes opening wide.

"Yes—you know who he is, of course."

"Yes, sir, the manager. Will he really read it?"

"I asked him to do so as a personal favor to me, and, as I have often done him small services in one way or another, I know he will give your manuscript the attention it deserves. Of course this may take some time. Furman is a very busy man, and has few opportunities for reading, so there may be considerable delay over it, but his decision will be worth waiting for, and you can rest assured it will be a careful one."

Pen could scarcely find words to thank

his friend for this additional token of his interest.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Terry, cutting him short. "I am merely giving you a chance—that's what every one needs. Your work will need to determine the rest. And now, while you are waiting to hear from your play, what will you do?"

"I shall be busy for a day or so with the proofs of my story for the new magazine. I received them this morning with a note from Mr. Davis asking me to correct and return them without delay. Then, after that, I have nothing definite on hand. There are those other three gentleman to whom I have letters of introduction from you, and I might go down town and see them, but I feel considerable hesitation about trying any more newspaper work just at present."

"You had better go see them all the same," suggested Mr. Terry. "It is a good thing to meet them even if nothing comes of it—and there is the chance, of course, of finding something to do that will be quite suited to you. Don't be discouraged by last night's experience. Look around for something else—and in the mean time, to drive the disagreeable memory away," added Mr. Terry, with a smile, "why don't you go around and call on the Craigs this evening?"

The suggestion was not lost on Pen. Ever since Sunday, when he had gone with Mr. Terry to supper at the Craigs', he had been wondering how soon it would be proper for him to call again.

"The sooner the better," answered Mr. Terry promptly when Pen put the question to him, so Pen went that very evening.

And this was only the beginning of numerous visits that soon made the Craigs' house seem to him a second home. And not only in the evening, but occasionally in the afternoon Pen would call and spend a pleasant hour or so with Bertha Lalor at the piano, on which she already was a proficient performer; or else, if the day were particularly inviting, taking a walk up through Central Park to the Museum of Art, where Bertha gravely criticised the pictures in the light of the art studies she was pursuing at school, while Pen followed her about, perfectly content to listen and to watch her.

Once he asked Bertha about her father, when she informed him that he was again in Europe.

"I saw him last during October, while we were up at Lenox," she said. "I was not well during September, so auntie and uncle decided not to come back to the city until I was all right. Father visited us while we were at Lenox, and sailed for England the last Saturday in October."

That explained to Pen the reason of Mr. Lalor's staying at the Windsor Hotel during his sojourn in New York. The Craigs were away and their house closed.

For these pleasant little jaunts with Bertha, Pen had now ample time, for his visits to the other editors down town resulted in nothing definite. They were all agreeable enough to him, and they made a note of his name and address, and promised to bear him in mind—but there it rested for the time being.

So a month went by, and it was the middle of December. Within a few days the new magazine would be out, and Pen's story would go to the public. This he felt to be the beginning of all things for him, and he had made preparation during these days of leisure for the realization of numerous literary plans.

He had finished two more short stories, which he had promised to show Mr. Davis as soon as they were copied; he had written several little poems; and he had made a start on a longer story intended for serial publication, according to Mr Davis' suggestion.

Of his play he heard nothing, but he was quite willing to let that matter rest, awaiting Mr. Furman's convenience. Absorbed in his other work, he had almost, for the time, forgotten the play, when one morning he received a brief note from Mr. Terry as follows:

DEAR PEN:

Mr. Furman has read your play, and seems to like it—at least he spoke in favorable terms to me about it. He says he would be glad to meet you. This sign of interest is very encouraging. Suppose you call at his office as soon as convenient, and have a talk with him. There's no knowing what may come of it. Present the inclosed card from me.

In haste, but sincerely,

AUSTIN TERRY.

Pen hurried around to Mr. Furman's office on upper Broadway without a moment's delay, and presented Mr. Terry's card. Mr. Furman was not in, so Pen called again in the afternoon. Still Mr. Furman was out, and a call the following morning was also unsuccessful.

"When is Mr. Furman in?" he asked.

"Almost any time—except when you are here," answered the office attendant. "Leave your name, and I'll speak to Mr. Furman. Then, suppose you come again this afternoon."

Accordingly Pen did so. When he came in about three o'clock that afternoon, the attendant smiled.

"Out again," he said. "Mr. Furman left about half an hour ago. However, he left this message. He said that he expects to leave town tomorrow for a trip West, and that he would be glad to see you before he goes away. He was sorry he missed you yesterday and today, and told me to tell you that he would like to have you come up to the Metropolitan Opera House tonight, where he will be for a short time, and that you can be sure of seeing him there. Will that be convenient for you?"

"Perfectly," answered Pen.

"All right. Here is a ticket to one of the boxes that Mr. Furman left for you.

He said he would look in there for you about nine o'clock."

Pen went away delighted with this double turn of luck. Aside from the opportunity thus afforded him of meeting Mr. Furman, he was to have the first taste of grand opera, and in a private box, too!

He got a newspaper at once, and looked up the bill for the night. It was to be "Faust," with the de Reszke brothers, Melba, and others, contributing what was called the "ideal" caste.

Pen hastened home, and began at once to array himself for the great event, making the most elaborate toilet his modest wardrobe would allow. When he had about completed his dressing, Bob Lecky strolled in, and Pen immediately told him of his good luck.

"Great Scott—in a private box, too! What a snap!" ejaculated Bob. "But you are not going that way, are you?"

"What way?" asked Pen, looking himself over.

"In a cutaway coat and striped trousers."

"It's the best I have," said Pen. "Won't it do?"

"What—in a private box! With all the fashionables around you! Never in the world, my boy. You've got to wear a dress suit."

"I—I haven't any," answered Pen meekly.

"That's all right. Don't look blue. I don't bear you any ill will for not having a dress suit," said Bob reassuringly. "That's where I come in. I have a dress suit—brand new—only worn it twice. Come down in my room and try it on."

Pen heaved a sigh of relief, and followed Bob without delay.

The dress suit fitted him almost faultlessly, and after another half hour's preparation, Pen's own mother would scarcely have recognized him, such a fashionable young man had he become,

And so it came about that on the same evening Pen for the first time wore a dress suit, went to the opera, and sat in a private box.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Pen arrived at the opera house early, and, for the time still remaining before the beginning of the overture, he found plenty to occupy and divert him in the vast, brilliantly lighted auditorium, with its tier upon tier of seats, reaching literally to the ceiling, its handsome decorations, and its great expanse of curtain concealing behind it the mysteries soon to be revealed to him.

The people were rapidly crowding in; dresses were rustling; seats were falling; and the auditorium resounded with the mingled hum of voices. The musicians stole into their places from some subterranean chambers, and last of all, came the leader, who was greeted with moderate applause.

Then the lights sank low, the hum of voices gradually ceased, and uneasy, rambling chords stole out from the orchestra. The prelude had begun, and a few minutes later the great curtain rolled up, disclosing the darkened study of Dr. Faust.

From the first, Pen was captivated. His surroundings were quite forgotten. So completely absorbed was he that, when a short, stout gentleman of about fifty years of age entered the box shortly before the close of the first act, and spoke to him, he neither saw nor heard him. The man then touched Pen on the shoulder, and leaning over, said,

"Is this Mr. Rae?"

Pen started from his seat with a murmured apology.

"It's all right," said Mr. Furman, for he it proved to be. "I would have waited till the act was over, but unfortunately I have got to hurry away. I wanted to say a few words to you about your play. Mr. Terry, I suppose, told you I had read it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pen eagerly, his heart beating faster.

"Well, what I have to say won't take long," continued Mr. Furman. "It is merely that I like the play. It is delicate and pretty in sentiment, and clever in dialogue, but there isn't enough action in it for a three act play. Now what I wanted to say is this: I would like to see that play cut down to the proportions of a one act piece—what we call a 'curtain raiser.' I happen to be wanting two or three 'curtain raisers,' and if you can reduce this play of yours to the right length without injuring it, I believe I might be able to use it. Would you be willing to try?"

Pen hesitated a moment.

"It does not mean destroying your play in its present form," continued Mr. Furman. "Leave that untouched, but try a new one act piece on exactly the same theme, using the same dialogue, action, and scene as far as possible in the reduced space. If the effort then is not successful you have your complete play to return to. Would you care to do that?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pen, no longer in hesitation. "I will be glad to try the experiment. I will do the best I can with it."

"Very good. The manuscript is in Mr. Terry's hands," said Mr. Furman. "I returned it to him. When you have completed your new version, bring it to me, and I will be glad to read it. I am going West tomorrow, but I shall be back in a month. Let me see it then if possible."

"All right, sir," answered Pen, "and thank you very much for the attention you have given it."

"Don't mention it. Hope you will make a success of it. I must hurry away now,

so good night. I will look for you some time next month."

With a hasty shake of the hand, Mr. Furman hurried away, leaving Pen alone again in the box.

The second act was just beginning as Pen resumed his seat, and his attention became at once riveted on the stage. Never for a moment while the curtain was up did his interest relax; and during the intermissions, his mind was busy studying over the plan of condensing his play that Mr. Furman had suggested to him.

It was in this way that he failed altogether to notice a man of about forty years of age, richly dressed, and sitting scarcely three feet away from him, in the adjoining box. The man sat back at ease, gazing languidly about the house with a half bored expression on his face. The contrast between him and Pen was striking; the latter so earnest and attentive, the former so listless and indifferent.

At length, as the last act was under way, the man rose wearily and reached for his watch. He had evidently forgotten it in putting on his dress suit, for a moment later he bent forward over the partition between the two boxes, and touching Pen on the arm, said,

"I beg your pardon, but will you kindly tell me what time it is?"

Not wanting to relinquish a view of the stage even for a few seconds, Pen took out his watch, and without turning, opened it and held it toward the man in such a manner that he could readily see the face. There was a moment's pause. Then Pen suddenly felt a hand grasp his tightly by the wrist. He turned quickly to find the man's face close to his own, examining his features with an eager, searching look.

Pen drew back in surprise, endeavoring to free his arm at the same time, but the man's grasp was firm and strong.

"Where did you get that watch?" he asked quickly.

"It was a gift from my mother, sir—why do you——"

But Pen never finished the question. It was answered before he could ask it, for while he was speaking the man turned so that the light from the stage fell full upon him, and Pen for the first time clearly saw his face.

It was his father.

(*To be continued.*)

TOMMY JUNIOR THE SECOND.

By Upton B. Sinclair, Jr.

I.

YES, there could be no doubt about it; those eggs certainly had hatched! Master Thomas De Quincy Fairfax, Jr., alias Tommy, was perched upon the top of a ladder against the side of the barn, in a very precarious and delightful situation, gazing over into a robin's nest in a locust tree beside him. It had been just a week since he had discovered it, and he had come regularly every day to inspect his secret prize, greatly to the alarm of the mother bird, who had never failed to express her disapproval of such curiosity.

I said his prize, for, to tell the truth, Tommy had an interesting scheme concerning one of those birds; he wanted to tame it! Ever since the man at the circus had exhibited those wonderful pigeons, Tommy had fully determined that he would have a pet bird.

Indeed there were few things that he had not wanted to do. When, in the city, the fire engine came dashing down the street, the driver leaning from his seat and urging the struggling horses onward, Tommy was fully decided that he would become a member of the fire department. But it was only necessary for his uncle to tell him a story about Captain Kidd to make him quite ready to set out at once to become a treasure hunter. At present he was undecided between the delights of being a baseball player or the man who drove the stage that met the express train at Centerville. I tell you, that was an exciting nine mile drive at night, over mountain roads, with four fine horses to manage and whip just as much as you please! At least that was Tommy's view of the case.

With a look of impatience he backed down the ladder and walked away.

"I don't think they'll ever get any feathers," he said to himself; "they don't seem to have anything but heads now! I believe I'll tell the Professor about them."

"The Professor," strange as it may seem, was no professor at all, only a young college student, but then to Tommy's mind he knew almost everything, so that was what he called him.

It was strange to see the friendship which had sprung up between these two. The hotel where Tommy's mother had come for her health, was situated at some mineral springs in Virginia, and as no other children were staying there, Tommy spent almost the entire day with the Professor. If he wanted to go fishing the Professor was always ready, or, if the afternoon was hot and a story was demanded, the Professor knew one which was twice as interesting as the one he had told yesterday.

But to Tommy's disappointment, when

he broached to him his plan of securing a tame bird, he seemed to think it would be cruel and was sure the bird would die. And as for his mother, she absolutely forbade him to touch them.

"The idea," she said, "of taking the poor little thing from its mother! How do you think I should feel if somebody were to steal you?"

So Tommy went away very much disappointed and, I am ashamed to confess, rather sulky, almost wishing that he had taken the bird without telling any one. But he was by no means a bad boy and so in a short time he began to think that perhaps his mother was right after all, and he forgot all about his intended pet.

One day about two weeks later he went down to the barn to find Johnny and go with him for the cows. Johnny Williams was a remarkably ragged little colored boy who worked at the hotel. His home was at Centerville, where his mother "took in" washing for the guests.

Twice a week Johnny rode down on the stage with a big basket of clothes and brought back another on the return trip. At other times he was occupied in helping the cook or the housekeeper, and in trying to avoid as much work as he could.

Tommy liked to go with him to bring home the cows—what city boy would not? Yesterday had been a particularly exciting occasion, for, anxious to emulate the wild cowboy about which the Professor had told so many stories, Tommy had provided a clothes line lasso, and after practising on chickens and stumps of trees, he had determined to seek some worthier game. So, when in response to Johnny's familiar call, "Sookie" poked her head through the bushes, she was very much astonished to feel a rope settle over her horns.

She set out at a great pace, dragging it after her, and pursued by both boys, yelling in true "Buffalo Bill" style. But the rope caught in the fence and she was tumbled head over heels into the ditch, whence she arose a much surprised and insulted cow. This delightful sport was on the program for this afternoon, to which Tommy was so anxiously looking forward.

But as he came around the barn, a sight met his eyes which drove from his mind all thoughts of cows and lassoes. There on the ground sat Johnny, and in his hand was one of the young robins, which had fallen from the nest, and *he was going to give it to the cat!*

Tommy's blood boiled! He rushed forward with a shout which put the cat to flight, and the next moment there was a confused mixture of mud, ejaculations, and small boys. And when the dust of battle had cleared away both combatants were so black it was hard to tell which was which; but Tommy was on top, soundly pummeling his antagonist until he yelled for mercy.

And then the victor arose, picked up the poor, scared little robin, and marched off the field of combat, leaving the discomfited darky behind him.

"Dat nasty, onery po' white trash! Jes' yo' see 'f I don't git de bes' o' you!" he muttered, shaking his fist at the retreating figure of Tommy. "I jes' hate 'um!"

The surprise of Tommy's mother at the condition of his clothes may be imagined, but she said that he might keep the bird, and that was all he cared about.

The first important point to be decided was the name, and with the Professor he held a grand council of war to consider this. "Tommy" was objected to because it might lead to confusion; "Tommy Jr." did not obviate the difficulty, and so "Tommy Junior the Second" was unanimously adopted by a majority of two votes.

The next thing was to provide a cage. A soap box covered with mosquito netting answered the purpose, and from that time the voice of Tommy Jr. the Second became a well known sound at meal times, which for him lasted all day.

As he became stronger it was remarkable how tame he grew, following Tommy up and down the porch and squalling to be fed, and once he caused great amusement by pursuing him into the dining room and perching upon his chair back. When this delightful pet was almost full grown, greatly to the sorrow of both Tommys, it was necessary to clip one wing for fear it should fly off.

The little darky still remembered the beating he had received, and although he was afraid of Tommy, yet whenever he saw him or his bird he never failed to scowl and mutter to himself, "Jes' yo' wait!"

One day during supper Tommy came to feed his pet before it went to sleep, and then fastened the box and set it in one corner of the porch. As soon as he had gone Johnny sneaked around the side of the house and climbed slowly up the post.

No one saw him, for at that time all were in at supper. Quietly his little black hand slid under the railing and reached for the cage. Quickly he undid the fastening, and before the bird could cry out, Johnny had seized him around the neck, slipped him into his pocket, and slid down.

Once around the side of the house, he paused to consider what he should do. His first impulse was to wring the bird's neck, but it suddenly occurred to him that if he kept it and afterwards pretended to have found it, Tommy would give him some money, perhaps even a quarter!

But where was he to keep it? It wouldn't do to leave it near the hotel! Then he must take it home and put it in the shed. There was the stage just starting for Centerville to meet the eight o'clock train! In a moment he had jumped over the fence and was speeding down the road to catch it. He sat on the back step, where

no one could see him or hear the bird in case it should make any noise.

Johnny usually slept either with the hired men at the hotel, or sometimes he rode on the stage with the driver and slept at home. But tonight he did not go into the cabin at once, but took the bird to the wood shed and shut it in. Then he waited until all was quiet and crept in without any one hearing him.

Meanwhile, as the stage was on its way home, filled with weary passengers, there was great excitement at the hotel. A short time before nine o'clock, when Tommy had just gone to bed, a figure sneaked softly in at the side door.

The guests were dancing in the ball room or walking on the piazza—no one was there to see him. Quickly he glided to the steps and drew from under his coat a large bundle of cotton wadding. In his hand was a can of kerosene. He placed the stuff under the steps, soaked it and the carpets with the inflammable oil and struck a match!

In an instant, as it seemed, the flames were spreading up the stairs. The villain paused but a moment to contemplate his work, then vanished in the shadow of the building. Slowly the flames crept up the stairway, curling around the banisters and woodwork, fanned by the breeze from the open door. Would no one ever come?

Meanwhile Tommy lay dozing in bed, directly over the fire, lulled to sleep by the sweet strains of music wafted up from the ball room below. Suddenly he sat up in bed. Was that smoke in the hallway? Surely the lamp could not make so bright a light! His heart beat quickly as he sprang to the door and looked out.

"Fire! Fire!" His shrill voice rang out upon the night air.

Reader, have you ever had that fearful cry disturb your sleep at night? Then you know the dreadful terror it has struck to your heart. Then you have heard the shrieks of the women and the cries of the children. You have seen men panic stricken trample down their loved ones in the mad rush to escape. And above all you have seen the lurid glare of the flames as they slowly cut off all retreat, and those stifling, suffocating volumes of smoke that come rolling through the hallways, preventing you from seeing where the danger lies.

Tommy stood in the doorway, uncertain what to do, his face as white as his night dress. But it was only for a moment. The Professor was the first to rush up the stairs at the other end of the hall, and before he knew what had happened, he was folded in the arms of his mother, who was standing out on the lawn.

It was all over in a few minutes. There were fire extinguishers and buckets of water on every floor, and as all, guests and waiters, lent their aid, the fire was quickly subdued.

The next morning, Tommy was the hero of the hour. Every one was anxious to thank him, for they said that if he had not discovered the fire when he did, it could never have been checked. But, alas! he was in no mood for congratulation—poor Tommy Jr. II was gone! The Professor said that the bird must have been frightened at the commotion and flown out of the box which Tommy had evidently forgotten to fasten.

The county sheriff was there, inspecting the ruins. He had quickly discovered that it was the work of an incendiary. There was a strong smell of kerosene about the carpet, and under the wreck of the stairway lay the empty can. Here was a clue!

"What I can't see," said he to himself, "is why anybody that wanted to fire this house, started in so early when every one was awake!"

As he stood thinking of this he heard the old housekeeper muttering to herself as she walked by, "Dat lazy, good-fo'-nothin' nigger! I jes' reckon he's a' hidin'!"

"Good mornin', aunty," he said pleasantly. "What's the matter?"

"Dat on'ry brack boy, Johnny! I ain't seen 'um nowhar dis mornin'!" she grunted.

"Oh, I guess he'll turn up all right," said the sheriff, laughing as he walked off with the can. He strolled over to the store.

"Good mornin', Mr. Smith; how are ye?" he called to the storekeeper.

"Howdy?" answered the person addressed. He had been discussing last night's occurrence with a group of village idlers seated on the boxes in front of the store. "Tryin' to find out 'bout the fire over yonder?"

"Yes. Do you remember anybody buying any oil of you lately?"

"Nobody 'cept that nigger Johnny. That looks mighty like the can, too, come to think of it. He wouldn't tell me nohow what he wanted with it; just said somethin' 'bout his ma wantin' it!"

The sheriff started! The housekeeper's words were still fresh in his memory and he knew that Johnny had been punished by the boy who lived right over the fire. Could it be possible that he had kindled the fire for revenge?

He hastened over to find Tommy, and for some time stood talking to him. Then he hurriedly sprang into his buggy and dashed down the road.

There could be no doubt about it; Johnny had built that fire! If he wasn't at the hotel, he must have run home. The sheriff gritted his teeth and lashed his mare into a gallop, for if he didn't hurry the boy might run off and hide with some of the colored people in the mountains, where he could not easily be caught. Time was precious! His reputation depended on

this capture, and so poor Betsy was once more startled by a vigorous application of the lash. And thus, to the surprise of the inhabitants, Sheriff Walker dashed into Centerville, his mare covered with foam and mud.

He drove up to Mrs. Williams' place and stepped out.

"Good morning, Aunt 'Liza; where's Johnny? He's wanted at the hotel!"

"Lor'!" she ejaculated in a scared tone of voice. "He war hyar jes' a minute ago!"

"Why isn't he at the hotel?"

"Dat's jes' what I wants to know! He done come home late las' night an' he jes' said he wouldn't go! De lazy nigger wouldn't tell me why, nohow, so I jes' walloped 'um! Dar he is now!"

Johnny's conscience had been giving him no peace that day. He was miserable! He was afraid to return to the hotel, such was his fear of his theft being discovered, and besides, he had been spanked as only "Aunt 'Liza" could spank a boy, and he had discovered that the bird had escaped through a hole in the shed.

While his mind was in this state he was startled to see the sheriff, the terror of the village small boy, striding towards him. He turned and started to run, but the long legged officer was too quick for him and seized him by the collar.

"Oh! Massa Walker! I 'clar to goodness I nebber done it!" cried Johnny, now almost scared to death. "Oh! Oh! I won't nebber do it again! I didn't go ter. Please lemme go!"

"Shut up!" commanded the sheriff angrily.

Crying as if his heart would break, Johnny was hustled into the wagon and driven quickly to the jail. The jailer was ordered to guard him carefully and to allow no one to see him under any circumstances. Persons had been lynched for less grave crimes than this, and the sheriff would take no chances.

As he jogged slowly homeward he felt that he had good reason to congratulate himself. The criminal was caught and had practically confessed.

He stopped at the hotel to see the proprietor.

"Well, Mr. Harding," he began, "I've got the man that lit the fire!"

The landlord started visibly. "What?" he exclaimed.

"Yep; I've caught him for you!"

"Who is he?" inquired Mr. Harding.

"Johnny, the coon that works here."

Mr. Harding looked strangely relieved.

"What nonsense!" he said, laughing. "I'm sure he didn't do it!"

"Just wait till you hear the proof and you'll change your mind!" returned the sheriff.

"Oh, rats! Walker, I know that boy had nothing to do with it. I know him too well. I tell you, you've made a mistake, so let him go. I don't care about your proofs!" and the proprietor walked away.

"Well, I declare, he's mighty sure about it! But he ain't as sure as I am! Acted kind o' queer, too. He don't seem to care a bit; wouldn't even hire a detective!"

The sheriff shook his head solemnly as he turned away.

That afternoon, as Tommy and the Professor were sitting in a hammock, discussing the excitement of the previous night, one of the porters walked over and spoke to them.

"I reckon p'rhaps I's done got somethin' hyar dat b'longs to yo'."

He put his hand into one of his large pockets and drew out—yes, sure enough! it was Tommy Jr. II, very much bedraggled and scared looking, but the same bird! And how delighted Tommy was! And while he rushed off to find his mother, the Professor questioned the porter.

"Where did you find it, James?" he asked.

"Centerville."

"What?"

"Dat's right! Mighty quar, warn't it? Yo' see, I druv las' night fo' to git de baggage, an' as I war a-comin by de house of dat little nigger, Johnny, I done seen de bird a-floppin' in de road in de moonlight. I done got down to look, an' it jumped on my han' an' mos' scart me to def! Den I reckoned it war Tommy's bird, an' so I brung it hyar. Mighty bad nigger, dat Johnny! De sheriff am sho' he done made de fire!"

"Yes, I know. I've been talking to him about it and he's told me. I'm afraid it's true. Well, much obliged to you, James!"

"Dat's all right. I's glad I done found it fo' him!"

After the porter had gone, the Professor lay down in the hammock and fell to thinking about the case. Suddenly he sprang up with an exclamation and rushed up to the house. Two minutes later he dashed around to the stable, followed by Tommy, and soon, to the amazement of the guests, a team of horses sped by the hotel, bearing behind them the excited student and his small companion, both of them red in the face and breathless.

The buggy swept recklessly out at the gate and around the curve and headed at full speed for Centerville.

II.

A WEEK has passed. The old bell in the court house tower is tolling and there is unusual excitement in peaceful Centerville, for today is "coht day." The farmers from the neighboring country are hastening to town on horseback, in wagons, or on foot, for today's trial promises to be an interesting one. It is the case of "the State vs. John Williams (colored) charged

with deliberately and maliciously setting fire to the Mineral Springs Hotel, on the night of August 14th, 1893."

The prisoner is being brought in, looking very much frightened, and making a ludicrous contrast with the burly constable who is leading him. But there is another case to be disposed of, and in the mean time we will take a look around us. There is a small boy whom we recognize as Tommy Fairfax, also his mother and the Professor. But that gentleman talking to them is someone we have never seen before. He is a lawyer, Tommy's father, who is spending a short vacation here.

He was so much interested in the case that he has undertaken to defend Johnny, so now he is whispering to him and telling him what to do. The sheriff, the storekeeper, the porter, and the proprietor of the hotel are all interested spectators.

The first case is almost disposed of. A tramp has been arrested for fighting in the the saloon. When he is brought into the room Mr. Harding seems strangely nervous, and Mr. Fairfax and the Professor are watching him closely.

The judge sharply but unsuccessfully questions the prisoner as to how he obtained the large roll of bills which he was seen to carry, and then he sends him to jail for ten days.

A jury is quickly sworn in and the clerk of the court reads the indictment. Johnny nervously says, "Not guilty," as he has been instructed, and then the district attorney makes his presentation of the case in language which is quite eloquent, at least in the estimation of the rural inhabitants.

The first witness called is the sheriff. In a business-like manner he testifies that the fire was the work of an incendiary, and to how he found the can which the storekeeper recognized, and lastly he describes the actions of Johnny when arrested, themselves sufficient to condemn, especially since the news of the fire had not then reached Centerville.

Mr. Smith identifies the can and says that Johnny acted suspiciously when he bought it, and that no negro ever before bought kerosene of him—they used candles.

Johnny's mother, in answer to the attorney's questioning, states that she cannot say what time he came home, that he refused to return to the hotel, and that he would give no reason for not doing so.

Then Tommy is called to the stand. He looks very nervous at first, but the lawyer questions him kindly and he tells how he "licked Johnny," and that he has often heard him say that he would be revenged. Here the prosecution rests its case, which looks very bad for the prisoner, who scarcely seems to realize the gravity of the charge.

Mr. Fairfax begins the defense with a short address in which he states that he can prove conclusively that the boy is innocent and that he did not even know with what he was charged until he was told.

The first witness called is the prisoner.

"Now, Johnny," says Mr. Fairfax quietly, "tell the judge exactly what you did on the afternoon of the fire. Don't be nervous; no one is going to hurt you!"

Johuny looks around in a scared sort of way and in a low voice tells how he stole the bird and rode over on the coach. The jury and spectators look incredulous as he takes his seat.

Tommy states that he fed the bird at supper time—a quarter to seven, and James, the porter, says that he found it at Centerville just after the express had left.

"Now," says Mr. Fairfax triumphantly, "this bird could not have flown to Centerville, its wing being clipped, and I claim that the prisoner is the only one who would have stolen it. It was taken not earlier than fifteen minutes of seven and if the prisoner rode to his home on the back of the stage which arrives before eight o'clock, he could not possibly have run back a distance of nine miles in time to start a fire before nine. He could have returned on the coach, but that arrived after the fire was out."

"But," inquires the judge, "how can you be sure that it's the same bird?"

"I will show you," says the lawyer, stepping over to where his son is sitting.

From under the seat he draws the cage, and out on his finger hops Tommy Jr. II. He carries the new witness across the room while the spectators crane their necks and look on expectantly.

Tommy stands up, holding in his hand a blackberry and calls, "Come, Tommy, come!" The bird waits for no second invitation, but with a loud chirp flies to the judge's bench, hops quickly across it, and lights on Tommy's finger.

"I think that proves it," says the lawyer, while the onlookers applaud and the robin swallows his well earned reward.

Johnny's mother is again called. She comes forward carrying an oil can.

"Will the storekeeper please step here?" asks Mr. Fairfax. "Does this look like the can you sold the prisoner?"

"Durn me if it don't!" he says, looking at it carefully. "It looks jest as much like it as t'other one!"

"Now, Mrs. Williams, please tell the jury how you came to get the can."

"I done send Johnny fo' to buy it an' I done tole him to tell nobody what he war gwine to do wif it. He brung it in a basket o' clothes on de stage an' it ain't nebber been opened yit."

"What made you tell him that?"

"I don't jes' 'xactly keer to say."

"You must!" the judge sternly orders.

She gazes around in a helpless way and then blurts out, "I wanted it fo' to put in de clothes fo' to make 'em white!"

The answer is greeted with a roar of laughter, in which even the judge joins.

Kerosene is often used for that purpose, that is " on the sly." But that was a confession, indeed, from "Aunt 'Liza" who always claimed to be the best washerwoman in Centerville!

The Professor is now called to the witness chair. When he has kissed the Bible, which, by the way, is so old that it is tied together with a string, he is requested to state what he knows about the case.

" After the porter brought the bird," he begins, " it occurred to me that possibly the prisoner had stolen it, and that it was this which caused him to run from the sheriff, for I was loath to believe that so young a boy could be guilty of arson. I hurried over to Centerville, accompanied by Thomas Fairfax, and we attempted to see the prisoner, but were refused admission. Then I interviewed Mrs. Williams and learned about the can, which convinced me of the correctness of my theory. I drove back towards the Springs to find Sheriff Walker.

" When about a mile from the hotel we stopped to gether some ferns on the other side of the wall. Dismounting, we fastened the team and climbed over. As we were standing near the wall, partially concealed by bushes, a wagon came up the road. The driver did not notice us, but as he was just opposite, he was stopped by a man coming in the other direction and the following conversation ensued:

" ' You've made a nice mess of it, haven't you,' said the one in the wagon.

" ' Well, how'n thunder could I help it? You wouldn't let me wait till later and they was all asleep! It ain't my fault; I couldn't do no more 'n start it!'

" ' Well, I was going to pay you out of the insurance money, so I can't give you but half!'

" ' The dickens! You'll give me every blame cent of it or I'll blow on you today! You've more to lose than I have!'

" ' Get into the wagon! I'm in a hurry, so we'll talk it over as we drive along.'

" With that they drove off. One of those men was the person who set fire to the hotel, the tramp who spent his money for liquor, and has just been sent to jail, and the other was——I don't need to mention his name; look at his face!"

The judge, the jury, and the spectators were leaning forward, listening eagerly to every word that came from the mouth of the witness, and now they followed the direction of his finger which pointed straight at Mr. Harding, the owner of the hotel. His face was scarlet and he sprang from his seat to speak.

"Oho!" shouted our friend Sheriff Walker, striding over towards him. "So that's why you wouldn't git a detective, and that's how ye knew the coon didn't do it, hey?"

But as he reached forward to grasp him the culprit's face became contorted, his arms relaxed and he fell to the floor in a fit. He was carried out and when the sheriff returned he announced that both of the conspirators were lodged safely in jail.

As for Johnny, he was triumphantly acquitted and the two Tommys were overwhelmed with congratulations. Outside the door some one touched Tommy Jr. on the arm, and there stood Johnny, looking very penitent and unhappy.

"I 'clar to goodness," he said, "I's powerful sorry I done stole dat bird! 'Deed I is!"

THE BICYCLE IN THE BACKWOODS.

Shockin' these times be, I vum,
Even way up here in Tally
We got jarred occasionally;
And last Sabbath day it come
When young Parson Job Van Dyke
Right in sight of me and Sary
Rid up to our sanctuary
On a silver mounted "byke."

Knocked us flatter 'an a squash—
Men o' God becomin' mockers!
Minister in knickerbockers
An' a colored shirt, by gosh!
Seemed to us so cur'ous like
We just couldn't hear no prayin';
Seemed 'at we could see him swayin'
Thro' the Scripture on a "byke."

An' we're stirred to that extent
That the wimmin in convention
Now agreed, without dissension,
That the signs o' that event
Ought this solemn warnin' strike—
That unless a change we're knowin'
We will all in time be goin'
Straight to Satan on a "byke."

—*Boston Courier.*

OUT WITH THE CIRCUS.*

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "A Lost Identity," "Eric Dane," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SUE MAYNARD'S MISTAKE.

"I HOPE I am doing right," said Miss Sue, as they walked along. "It seems as if you two ought to be reconciled, and yet, if your father and mother very much disapprove of the thing, they may wish I had let matters take their course."

She began walking slower and slower as she spoke, and at last almost came to a standstill.

"I don't see what father and mother have got to do with it, one way or the other," rejoined Guy.

His companion turned on him in astonishment.

"Because you've been foolish, Guy, there's no need for your being obtuse. You must realize that you've done a most extraordinary thing. Your parents have every right in the world to be very hard on you. But come along; I'll have a talk with the young lady, at any rate. Then I can judge better what it is best to do."

"But how is Nina Melton concerned in the matter? She's only a side issue."

"Only a side issue! Merciful heavens, Guy Lansing, what other dreadful things have you been doing?"

"Hush, here we are now, and Nina and her grandmother are on the piazza. Seems as if it was awful cheeky for me to come."

"It was your duty. Leave everything to me," and Miss Sue, who loved a romantic adventure as she loved nothing else in the world, pushed open the gate and preceded Guy up the box bordered path.

There was just sufficient light for those on the piazza to recognize Guy as one of their callers, and he flushed deeply as he heard Mrs. Melton bid Nina go into the house.

"Do not send the young lady away, Mrs. Melton," began Sue Maynard, hurrying forward. "I came to see her especially."

"And who may you be?" inquired Nina's grandmother, in cold, hard tones.

Not put to any confusion, Miss Sue made answer:

"My name is Susan Maynard. I am the sister of this young man's best friend, and I have come all the way from Newport, in the absence of his parents, to try and straighten out the tangle his affairs have got into."

Mrs. Melton's lips, opened first in astonishment, now closed with a snap of firm determination. She placed herself in front of Nina, who, with girlish curiosity, had remained standing in the doorway.

"We have nothing whatever to do with that young man," she said. "I am astonished that he should have the temerity to come here."

"I told you I ought not to have come, Miss Sue," whispered Guy, plucking at his companion's sleeve. "Come, let's go."

"No, we shall not go till I come to a distinct understanding," announced Miss Maynard firmly. Then turning again to Mrs. Melton, she went on:

"I should think matters had gone too far for you to take such a stand. The quarrel between these young people should not cause you to forget that they are husband and wife, and——"

Sue Maynard got no further. Two feminine screams, and one boyish shout fairly paralyzed her. She clutched Guy's arm in sheer terror.

"Why—why what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"That's what I'd like to know regarding you," retorted Guy bluntly. "What do you mean by speaking of Miss Nina and myself as husband and wife?"

"Why—why, aren't you?" murmured Miss Sue faintly. "I thought——"

"Do you mean to say that is what you thought I meant when I wrote to Gordon?" exclaimed Guy, a great light beginning to break in upon him.

Miss Sue had only strength to nod her head feebly. She began to totter. Guy sprang forward and led her to one of the piazza chairs. Mrs. Melton began to fan her vigorously, while Nina flew for a glass of water.

"I give you my word, Mrs. Melton," said Guy, "that I had not the faintest notion of this. My friend's sister put an entirely wrong construction on a letter of mine, in which Miss Nina was never mentioned. In fact it was written before I met her."

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

"Most extraordinary, I must say," commented Mrs. Melton, who, in her amazement over the new turn affairs had taken, appeared to forget Guy's original cause of offense.

Revived by the fanning and the water, Miss Sue looked up at Guy in a suppliant manner.

"What have I done?" she groaned. "I made sure that your 'queerest scrape' was running off to get married."

"But I never said I'd done that," put in Guy. "Such a preposterous thing would never enter my mind. Why, I'm only seventeen."

"I know. But you told Gordon you supposed you'd been a fool, but that it wasn't really criminal, so what else was I to think."

"But there was no girl mentioned from beginning to end of the letter. And then I spoke of my 'days of gloom.' You don't suppose I'd have said that if I'd just got married, do you?"

"I thought it was only the result of a silly impulse of yours," rejoined Miss Sue, "and that you were repenting in sackcloth and ashes. But what did you mean if you didn't mean that? What terrible scrape are you in that caused you to write in that way to Gordon?"

"Well, I'm out of it now. At least I bolted and risked the consequences."

"Bolted from where, and what are the consequences?" demanded Miss Sue, sitting upright, and gazing anxiously at Guy.

"Well, I'm very glad to have Mrs. Melton hear all about it. It's something I tried to explain to her earlier in the evening. I ran off with a circus for a week."

"Guy Lansing, I'm perfectly amazed at you!" cried Miss Sue.

"Guy Lansing!" repeated Mrs. Melton. "Why, he told us his name was Charles Hanway."

"I know I did, and I was sorry for it afterward. You see, that was the name I assumed when I went with the circus—and oh, you won't tell any one my true name, will you, Mrs. Melton? At least not any one who would be apt to put it in the paper. It might—but never mind. I dare say by this time Mr. Snap has carried out his threat and published my identity broadcast."

"What do you mean, Guy? I don't understand?" interposed Miss Sue.

Guy explained his position in a few words, adding, "Perhaps he won't take the trouble to do it, and if he does, I ought not to imagine I am of enough importance to injure father's reputation."

Sue Maynard flamed up at once.

"Catch a showman neglecting such an opportunity for notoriety. And fancy the shock to your parents of reading such an account in the papers they are sure to see on the other side! You must go back. Go instantly and telegraph him that you are coming."

"You, Sue Maynard, counsel me to do an act on the sawdust? Why, you haven't asked me what sort of a one it is!"

"And I don't care. It can't be as preposterous as your marriage would have been. And now that you have begun the thing, you might as well carry it through, if by so doing you can prevent your father ever hearing of your wild escapade. Ah, how relieved I am to think that it was not what I imagined it to be—something irreparable. But don't delay one instant. I will follow, and you will find me at the hotel."

"Wait a minute, young man," put in Mrs. Melton. "I confess I don't understand things at all. Do you really belong to a circus or not?"

"Mercy, no!" cried Miss Maynard. "His father is Judge Archibald Lansing, of New York, and he mustn't know for worlds of this mad freak of his boy's."

"There, I told you he was a gentleman, grandma," burst out Nina, coming forward. "I'm sure he hadn't anything to do with the taking of those pictures."

"Of course I hadn't," cried Guy. "I'd just like to catch the fellow who did it. In fact that's what I came back to Greenvale for."

"Go send that telegram this instant," commanded Miss Sue. "Then you can come back here for me and do your explaining about the photograph."

Guy needed no third bidding. He had just recollected that the boy might have a larger supply of those pictures than he imagined—they had been finished off very roughly, showing every sign of haste. Here was another reason for his rejoining the circus. He must buy up every copy.

He hurried along the elm shaded street, every once in a while breaking into a laugh at the absurd mistake Gordon's sister had made.

"But it's just like her," he mused. "I believe she'd weave a romance out of a cigarette butt and a hairpin. Now I understand that Chinese puzzle of a letter she wrote me."

He did not exactly fancy the humble pie he must eat with Snap. But here it was Thursday night. Saturday his term of service would be up.

Enduring the ignominy of Jocko's attack for two days would certainly be preferable to having the pater annoyed.

"And any way, there'd be nothing to do at home. Jowett won't be on deck again till Monday at the earliest."

On reaching the telegraph office he wrote out the following message:

THEODORE SNAP,
MANAGER OLYMPIAN CIRCUS,
NORBURY.

Will rejoin you tomorrow afternoon at Tannerstown, and fill out contract.

CHARLES HANWAY.

"Why, you're the fellow whose picture

I took last Sunday," exclaimed the operator as Guy looked up after writing the message.

"Then you're the man of all others I want to see. But first send that despatch."

CHAPTER XII.

A CIRCUS WITHIN A CIRCUS.

FROM the manner in which the telegraph operator had spoken, Guy judged that he expected to be thanked for the trouble he had gone to to spread the fame of the young circus performer.

"Have you seen one of the pictures?" he asked, looking up once from clicking off the message.

"Yes, I've seen one," answered Guy. "That's the reason I came back to Greenvale, to find the man that took them. I didn't think I'd have quite such an easy job of it."

"Why, what's wrong?" exclaimed the other, apprised more by Guy's tone than his words, that something displeased him.

"The whole business was wrong. I gave you no permission to take my picture, and I forbid you printing another one of them."

"But—but I don't understand," stammered the other. "I thought circus people and actors always liked to get themselves advertised."

"I am not a circus person, and even if I was, the young lady who is shown with me is not. How many of those pictures have you on exhibition here in town?"

"Only one."

"Where is it?"

"In the drug store."

"If you will give me a written promise to withdraw and destroy it before you go home tonight, I will guarantee not to prosecute you for what you have done."

"Prosecute me?" exclaimed the youth, for he was but little more.

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? You have got me into trouble, and ought to be made to suffer for it; but, as I said, I'll make a bargain with you. Is it a go?"

"Yes; I'll write out the promise now."

"He's easy," Guy laughed to himself.

He was not at all certain that the fellow could be held accountable in law for what he had done; he determined to ask his father about it—some time.

"But aren't you really the one who took the dude's part in the Olympian Circus that showed here the other night?" asked the telegrapher, as he handed Guy the slip and his change.

But Guy pretended not to hear the question.

"Remember," he said gravely, as he tucked the guarantee in his vest pocket and held up a warning forefinger. Then he hurried off back to the Meltons'.

"So Nina saw that picture of herself in the drug store," he reflected. "No wonder she was provoked. I shan't dare tell her they're on sale with the show."

When he arrived at the elm shaded cottage again, he found the ladies as thick as peas in a pod. Mrs. Melton had discovered that she knew a particular friend of Sue Maynard and they had so much to say about her that it was after ten o'clock before that young lady was able to accompany Guy back to the Liberty House.

But he did not chafe at the delay. He retired to a corner of the piazza with Nina, and told her about his connection with the circus, and of how he had just brought the Greenvale camera fiend to book. They had a good laugh over Nina's remarks about circuses on that walk from church Sunday morning.

"And I supposed when you asked me if I had been to the show the day before," the young lady observed, "you were fishing, to find out how much I thought of your performance. But you discovered the water to be very shallow indeed, didn't you, sir."

Of course Guy didn't in the least object to being addressed in this bantering tone, for it proved that he had been taken wholly into favor again, and he was moved thereby to be more confidential even than he had already been, and proceeded to tell about Jocko and the despicable prosecution to which he had been subjected in that direction.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Nina. "I shall be really worried till you are out of that horrid circus. Suppose he should break the chain and get at you? You must write and tell me after you get safely home. You will now, won't you?"

Guy promised without any further urging, and felt that he could hug that monkey for the opening its pranks had given him to continue the acquaintance so oddly begun and strangely continued.

The next morning Guy and Miss Sue left on the same train, but separated at Springfield. She returned to Newport and he went on to Tannerstown.

It was almost time for the afternoon performance when he reached the circus grounds. Snap received him very coolly.

"Have you told?" Guy asked the first thing.

"No, but I was about to do so when your telegram arrived last night. I shan't wait so long next time."

"There won't be any 'next time,' Mr. Snap. I propose to stay with you till after Saturday night's performance."

Snap shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know whether that will pay me as well as having it known who has been with me for the past few days," he said. "Such an item would be widely copied in the press."

With these words Snap turned on his heel and walked off.

"I've got myself into a nice pickle now," mused the judge's son. "Snap appears to have everything his own way. What a chump I was not to make him give

me the written agreement he was ready to hand me Saturday night!"

Peck, the clown, and Bert, the acrobat, were both glad to welcome Guy back.

"I tried to take your place in the dude act last night," Bert told him, "and made a miserable muff of it."

"Did Heidenback have his monkey in the ring?" asked Guy.

"No."

"Of course not. I forgot. You hadn't been worked up to make an effective scene out of the thing, as I was."

The beast was on hand at the afternoon performance, however, and seemed more vindictive than ever. But Guy tried not to care, thinking of the letter he had been asked to send to Greenvale, all on account of the monkey.

Tannerstown was not a large place, but at the evening performance the tent was simply packed.

It was a most noisy assemblage, too. There were cat calls between every act, utterly drowning the applause, and each performer was hissed on his appearance.

"What does it mean?" asked Guy, who, finding it too lonesome to remain at the hotel, had come to the show soon after supper and attached himself to Bert.

"It's a lot of college fellows from Norbury," replied the young acrobat. "Some of them declare they were cheated in one of the side shows, and a canvasman told me he heard they had come over here with a threat to break up the performance. Just listen to them now. Poor Mademoiselle Beaurivage!"

"It's shameful," Guy declared. "Why don't Snap have them put out?"

"He can't put out half the audience. And I dare say it will be worse before the evening is over. I positively dread to go out."

"And I suppose there won't be absolutely anything left of me," Guy added ruefully. "A dude will be fair prey for them."

"Perhaps the show will be broken up before it gets to you," rejoined Bert with a half nervous laugh.

Things out in the main tent had certainly gone from bad to worse. The music of the band was quite inaudible, drowned beneath the medley of college yells, hisses, tin whistles, and other devices for raising pandemonium generally.

But Mr. Snap was determined not to have his performance interrupted by a lot of boys, as he termed them. "The boys" were just as firmly resolved that they would succeed in their design.

Poor Mademoiselle Beaurivage was quite terror stricken when she came out of the ring, and Madame Marvel vowed that she would not enter it.

"But you must, Madame Marvel," Snap insisted, "or you never enter it again."

So in she went, but did not remain long, for her horse became so frightened that he was utterly unmanageable and finally had to be led out.

Snap was frantic with rage. But he was quite powerless. Every time he appeared in the ring and tried to utter a protest, there was a storm of hisses and cat calls that could no more be stemmed than could the waters of Niagara.

It seemed that the only way in which quiet could be obtained was to stop the performance and blow out the lights. But as this was exactly what the college boys wished to bring about, it would be humiliating to come to it.

By this time most of the well behaved members of the assemblage had taken their departure, in fear of the company in which they found themselves, so that to all intents and purposes the show was in the hands of the malcontents.

Bert and his brother acrobats were now out endeavoring to go through with their act. Guy was just within the curtained exit, peering through a peep hole.

"Look out there!"

"Steady, man!"

"Ain't I pretty?"

"Beat that if you can."

These and other similar cries were going up from all parts of the tent.

"It's an outrage," reflected Guy, his sympathy for once all with Snap. "I wonder if there isn't any way they can be brought to see what idiots they are making of themselves."

Suddenly he gave a start and hurried back to the dressing tent.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY THE WORD WAS PASSED.

Guy had been all dressed for his part, as his turn in the ring came next but one after Bert's. But now he proceeded to hurriedly divest himself of his ultra dudish garments.

"Look here, young man," Peck called out, coming into the tent at this crisis; "you're not weakening, are you?"

"No; but I'm going out to try to put a stop to that foolishness."

The clown put his hand before his mouth and gave a great laugh.

"You? What can you do with 'em? You might as well set a robin to laying out a fighting cock."

"Never mind; I've got a plan. It won't take me long to execute it either. I'll be back here in season to change again for our act, which I'd like to guarantee will be gazed upon with the most respectful attention. But I must make a condition with Snap first. Where is he?"

"Tearing his hair out by the ring entrance."

Guy found him without much trouble, but he had some difficulty in gaining his attention, first because the pandemonium in the big tent drowned every other sound, and secondly, because the circus man was

so enraged at the college students that he could put his mind on nothing else. But when he finally made out that it was about them Guy wished to talk, he motioned to him to go ahead.

"I think I can stop that row, Mr. Snap," Guy began. "But I'll do it on one condition: that you let me go into the ring when my act comes on, without that monkey accompaniment."

"I'll send you out in a coach and four if you can perform the miracle you've set yourself."

Taking this as an equivalent for the promise he wanted, Guy hastened around to the main entrance. Bert and his brother were executing the last feat in their act—so difficult and dangerous a one that the hilarious students gave a slight pause to their bellowing to look and wonder in spite of themselves.

Guy quickly made his way to the spot where he had seen that which had inspired him with his idea. No one thought of crying him halt; he looked for all the world like some one of the Norbury students themselves.

Finally he squeezed into place beside one of the latter, and gave him a playful dig in the ribs.

The youth brought his gaze back from the lofty trapeze, where Bert was at that instant disporting himself.

"Say, Dunn, don't you remember me?"

"Guy Lansing, as I live!" exclaimed the Norbury man, putting out his hand.

"Hush; I'm not known by that name here."

"Why, what's up? What sort of scrape are you in?"

"Well, I'm serving a week with the circus. But mind you, who I am is to be kept dark. My act will be on presently and I want you to quiet your friends down. Do you think you can do it? You're the football captain yet, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I'll do anything for the chap that yelled himself hoarse for us the day we licked Belmont. But what does it all mean? I thought you were boning away for Harvard."

"So I was, but my tutor's laid up sick and I'm taking a week off."

"I should say so, very much off too. But what is your act? Bareback riding, steeple chasing, or something on the bar?"

"None of them. I do a turn with the clown. Do you think you can keep your fellows quiet for the rest of the performance?"

"Well, I guess what I say goes. Here, I'll pass the word along that there's to be no more funny business," and Dunn whispered something in the ear of his neighbor on the other side.

"Thank you ever so much, Dunn," said Guy. "I must get back and change now."

And without giving his friend the opportunity to say another word, Guy slipped away.

"What luck that I happened to catch sight of Dunn," he said to himself, "I forgot all about his being at Norbury. He won't peach on me, I'm certain. And now to get Snap to shift our act to last on the program."

By the time Guy got around to the dressing tent again, normal quiet reigned about the big ring.

"How did you do it?" Snap asked.

"Never mind; but if you want to be sure it will continue, let my turn come last."

"It needn't come at all unless you wish," returned Snap.

"Oh, yes, it will have to, or there will be a worse row than ever."

"You're a brick, Lansing," and Snap held out his hand.

As Guy placed his own within it, he said, "If the thing goes through as I hope it will, I may give you a chance to do me a return favor."

"Anything you like, my boy, to the half of my show."

Quiet reigned for the rest of the evening, except when the performers were applauded. Guy came in for a regular ovation, but he breathed a deep sigh of relief when it was all over.

Mr. Snap came to him while he was dressing.

"Hanway," he said, "you've done a big thing for me. Now what is it you want me to do for you?"

"Let me quit at once, and promise to keep dark about what I've done."

"Agreed," and once more the two shook hands.

It was a shake for good by this time. Guy had seen the photograph boy in the afternoon and bought up all his remaining pictures of Miss Nina and himself, so there was nothing further to detain him with the circus.

"Don't forget us," Bert said, when they parted.

"You may be sure I shan't," returned Guy.

He slept late the next morning, and then took a noon train home. Professor Jowett was almost well he found, and was wondering what had become of him.

"Oh, I just seized the opportunity of your illness to take a little outing," Guy explained, when studies began for him again on Monday.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," said the professor.

"Oh, I did—some of the time," Guy added to himself, finishing up with the reflection: "Who wouldn't, when he was out with the circus. But I'd rather be out with it than in with it any day," and Guy went back to his Greek conjugations with a smile over the unspoken pun.

THE END.

THE USES OF DUST.

HOW many people know that the heavens are blue because of the dust in the atmosphere? If anybody were to ask nine people out of ten what made the beautiful colors we see in the skies, they would answer, "The sun coming through the clouds, reflected by the clouds."

But if there wasn't any dust, there wouldn't be any clouds that we could see.

Then again, very few realize that a brilliant effect of sunset is not the same everywhere on that particular evening. They do not understand that what comes to our vision is the peculiar refraction from the particles of dust which happen to be between our eyes and the disappearing sun. It looks different to every individual, although two people may be standing side by side.

If it were not for dust we would have no light. The skies would be black. The scientists say that light traverses every gas in straight lines showing itself nowhere. When a hole is made in the shutter of a darkened room and a sunbeam comes peering in, making a shaft of yellow across the apartment, through which tiny motes of dust dance, we say we see the light. But instead of that, what we see is the dust particles which reflect the light.

When a stray ray of light falls down through an atmosphere which is laden with the tiny invisible particles which are thrown off from the surface of the earth as it goes whirling through space, the dust atoms catch the light and throw it from one to another reflecting over and over again, leavening and lightening, making luminous the whole atmosphere.

If there was no dust the sky would be black, and the sun would appear on it as a great glowing wheel. The moon and stars would show all day. There would be no such thing as shades of light, or half tones anywhere. The shadows would be deep and black, and where the sun shone there would be a dazzling reflection.

There is no atmospheric dust about the moon, and we can see through a telescope the sharp contrasts there. How it seems spotted with blacks and whites.

The oculists would have a great increase in business if anything were to happen to our dust envelope. There would be no softness or veiled outlines anywhere; everything would be sharp and angular.

This information is all taken from a scientific source, and it has some other curious things to tell us. Why the sky is blue instead of red, for example.

Light is made of vibrations, and these vibrations are called ether waves. The different colors which make up the white light of the sun, and which we have all seen broken up into their original colors by the prism, are all made by ether waves of a different length. The shortest waves are blue, and it is the very tiny dust particles which reflect these blue waves.

It is only the very, very fine dust particles that are carried into every stratum of air, particularly into the higher regions. Thus the atmosphere is full of tiny particles which reflect the short blue waves, while a red wave will go for quite a distance through the atmosphere before it finds a particle of dust large enough to reflect it.

The finest dust makes a blue light. The sky in the country will be blue, while on the same day the sky over the city will be whitish. That is because the very large particles of dust will reflect all the rays of light, making white light.

In Arizona and Mexico, and in Italy, the sky is a perfect blue, not because the dust particles are so much smaller, but because the atmosphere is so dry that the dust particles are not enlarged by moisture, and will only reflect blue.

But, as the scientist says, the greatest function of dust is to regulate our rainfall.

The sun evaporates water from the rivers and the sea. This water is not that which falls. The water goes up and up until some current of air liquefies it upon a particle of dust, and back they both tumble to the surface of the earth. This can be demonstrated, the scientist tells us, by a very simple experiment.

Take a glass jar and fill it full of air, which has been strained through cotton until there isn't a grain of dust left in it. Turn a jet of steam into it. What do you see? Absolutely nothing.

There isn't any dust for it to settle on, and we have no clouds. The water simply begins to drip from the sides of the jar.

Blow in a little dust, and we see the steam become visible.

Now suppose there was no such thing as dust. We should have no rain, no snow, no clouds, no colored skies. The vapor in the air would settle on everything around. We could wring water out of our clothes. Everything would be wet. In winter ice would cake all over us. We couldn't live if we were the sort of people we are now.

Science is a very interesting study, for it appears to be one interesting fairy tale after another.

ANDY GRANT'S PLUCK.*

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

OWING to the sudden and unforeseen reduction in his family's finances, caused by the absconding of a bank official for whom his father had been bondsman, Andy Grant is compelled to leave Penhurst Academy. To meet his indebtedness Mr. Grant mortages his house and farm for three thousand dollars, for two years, to Squire Carter, a man of wealth and prominence in the village of Arden.

Andy becomes private tutor in Latin and Greek to Walter Gale, a wealthy young man who is staying at the hotel, but Mr. Gale is summoned to the bedside of a sick relative, and Andy then secures a position in New York.

After a number of exceedingly interesting experiences, Andy enters the employ of John Crawford, a real estate dealer, who becomes greatly interested in his faithful and industrious young employee, and gives him an opportunity to share in an investment which he makes in Tacoma property.

While walking about the city one day, Andy's attention is attracted to a small boy who is crying bitterly, and whose face wears a familiar expression.

CHAPTER XXV.

SQUIRE CARTER'S RELATIVES.

ANDY was kind hearted and the boy's evident sorrow appealed to him.

He went forward and placed his hand on the boy's shoulder.

" What is the matter?" he asked.

" I went to the baker's to buy some bread for mother, and the baker tells me that the quarter is a bad one."

" Let me look at it."

The coin had a dull appearance and a greasy feeling. It was unquestionably counterfeit.

" Yes, it is bad," said Andy. " Is your mother poor?"

" Very poor," answered the boy. " This quarter was all the money she had, and now we shall have no supper."

" Whom do you mean by ' we '?"

" My little brother and myself."

Andy intended at first simply to give the boy a good coin for the bad one, but he saw that there was a call for something more.

" Do you live near here?" he asked.

" Yes, sir. Just across the street."

" I will go back with you to the baker's, and then I will go with you to see your mother. Perhaps I can help her."

The boy put his hand confidingly in Andy's, and the two went a little distance to the baker's.

" Now make your purchases," said Andy.

" If you have brought back that bad quarter I won't take it," announced the baker sharply.

" I will pay you," said Andy quietly.

" Then it's all right. The boy brought me a very bad quarter. I have to look sharp, for a good many bad coins are offered me."

Andy produced a genuine silver piece, and the bread was handed to the boy, with the change.

The boy looked at it hesitatingly.

" It is yours," he said to Andy.

" No, I have changed quarters with you. I will keep the bad one."

Again he looked at the boy, and again the resemblance to some familiar face puzzled him.

" What is your name?" he asked.

" Ben Carter."

Carter! That explained it. The boy looked like Conrad Carter, though he had a pleasanter expression.

" Have you an uncle Philemon?" he inquired.

" How did you know?" asked the boy in surprise.

" Because you look like Conrad Carter."

" He is my cousin."

" And you are poor?"

" Yes."

" Your uncle is considered rich."

" I know he is, but he won't do anything for mother."

Andy was now all the more desirous of seeing the boy's family.

" I know your uncle," he said. " Do you think he knows you are so poor?"

" Yes, for mother has written to him."

By this time they had reached the place which Ben called home.

" Go up stairs and I will follow," said Andy.

They went up two flights and the boy opened a door at the top of the landing.

There was a woman not far from forty in the room. On her face was a look of settled sorrow. At her knee was a small boy five years of age. She looked at Andy inquiringly.

" Mother," said Ben, " here is the bread.

**The first 24 chapters of this story appeared in the April, May, and June issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 30 cents.*

I couldn't have bought it, for the quarter was bad, if this boy had not given me another quarter."

"This young gentleman," corrected the mother.

"No, Mrs. Carter; I am a boy and I prefer to be called so. I came up with Ben, for I find that he is related to Squire Carter of Arden whom I know very well."

"You know Philemon Carter?"

"Yes; he lives in Arden. That is my birthplace."

Mrs. Carter's countenance fell.

"Philemon Carter was my husband's brother," she said; "but there is little friendship between us."

"He is reputed rich."

"And we are poor. I see you wonder at that. When my husband's father died, Philemon was executor. It was understood that he was worth twenty five thousand dollars. Yet of this amount my poor husband received but one thousand. I may be uncharitable, but I have always felt that Philemon cheated us out of our rightful share."

"I should not be surprised. I never liked Squire Carter. He always seemed to me to be a selfish man."

"He has certainly acted selfishly towards us."

"Does he know of your poverty?"

"Yes. Only two weeks since in a fit of despair I wrote to him for help. Here is his answer."

She handed a letter to Andy. He instantly recognized the handwriting of the magnate of Arden.

"Shall I read it?" he asked.

"Yes, do so, and let me know what you think of it."

This was the letter:

SOPHIA:

I have received your letter, and am surprised that you should expect me to help support you. You are my brother's widow, it is true, but your destitution is no fault of mine. My brother was always shiftless and unpractical, and to such men good luck never comes. He might at any rate have insured his life, and so made comfortable provision for you. You cannot expect me to repair his negligence. You say you have two boys, one eleven years of age. He is certainly able to earn money by selling papers or tending an office.

As for myself, I am not a rich man, but have always been careful to meet my expenses and provide for the future. I, too, have a son, Conrad, whom I think it my duty to educate and start in life. Any money I might send you would be so much taken from him. I advise you to apply to some charitable society if you need temporary assistance. It will be much better than to write me begging letters.

Yours truly,
PHILEMON CARTER.

"This is a very cold blooded letter," said Andy indignantly. "He might at least have inclosed a five dollar bill."

"He inclosed nothing. I shall never apply to him again."

"Philemon Carter is considered to be one of the richest men in Arden. He is taxed for twenty five thousand dollars, and is probably worth double that sum. People wonder where he got all his money."

"A part of it is my husband's rightful share of the estate, I have no doubt."

"Can you do nothing about it?"

"How can I? I am poor and have no influential friends. He denies everything."

"I will think of that, Mrs. Carter. I know a lawyer down town who may some time look into the matter for you. In the meanwhile, is there any special work you can do?"

"Before I married I was for a time a typewriter."

"I will see if I can hear of a situation of that kind. The lawyer I spoke of may require an operator."

"I would thankfully accept such a position."

"Does Ben earn anything?"

"He makes a little selling papers."

"He ought to be going to school at his age."

"If I could get any work to do I would send him."

"Mrs. Carter, will you accept a little help from me?"

Andy drew a five dollar bill from his pocketbook and tendered it to the widow.

"But," she said, "can you spare this? It is a large sum, and you are only a boy, probably not earning much."

"I am a boy, but I am handsomely paid for my services. Besides, I have good friends to whom I can apply if I run short of money."

"Heaven bless you!" said Mrs. Carter earnestly. "You cannot tell how much good this money will do me. This morning I was utterly discouraged. I felt that the Lord had forsaken me. But I was mistaken. He has raised up for me a good friend, who——"

"Hopes to be of a good deal more service to you. I must leave you now, but I shall bear you in mind, and hope soon to be the bearer of good tidings. I will take down your address, and call upon you again soon. Will you allow me to offer you a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"Then send out and buy some meat. This dry bread is not sufficient for you. Don't be afraid to spend the money I leave with you. I will see that you have more."

As Andy left Mrs. Carter's humble home he felt more than ever the cold and selfish character of the man who, himself living luxuriously, suffered his brother's family to want.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. WARREN AND HIS SUCCESS.

ANDY told Mr. Crawford about the poor family he had visited, and what he had done to help them.

"You must let me refund the money,

Andy," said his employer. "Five dollars is a good deal for a boy to give."

"Don't forget that I have a double income, Mr. Crawford. I would prefer that this money should come from me. If you are willing to give another five dollars, it will be appreciated."

"Then I will make it ten. Will you take charge of this bill and give it to Mrs. Carter?"

"With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Crawford. You have no idea what happiness it will give the family."

"I am glad you called my attention to their needs. If I could do anything more to help them——"

"You can if you know any one who wants a typewriter."

"Is the boy able to work a typewriter?"

"No, but the mother is. Before her marriage she was in a lawyer's office."

"That is a fortunate suggestion. I have a college friend—a classmate at Columbia—Mr. Gardner, who has just parted with his typewriter, who is about to be married."

"May I call at his office, and ask for the situation for Mrs. Carter?"

"Yes; it is on Nassau Street."

Andy seized his hat and went over to the lawyer's office.

It was at 132 Nassau Street in the Vanderbilt Building. He went up in the elevator and found Mr. Gardner in.

"I come from Mr. Crawford," said Andy. "He says you need a typewriter."

"Are you a typewriter?"

"No; I ask for the position for a lady," and he told the story.

"You say she has had experience in a lawyer's office?"

"Yes, sir?"

"That will make her more desirable. When can she call?"

"I will have her here tomorrow morning at any hour."

"Say ten o'clock—a little before, perhaps."

The lawyer was a pleasant looking man of medium age, and Andy felt sure that he would be a kind and considerate employer.

After office hours and before going up to his pupil, Andy called at the humble home of Mrs. Carter. The widow's face brightened as she saw him.

"You are my good friend," she said. "You are welcome."

"My employer, Mr. Crawford, sends you this," and Andy displayed the bill.

"It is a godsend. It will enable me to pay my rent, due on Saturday, and give me three dollars over."

"But that is not all. I have procured you a situation as typewriter in a lawyer's office. You will have to be on hand tomorrow morning a little before ten. The office is Mr. Gardner's, at 132 Nassau Street."

"I can hardly believe in my good fortune. I will be there."

"Can you leave the children?"

"I will ask my neighbor Mrs. Parker to look after them. What a good young man you are!" she exclaimed gratefully.

"Not young man—boy," corrected Andy with a smile.

"Won't you stay and take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Carter, but I have an evening engagement. Oh, by the way, I forgot to say that Mr. Gardner will pay you ten dollars a week."

"I shall feel rich. I shall no longer be worried by thoughts of starvation."

"Some time you might consult Mr. Gardner about your brother's withholding your share of the estate. He will be able to advise you."

Andy felt a warm glow in his heart at the thought of the happiness he had been instrumental in bringing to the poor family, He had learned the great lesson that some never learn, that there is nothing so satisfactory as helping others. We should have a much better world if that was generally understood.

The next day Andy received a letter from his stanch friend, Valentine Burns. He read it eagerly, for it brought him some home news, and in spite of his success he had not forgotten Arden and his many friends there.

This was the letter:

DEAR ANDY:

How long it seems since I saw you! You know that you were my most intimate friend, and of course I miss you very much. To be sure, there is Conrad, who seems willing to bestow his company upon me, as my father happens to be pretty well off, but I look upon Conrad as a snob, and don't care much about him. When we met yesterday, he inquired after you.

"What's your friend Andy Grant doing in the city?"

"He is in a real estate office," I replied.

"Humph! how much does he get paid?"

"Five dollars."

"That is probably more than he earns, but it isn't much to live upon."

I didn't care to tell him that you had another income, but said, "Don't you think you could live on it?"

"I couldn't live on ten dollars a week," said Conrad loftily. "But then I haven't been accustomed to live like Andy Grant."

It must be pleasant to you to know that Conrad feels so much interest in your welfare.

Sometimes I see your father. He looks careworn. I suppose he is thinking of the difficult position in which he is placed. I am sorry to say that last week he lost his best cow by some disease. I heard that he valued it at fifty dollars. I hope that you won't let this worry you. The tide will turn some time. I saw your mother day before yesterday. She is glad of your success, but of course she misses you. She always receives me very cordially, knowing that we are intimate friends.

I wish I could see you, Andy. You have no idea how I miss you. I like quite a number of the boys, but none is so near to me as you were.

Well, Andy, I must close. Come to Arden soon if you can. It will do us good to see you, and I think even Conrad will be glad, as it will give him a chance to pump you as to your position.

Your affectionate friend,
VALENTINE BURNS.

"So father has lost his best cow—old Whitey," said Andy thoughtfully. "If I were not owing money to Mr. Crawford for the land in Tacoma, I would buy him a new one, but some time I hope the land will be valuable, and then I can make the loss good to father."

The reader has not, I hope, forgotten Andy's fellow lodger, S. Byron Warren. Mr. Warren was always writing something for the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, or some other leading magazine, but never had been cheered by an acceptance. The magazine editors seemed leagued against him.

But one evening, when Andy returned from the office, he found Mr. Warren beaming with complacence.

"You look happy tonight, Mr. Warren," he said.

"Yes," answered the author; "look at that."

He held out to Andy an eight page paper called *The Weekly Magnet*, and pointed out a story of two columns on the second page. Under the title Andy read, "By S. Byron Warren."

It was called

THE MAGICIAN'S SPELL.
A TALE OF SUNNY SPAIN.

"I congratulate you," said Andy. "When did you write the story?"

"Last winter."

"How does it happen to be published so late?"

"You see, I sent it first to *Scribner's*, then to *Harper's*, and then to the *Atlantic*. They didn't seem to fancy it, so I sent it to the *Magnet*."

"I hope they paid you for it."

"Yes," answered Warren proudly. "They gave me a dollar and a half for it."

"Isn't that rather small?"

"Well, it is small, but the paper is poor. The editor wrote me that he would be glad to pay me ten dollars for such a sketch when they are more prosperous."

"I suppose you will write again? You must feel greatly encouraged."

"I have been writing another story today. I shall mail it to them tomorrow.'

"I hope the *Magnet* will prosper for your sake."

"Thank you. I hope so, too. Ah, Andy, you don't know how it seems to see your own words in print!" said the author.

"I am afraid I never shall, Mr. Warren. I was not intended for an author."

"Oh, I think you might write something," said Warren patronizingly.

"No; I shall leave the literary field to you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANDY MAKES A COMMISSION.

MR. CRAWFORD was busy in his office when a gentleman of fifty entered.

"I hope you are at leisure, Crawford," he said.

"But I am not, Mr. Grayling. I am unusually busy."

"I wanted you to go out and show me that house in Mount Vernon which you mentioned to me the other day. My wife is desirous of moving from the city for the sake of the children."

"Won't tomorrow do?"

"Tomorrow I shall be busy myself. Today is so fine that I managed to get off. Can't you manage to go?"

"No, Grayling, I can't possibly be spared from the office."

"Is there no one you can send with me?"

Mr. Crawford hesitated a moment. Then as his eye fell upon Andy he had a sudden thought.

"I will send this young man," he said.

Mr. Grayling smiled.

"He seems quite a young man," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Crawford, with an answering smile, "he is several years short of forty."

"If you think he will do I shall be glad of his company."

"Wait five minutes, and I will give him the necessary instructions.

"Have you ever been in Mount Vernon, Andy?" asked his employer.

"Yes, sir. I have a boy friend there, and I once spent a Sunday there."

"Mr. Grayling wishes to purchase a residence there. I shall place him in your charge, and give you an order for the key. I will mention some points to which I wish you to call his attention."

Andy was pleased with the commission. It seemed like a step in advance.

"Thank you, Mr. Crawford, for your confidence in me."

"If you succeed in selling the house to Mr. Grayling, I will give you one per cent commission."

"I will do my best, sir. I have no claim to anything except through your kindness."

"Now let me see how much business ability you have."

Andy and the prospective purchaser took the cars at the Grand Central Station, and in forty minutes found themselves in Mount Vernon.

At the depot, much to his satisfaction, Andy found his friend Tom Blake.

"What brings you here, Andy?" asked Tom in surprise.

"I have come to show the Griffith house to this gentleman. Can you direct me to it?"

"I will go with you."

"Thank you, Tom. You will be doing me a favor. Is it far?"

"Little more than half a mile."

"Shall we walk or ride, Mr. Grayling?"

"Walk by all means. It is a charming day, and a walk will do me good."

They reached the house. It was a spacious country residence in good condition, and Mr. Grayling was favorably impressed. The key was procured and they entered.

The interior bore out the promise of the exterior. The rooms were well and even handsomely finished. They were twelve in number and there was a good sized bath room.

"I wonder if the plumbing is good," said Mr. Grayling.

"I will test it as far as I can," said Andy.

"You seem to have a good deal of experience for one so young."

"No, sir, not very much, but I have made a careful study of the subject. Mr. Crawford has a good architectural library, and I have made use of it."

After a careful inspection Andy made a favorable report.

"Of course," he said, "if I am mistaken we will make matters right."

"That will be satisfactory. What is your price for the house?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

Mr. Grayling after a brief consideration, said, "That seems reasonable. I will buy the house. How soon can you give possession?"

"In a week."

"Very good. Then our business seems to be concluded. We will catch the next train back to the city."

"Would you mind giving me a memorandum stating that you will buy the house?"

"I will do so. We will stop at a stationery store, and I will make it out."

When Andy re-entered Mr. Crawford's office the real estate agent inquired, "How does Mr. Grayling like the house?"

"He has bought it."

"Is it possible? At what figure?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Good! I was authorized to take two hundred dollars less if need be."

"He asked no reduction."

"I hope he won't change his mind."

"He won't. Here is his written agreement to take the house."

"Excellent. Did he offer this assurance?"

"No, sir. I asked for it."

"Andy, you have succeeded admirably. I shall have great pleasure in keeping my promise and paying you eighty dollars, or one per cent on the purchase money."

"That will be very acceptable, Mr. Crawford. I don't often earn eighty dollars in one day."

In reply to Mr Crawford's inquiries, Andy gave a detailed account of his visit, and his employer drew a check for eighty dollars which he placed in his hands.

"Now that I see what you can do," he said, "I shall send you out again."

"Perhaps you will find my services too expensive."

"No. In addition to my regular percentage I receive an extra hundred dollars for getting the full eight thousand dollars."

Andy cashed the check, and deposited the money in a savings bank. He did not pay it to Mr. Crawford on account of the land in Tacoma, for it occurred to him that he might have occasion to use it.

In this he proved correct.

Three weeks later he received a letter from his father. Sterling Grant was a farmer, little used to writing letters, and Andy knew that there must be some special reason for his writing at this time.

He opened the letter quickly, and this was what he read:

DEAR ANDY:

I am in trouble. Next Tuesday the semi annual interest on Squire Carter's three thousand dollars falls due, and I have but twenty dollars to meet it. My crops have not been up to the average. I have lost my best cow, and somehow everything seems to have gone against me. I expected to sell ten tons of hay, and have had but seven to spare. This alone made a difference of sixty dollars.

I saw the squire yesterday, and told him how I was situated. I asked him if he would kindly wait for the greater part of the interest, accepting twenty dollars on account. He at once refused. "I am sorry you have been unlucky, Mr. Grant," he said, "but of course I am not responsible for your misfortune. The three thousand dollars I lent you I regard strictly as an investment. Had I supposed the interest would not be paid promptly, I should, of course, have declined to lend. You will have to meet the interest, or take the consequences."

I have tried to borrow the money in the village, but thus far I have been unable to do so. I may have to sell two of my cows, but that will cripple me, for, as you know, I depend a good deal on selling milk and butter. Of course this worries me a good deal. I don't know why I write to you, for with your small pay it is hardly likely that you can help me. Still, if you have ten or fifteen dollars to spare, it will aid me. If your friend, Mr Gale, were near at hand, perhaps he would advance a little money. I might get along with selling one cow in that case. Two would cripple me.

Let me know at once what you can do, that I may make plans. Your mother is as well as usual, except that she is worried We both send love.

Your affectionate father,

STERLING GRANT.

When Andy read this letter, he felt with a thrill of joy that he had it in his power to relieve his father from anxiety. He had, with the commission received recently from Mr. Crawford, a hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. He withdrew eighty dollars of this, and then explaining to Mr. Crawford his reason for it, asked for time for a visit home.

"Certainly, Andy," said the real estate agent. "Can I lend you any money?"

"No, sir; I have enough."

As he could not leave till the next day he telegraphed his father in this way:

"Don't worry. I shall reach home to-morrow.

ANDY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANDY'S VISIT HOME.

WHEN Andy stepped on the station platform at Arden, he looked about him to see if any of his friends were in sight.

To his great satisfaction he saw Valentine Burns, who had come to escort an aunt to the cars.

"Where did you drop from, Andy?" he asked in surprise.

"From the city. I am going to stop over Sunday."

"Good! I am delighted to see you."

"And I to see you. You are my dearest friend—except Conrad."

Valentine smiled.

"Of course no one is so near to me as he. Well, what's the news?"

"The only news I know of comes from Conrad. I hope it isn't true."

"What did he say?"

"That your father couldn't pay the interest on the mortgage held by his father, and was going to be turned out, though the squire might take your two best cows and call it even."

"He seems to be a good friend of the family, doesn't he?" remarked Andy quietly.

"It isn't true, is it?"

"It is true that father hasn't money enough to pay the interest."

"What will happen then?"

"You forget that he has a rich son," said Andy with a smile.

"Can you help him out?"

"That is what I am here for."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Valentine, with an air of relief. "Even if I didn't like your family I wouldn't like to see Conrad triumph over you."

"Come 'round this evening Val. We shall have plenty to talk about."

"I will."

When Andy entered the farm house he received a warm welcome from his mother, and a cordial grasp of the hand from his father, who was less demonstrative. But there was an air of grave anxiety on the faces of both.

"I am glad to see you, Andy," said Sterling Grant, "but I wish you had come under more cheerful auspices. We are in a good deal of trouble."

"I have come to get you out of it."

"Can you?" asked the farmer in surprise.

"Yes. How much have you got towards the interest?"

"Only twenty dollars."

"And the whole sum is——"

"Ninety dollars."

"I can give you the seventy dollars you require."

"Where did you get the money? Have you borrowed it?"

"No. It belongs to me. I will explain later. Now I am hungry, and while mother is looking for some lunch for me we will talk about other matters."

"I am very much relieved, Andy. I will go and tell the squire I shall be able to meet the interest."

"Don't do it, father. We will leave him to suppose it will not be paid and see what course he intends to pursue. Don't breathe a word to undeceive him."

"I will do as you say, Andy; though I don't know your object. Do you still like your place in New York?"

"Yes; I am learning the business fast, and have good hopes for the future. Mr. Crawford is an excellent man, and takes an interest in me."

"That is good. After all, things are brightening. When I got up this morning I felt about discouraged."

"I telegraphed you not to worry, father."

Meanwhile Mrs. Grant was preparing an appetizing lunch for her son. She knew just what he liked. When it was placed on the table, he did full justice to it.

"It tastes better than anything I get in the city, mother," he said.

"I didn't suppose our plain table would compare with city meals."

"They're not in it with you," said Andy. "I am only afraid I shall make myself sick by overeating."

Mrs. Grant was greatly pleased that Andy had not lost his taste for home fare.

"How you have grown, Andy!" she said. "And you are looking so well too! Do you have to work very hard?"

"Hard work agrees with me, mother. No; I don't hurt myself."

"I wish I could be here when the squire comes for the interest," Andy said later.

"He will call this evening. You will see him," said Sterling Grant.

"Then I shall be sure to stay at home."

Meanwhile at the house of Squire Carter there was a conference between father and son.

Conrad had a new and bright idea. He had always coveted Andy's boat, which, as we know, was much better than his own had been. It occurred to him that here would be a good opportunity to get it for a trifle.

"Pa," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked his father suspiciously.

"You know I haven't got a boat now. Won't you let Mr. Grant pay part of the interest in Andy's boat?"

"What do I want of the boat?" asked the squire impatiently.

"Pa, you can make a great bargain. I hear that it cost seventy five dollars. You can allow the farmer twenty dollars, and sell it for forty dollars cash."

"I don't know about that." But the squire's tone was less decided. He liked a bargain, and he knew that there was some reason in what Conrad said.

"Mr. Grant might not feel at liberty to sell his son's boat," he argued.

"Andy would let him. He thinks a good deal of his family."

"I'll think of it, but I intended to propose taking two of his cows."

"That you can do next time. Probably he won't have the interest ready six months from now."

"I'll see about it."

"There is one other thing: you would have a better chance to sell the boat for a profit than the cows."

"Well, Conrad, I will think of it, as I said. I am going 'round to farmer Grant's this evening, and I will broach the subject."

Later in the day Conrad met Jimmy Morris.

"Have you heard the news, Conrad?" asked Jimmy.

"What is it?"

"Andy Grant is in Arden. He arrived from the city this morning."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Why? Are you and Andy such great friends?"

"It isn't on account of friendship. It's on account of business."

"What business?"

"I can't tell you, but you will very likely hear soon."

Conrad hoped to meet Andy, and broach the subject of buying the boat. He decided from his knowledge of the farmer's son that, much as he valued his boat, he would be willing to sacrifice it for the sake of his father. In this thought he paid an unconscious tribute to Andy, for in similar circumstances he would have been incapable of anything so unselfish.

About half past seven, Andy, looking out of the window, saw the stately and dignified figure of Squire Carter coming up the front path.

"The squire is coming, father," he said. "I want you to look sober, just as if you were unprepared to pay the interest."

Squire Carter had already been informed by Conrad that Andy was in the village. He showed no surprise therefore when he saw him.

He had also been down to the river and taken a look at Andy's boat. He could see that it was a very handsome one, and doubtless worth as much as Conrad reported.

"So you have come home, Andrew?" he said.

"Yes, Squire Carter."

"You haven't lost your place, have you?"

"No, sir. I have come home on a visit."

"Ahem! you arrived at an unfortunate time for your father. He has had bad luck. Things seem to have gone against him."

"So I heard, sir."

"If you had been at home to help him on the farm, things would have been different, maybe."

"I hope to help him by staying in the city."

"That isn't very likely. I don't approve for my part of boys leaving home to work."

"I think I shall succeed in the end, sir."

"Ahem! I have no doubt you think so, but boys like you haven't much judgment. I suppose you know that interest is due on the mortgage for the first six months, and that your father can't meet it."

"I have heard so, Squire Carter."

"As a friend of your father I have a plan to propose that may make things easy for him. I am glad to see you, for a part of my business is with you."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INTEREST IS PAID.

Andy was surprised by the squire's words. He could not conjecture what business Squire Carter could have with him.

"First," said the squire, "may I ask, Mr. Grant, whether you can pay the interest on the mortgage which I hold when it comes due?"

"I have only twenty five dollars at my command now, Squire Carter. Perhaps something may turn up between now and next Tuesday."

"That is extremely likely," said the squire in a tone of sarcasm.

"Have you anything to propose? Are you willing to wait for a month?

"No, sir; I am not. It will be extreme folly on my part. Do you expect to come into a fortune within thirty days?"

"No, sir."

"So I presume. However, I have a plan to propose. I did intend to say that I would allow you fifty dollars for your two best cows. But even that would not pay the deficit. I believe your son owns a boat."

"I do," said Andy, looking up. He began to understand the squire's plan.

"I am willing to allow twenty dollars for it, as my son has taken a fancy to it, and his own boat was destroyed through the malice of a tramp. This, with fifty dollars for your two cows, would pay the interest all but twenty dollars, which you say you are able to pay in cash."

"Squire Carter, my cows are of a choice breed, and are worth fifty dollars each."

"They would not fetch that sum. Indeed, twenty five dollars each is all that you would have any chance of getting. If you doubt it you may try to get an offer elsewhere."

"What should I do without the cows? I depend on the butter and milk I obtain from them for a good part of my cash income."

"That is your lookout," said the squire, shrugging his shoulders.

"You don't appear to have much consideration for me."

"Business is business, Mr. Grant. You owe me ninety dollars. If you can't pay me in one form, you must in another."

"I would like to say a word, Squire Carter," said Andy. "The boat for which you offer twenty dollars cost Mr. Gale seventy five."

"I don't believe it."

"I have his word for it."

"Very likely. but it wouldn't be the first case where a man overstated the price of his purchase."

"Mr. Gale would not deceive me in that way."

"Have it as you like. The boat is second hand now, and worth far less than when it was new," persisted the squire.

"There is considerable difference between twenty dollars and seventy five."

"Well, I might stretch a point and call it twenty five, as Conrad is desirous of having the boat. In that case there would be five dollars coming to you, which you would doubtless find very handy."

"I think I shall have to decline your offer, Squire Carter."

"And leave your poor father in trouble? I thought better of you."

Squire Carter was surprised to find that both Andy and his father were cool, and apparently not suffering anxiety. He had thought they would be sad, and would resort to entreaties.

"Does it strike you, Squire Carter, that you are trying to drive a very hard bargain with my father and myself. You offer a very low sum for the cows and for my boat."

"If you can get more anywhere else, you are quite at liberty to do so," said the squire in a tone of indifference.

He felt that father and son were in his power, and that he would have his own way in the end.

"I don't think we shall sell at all," said Andy calmly.

"What?" ejaculated the squire. "Not sell at all? Do you think I will allow the interest to remain unpaid."

"The interest will be paid."

"How? Where will you get the money?"

"I will supply my father with what he needs."

"You talk like a fool!" said the squire sharply. "Do you think I will allow myself to be humbugged by a boy?"

"No, sir; but you can rely upon what I say."

"Have you borrowed the money from Mr. Gale?"

"I have not seen Mr. Gale for several months. He does not know of my father's pecuniary trouble. If he did I think he would come to his and my assistance. As to the boat, I value it not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but because he gave it to me. Conrad cannot have it."

Squire Carter was much irritated. Besides, he did not believe that Andy would really be able to furnish his father with the help he needed.

"I am not easily deceived, Andrew Grant," he said. "It is useless for me to remain here any longer. I will only say that if the interest is not paid on Tuesday next, your father must take the consequences."

"He is ready to pay it now—before it is due—if you will give him a receipt."

"Wh—what!" ejaculated the squire in amazement.

"I mean what I say. Father, will you give the squire writing materials, and ask him to make out a receipt?"

"Is this—straight? Are you really able to pay the interest now?"

"Yes, sir. You need have no fear on that score. When my father wrote me about his difficulty, I procured the money and I have it here."

Half incredulous, Squire Carter made out the receipt, and a roll of bills was handed to him. He counted them carefully, and put them in his wallet.

"The money is correct," he said stiffly. "I am glad you are able to pay it."

"Thanks to Andy here," said his father with a grateful look at his son.

"All is well so far, but if your son has borrowed the money it will have to be repaid."

"I didn't borrow it, Squire Carter."

"Do you mean to say that you have been able to save it up out of your boy's wages?"

"I received it from my employer for special services."

Squire Carter left the house not altogether satisfied. He had received his interest, but he had hoped to profit by the farmer's needs, and get what would have been of considerably greater value than the money. In this he had been disappointed.

"But six months hence interest will be due again," he reflected by way of consolation. "This time the Grants were lucky, but it won't be so all the time. Besides, when the mortgage falls due it will take more help than the boy can give to settle it."

When the squire reached home, he found Conrad waiting to see him.

"Well, pa," he said, "am I going to have the boat?"

"No," answered his father shortly.

"Why not? You said you would get it for me."

"They wouldn't sell."

"Then how will they pay the interest?"

"It is paid already."

Conrad opened his eyes wide with amazement.

"Where did the money come from?"

"The boy advanced it to his father."

"You must be joking, pa. Where could Andy get ninety dollars."

"He only had to supply seventy. As to where it came from I can't tell. You had better ask him."

"So I will. It's a shame I can't have the boat."

"He wants too much for it."

"How much does he want?"

"I don't know. If he will let you have it for thirty dollars, you can buy it."

"Thank you, pa. It's the same as mine. A boy like Andy can't afford to refuse thirty dollars."

"I don't know. He seems a mighty independent sort of boy."

Conrad lost no time in trying to purchase the boat of Andy, but of course without success.

"I would rather keep it myself," was the reply.

"But you can't use it."

"Not at present, perhaps, but I may be able to some time. Besides, Mr. Gale gave it to me, and I shouldn't be willing to part with it. At any rate I wouldn't sell for thirty dollars."

"Never mind, Conrad," said his father. "When the next interest is payable, Andrew will probably be glad to accept your offer."

Andy enjoyed the short visit home. He managed to see the boys with whom he was most intimate, and promised to look out for positions in the city for two of them. At home his presence was a source of comfort and joy to his mother. It gladdened him to see the bright look on her face, which had been grave and anxious when he arrived.

On Monday morning he set out for New York on an early train, feeling that his visit had been in every way a success. Several boys were at the station to see him off, but among them he did not perceive Conrad Carter.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

THREE months later, when Andy entered the office one morning, he found Mr. Crawford in a thoughtful mood.

"I wish you were older, Andy," he began abruptly.

"Why, sir?"

"Because I have a commission I could then intrust to you."

"Then I am too young for it now?"

"I am afraid so. And yet—but I will tell you what it is, and see if you consider yourself equal to it. How old are you now?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"I will explain myself. I am intimately acquainted with the men who are engineering the Northern Pacific Railroad, and I have reliable advices that work will at once be resumed on it, and probably the road will be completed in less than a year."

"I suppose this will raise the price of our land in Tacoma?"

"Precisely. Still I think it will not be advisable to sell for some time to come. My object is rather to buy more land."

"I should think it would be a good idea."

"The time to buy is now, before the public learn of the probable early completion of the railroad. If I could spare the time from my business I would go out there at once."

"I should think it would pay, Mr. Crawford."

"Doubtless it would, but I cannot arrange to leave now. I expect to have some large transactions in real estate during the next two or three months."

"I see the difficulty, sir."

"I will come to the point. Do you think you could go to Tacoma, look carefully over the ground and secure desirable lots for me!"

"I think I could, sir, under instructions from you."

"That is what I had in view when I said I wished you were older."

"You could at any rate rely upon my faithfully carrying out your instructions."

"I am sure of that, and I also have considerable confidence in your good judgment. At any rate I will take the risk. What day is today?"

"Thursday."

"Make preparations to start on Monday. Can you do so?"

"Yes, sir."

Andy felt a thrill of delight at the prospect held out to him. He had always felt a strong desire to see the great West, but had realized that he should probably have to wait a good many years before his wish was gratified. It had been a dream, but now his dream bade fair to become actuality.

"I will prepare a general letter of instructions, and make such suggestions as may occur to me," continued Mr. Crawford. "I will excuse you from office work for the balance of the week, in order that you may make the necessary preparations."

As the Northern Pacific road was not completed it was decided that Andy should go to San Francisco by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads, and take steamer thence to Puget Sound.

"You can stay in San Francisco three days," said Mr. Crawford considerately. "It will give you a chance to rest and see the city."

On Monday Andy started on his long journey. He wrote a brief letter to his mother as follows:

DEAR MOTHER.

I am going West on some business for Mr. Crawford. I will write you on the way. You are at liberty to tell this to any one in Arden, but I don't care to have the extent of my journey known. Yon may think I am young for such a trip, but I have no fears. The business is important, but it is simple and I hope to carry it through successfully.

In haste, your loving son,

ANDY.

However, Mrs. Grant was not the first one to hear of Andy's trip. It so happened that at the station Andy met Conrad Carter, who had just come into the city for a day.

"How do you happen to be here?" asked Conrad in surprise.

"I am leaving the city."

"I suppose you are discharged and going home," remarked Conrad loftily.

"No, I am going on some business for my employer."

"How far do you go?"

"My first stop will be Chicago."

Conrad was amazed.

"Is this straight?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You are going on business for the firm?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Crawford must be a fool."

"Why?"

"To send an ignorant country boy to Chicago."

Andy smiled.

"Mr. Crawford has succeeded very well in business, and I don't think he is a fool."

"He must be infatuated about you."

"If he is, that is lucky for me."

"How long do you expect to be away?"

"I can't say. I can't tell how long it will take me to transact my business."

"I wish pa would let me go to Chicago," said Conrad enviously, "You are a poor boy and yet you travel more than I."

"Your time will come, Conrad."

"Has your employer given you much money to travel with?"

"I am to draw on him for what I want."

"Say, won't you write me a letter from Chicago? I wish I had known you were going; I would have asked pa to let me go with you."

Andy was amused at Conrad's change of front. He knew very well that Conrad was no more his friend than before, but that his notions were strictly selfish. However he promised to write to him if he could get time, and made the promise in good faith.

"I wish Valentine were going with me," he thought; "but I should not enjoy Conrad's company."

Andy's journey to Chicago was uneventful. About two hours before the train arrived a tall man left his seat on the opposite side of the car and seated himself beside Andy.

"Good morning," he began. "I suppose, like me, you propose to stop in Chicago."

"For about twenty four hours," answered Andy.

"And then you go on further?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far?"

"I cannot tell you definitely," answered Andy, who thought it wise to be on his guard.

"Could you oblige me with small bills for a ten? I am owing a dollar to the porter."

Andy took out a large sized wallet from an inner pocket, and opened it. It contained about fifty dollars in bills of different denominations.

"I am afraid I cannot accommodate you," he said, "unless two five dollar bills will answer your purpose."

"I am afraid it won't help me."

"I am sorry," said Andy politely.

He did not observe the covetous glance of the stranger as he noted the large wallet and its contents. It occurred to him afterwards that his companion had not produced the bill he wished changed.

"Oh, well," said the stranger carelessly, "it doesn't matter. I can get the bill changed at the depot. Are you traveling on business?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"So am I. I represent the firm of Arnold & Constable in New York. Doubtless you have heard of them."

"Oh, yes. They are well known."

"I have been in their employ for five years. Before that I worked for Claflin."

"Indeed!"

"You do not mention the name of your firm."

"No, I am traveling on private business for the head of the firm."

"Ah, yes. I don't wish to be inquisitive. You do quite right to keep the business to yourself."

"You see it is not my business."

"Just so! You are young for a business agent."

"That is true, but I am growing older every day."

"Exactly so! Good joke!"

Andy's companion laughed quite heartily rather to the surprise of his young acquaintance.

"I am very glad to have met you. You see, I am very social, and can't stand being alone. By the way, where do you stop in Chicago?"

"At the Sherman House."

"Good hotel! I have stopped there often. Still, there is nothing as homelike as a private house. I have a friend living in the city who keeps a first class boarding house, and only charges transient guests a dollar and a quarter a day. I wish you could be induced to go there with me. At the hotel you would have to pay three or four dollars."

Now, Andy was naturally economical, and thought it would be praiseworthy to save money for Mr. Crawford. He inquired the location of the boarding house, and imprudently decided to act on his companion's proposal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRAP.

ANDY left the depot with his new acquaintance, who gave his name as Percival

Robinson, and following his lead, boarded a horse car, which took them both a distance of three miles to the southern part of the city. As they went on dwellings became scattering.

"Your friend's house seems quite out of the way," said Andy.

"Yes, but Chicago is a city of distances. It really doesn't make much difference where you stop. Street cars will carry you anywhere."

"Still it would be pleasanter to be centrally located."

"But by going some way out you get cheaper accommodations."

"That is true," thought Andy; "and I have time enough."

At length Robinson signaled to the conductor to stop.

Andy followed him out of the car. They seemed to be in the very outskirts of the city.

Robinson led the way to a rather shabby brick house standing by itself. It was three stories in height.

"This is where my friend lives," he said, walking up the front steps and ringing the front door bell.

Two minutes later the door was opened by a red haired man in his shirt sleeves.

"Hallo, Tom!" he exclaimed.

"I thought his name was Percival," Andy said to himself.

"My young friend and I will stay over night with you," said Robinson.

"All right! Come in."

A door on the left was opened, and Andy saw a sanded floor, and on one side of the room a bar.

"Go in there a minute," said Robinson, "while I speak to my friend."

Andy went in, and picked up a copy of the *Clipper* from the table—the only paper in the room.

In five minutes the two returned.

"I'll take your gripsack," said the man in shirt sleeves. "I will show you to your room."

They went up two flights of stairs to a room on the third floor. It was a small apartment about ten feet square, with a double bed in one corner.

"I guess you'll both be comfortable here," said the landlord.

"I think I would rather have a room to myself," said Andy, by no means satisfied.

"Sorry we can't accommodate you, but the house is full."

It didn't look so, but then the lodgers might be out.

Andy thought for a moment he would go down stairs, and take a car back to the central part of the city, but he was afraid his action would seem strange, and he made no objection.

"I guess we'll get along together," said Robinson in an easy tone.

Andy didn't think so, but he found it awkward to make objections.

"I will take a wash," he said, seeing that the pitcher on the wash stand contained water.

"All right!" returned Robinson. "Just make yourself at home. I'll go down stairs. You'll find me there."

Left alone Andy reproached himself for his too ready yielding to the plans of his companion. He wondered why he had done so.

"Mr. Crawford didn't ask me to be economical," he reflected. "He is willing I should pay ordinary prices at a hotel. I think I have been very foolish. However, I am in for it. It will serve as a lesson to me, which I will remember hereafter."

He looked out of the window. There was a lot behind the hotel—if it was a hotel—covered with ashes, tin cans, and other litter.

"I am sure," thought Andy, "this isn't the kind of hotel Mr. Crawford wished me to stay at."

When he had washed he went down stairs. As he passed the door of the bar room, he saw Mr. Robinson inside, sitting at the table, with a bottle and a glass before him.

"Come in, Grant, and have some whisky," he said.

"Thank you, but I don't care for whisky."

"Perhaps you would prefer beer?"

"I don't care to drink anything, thank you."

"You don't mean to say you're a temperance crank?"

"Yes, I think I am."

"Oh, well, do just as you please. By the way, it is the rule here to pay for board in advance."

"How much is it?"

"A dollar and a quarter, please," said the red haired man, who stood behind the bar.

Andy paid over the money.

"I thought perhaps you would stay more than one day."

"No, I have little time. I shall have to leave tomorrow. I think, Mr. Robinson, I will go out and take a walk."

"All right! Supper will be ready in two hours."

Andy nodded.

He had a great mind to go up stairs and get his gripsack. Then he would be able to go where he pleased. He went out and began to walk about in the neighborhood of the hotel.

It did not seem to be a very pleasant quarter of the city, and it was certainly a good distance from the center.

"I shan't learn much about Chicago if I stay here," he thought.

Again he execrated his folly in so weakly yielding to the representations of a man he knew nothing about.

He walked for half an hour and then returned slowly. There didn't seem to be much to look at, and his walk had no interest for him.

Not far from the hotel he met a well dressed boy, and was impelled to speak to him.

"Do you live near by?" he asked.

"No, but I have an uncle living in that house over there. I came to spend the day with my cousins."

"I am a stranger in this city. I met a man who took me to that brick house. He recommended it as a cheap boarding place. Do you know anything about it."

"I know that it has a bad reputation."

"Will you tell me what you know about it? You will be doing me a favor."

"The bar does a good business in the evening. I have heard of several cases where men who put up there complained of being robbed."

"Thank you. I am not much surprised to hear it."

"Have you taken a room there?"

"Yes. I am afraid I was foolish."

"I hope you won't be robbed--that's all."

"I should like to get out, but I am afraid if I came down stairs with my grip they would try to stop my going."

"Where is your room?"

"At the back part of the house, looking out on the lot."

"I'll tell you what you can do," said the other boy after a moment's thought. "Have you paid anything for your room?"

"Yes, but I don't mind that."

"Then drop your grip out of the window. I'll catch it."

"I will."

"Then you can take a car and go down into the city."

"Do you know the way to the Sherman House?"

"Certainly."

"If you will go there with me, I'll make it worth your while."

"All right. I was just about going home, any way."

"Then I'll go up stairs and get my bag."

Andy went to his room, opened the window, and looking down saw his new boy friend.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You needn't try to catch it. There's nothing in it that will break."

"Fling her out!"

Andy did so.

"Now come down. You'll find me here."

An hour later supper was served. Percival Robinson and three other men, likewise patrons of the bar room, sat down. The landlord himself was of the party.

"Where is the kid?" he asked.

"I saw him go out an hour ago," said one of the guests.

"He has probably come back and is in his room," added Robinson. "I will go up and call him."

He went up stairs quickly and entered the room assigned to Andy and himself. It was empty.

"The boy has taken a long walk," he said to himself.

Then he looked about for Andy's grip. It occurred to him that he would have a good opportunity to examine its contents.

He started in surprise and dismay, for the grip was gone.

"He must have given me the slip," he exclaimed.

"Did any one see the boy go out with his grip sack?" he asked as he returned.

"I saw him go out, but he had nothing in his hand," answered the landlord.

"Well, he's gone, bag and baggage," returned Robinson, very much annoyed.

"At any rate he has paid his bill," said the landlord complacently.

"Bother his hotel bill!" muttered Robinson roughly. "I meant to have a good deal more than that."

"Have you any idea where he has gone?"

"I think he may have gone to the Sherman House. I'll go there after supper and see if I can find him."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONG OF THE MOWING MACHINE.

I RATTLE among the long green grass,
  I clatter amid the clover,
I wander away through the meadows fair—
  The bluebird's my fellow rover—
I play in and out 'mid apple trees,
  'Neath bowers of golden green,
Oh! there never was song so merry to hear
  As the song of the mowing machine.

When the sun hangs low in the burning sky
  And the birds are singing of morning,
All the tall grasses tremble with fear
  As they hear my musical warning,
Like conquering host on field of war
  I march through ranks of green,
Oh! there never was song so merry to hear
  As the song of the mowing machine.

—*M. M. Leavitt.*

OVER AFRICA.*

By William Murray Graydon,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

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

On reaching his twenty first birthday Mr. Scudamore acquaints Hector with his father's fate, but can tell him little concerning his parentage as he knows nothing of his father's antecedents. He gives the young man a small gold locket which belonged to his father, and which contains the portrait of a beautiful woman, whom both Hector and his guardian believe to be the boy's mother.

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

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

The party embark on a magnificent balloon, the Explorer, which the baronet has had made especially for the journey. After experiencing several thrilling adventures, during which Hector narrowly escapes capture by the Dahomey Amazons, they are much alarmed to perceive that they are rapidly approaching a frightful storm.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN JOLLY IS ABDUCTED.

THE captain produced the eatables with celerity, and all were soon awake, contemplating with ill concealed anxiety the traces of the coming storm. Already the landscape under the car was being swiftly blotted out by the twilight.

While Captain Jolly was busying himself with the preparations for supper, Sir Wilfred, who noted the uneasy frame of mind that his companions were in, tried to brighten their spirits by telling them interesting facts concerning the regions of Africa that the balloon might be supposed to have reached.

"We must be passing over the kingdom of Sokoto by this time," he said. "It is inhabited by the Fulbe tribe, who are fierce and warlike. The State of Borun adjoins Sokoto, and that in turn reaches to the shores of Lake Chad, which, by God's grace, I hope to show you ere long."

Biscuits and coffee were presently partaken of sparingly, and by this time the balloon was hovering, almost motionless, scarcely three hundred feet from the ground.

It was still light enough to distinguish the bushy tops of a forest beneath the car.

"I am in grave doubt as to what course to pursue," said Sir Wilfred. "This shuddering calm presages an unusually severe storm, and the air is heavily surcharged with electricity. We have two resources at our command. By throwing out ballast we can ascend to an altitude entirely above the storm, and thus escape the force of the gale and the lightning flashes. To do this, however, we may be compelled to sacrifice some of our personal baggage, and it will cost us a large amount of gas to descend again to a proper current of air—more, in fact, than can be spared if we hope to reach Lake Chad. Our only alternative is to seek an open spot in the forest below us and shelter the balloon from the gale by drawing it down among the trees. That plan, too, has its perils; the lightning may strike it, or the silk may be ripped by coming in contact with the branches."

The baronet looked inquiringly at his companions, seeking their expression of opinion.

Phil counseled an immediate ascent to the upper regions, but Hector and Captain Jolly were in favor of descending to the ground, and seeking a refuge in the forest. Chako said nothing. He was surreptitiously helping himself to the biscuit bag.

"It will certainly be most prudent to go down," said Sir Wilfred. "In fact, no other resource is now open to us. See how swiftly the storm has advanced." He pointed upward, and his companions noted with surprise that the sky was already black overhead, and the stars were vanishing one by one. A peal of thunder growled along the horizon, and a purple flash zigzagged through the darkness.

"It would be worse than madness to start this balloon, filled with inflammable

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gas, up through those electrical currents," said Sir Wilfred. "We must descend at once."

He pulled the valve cord, and the car dropped almost to the top of the trees, Captain Jolly tossed a grappling line overboard, and it speedily caught in the branches.

Sir Wilfred unfurled the rope ladder, and went down rapidly.

"Haldane," he called up an instant later, "bring me a lighted lantern and another rope."

"In a moment, sir," replied Hector, and as soon as the articles could be procured he followed the baronet down the ladder.

The grapnel had caught in the branches of a gigantic euphorbia tree, about thirty feet from the ground.

Sir Wilfred was already perched among the limbs. He took the rope from Hector and fastened one end securely to a branch. He tied the lantern to the other end.

"Now climb down to the ground," he directed, "and I will light your passage with the lantern."

Hector accomplished this with little difficulty, and was soon standing on firm soil.

"Now," said Sir Wilfred, after a brief silence, "hold tight to the rope, Hector; it is connected with the grapnel. I will be with you in a moment."

Hector disengaged the lantern and coiled the rope about his waist. He knew by the tremendous strain that the whole weight of the balloon was tugging at him. He felt as light as a feather, and it was all he could do to keep from rising in the air.

"Help! help!" he called. "I'm going up, Sir Wilfred."

"Here I am," cried the baronet's cheery voice, as he leaped to the ground at Hector's side, and lent his strength to the tugging balloon. "And now to find an open spot."

They moved slowly through the forest, guiding the rope skilfully among the tangled branches, and were fortunate enough to discover what they sought only a few yards away—a cleared space between the trees, about twenty feet in diameter.

Across the center of this lay a fallen euphorbia trunk of massive girth.

"Just the thing to fasten to," exclaimed Sir Wilfred. "Pull away now, Hector. Down she comes."

Together they hauled at the rope, and the balloon descended rapidly until they could grasp the car.

"All serene," announced Sir Wilfred, as he finished coiling the rope about the fallen tree, and Phil, the captain, and Chako at once climbed to the ground.

The balloon had reached its haven of refuge barely in time.

A strong gale was sweeping over the top of the forest, accompanied by forked lightning, and angry peals of thunder.

"It will rain presently," said Sir Wilfred. "Let us make a fire over here by the trees to keep off wild beasts. I will let the balloon ascend a little, first. A spark might ignite the oiled silk."

He took the rifles out, and then slackened the rope so that the car rose fifteen feet from the ground. The rope dangled over the side.

A quantity of dried grass and wood was gathered by lantern light, and a huge fire was built just within the edge of the clearing. It was now raining, but the thick foliage permitted very little of it to reach the ground. Phil climbed up the ladder to the car, and tossed down the blankets.

"Wrap yourselves up," said Sir Wilfred, "and try to get what sleep you can. We shall remain here for some hours at least, and for the present I will keep watch. I do not apprehend any danger, though."

Chako was the only one to avail himself of this permission. The Ashantee was able to sleep at any and all times, and stretching himself before the fire he was soon snoring audibly. The remainder of the party sat up, chatting and smoking and listening to the violence of the storm overhead.

"It seems to be more wind than anything else," remarked Hector.

"It is," said Sir Wilfred; "and when the danger of combustion from electrical flashes is past we shall be carried straight toward Lake Chad at the rate of forty miles an hour—provided our gas holds out, and I have every reason to believe it will."

"Listen!" exclaimed Captain Jolly, placing one hand to his ear. "Is that only the storm—or is it something else?"

All became silent instantly, and strained ears caught, above the patter of the rain, a quick, thumping sound, not unlike the distant gallop of a horse.

They glanced apprehensively at each other, drawing a little closer to the fire, and Sir Wilfred started for his rifle, which was leaning against the trunk of a tree. But before he could reach it the strange noise seemed right at hand, and a big African buffalo, with a snort of rage, broke from the edge of the forest into the clearing, directly opposite the campfire. The creature's sharp pronged horns swept the ground, and his nose and mouth were flecked with foam.

The sudden appearance of this most dreaded of animals terrified all.

"Run for your lives!" shouted Sir Wilfred. "Hide in the forest!" and he set the example by dodging behind the nearest tree, snatching his rifle as he ran.

As the maddened buffalo charged across the campfire, which had been allowed to burn low, all were safe under shelter but Chako and Captain Jolly.

The Ashantee was curled in a ball sound asleep, and the captain, who seemed to have lost his head at this critical moment, was standing upright, uncertain which way to run. The shouts of his companions only seemed to bewilder him the more.

The buffalo came on like a hurricane, missing Chako by a hair's breadth; and just as the wicked horns were about to impale Captain Jolly, the little man recovered his nerve, and did a most clever thing. He leaped right into the air, slightly grazed by the brute's horns, and as he fell sprawling across the animal's neck, he seized the shaggy hair and clung to it with all his might.

CHAPTER VII.

SWEPT OFF IN THE TEMPEST.

Sir Wilfred rushed back to the clearing, rifle in hand, followed by Hector and Phil, and Chako staggered to his feet, not understanding, as yet, what had taken place.

The buffalo had vanished in the forest, taking the unfortunate man with him. The crashing of undergrowth could be distinctly heard, and mingled with it, at intervals, a faint cry.

"That's Jolly," exclaimed Sir Wilfred. "Thank God, he's still alive. Come, Hector, let us go to his rescue. We may save him yet. You, Phil, must stay and guard the balloon with Chako."

Hector made a dash for his rifle, and then plunged into the forest after the baronet, who was moving at a quick trot, swinging the lighted lantern before him.

They ran for a quarter of a mile, stopping at intervals to listen, but their luckless companion's cries for help had entirely ceased, and the forest was as still as death.

Sir Wilfred leaned against a tree and mopped the perspiration from his face.

"Poor Jolly is lost," he said brokenly. "I see no hope. For years we have never been separated. He was the best, the most amiable, of men. I would not have had this happen for all my fortune; but it seems my destiny to meet with continued disaster."

"Hark!" exclaimed Hector.

A shrill cry was heard coming from the direction of the balloon; a second later the report of a rifle echoed through the forest. What new peril was at hand?

"The balloon is in danger!" cried Sir Wilfred. "We must hurry back at once—yet how can I leave poor Jolly to his fate? This is a terrible situation. I don't know what to do, Haldane, by Jove, I don't!"

The baronet wrung his hands in anguish and looked at Hector with mute appeal.

The problem was solved in an unexpected manner. A low groan was heard coming from some point close at hand, and as Sir Wilfred and Hector ran to the spot the rays of the lantern shone on Captain Jolly, sitting upright in a clump of bushes, with a very dazed expression on his face.

The baronet was at first speechless with joy. He threw both arms about the captain and tugged him to his feet.

"How do you feel?" he demanded eagerly. "Are you hurt, Jolly?"

The captain ruefully examined his limbs.

"No," he replied slowly; "I don't believe I am—but shiver my hulk, what a ride that was! I'd be going this minute if a limb hadn't caught me by the neck and jerked me off the crittur's back."

At this instant a second rifle shot recalled to Sir Wilfred's memory the unknown peril that threatened the balloon.

"Are you able to walk, Jolly?" he questioned anxiously. "Come as fast as you can. Hector will show you the way. I must run ahead to Phil's assistance," and, without waiting for a reply, Sir Wilfred picked up his rifle and sped in the direction of the camp, leaving his companions to follow more leisurely.

He reached the edge of the clearing, breathless from exertion. The dying embers of the fire cast a dull light on the scene. All was quiet, save the roaring of the wind overhead.

"Phil! Phil! where are you?" called the baronet, in a low tone.

"All right, Sir Wilfred. Here I am," and Phil rose from his place of concealment on the ground, rifle in hand. "Chako is hidden somewhere near," he said hurriedly. "After you left we were attacked by savages—two big, black fellows—who nearly impaled me with a spear. I shot one of them—yonder he lies in the meadow—and a few moments ago I fired at the second rascal, but I probably missed him, for I heard a noise in the bushes soon after. I don't believe they saw the balloon at all. But where is the captain—and Hector? Are they safe?"

"They will be here in a moment?" said Sir Wilfred. He walked across the clearing, and bent down to look at the dead native. "One of the Fulbe tribe," he said, musingly; "the most dreaded natives in this section of Africa. It was they who roused up that buffalo, and started him off in his mad flight. I am afraid more of the fiends are close by. Gather up the blankets, Phil, and call Chako. We must be off as soon as Hector and the captain arrive. The storm is not over, but I prefer to take the risk."

Sir Wilfred referred to the storm overhead, but another storm—of quite a different nature—was brewing close by. As Phil went peering about in the shadows for Chako, calling his name in a low voice, a chorus of savage cries broke from the forest at no great distance off.

"The rascals are coming!" cried Sir Wilfred. "They will soon be here. Where is that cowardly Ashantee? What makes Jolly and Haldane so slow?"

Hector reached the spot almost at that instant, and the captain was limping behind him. They, too, had heard the cries.

Already the glimmer of distant torches was visible through the trees; but in spite of the imminence of the peril Sir Wilfred gave his orders in quiet tones.

"Trample out the embers of that fire," he said. "Pull the balloon down, and throw in the blankets and rifles."

Phil attended to the first injunction, while Hector and the baronet dragged the car to the level of the tree trunk, and tied it securely in place. Sir Wilfred climbed in and pulled Captain Jolly after him. Hector was the next to enter, and Phil came running up with an armful of blankets. He was speedily helped in, and then Sir Wilfred seized a hatchet from the bottom of the car.

The natives were barely twenty yards away. Their cries were hideous and bloodcurdling.

"Don't cut the rope," cried Hector, grasping Sir Wilfred's arm; "Chako is not here."

The baronet hissed some reply under his breath. "I'll give him just half a minute," he said sternly. "Our lives must not be imperiled by that coward."

He began to count, the hatchet poised over his head. "One, two, three, four," and so on.

Meanwhile Hector and Phil called Chako loudly by name, and just as the baronet reached "twenty six" the missing Ashantee bounded forward with a yell of terror and clutched the edge of the car.

Simultaneously with this act a flood of wavy, yellow light flashed into the clearing, and the foremost of the savages—half a dozen brawny fellows, armed with long spears—appeared at the edge of the forest, howling vociferously.

The sharp hatchet came down with a thud on the anchor rope, and the balloon rose ten feet from the ground. There it hung, not moving an inch.

"The ballast!" roared Sir Wilfred. "Throw out the sandbags."

As he spoke he pulled trigger on a big savage who was in the act of hurling a spear at the car, and the fellow went down like a log.

Captain Jolly tossed over a sandbag, and the balloon went slowly up, followed by a shower of spears that most fortunately pierced only the empty air and recoiled on the heads of their owners.

"Another!" cried the baronet. Hector threw out a second one, and as it dropped swiftly into the midst of the affrighted savages—felling two of them to the earth and scattering its contents over the rest—the balloon went up with a rush and was swept madly away in the teeth of a furious wind storm. Little rain was falling, and the lightning flashed only at intervals.

The sensations of the five aëronauts, as the frail wicker basket lurched dizzily up and down, were indescribable. Overhead were the massing storm clouds, and beneath all was equally dark, for the baffled natives and their flaring torches had vanished from sight in an instant. "Keep in the bottom of the car," said Sir Wilfred solemnly. "We are in the hands of Providence. He alone can save us." An hour passed on and the tempest seemed to have slightly abated. No rain was falling, and the lightning had almost ceased to flash, but in every direction intense darkness reigned.

Gradually courage returned to the frightened men—though it must be admitted that Sir Wilfred had shown no trace of fear—and they resumed their ordinary positions again. With some difficulty matches were lit, and Sir Wilfred was greatly elated to discover that the compass still pointed to the northeast.

"We are assuredly in luck," he said. "If the wind continues from the same quarter, and we can keep in the face of the storm, our highest hopes may yet be fulfilled."

"And suppose we do reach Lake Chad, what then?" demanded Captain Jolly, who was in a slight ill humor, owing to the bruises received in his recent strange ride.

"Wait and see," replied the baronet laconically, and with this the captain was obliged to be content.

From the occasional lightning flashes that still lit up the sky, the aëronauts saw that the earth was not far beneath them.

"We must mount a little higher," said Sir Wilfred, and he threw out the last sandbag.

The balloon rose swiftly, and encountered a more impetuous current of air. The car swirled from side to side with a dizzy motion, and the occupants were glad to crouch down in the bottom again. All realized that they were passing through a time of great peril—that in all probability they would never again touch the earth—save as mangled corpses.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH LAKE CHAD IS SIGHTED.

For an hour or more scarcely a word was spoken. Enveloped in pitch darkness, the car swept on through the night, plunging and creaking under the force of the gale. At intervals showers of rain came down, and the aëronauts pulled their blankets over their heads.

But through it all Sir Wilfred preserved a calm and indifferent demeanor. He sat erect, oblivious to the pattering rain, and from time to time lit, with great difficulty, a match, in order to glance at his compass or his map.

His companions grew more assured as the balloon swept stanchly on with the storm, and when the baronet uttered a sharp exclamation that plainly indicated something of importance, they hurried to the edge of the car.

The darkness ahead was broken by a faintly luminous streak that grew larger and more distinct each second.

They watched it in silence until the balloon was quite near, and then they saw

rows and rows of camp fires covering the earth for a mile or more in every direction.

"It is a huge town," said Sir Wilfred. "I know of only one that would answer the description, but I can hardly believe that we are near it already."

"To what town do you refer?" asked Hector.

"The town of Dora," replied the baronet, "which lies in the great state of Borun, and is barely two hundred and fifty miles from Lake Chad.

"Yet on second thought," continued Sir Wilfred, "we probably are passing over the Province of Borun, which has a population of five million. The ruling race, called Shoas, are of Arab descent, and are chiefly engaged in the slave trade. They cultivate grain, cotton, and indigo, and possess elephants, horses, buffaloes, oxen, and sheep."

While Sir Wilfred was thus discoursing the balloon passed swiftly over the town of Dora—if such it really was—and the scattered lights were soon lost in the distance.

"Now," said the baronet, "I am going to take a few minutes' sleep—I require but little—and if anything occurs rouse me instantly." He rolled himself in a blanket and lay down in a corner of the car.

The rest of the party were all drowsy—which was not to be wondered at. Hector bade them go to sleep, promising that he would remain awake and look to the welfare of the balloon.

Chako and Phil followed his advice, but Captain Jolly preferred to stay up, so he and Hector kept a solitary vigil as the balloon sped on through the night.

Neither was in the mood for conversation. The captain succeeded with much difficulty in stuffing a small pipe with shreds of tobacco and lighting it. Then he crept to the edge of the car and gazed down toward the ground—though it was impossible to see ten feet through the darkness.

Hector thought of many things as the balloon swept on, jerked dizzily to and fro by the force of the gale.

Since leaving Lagos one startling event had followed so swiftly on the heels of another that he had scarcely been able to collect his thoughts. It seemed almost but yesterday that he had left London, after receiving the sad news of his guardian's death, and now he was traveling toward the heart of unknown Africa to search for his father—the noble, kind hearted man whom he remembered so well, in spite of the lapse of years.

Hector put his hand to his throat to feel if the locket were safe. How carefully and jealously he had guarded that bit of jewelry! Not even Phil Berkeley, his chum for four long years at Oxford, knew of its existence.

Hector's train of reveries was interrupted by a surprised exclamation from the captain.

"Another light in sight, and shiver my hulk, if there ain't a lot of blacks dancing around it!"

Hector hurried to the edge of the car, and looking down, saw distinctly a group of natives gathered about a blazing fire, in which they very probably had some meat cooking.

As the balloon swept directly over the spot, Captain Jolly hurriedly tore a small, fancy looking glass from the package of trading goods and threw it from the car. By good luck rather than skill, the bauble struck right beside the fire, and the astounded natives, taking it for a heaven sent gift, made a frantic rush for its possession. Their voices, raised in quarrelsome accents, were heard for some time, as the balloon sped swiftly by the scene of the struggle.

Suddenly Sir Wilfred, who had risen noiselessly, tapped Hector and the captain on the shoulder. "It is your turn now," he said. "Go to sleep. That brief nap has made me fresh and vigorous."

They obeyed without a word of protest—for their eyelids were heavy with sleep—and a moment later Sir Wilfred was the only one awake.

The breeze was still sweeping rapidly to the northeast, but the motion of the car was comparatively steady, and overhead stars were peeping through the parted clouds.

The baronet leaned against the side. His map and compass were in one hand and the matchbox close by, but he made no effort to use them. He looked wistfully into the darkness, his mind evidently busied with some long past recollection, and once a tear trickled slowly down his bronzed cheek.

"Rouse up! Rouse up!"

Sir Wilfred's voice rang heartily in the ears of the sleepers, and rudely put an end to their pleasant dreams.

Chako rolled on his side and only went to sleep the sounder; but Hector, Phil, and the captain shook off their blankets and sprang eagerly to their feet.

It was broad daylight, and the baronet was standing erect by the edge of the car. He turned and looked at his companions—his face radiant and beaming with excessive joy; then he resumed his former attitude.

With cries of delight they glanced westward, where the sun was already well above the dark forest line, and then downward at the splendid panorama that was passing by five hundred feet beneath—plains dotted with fields of grain and villages of sun baked brick, and peopled with swarthy natives who rent the morning air with their frenzied howls; sparkling streams of water and broad lagoons, hedged with dense forests, from which rose the various cries of animal life.

"Look!" cried Sir Wilfred, in a voice tremulous with excitement.

His shaking finger pointed straight ahead, and turning in the indicated direction his amazed companions saw far away, on the very edge of the horizon, a vast sheet of water that was discernible from the pale blue of the sky only by the dazzling sparkle of the sun on its surface.

"Lake Chad!" cried Hector.

"Lake Chad!" echoed Phil and the captain in tones that roused Chako in alarm from his sleep.

Sir Wilfred's face showed his thorough appreciation of their surprise.

"We have accomplished a miracle," he exclaimed proudly. "What you see glimmering in the distance is indeed Lake Chad—that vast body of water discovered by the intrepid Barth, which is two hundred miles long, one hundred and forty in breadth, and has no outlet; the lake that is margined by miles and miles of papyrus and reed swamps; the lake of the many islands whereon live those bloodthirsty pirates, the Buddumas——"

Sir Wilfred's voice choked with emotion. He made a futile effort to speak, and then continued to gaze silently toward the distant body of water.

His companions were no less affected. Hunger and thirst were forgotten as they leaned over the car and noted the rapid progress they were making toward the lake.

"We have achieved a greater aëronautic feat than all history can boast," said the baronet presently, "thanks to the providence that gave us such a favoring wind. We left Lagos at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of August. This is the 2d of September, and it is just nine o'clock in the morning.

"In forty two hours we have traveled, including our unavoidable deviation into the kingdom of Dahomey, fully one thousand miles. Try to realize it! Why, it is almost incredible! In less than two days we have reached a point that it would take Stanley or any other explorer months to gain, even under the most advantageous of circumstances. And now our real work will commence."

Sir Wilfred's voice had a keen significance that made Hector's heart leap, and recalled to all the prime object of the expedition.

CHAPTER IX.

TAKING A TOWN BY STORM.

The lake when first sighted had been fully six miles away, but the balloon was whirling along in a strong breeze, and it was soon evident that a descent would have to be made.

"It won't do to go too near the shore," said Sir Wilfred; "a meeting with the Buddumas would prove fatal to our hopes."

The bare mention of their name brought a startled expression to Chako's features.

"No go near the lake," he said beseechingly, falling at Sir Wilfred's feet. "Bad mens live there—make Chako slave again—kill all white mens too."

With difficulty the baronet succeeded in quieting the Ashantee's fears.

"I don't blame the poor fellow," he said to his companions. "He spent three or four years in slavery on the shore of Lake Chad. However," he added, "I don't intend to fall among the Buddumas if I can help it. I know the language of these Borun Arabs, and do not fear them—in fact it is among them we must seek for information. We will descend at once."

Sir Wilfred pulled the valve cord, and a very slight touch was sufficient to send the balloon down. It was evident that the stock of gas would soon be depleted.

But when the car arrived within a hundred feet of the earth an unforeseen event occurred. A cross current of air seized the balloon and whirled it swiftly to the north.

Captain Jolly uttered a cry of dismay as he saw that they were moving off on an angle which would gradually increase the distance between them and the lake.

"Nothing could have happened better," said Sir Wilfred rebukingly. "We are headed directly for one of the native towns." He pointed to a bunch of low yellow walls and domes scarcely a mile distant.

At present the balloon was passing over a vast plain, on which many herds of grazing cattle were visible, and to throw out the grapnel would have been useless. There was nothing to which it would fasten.

The balloon meanwhile was falling gradually, and as it approached the ground Sir Wilfred observed, with secret uneasiness, that the wind increased in force. Again two puzzling alternatives confronted him. He must either descend still lower, and run the risk of being dashed with great violence against the earth, or he must send the balloon higher by casting out some of the portable property, which would probably result in their being carried a hundred miles or more in a direction exactly opposite to that in which they wished to go.

The latter catastrophe the baronet resolved must at all hazards be avoided. Without communicating his fears to the rest, he permitted the balloon to drift closer to the earth. The town wall—a crumbling embankment of clay—was now but one hundred yards distant. The inhabitants could be seen running to and fro, lifting up their faces in wonder toward the strange monster and uttering hostile cries. Some were armed with guns and spears, which they prepared to use.

As the balloon soared over the wall, only thirty feet above the ground, Sir Wilfred

leaned from the car and shouted out a few words in the Shoa dialect as loud as he could.

This had its effect, for the threatening weapons were instantly lowered.

"Here goes!" cried Sir Wilfred. "For good luck or bad."

He tossed out the grapnel--the only one that was left—just as the balloon entered upon the most populous quarter of the town, hoping that it would catch in some projecting mass of masonry or in one of the scattered trees that towered here and there above the sunbaked walls.

But the result was far different from the baronet's anticipations. The strong breeze endowed the iron hook with a deadly power. It entered on its devastating career by demolishing the tower of a Mahometan mosque, and hurling down a shower of bricks on the heads of the angered and scandalized devotees within.

A party of turbaned Arabs sitting under awnings on a flat housetop were flung right and left to the ground, and then the grapnel demolished three domes and four flat roofs in quick succession, ripping through the flimsy structures like so much pasteboard.

This destruction was accomplished with such incredible swiftness that the amazed aëronauts could scarcely realize what was taking place.

Then the balloon entered the open square of the town, trailing the deadly grapnel at full speed toward a group of Arabs and natives who were too much occupied with their own affairs to heed what was coming.

The first move came from Sir Wilfred. With a loud cry, intended to warn the occupants of the square, he seized the water tank—a heavy concern of fifty pounds weight which had been brought along with a view to ballast—and hugging it in his arms he staggered toward the edge of the car.

Meanwhile the natives and Arabs had seen what was coming, and with shrill cries they scattered in all directions, leaving to their fate two or three wretched slaves, who were sitting in the broiling sun with their arms securely bound.

The grappling anchor bowled over two aged Arabs who were not fleet footed enough to escape, and then lunged right toward the hapless slaves, who regarded its approach with terror stricken apathy.

That instant Sir Wilfred, with the captain's assistance, dropped the water tank from the car.

The balloon rose instantly, but its buoyancy was short lived, and its ascent was checked by a sharp jerk that flung the occupants of the car together

The explanation of this was very simple. At the same moment that the tank fell, the grapnel hooked itself securely in the rope that bound one of the slaves. The miserable wretch was first jerked into the air, and then he in turn by his own weight—which, poor fellow, was even less than fifty pounds—held the balloon down to almost its former position.

Sir Wilfred and Hector were the first to discover what had happened, and then the luckless negro was dangling from the grapnel a foot or two above the ground.

It seemed at first that nothing could save him—that he must inevitably be dashed to pieces against the massive walls on the opposite side of the square, which they were approaching so rapidly.

But the one chance by which his life might be spared, and a very slim one at that, presented itself to the baronet and to Hector at the same time, and their actions were exactly simultaneous.

Sir Wilfred snatched the heavy case that contained the beads and the looking-glasses, Hector grabbed up the tin box of salted meat, and both articles went out of the car together.

This prompt action was all that saved the poor slave. As the balloon rose, the grapnel soared over the wall of the nearest house, missing it by scarcely a hair's breadth, as it seemed to those in the car, who had witnessed the occurrence with bated breath.

But a moment later a quite unforeseen accident occurred.

An ill mannered puff of wind buffeted the balloon from the straight course that it had been pursuing, and before there was time to haul up the grapnel with the poor slave attached to it, it swung under the projecting cornice of a tall stone building—probably the residence of some Arab dignitary—and stuck fast.

The force of the collision stunned the slave, but did not shake him loose, and the most strenuous efforts to dislodge the grapnel proved futile.

For a moment the prospect was decidedly blue. The infuriated people were hurrying toward the spot, brandishing their weapons.

"Throw over the ladders," cried Hector excitedly. "There is still time enough. I will go down and dislodge the anchor."

Sir Wilfred hesitated a moment and then dropped the ladder alongside of the grapnel rope.

Hector was out of the car in an instant and going down the rungs hand over hand. He soon reached the scene of the trouble, and keeping one foot firmly on the ladder, tried with the other to dislodge the anchor, taking care at the same time to avoid loosening its hold on the clothing of the slave. A loud cry from his companions drew his attention to the ground, and there he saw a sight which chilled him with horror.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH ALL SEEM FATED TO PERISH.

A GREAT black savage, with frizzled locks, the foremost of the angry inhabitants, was

drawing his bow directly upon Hector, and the keen pointed arrow was quivering for its flight.

For one short, horrible moment Hector was face to face with death, and his brain reeled at the thought.

Then came a sharp report from the balloon, a little puff of smoke, and the baffled archer dropped dead with a bullet through his heart. Sir Wilfred had aimed well.

Half a dozen more of the wretches were very close at hand, anxious to avenge the death of their comrade, but Hector was too quick for them. Just in the nick of time he succeeded in dislodging the anchor, and away went the balloon with a dizzy whirl that caused Hector to spin round and round like a top. He clung tightly to the ladder, however, and willing hands soon drew him up and into the car.

"Saved!" cried Sir Wilfred, and a murmur of relief escaped the lips of all.

The baronet tossed two cases of biscuits after the other articles, and the balloon rose still higher, skimming lightly and swiftly over the housetops, to the unlimited wrath and dismay of the inhabitants, who howled all manner of imprecations at the escaping aëronauts.

Half a dozen Arabs mounted horses with the evident intention of pursuit, and some few guns were discharged; but the aim of the marksmen was poor, and the balloon was quickly clear of the town and moving northward as rapidly as ever.

As gently as possibly Sir Wilfred and the captain hauled up their strange captive and lifted him into the car. The poor fellow was light brown in color, with straight black hair that hung about his ears. He was woefully thin and emaciated, and had evidently been a slave for some time. He was unconscious, of course, and though a few drops of brandy had a reviving effect, he refused to open his mouth, and drew back from his rescuers with every appearance of horror.

"We have burned our ships behind us, so to speak," said the baronet. "After carrying off this slave and destroying so much property we dare not think of holding communication with any of the Shoa towns. Our situation is grave, to say the least. As for this fellow," he continued, "I verily believe that he is a Budduma—his appearance answers to that which I have read about them—and I know that the people of Borun are constantly at war with these piratical islanders of Lake Chad."

"Ah! you are right," cried the captain. "Chako confirms your words."

This drew general attention to the Ashantee, who was gazing at the captive in a manner that indicated a mixture of fear and hatred.

"He bad man—Budduma," exclaimed Chako; "me know him tribe—live on big island."

The Ashantee expressed so strong a desire to assault his old enemy that Sir Wilfred gave him a stern rebuke.

The Budduma took little notice of what was going on, but when Captain Jolly handed him some crackers and dried meat he began to devour them wolfishly. His age the baronet estimated at hardly more than twenty years.

While these events were occurring the balloon was driving to the northeast again, under the influence of a strong breeze, and in half an hour the Arab town was a dozen miles away.

No signs of human life were now visible on the vast plain, and to the eastward could be seen the shining expanse of the lake.

Sir Wilfred's countenance was more than usually grave as he consulted his map and compass.

"We are rapidly approaching the lake," he remarked, "and our supply of gas is nearly gone."

"And we can find no place to land; is that what you mean?" inquired Hector, as he scanned the treeless surface of the plain—now densely overgrown with rushes and the spiked leaves of the papyrus plant.

The baronet nodded, and turned to his map again, which he seemed to be studying intently.

"Something must be done," Hector whispered to Phil; "if the balloon passes over the lake we are lost."

"Triply lost," said Sir Wilfred grimly, who had overheard this remark. "Drowning, crocodiles, and Buddumas. You can take your choice."

(*To be continued.*)

JULY

Now is the time to be laughing and merry!
The days seem as short as hours:
Sweet month of the berry, red month of the cherry,
When even the fruits seem flowers!

Through lattice of leaves the sunbeams vagrant
Illumine the earthy glooms;
And gleams through the ether of gardens fragrant
The splendor of crimson blooms.

—George Birdseye.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONSTANT READER. No premium on the quarter of 1875.

N. B. M., Baltimore, Md. We do not wish to purchase any back numbers of THE ARGOSY.

B. E. C. You can get the songs you want at Pond's or Ditson's, on Broadway, New York, for probably 25 cents each.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Cambridge, Mass. Your British coin dated 1806 is a George III penny and is not uncommon.

E. B. B., Pittsburg, Pa. No premium on the half dollar of 1832. To find places where you can purchase old coins, consult advertisements of coin dealers.

L. B., Dorchester, Mass. The illustrated article on the Naval Academy at Annapolis appeared in the May and June numbers, 1894, which may be obtained at ten cents each.

H. B. M., New York City. You will find an interesting illustrated account of the West Point Military Academy and the system that prevails there in THE ARGOSY for July and August, 1894.

I. R. U. 1. No premium on the half dime of 1853, nor on the three cent piece of 1852. 2. There are some seventy vessels in the United States Navy, including both those in commission and under construction.

PEN RAE, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1. Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon which falls upon or immediately after the 21st of March. If the full moon be upon Sunday, Easter is the Sunday following. 2. If your half dollar of 1853 is without arrow heads at date, and also minus rays about the eagle, and is in good condition, it is worth from twenty to thirty dollars.

P. F. B., Corning, N. Y. 1. The best way to kill a butterfly for preservation is to give it a quick, sharp pinch at the root of the wings. It is a delicate operation and must be done with care to avoid marring the beauty of the insect. 2. To preserve birds' eggs, blow out the contents by means of two small holes; if "hard set" the only way is to boil them for at least half an hour. They should be kept in a drawer or tray, divided into small compartments, each devoted to a single egg, and lined with cotton.

G. C., Oakland, Cal. 1. To make invisible ink purchase zaffer at a drug store and dissolve it in nitromuriatic acid till the acid extracts from it the metallic part of the cobalt, which gives a blue color to the zaffer. Then dilute the solution with water. If you write with this resulting liquid, the characters will be invisible, but when heated they will become green. When the paper cools they will disappear, but warmth will bring them out again. If too much heated, they will not disappear at all. 2. We cannot undertake to discriminate between various makes of bicycles. 3. You should keep your pigeons supplied with gravel. To fatten them, feed corn meal dough.

CYCLIST, New York City. 1. The one mile bicycle record is held by Tyler with 1 minute, 48 3-5 seconds, made October 27, 1894, at Waltham, Mass.; the five mile (standing start) by Scott with 12 minutes, 11 seconds, made at Asbury Park, September 1, 1894; the one hundred mile by Harding, with 4 hours, 37 minutes, 56 4-5 seconds, made at St. Louis, October 24, 1894. The long distance record is held by A. C. Smith and A. L. Bianchi, with 1,158 miles (Boston to Chicago) made in 14 days, 12 hours, September 9—24, 1894. 2. Wheelmen in New York and Brooklyn are restricted to ten miles an hour. 3. You might call your club Ixion Wheelmen.

ZENO X. KENO, Burlington, Ioa. 1. Your question implies a compliment, but we have no intention of publishing THE ARGOSY every two weeks. 2. An exchange column would interest too small a percentage of our readers to make it a valued feature of our magazine. 3. Vol. V is out of print. The serials contained complete in Vol. III were "The Young Adventurer," John Gingold; "Jack Wheeler," Capt. Dave Southwick; "The Daughter of the Regiment," Mary A. Denison; "Facing the World," Alger; "Under Fire," Frank A. Munsey; "Footprints in the Forest," Ellis; "The Mountain Cave," George H. Coomer; "Facing Peril," G. A. Henty; "The Lost Whale Boat," Harvey Winthrop. 4. A list of the serials in Vol. XI was given in reply to J. A. B. in the March number. 5. The water mark in paper is made by the pressure of wires on the moist pulp. 6. See Stamp Department.

E. D. H., Batavia, N.Y. 1. If in good condition, the cent of 1802 is worth from three to ten cents. 2. A list of the serials in Vol. XVI was given in answer to C. W. R. last month. The serials in Vol. IX were "Among the Missing," Oliver Optic; "Check 2134," Edward S. Ellis; "The Conquest of the Moon," A. Laurie; "The Erie Train Boy" and "The Odds Against Him," Horatio Alger, Jr.; "Guy Hammersley" and "The Tour of a Private Car," Matthew White, Jr.; "Golden Treasure," Lieut. E. H. Drummond; "In the Sunk Lands," Walter T. Bruns; "The Rajah's Fortress," William Murray Graydon; "Silas Snobden's Office Boy," Arthur Lee Putnam; "The Young Actor," Gayle Winterton; "The Tour of the Ramblers' Club" and "An Unprovoked Mutiny," James Otis. 3. A list of the serials in Vol. XI was given in the March number in reply to J. A. B. The serials in Vol. XVII were "A Bad Lot" and "A Rolling Stone," Arthur Lee Putnam; "Belmont," W. D. Moffat; "Brought to Book," Annie Ashmore; "Checkmate," William Liebermann; "The Coast Guard," George W. Browne; "The Cruise of the Dandy," Oliver Optic; "A Curious Companion," George King Whitmore; "The Diamond Seekers," Graydon; "The Fate of Horace Hildreth," J. N. Smith; "Kit Cummings' Sloop," Charles F. Welles; "Lester's Luck" and "Rupert's Ambition," Horatio Alger, Jr.; "Lloyd Abbott's Friend" and "A Publisher at Fifteen," Matthew White, Jr.; "Trials and Triumphs of a Young Reporter," Earle E. Martin; "Under a Cloud," J. W. Davidson.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

"SIMON ATE A HE-BEAR."

FOR the benefit of those readers who do not understand French we will explain that the "t" at the end of words in that language is usually silent.

In the province of New Brunswick, along with numerous French customs, a good many of the old Acadian names are preserved. Some years ago, a prominent Frenchman, Simonet Hebert, was summoned as a juryman. When the clerk called his name he failed to answer, so that official, turning to the crier, said, in his best French, which was none too good,

"Call Simonet Hebert."

The crier, whose knowledge of French was even less than that of the clerk, catching the unusual cognomen as best he could, called out:

"Simon ate a bear, Simon ate a bear, Simon ate a bear."

"No, no," said the clerk hastily; "not 'a bear'—Hebert," and thereupon the now confident crier thundered out,

"Simon ate a he-bear, Simon ate a he-bear, Simon ate a he-bear."

This was too much for the gravity of the court, and a general laugh ensued, during which it was explained to Mr. Hebert that he was referred to in this extraordinary gastronomic proclamation.

WHY HE WANTED THE BABY TO CRY.

IT is usually considered not a difficult thing to make a baby cry, but once decide that you want the infant to lift up its voice in lamentations, and nothing but smiles greet you. At least this was Mr. Edison's experience.

The phonograph came to the Edison laboratory and the first baby to the Edison home about the same time, and when the baby was old enough to say "Goo-goo" and pull the great inventor's hair in a most disrespectful manner, the phonograph was near enough perfection to capture the baby talk for preservation among the family archives. So Mr. Edison filled up several rolls with these pretty inarticulations and laid them carefully away.

But this was not sufficient. The most picturesque thing about the baby's utterances was its crying, and the record of this its fond father determined to secure. How it would entertain him in his old age, he thought, to start the phonograph a-going and hear again the baby wails of his first born!

He hastened to bring the baby and the talk preserving machine together, but the sight of hideous faces and the feel of rumpled hair alike failed to bring forth the desired screaming fit.

But not long afterward he accomplished his purpose after all, and quite unexpectedly, too. As soon as the baby was old enough to "take notice," its doting mother took it down to the laboratory one sunny day, and when the big machinery was started a-roaring, the baby screwed up its face, opened its mouth and emitted a series of woful screams that made Mr. Edison leap to his feet.

"Stop the machinery and start the phonograph!" he shouted, and the record of his baby's crying was then and there accomplished.

HOW HIS HUNGER WAS TESTED.

EVERY once in a while a hue and cry is raised about the cruelties practised in jails and asylums, but as a rule prisoners of today fare sumptuously compared with the unfortunate criminals of olden times.

In those days prisoners were fed only twice in the twenty four hours, but this rule was under special circumstances relaxed. Before an exception of this character was made, however, steps were taken to prove beyond all doubt that there was no misrepresentation of hunger on the part of prisoners, who, while not actually in want of food, might seek to endeavor to obtain more victuals than the prison dietary entitled them to. If a man was found to be really hungry, he was given food in addition to his usual meals, but before this was done he was subjected to a searching test.

Upon representing that he was hungry and could not wait until the prison meal time came round, a basin of foul smelling "skimmings" was presented to him and he was bidden to swallow two ladlefuls. These "skimmings" were composed for the main part of loathsome grease deposits taken from a tanner's yard, and calculated to make any but the very hungriest ill. If the prisoner succeeded in disposing of two ladlefuls, he was adjudged hungry in the real sense of the word, and supplied with proper food.

FROM THE BOY'S POINT OF VIEW.

SOME school children appear to be absolutely devoid of the capacity to properly associate ideas. They learn parrot-wise and the application of that knowledge is as a closed path to them.

In the etymology class of a Philadelphia school the custom is to require a definition of a word, then its derivation, and finally a sentence in which the word is properly used. The word "ligament" fell to the lot of a rather diffident boy recently. He defined it properly as "a band," but followed up the correct derivation with this remarkable sentence: "I was wakened up last night by hearing a brass ligament going down the street."

HOW THE NOVELIST WROTE HIS NAME.

A PENALTY of greatness lies in the fact that one is so persistently pursued by the "autograph fiend." But sometimes this pursuit takes on such an original character that its

object allows himself to be captured with a right willing heart Just such an experience once befell Wilkie Collins, the well known English novelist, who told how he was run to earth by one of these "fiends" in a letter to another one.

MY DEAR SIR: Once upon a time, while I was on my way to a grand breakfast in the city of New York, I was stopped in one of the squares by a well bred young gentleman, who said he recognized me by my photographic portraits, and asked if I would give him an autograph. I said, "Yes, but where am I to send it?" He said, "Quite unnecessary, sir. If you don't mind, you can give it to me now." With that he pulled an autograph book out of one pocket, a pen out of another, and an ancient inkhorn out a third. "How am I to write it?" I asked. He answered: "You can write it on my back." He turned around and gave me a back, as if we were playing at leap-frog. I wrote him his autograph (greatly to the amusement of the public in the square), and we shook hands and parted. I quote this young gentleman's example as giving you a useful hint in the pursuit of autographs. If he had not stuck to me while he had me I might have forgotten him—just as inexcusably as I forgot you. And now here is my autograph at last.

Very truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

August 14, 1877.

SOME THINGS THAT WOULD BE STRANGE IF THEY WERE POSSIBLE.

A WRITER in the *Witness*, of Natal, South Africa, publishes a list of queer blunders perpetrated in some school compositions. But he pours salve on the injured feelings of the luckless pupils by adding the account of an equally ridiculous mistake made by one of England's leading writers of fiction. Here are some of the South African inspirers of mirth:

"Her hand was cold, like that of a serpent."

"The countess was about to reply when a door opened and closed her mouth."

"'Ha! Ha!' he exclaimed in Portuguese."

"The colonel paced backward and forward, with his hands behind his back, reading the newspaper."

"The man was dressed in a velvet jacket, with pants of the same color."

All this seems very ridiculous, but similar blunders have been made by some of our best novelists. For instance, Anthony Trollope, in one of his works, speaks of a man "walking down the street whistling, with a cigar in his mouth." Some of the author's friends drew his attention to the absurdity, but Trollope stoutly maintained that it was possible to whistle with a cigar in one's mouth. However, he could not do it when challenged, and I have been no more successful myself.

THAT CURIOUS CHINESE TONGUE.

LAST month we quoted from Chester Holcombe's book, "The Real Chinaman," showing how a mere matter of accent may totally alter the meaning of the word. The same author tells us further that one must watch the very tones of his voice if he does not wish to make ludicrous mistakes.

In Chinese, for example, a man ceases to be a man the instant you change the tone of your voice in uttering the word. He may be a disease, a nightingale, or a carrot, but he can be a man in only one tone of voice. Another sound in the standard or Mandarin dialect, which might be represented by our word "one," would, if used in the first tone, mean warm; if used in the second, educated; if in the third, steady; and, if in the fourth, it would mean, to ask.

It seems that no rule of English speech is responsible for so many blunders in Chinese as that which requires the rising inflection to be given to the final word of a question which can be answered by yes or no. The habit of obedience to this rule pursues the foreigner into his Chinese, where, instead of indicating a question, it fatally affects the meaning of the last word of his sentence, and plays havoc with what he would say. He is lucky if it renders his remark nonsensical instead of insulting. There is, indeed, no end to the blunders which the extreme difficulty of using the four tones correctly causes even the most painstaking foreign student of the language to commit. A missionary once informed his audience that his Saviour when on earth "went about eating cake." He intended to say "healing the sick;" but an aspirate wrongly placed changed healing to eating, while an error in tone made cake out of those who were ill.

A ROUGH WAY OF DINING.

DID you know that it was a difficult thing to keep big snakes in captivity owing to their efforts to commit suicide? They do this by refusing to eat, but there is a man near London, Dr. Arthur Stradling, who has succeeded by bold measures, in circumventing this tendency on the part of the reptiles in his charge.

Dr. Stradling inherits his love of snakes from his father, and his nine year old son in turn evinces the same fearlessness of these usually abhorred members of the animal kingdom. The doctor's name for his device to prevent suicide is cramming, and he thus describes it. "Anything up to twelve or fourteen feet I can manage single handed, but in dealing with stock above that length I invoke the assistance of my head keeper, my little boy. A bag is of some service to restrain the movements of the body and render it amenable to control—I once got two ribs broken while manipulating a West African pythoness of sixteen feet.

With shirt sleeves rolled up and stockinged feet, I grasp the creature just behind the head and separate its jaws by gentle pressure with a silver spatula; it's more knack than force, for all snakes are exceedingly sensitive about the mouth—a light tap on the muzzle will turn the fiercest of them. Then the assistant pops the lump of meat, dead rat, bird, or whatever the morsel may be, right in among the quivering triple rows of long, curved teeth—positively quivering and 'walking' with the agitation of anger on the mobile jaws—and I push it down to the stomach, first with a ruler, and then by squeezing upon it with my hands from the outside, a mechanical suasion which requires to be maintained for some little time, in order to insure that the item of aliment shall remain in *statu quo*.

QUALITIES THAT WIN.

AT THE PISTOL'S MOUTH.

THE difference between coolness and bravery is that one is a passive quality, while the other is active. Both are of infinite value to their possessors. The late Commodore Garrison was coolness personified.

One day, while selling tickets in the office of the boat of which he was at that time captain, he became involved in a quarrel with a peculiarly choleric individual, who finally enforced his remarks by presenting a pistol full at the captain's head.

It was one of the old fashioned affairs, looking like a Gatling gun in miniature, containing six barrels in one. The captain had not time to move before the man, with a murderous mind, snapped his pistol. The cap missed fire. He tried again, and again there was no discharge.

Captain Garrison's pistol lay near at hand, and he might have shot his assailant dead, but he made no move in that direction. Keeping an unflinching eye upon the discomfited marksman, he coolly opened a drawer, and taking out of it a box of percussion caps, pushed it through the window, saying,

"Try some new caps; yours don't seem to be good."

The audacity of the performance completely unnerved the irate passenger. Instead of accepting the caps, he begged pardon for his folly, was forgiven with a hearty handshake, and for years afterwards was one of the captain's warmest friends and admirers.

A BOY WHO MEANT BUSINESS.

STRICT adherence to orders is a quality much admired by employers. Here is an instance of how it won promotion for an office boy of Jim Fisk, when the latter was in control of the Erie Railroad.

The boy's name was Peter Donohue, and one day Fisk instructed him that no one should be admitted to his office in the Grand Opera House building. A dozen applicants had been turned away, when John Morrissey, the Congressman, put in an appearance.

Morrissey and Fisk were close friends, and the former was in the habit, whenever he called, of walking into the latter's office unannounced. He was proceeding to do so on the present occasion, when he was confronted by the small office boy with—

"You cannot see Mr. Fisk today."

"How's that?" asked Morrissey.

"Mr. Fisk is very busy and can't see any one," was the reply.

"He will see me," said Morrissey.

"No, he won't," was the matter of fact rejoinder.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you're John Morrissey."

"Well, I guess Mr. Fisk will see me."

He moved toward the door, but quick as thought the office boy was on his back with his arms about his neck. Morrissey finally shook his tiny opponent off, but when the contest was over the office boy again stood between the intruder and Fisk's door.

"Mr. Fisk gave me orders to let nobody in there," said the boy, "and you can't go in. That's all there is about it."

Morrissey was too plucky a man not to admire the same quality in others, and with a laugh he took his departure.

Meeting Fisk next day he told him of the encounter and how it had resulted. Fisk was immensely pleased, and gave his office boy rapid advancement. To his "mill" with Morrissey was in chief measure due his position of chief paymaster of the Erie Road. He counts it one of the luckiest incidents of his life.

A SOLDIER WHO NEVER DESPAIRED.

YOU would not suppose that a prisoner of war, held captive in a barren cell among the enemy, could find means of making himself useful to his countrymen.

Quatremere Disjonval, says *The Outlook*, a French officer, was taken as a prisoner of war to Holland in 1787, and held captive for seven years in Utrecht. He spent much of his idleness in prison in studying the habits of the spiders that frequented his room. He learned from their actions so well how to forecast the weather that his advice in the next war led to victory.

On the 4th of February, 1793, all Holland thought that the winter was over except Disjouval, who, on the strength of his observation of three spiders, prophesied a violent renewal of it. Five days afterward a frost began, and a week later all the canals and lakes were frozen over. This success gave M. Disjouval such reputation that he found people ready to believe him a year later, when he predicted early in the fall that the coming winter would be so severe that the ice on all rivers and canals would be strong enough to carry horses—something rare in Holland.

The French Republic was then carrying on war against all its neighbors. In the campaign of 1794 the French conquered all Flanders, overran the Palatinate, and took Treves, Coblenz, Vento, and Maestricht. They obtained possession of almost the whole frontier of Holland. But in December it looked as if Disjouval's prophecy would not be verified, and the French began to contemplate a truce with the Dutch. Before it was arranged for, however, Disjouval contrived to send a message to his countrymen begging them to postpone the treaty two weeks, as about that time a severe frost would arrive, and probably the war might then be pushed on.

They believed him, and were justified, for the cold soon became so rigorous that the French could cross the Waal River on the ice and advance rapidly into the very heart of

Holland. The Dutch were altogether unprepared for such an unheard of campaign, and, Amsterdam fell into the hands of the French, January 16, 1795, with a great quantity of shipping immovably fixed in the ice of the harbor.

SCHOOLS THAT TEACH WATCH MAKING.

SWISS watches have the highest reputation for excellence all over the world. This has been achieved and preserved by the most thorough system in the training of operatives.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter. After being admitted, the student is first introduced to a wood turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool handles. This exercise lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools.

He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch of about a foot in diameter, and after learning how this frame is to be shaped, he receives a ready cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care. The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them. This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the stem winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand. Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanism for which the Swiss are famous.

CONQUERING BY COOLNESS.

AKIN to the coolness displayed by Commodore Garrison, and yet having mingled therewith the active element that makes it one of the bravest deeds in detective annals, is the feat of Detective Cudihee of Seattle. Said one who knows him well :

"He has told me that he never killed a man, and I know that he has frequently refrained from taking human life when a less courageous or cool headed man in his place would have shot to kill, and his reputation for daring doubtless made many a desperado surrender quietly to him who would not have voluntarily succumbed to any other member of the force. In 1883, when Cudihee was a captain, a big, burly Irishman, while frenzied by drink, shot a man in a saloon, and was the sole living occupant of the place when Cudihee and one of his officers arrived. He was standing over his victim and brandishing his revolver when Cudihee entered the door, and when the murderer looked up and saw the police uniform he pointed the pistol directly at that part of it which covered the wearer's heart, and shouted,

"'If you come near me I'll kill you!'

"Cudihee did not stop, did not even falter, but, holding out his empty hands, continued advancing, gazing steadily at the eyes of the desperate man as he did so. There was something in that gaze that seemed to fascinate, or perhaps the murderer was overwhelmed with astonishment at the fearlessness of the advancing officer. At any rate, the trigger was not pulled, and Cudihee, quietly saying, 'I want that,' wrenched the weapon from the still extended hand, and in an instant had the big man manacled.

"That was the greatest exhibition of cool courage I ever saw in my life. When Cudihee entered the door of the saloon the murderer was standing about a dozen yards away from him, and fully twelve seconds were consumed in his slow and deliberate advance to the muzzle of the pistol aimed at his breast."

THE CHANCES IN ELECTRICITY.

DURING the past few years there has been a rush of young men into the profession of electricity. Now, a number of those who have prepared for it, are looking in vain for positions. C. H. Summers, the electrician of the Western Union Company at Chicago, throws some light on the causes of this.

"Too many young men go into the business who are not fitted for it. They either start out fresh from school, filled with the idea that they can enlighten the world, or they are urged to go into the business by friends who think the electrical field a great one for a young man to enter. The young man himself wants to accomplish something without expending too much time and energy, and his friends urge him to secure a position which seems to offer advantages which no other does.

"The trouble with young men when they graduate, is not that they don't know enough, but that they know too much, theoretically, and theory doesn't go in business. Practical electricians want practical men, and the only thing for the young man fresh from school to do is to throw off his coat and go to work. He must not only know why certain things are done, but he must know how to do them. He must have good hard sense and know what to do when thrown on his own responsibility. But the trouble is the boys get discouraged at the start. They have great expectations, and when they are asked to work for $40 a month, to begin with, they usually get tired and quit.

"A man to make a success of electrical engineering must first have a taste for the work and for electrical development; certainly he needs a common school education, and above all he must excel in mathematics. You can easily see why this last is so essential. A man might experiment forever and be eminently successful, but if he could not demonstrate satisfactorily why such and such things were practicable he would never interest any one, much less get any one to invest money. No one man can cover the whole field either. Electricity might be compared to the field of medicine. It is classified into specialties, and as there are in medicine oculists, physicians, surgeons, etc., so there are in the electrical business telegraph men, telephone men, electric light men, and power men. Each one covers his own particular field but keeps track of the others only in a general way."

WORKSHOP AND PLAYGROUND.

A SNAP SHOT TRIUMPH.

AMONG the merits of the camera we are not apt to reckon a keenness of vision superior to the human eye. But such it appears to possess.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the watchers on shipboard how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common manner of flight with the albatross, the explanation has been offered that the bird takes advantage of slight winds and air currents, and so is able to glide upon what might be called atmospheric slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside of the ship, about fifteen feet away, a passenger snapped his camera at it, and obtained a photograph which astonished him and his fellow voyagers.

The photograph revealed what no eye had caught—the wings of the albatross, each some five feet long, raised high above its back in the act of making a downward stroke. The explanation naturally suggested is that, more or less frequently, the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped just at the right moment.

TELEGRAPHING A PICTURE.

WE all deemed it wonderful enough when we were enabled to hear our friend's voice across several hundred miles of wire. Now the scientists have made it possible for us to get his photograph in the same way.

The merit of discovering this remarkable process is attributed to a German inventor, Mr. N. S. Amstutz, of Cleveland. His method, which is simple, appears to be an adaptation of the well known process by which such objects, say, as gunstocks are now made, by means of drills which, through the instrumentality of an ingenious mechanical arrangement, are made to follow the contour of a revolving model, an exact copy of which they reproduce from a piece of wood subjected to their operation while it revolves at precisely the same speed as the model. For the telegraphic transmission of photographs there are placed at the despatching and receiving offices corresponding cylindrical rollers, similar to those employed in the phonograph, the equal and parallel movement of which is insured by a mechanism of clockwork. In contact with the cylinder at the despatching office is a pencil, the point of which, when the cylinder is made to revolve, traverses it in spiral lines from end to end.

The pencil is so adjusted that the strength of the current varies according to the resistance offered to the pencil point by any variations on the surface of the cylinder. So long as the surface is even there is no variation in the current; but should it present any inequalities the strength of the current varies with its risings and fallings, while the pencil still continues to describe its close spiral lines. This varying current is, by proper electrical means, transmitted to the receiving station, where in its turn it so influences a pencil in contact with the wax covered surface of the receiving cylinder as to cause it to impress upon it grooves varying in depth according to the changing strength of the current.

AN ELECTRIC RAGPICKER.

SPEAKING of magnets, a man in Berlin has patented an odd contrivance for doing the work of ragpickers. Its object is to extract metal from heaps of rubbish.

The matter to be sifted is placed in a funnel shaped wooden box and drops into a cylinder, within which another cast iron cylinder is revolving; a spool wound with wire remains stationary outside of the cylinder, rendering the latter magnetic when an electric current is sent through the wire. A link belt of metal, fitted with spikes, revolves around the wire cylinder, and becomes magnetic as it passes the cylinder, but loses its magnetism as soon as it nears a wooden roller at the other end. This principle is adapted to drop matter other than metallic at once, while iron, steel, etc., are carried a short distance and dropped. The first apparatus built is at work in the Berlin garbage incinerating plant, and does its work efficiently and economically.

CYCLING BY GAS.

JUST when we are congratulating ourselves over the fact that the widespread popularity of the bicycle insures healthful exercise for a large class of people who without it would get none, inventors are hard at work endeavoring to so arrange matters that one can ride the wheel without putting forth any muscular exertion whatever. Already the tricycle has fallen captive to the new device.

It is a mechanism propelled by a two horse power balanced gas engine, and, having been tested on various city streets under varying conditions of grade and roadway, is said to have proved in every instance satisfactory, being of easy control as regards starting, the regulation of speed, turning, stopping, etc. The machine is calculated to carry three persons on a single broad seat, though operated by one, with surplus power sufficient to trail one or two buggies or a loaded wagon, according to the character or condition of the road. It carries twelve hours' supply of gasolene, or two and one half gallons, and easily attains a speed of from, say, ten to twelve miles per hour on fairly favorable ground; and, being geared in such a manner that the movement of a lever increases or decreases the speed, en-

ables the driver to climb grades of considerable pitch.

PENCILS OF PAPER.

THE newspapers are telling us that man has already whittled away several forests in sharpening lead pencils and that the supply of trees for the purpose is running short. And on top of this comes the announcement that the slate and its accompanying pencil have been banished from certain of our public schools on sanitary grounds. But Yankee inventive genius is never caught napping and at just that period when an increased demand promises to drain a scant supply, it steps in with the pencil made of paper.

When the lead wears down, instead of having to cut away wood to put another point on it, you take the point of your knife, your thumb nail, or a pin, break the outside roll, pull off the strip, and your pencil is again sharpened.

THE GIRAFFE BICYCLE.

IT is reported that in Paris a partial reaction against the bicycle has set in. But this might have been expected, as last year the Parisians were wheel crazy. In the early summer they had a bicycle parade, where prizes were offered for the handsomest, the oddest, and the most gaudily decorated machines. The first prize for the oddest wheel was carried off by Leon Lyon, with his "Eiffel Tower Bicycle."

From the ground to the saddle of the bicycle is a distance of ten feet, the framework being made of steel tubing, light but very strong.

The lower part of the machine is an ordinary safety bicycle, with pneumatic tires and ball bearings. The small cog beside the rear wheel is connected with another cog wheel about five feet up the frame by the ordinary bicycle chain. Another chain connects this latter cog with the pedals. Above this are the saddle and handles, all made in the usual style. The framework in the rear is so arranged that it forms a sort of ladder, up which the rider climbs to the seat while some one holds the machine. It would be almost impossible to climb on the bicycle while it was in motion, which is practically the only thing that can't be done on the "Eiffel Tower" wheel that one can do on any other wheel. Despite its great height, the whole thing weighs only sixty pounds, which is less than the weight of some of the old fashioned high bicycles.

The wheel was brought to this country several months ago and exhibited at the Springfield meeting. It has been ridden in New York several times. It requires nerve to mount the machine, but once on top and started there is little difficulty in keeping it going. Dismounting causes the greatest trouble in using it The easiest way is to fall off and trust to luck to sustain nothing more serious than a few bruises.

TELEPHONIC POSSIBILITIES.

ELSEWHERE in this department the reader will find an item about the practicability of sending pictures by wire. As if determined not to have any competition, scientists are now considering a method of signaling without wires.

When in England the Royal Commission to inquire into electric communication between the shore and the lighthouses was appointed in June, 1892, the opportunity arose for testing this theory. Two islands in the Bristol Channel, the Flat Holm and the Steep Holm, lying near Cardiff, the former having a lighthouse upon it, were used for the experiments. The object of these experiments was not only to test the practicability of signaling between the shore and the lighthouse, but to differentiate the effects due to earth conduction from those due to electro magnetic induction, and to determine the effects in water. There was no difficulty in communicating between the shore and the Flat Holm. The distance between the two places was three miles.

Strange, mysterious sounds are heard on all long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. Earth currents are found in telegraph circuits and the aurora borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunder storm in the sun.

If any of the planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order it would be possible for us to hold commune by telephone with the people of Mars.

SCIENTIFIC KITE FLYING.

DURING the dedication exercises of the Washington Memorial Arch in New York on the 4th of May, an American flag fluttered in the air 650 feet above the assembled spectators. It was not "flying wild" either, but was a contribution to the festivities by Gilbert T. Woglom, a jeweler whose hobby is kites. He flies them from a room in the Judson Memorial tower on Washington Square, and to a curious reporter he made the following statement:

"I have forty kites in all, and it would not be so very difficult for me to send them all up and suspend a man below them almost as high as that flag was."

All of the kites are tailless. They are made of stout sticks, crossed, each of the same length, their point of crossing depending upon fixed laws that the experimenter has evolved from experience. They are covered with the lightest of silk, one covered with gauzy white Japanese napkins sewed together, weighing only a few ounces.

The kites are all named, just as one would name a boat, and Mr. Woglom says that the experiments he is making are simply for his own amusement; but he admits that the eyes of many great men of science are following him closely, and that many of his experiments are in the line of those in which Professor Eddy, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, is so deeply interested. Six kites were sent up, but two were so far out of the vision of the wondering spectators below that only four were noted. The flag, although it looked as much as half a mile above the top of the arch, was lower than any of the kites.

FLOATING FUN.

AN INCOME CUT OFF.

CALAMITY is a relative term, and what's one man's meat is another's poison.

"Oh, please, sir," said a distressed female, "give me something all the same."

"Why 'all the same'?' inquired the benevolent gentleman

"Oh, sir, can't you recognize me? I'm the blind man's wife."

"Yes, I remember you; but what's the matter?"

"Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight."

HER INSTANT CONCLUSION.

THE gentleman who was deputed to break the news gently to the widow might have worded his announcement differently had he recalled the proverbial stoutness of skull rejoiced in by the sons of Ham.

"Mrs. Johnsing," he began, "your husband, while a little under the influence of liquor, tried to butt an express train off the track——"

Mrs. Johnsing threw up both hands.

"Man!" she exclaimed. "I bet befo' termorror mornin' dat railroad company be down here wid a constable an' take my goods an' chattels fer damages. Whar is dat fool nigger—in de jail?"

THE CHEERFUL SIDE OF IT.

THE operating room of a hospital is scarcely the spot where one would look for humorous repartee, but if a patient who is about to have his leg removed can see the mirthful side of his coming predicament, the surgeon is surely justified in meeting him half way.

"Well, doctor," said the victim of the amputating knife, "I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances."

"No," was the reply; "after this you'll have to confine yourself to hops."

THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

"LET me do it myself," is the child's pleading when some one has shown it how to work a toy, and eager hands are held out for the bauble. Only a child of larger growth is the Englishman about whom *Hardware* tells this story.

He specially prided himself upon his ability as an amateur plumber. He decided to put gas connections into his house and do it himself. He went to work with a great flourish; hammered and soldered and fitted away, and at last came the hour of final triumph. He called the family into the parlor, beneath the great chandelier. He turned the taps, with taper in hand—and vigorous showers of water gushed forth over them all. He had made the mistake of connecting with the water main instead of the gas pipes.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

WHEN one really comes to consider the matter, there is as much philosophy as humor in the landlady's reply set forth in an anecdote which we translate from the German comic weekly, *Fliegende Blaetter*.

An aunt is desirous to rent a room for her nephew, and has just found one at reasonable terms.

"I let it go so cheap," says the landlady, "because there is a woman next door who plays the piano all day long."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. My nephew is deaf."

"Indeed; then of course the price will be three marks more."

GETTING RID OF A BORE.

IT is an art, indeed, to get rid of a visitor who has outstayed his welcome.

William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of a boresome guest. He would be called out on some business, and would say to the guest, "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good by!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE WITH AN APPLE.

HERE is a case where all the sparkle of a drink that ought to be made up of that quality, lay in the comment on it.

A Connecticut man once called at a farm house, and was asked by the farmer to take a glass of cider which he had made from his own apples.

After drinking the cider, the man didn't exactly smack his lips, but remarked,

"Pity you hadn't another apple."

"Why?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, you could have made another barrel of it!" was the answer.

A FRANK SUGGESTION.

To tell a man that the clothes he wears are not becoming is not a pleasant thing to do. Happy he who can sugar coat the criticism with a dash of humor.

In Kentucky they have taken to making suits out of tow. The first Congressman to appear in one was Asher Caruth.

The first day Caruth put on the suit he strolled into Secretary Carlisle's room at the Treasury Department. Carlisle gazed at him in astonishment.

"What in the world have you got on?" he asked.

"That's a pretty question for a Kentuckian to ask," was the reply. "It's a suit of Ken-

tucky tow, and the beauty of it is that the oftener you wash it the better it looks."

"My dear boy," said Carlisle in a commiserating tone, "you would better get it washed again right away."

AN ILLUSTRATION THAT FAILED.

ACCORDING to the old saw it is a wise child that knows its own father. Here is a case where the boy must have possessed a double share of wisdom, for he knew his uncle as well.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your uncle George can do it in nine days, how long will it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," answered Johnny. "They'd sit down and tell fish stories."

WHAT HE WAS WAITING FOR.

YOU have heard, perhaps, of the perversity of inanimate things. But there is also a perversity the blame for which we cannot lay off on human agencies. Who cannot appreciate the feelings of the business man, of whom the *Detroit Free Press* tells the following?

A messenger boy delivered a note to him the other day, but after being answered "All right" he still lingered.

"I said it was all right," said the man at the desk as he turned around.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything to pay?"

"No, sir."

"Then what do you want?" was the query, as he took the brush from the mucilage bottle to paste an envelope which was not gummed.

"Waitin'," replied the boy.

"For what?"

"For that!" chuckled the lad, as the gentleman reached out and slid the brush into his ink bottle and picked up and dipped his pen into the glue.

THINGS THAT WERE NOT WHAT THEY SEEMED.

A WASHINGTON paper tells of the awful fate that befell some jumping beans belonging to a little boy living in that city. His father, being troubled with dyspepsia, kept a box of capsules prescribed by his physician. In some way these changed places with the receptacle containing the jumping beans, and the old gentleman took two every hour until he had swallowed three doses. He was awakened that night by experiencing inward kicks and jumps, and on discovering the mistake that had been made, was able to sympathize fully with the feelings of the Mexican beans and to join them in a hearty wish for their speedy expulsion from their unwonted imprisonment.

A somewhat similar error was committed by a man living in the northern part of New York State. He was taken suddenly ill one night, and his wife rummaged around to find some medicine in the house. Finally she came across a box of little black pills. There was no writing on the cover of the box to tell what they were, but as they resembled a certain liver pill, the wife concluded that they must be the required thing. She gave them to her husband regularly and he seemed to improve. About a week after, when he had got down to the last pill, he chanced to turn the box over. He gave a yell that startled the whole neighborhood. His wife ran to him, thinking that he was dying.

"Look," he cried; "read what it says on the bottom."

And this is what she read: "Prime Crown Morning Glory Seeds!"

A SUGGESTED EXPERIMENT.

THERE are other nuisances at the theater besides the woman with the high hat and the man who goes out between the acts.

At a certain performance there was a young man who had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around know that, and he kept telling just what was coming, and how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said,

"Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems."

A middle aged gentleman with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man.

"Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?"

And the silence was almost painful.

A CONFUSED COLONEL.

A PLAY in Richard Mansfield's repertoire frankly sets forth that much of the bravery of the soldier is assumed, and that even the officers, when shot and shell are flying, shake in their shoes with terror. This reminds us of a general in the civil war who first smelled powder as a young colonel at the engagement of Big Bethel.

His regiment, which was from Troy, had halted for rest and refreshment in a pleasant dale. They had not then tasted war. It happened that the rebels were in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the resting place of the brave Trojans, and from a safe retreat opened fire upon them. The young colonel instantly put spurs to his horse and rode up to a group of officers. Excitement and bewilderment were apparent upon his handsome face as he approached the party. "They are firing upon my regiment!" he shouted. "Great heavens! now what is to be done?"

TOOK IT FOR A PULPIT NOTICE.

THE moral of the subjoined anecdote is that one should always preface any message to which he signs his name with that of the person for whom it is intended.

A young lady organist in a Montreal church was very desirous of making a good impression by her playing, upon a visiting clergyman on a certain Sunday. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and, in spite of her agonized beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop. MISS ALLEN."

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

To how many boys does the Fourth of July mean more than a holiday, a time when noise is tolerated and youthful exuberance is permitted to give itself free vent with a zip, zap, bang accompaniment? Of course they all know the origin of the day and could give an intelligent answer if questioned by a foreigner as to the meaning of all this uproar.

But should not the American boy go a step further than this? He has come into possession of a glorious heritage, won for him by brave and patriotic forebears; he enjoys all the fruits of their noble deeds, and should he not bestow a thought on them of his own free will at least once a year, on this anniversary of Independence Day?

The history of the United States may be brief, as compared with that of lands across the sea, but there are few nations whose annals record more stirring deeds of valor. It may seem an old story now, but young Americans should always take pride in remembering that the giant strides with which our republic has risen to greatness, have been the wonder of the world.

RARE BOOKS CHEAP.

THE bound volumes of THE ARGOSY, included in "The Slaughter Sale" advertised on third page of cover, are going at the rate of from ten to fifteen a day. The supply is rapidly diminishing and cannot be renewed, so that if those who wish to own these attractive books do not take advantage of the present opportunity, they cannot hope to gratify a changed mind later.

THE WORLD OF WHEELS.

THERE are few who will deny that bicycling is now the king of sports, at any rate in so far as the number of its votaries is concerned. It is stated that ten years ago the number of bicycle manufactories in the United States was six, with an annual output of eleven thousand machines. At the present time there are 126 factories in the country which are expected to turn out during 1895 nearly or quite half a million wheels.

As we go to press, a newspaper item tells of a heroic act of rescue performed by a young bicyclist. He saw two runaway horses plunging toward a group of children, and spurting, succeeded in overtaking and stopping them before they had a chance to do any damage.

Such a deed will prove a strong argument in favor of mounting a squad of park policemen on bicycles.

PRO PATRIA.

THE ARGOSY brings to its readers this month two illustrated articles having a special bearing on the Fourth of July period. "Conquering a Peace" tells of a war that should stir with patriotic pride the blood of every citizen, and "Our Heroes in Bronze" recalls many a valorous deed of America's loyal sons. In connection with the latter we append an extract from a poem written by the late Oliver Wendell Holmes and read by him at a dinner given to Admiral Farragut, on the 6th of July, 1865:

Fast, fast, are lessening in the light
  The names of high renown,
Van Tromp's proud bosom pales from sight,
  Old Benbow's half hull down.
Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea
  Or skirts the safer shores,
Of all that bore to victory
  Our stout old commodores.
Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, where are they?
The answering billows roll
  Still bright in memory's sunset ray,
God rest each gallant soul!
  A brighter name must dim their light
With more than noontide ray—
  The Viking of the River fight,
The Conqueror of the Bay.
  I give the name that fits him best,
Aye, better than his own!
  The Sea King of the Sovereign West,
Who made his mast a throne.

OUR ATHLETIC ARTICLE.

THE water polo paper in the present number was written by a quarter back of the champion American team, that of the New York Athletic Club. This organization is about to erect a new club house overlooking Central Park, which is sure to be, when completed, one of the sights of the metropolis.

THE ARGOSY DEPARTMENTS.

THE department matter in THE ARGOSY is a unique feature. With this number "The World of Science" becomes "Workshop and Playground" in order that a tendency to drift towards too abstruse decriptive matter may be avoided.

The policy of THE ARGOSY is first and foremost to interest the reader. If this end be gained, it may be possible to enlighten him also, but his fancy must be enchained before anything further can be attempted with any hope of success.

THAT ALL IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"WHAT are you going to be?"

How often this question is asked of a boy approaching the middle of his "teens." If he was a native of the Flowery Kingdom now, it might be an easy query for him to answer, as the Chinese are said to have an odd custom by which the future career of a male infant is determined.

When he is a year old he is placed in the center of a large scene with money, scales, a foot rule, a pair of shears, a pencil, ink, books, and similar articles piled about him. The object which he touches first is considered as a certain indication of the direction in which his genius will trend.

Sometimes American boys manifest very early their leanings toward a particular calling. This should be looked upon as a providential circumstance by their friends, as it gives a hint as to the sort of education that will do them the most good.

But care must be exercised to discriminate between inclination and ability. For example a boy may wish above all things to be an author, and yet be unable to write a paragraph that would pass muster in print.

When you are once assured that you have both taste and talent for an honest calling then begin as early as possible to prepare for it.

SELF CONTROL.

IN a recent symposium on the question of what qualities were the dominating factors in contributing to a man's success in life, one of the two prize replies gave to self control the chief place. A simple thing, it seems, does it not? But is there anything harder to manage than one's own inclination to ways that are not wise?

Look around you and note the failures, the wrecks, on life's highroad. How many of them are due to enemies from without, or to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, and how many to lack of will power in the victim himself?

Think of this, boys, when ambition swells within you. Remember that you will not have to go far afield to find the foe who seeks to hinder your advance. Learn to rule your own temper, to conquer bad habits, to stifle wandering thoughts in important crises, and half the battle will be won.

GERMANIZED BASEBALL.

THE German is commonly supposed to be a language possessing a rich vocabulary. But in one respect it is pronouncedly weak. This is in words expressing sports.

The reason is not far to seek. Perhaps of all civilized nations, the German is the one that is least given to athletics. The Teuton is no doubt of too phlegmatic a temperament to take kindly to any amusement that calls for rapid movements. However, the Fatherland is waking up to its shortcomings in this respect. They are to have a "sport exhibition" in Berlin, in connection with which a prize offer of rather a surprising nature is made.

The committee is desirous of obtaining equivalents for all foreign baseball terms and have set about securing them in this way. We wonder how they will express "rooting for Leipsic" or "a whitewash for Dresden," or explain why "Hanover's base runners were well coached," or that "Nuremburg's catcher muffed a foul tip."

BIRDS AT A LAUNCHING.

IN connection with the article on Japan in the present issue, it may be of interest to hear of a new custom the Japanese have introduced to signalize the launching of a new ship. Instead of breaking a bottle of wine over the prow as the vessel glides into the water, a meaningless proceeding in any land, these clever Japs liberate a cageful of birds, who, by their flight in every direction, typify the after career of the ship.

Surely such a happy emblem of christening is deserving of speedy adoption in shipyards all over the world.

ABOUT STORY WRITING.

A NUMBER of new writers are coming to THE ARGOSY with their wares. We give them welcome provided they bring us what we want—crisp, bright stories, of healthful purport, told in good, clear English.

Such stories, we frankly admit, are not easy to write. The plot must first be obtained and this is not always to be secured by simply sitting down to think one up. The best ones come as a flash of thought—an inspiration.

To young would-be contributors we wish to say: When you have written your story, go over it carefully, comparing it with stories that have appeared in print, and make an editor out of yourself, to decide, as impartially as you can, whether your work is up to the standard that is evidently required. If, in your own opinion, it suffers sadly by comparison, try to think out in what way you can improve it and if you find this out of the question, put the manuscript aside and try something else. Send out only that which has succeeded in commending itself to your own sober, second judgment.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

PHILATELY is marching onward despite the misguided, if well intentioned, efforts of its detractors to cry it down as an undignified and childish pastime, fit only for small boys and maiden ladies. The large and constantly increasing list of men prominent in business, literary, and scientific pursuits, who are known to find pleasure and recreation in stamp collecting is irrefragable evidence of the fascination it possesses for all classes—even among those recognized as the brainest men of the day.

Not only are a large number of periodicals devoted exclusively to stamp lore published all over the world, but the literary philatelist may acquire as well a handsome library of well printed and bound volumes on various subjects connected with his hobby.

The newspapers, too, are rapidly recognizing the importance attained by stamp collecting. Frequent news items concerning the same appear in many of the leading journals of the country, some of which devote a certain space regularly to stamp news. Among the latest in this field is the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the foremost paper in the City of Churches.

All the leading juvenile periodicals of the country have their stamp departments, and not infrequently articles on philately are to be found in the most sedate adult publications. Altogether the future of philately looks bright.

It pleases us to see that the English press, apparently voicing the sentiments of a large proportion of its readers, is crying for a radical change in the designs for the projected issues of postage stamps for that country. Even the most patriotic English collector, particularly if he specializes the stamps of the mother country or her colonies, must experience "that tired feeling" on glancing over his album, with such a wearisome sameness presented to his gaze.

That old profile of Her Majesty as she looked years ago, merits a retirement after such long service. If it is really necessary to adorn the stamps of England with the portrait of the queen, let it be an up to date one, portraying Victoria as she is today. But let there be a change somewhere, if only for the sake of the poor, suffering philatelist.

In the April ARGOSY we described an easy method of distinguishing indistinct watermarks of stamps. Here are two plans, recently recommended by contemporaries :

Put your stamp face downward on a smooth, black surface, and gently apply with a camel hair brush pure benzine till the whole stamp is well soaked. The watermark, being the thinnest part of the paper, will appear in a black outline. Some collectors will no doubt be afraid of using benzine, but it has frequently been used, and seems rather to clean than damage the stamp.

The other is as follows: Take a piece of fairly stout cardboard—about ten inches by four, is a convenient size, but the dimensions are not important—and about two inches from one end cut an opening slightly smaller than the average postage stamp. Now hold the card between yourself and the light, and place the stamp to be examined directly over the hole ; it can be easily retained in position by the thumb of the hand with which you are holding the card. By thus concentrating the light entirely upon the stamp, the watermark can be distinguished with greater ease.

It is really surprising what a boom is caused in the philatelic issues of a country by the international difficulties which beset it. This was exemplified during the war between China and Japan, which caused such a demand for the stamps of those countries that prices began to assume an upward tendency, in spite of the vast number in circulation.

England's disputes with Nicaragua and Venezuela have served to bring these nations conspicuously before the public with a like result, and philatelists are now watching with interest the result of the revolt in Cuba. No good reason exists for expecting it to be more successful than were the previous ones, but if it should result in establishing a Cuban republic, with what interest and eagerness stamp collectors would greet the first philatelic output of the new régime !

Truly current history exercises a decided influence upon the stamp market.

In response to the recent inquiry of E. G. S., Burlington, Vermont, the five cent Columbian envelope stamp, chocolate in color, is catalogued at ten cents either in a used or unused condition ; the five cent slate brown at $15.00 unused. The used value is not catalogued. The ten cent slate brown is worth twenty cents either used or unused.

Scott's valuation of the eight cent blue Canadian registration stamp is $1 75 used or unused.

Zeno X. Keno neglected to inform us as to the color of his five and ten cents postage due stamps. If of the 1894 issue, in lozenge shaped frame, they are worth about three cents apiece if used, and perhaps double their face value if uncanceled. The issue of 1891–93, also claret in color, but with the figure of value in oval, are worth five and three cents respectively if used, and unused twelve and twenty five cents. If of the red brown of 1879, eight and six cents used, and fifteen and thirty cents unused. Those of the old yellowish brown variety, the first set of unpaid letter stamps issued by this country, are worth fifteen cents apiece used, and fifteen and thirty five cents each unused.

While we are always glad to furnish our readers with any information concerning stamps, we must ask them to be more explicit when submitting questions, particularly like the foregoing. If our friend had told us the color of his specimens, we should have saved a great deal of space, and space in THE ARGOSY is valuable.