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A German Battery at Gravelotte.

From the painting by Emil Hünten.

THE ARGOSY.

VOL. XX. MAY, 1895. NO. 2.

THE FRANCO GERMAN WAR.

How the proudest country of the world was completely humiliated in the short space of seven months—The sanguinary struggle which transformed France the empire into France the republic, and the various German principalities into a mighty empire.

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

WE have become quite accustomed in these days to finding our newspapers bristling with direful prophecies and sensational war scares. Such comparatively trivial incidents as the testing of a new explosive, the launching of an iron clad, the maneuvers of an army corps, or, mayhap, some incautious utterance of the German emperor, are each eagerly seized upon and elaborated by the ubiquitous journalist, until any day on unfolding our morning paper, we actually ex-

A Skirmish upon a Railroad.

From the painting by Alphonse de Neuville.

pect to behold the announcement of a bona fide declaration of war.

That such a conflict will come few doubt. Scarcely quarter of a century ago two of the most powerful nations of Christendom were engaged in a sanguinary war; today victor and vanquished stand once more face to face, each, despite protestations to the contrary, quite as frantically eager to fly at the other's throat as of yore.

When they do so, it is altogether improbable that the other counties of Europe will stand aside and permit them to settle their quarrel between them. The first shot of the next war will usher in a conflict that is likely to involve the entire continent, a veritable cataclysm, unprecedented in history. And then we may expect—peace? Perhaps—for another twenty five years.

For almost a decade, ere Gaul and Teuton crossed swords, in 1870, the French empire had been in a decaying condition. Internal dissensions were rife, and opposition to the imperial government became stronger and bolder. The people who had dethroned their citizen king in 1848 were quite capable of dethroning their emperor.

Napoleon III's efforts to dazzle the imaginations of his discontented subjects by a brilliant foreign policy were conspicuous principally for their complete lack of success. The attempt to "restore Latin supremacy in the New World" had failed, owing to the triumph of the North in our great civil war. Not caring to test the validity of President Monroe's famous declaration, that no foreign power should own soil in America, Napoleon withdrew his troops from Mexico, leaving the unhappy Maximilian to his fate.

The French ebb and the Prussian flow were simultaneous. France's effort to acquire the grand duchy of Luxembourg in 1867, by purchase from the king of Holland, had been frustrated by Prussia, whose armies, the year previous, had succeeded in crushing the Austrians in the almost in-

The Germans Attacking the Heights of Spicheren.

From the painting by A. von Werner.

credible space of seven weeks—a much briefer period than it had taken the French to do the same thing.

In various other ways, also, Prussia had demonstrated her increasing importance as a factor in European politics. The hereditary hatred between the two countries, which had lain dormant since Waterloo, began to emit sparks.

But one way to regain his lost prestige presented itself to the emperor of France. A successful foreign war would completely restore public confidence in his government, and the future of the Napoleonic dynasty would be assured. The readiness of the French to follow "the man on horseback" is proverbial.

A pretext for war is usually not difficult to find. France found hers very easily.

A political revolution drove the Bourbon queen Isabella from the Spanish throne, and the authorities of that country selected Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to be her successor, an honor which that young man signified his willingness to accept.

This was precisely what the French had been waiting for. That the young prince was a Hohenzollern, and related to the reigning house of Prussia, was sufficient to condemn his candidature as injurious to the honor and influence of France.

Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, was directed to demand that King William forbid his relative to accept the proffered crown.

The Prussian monarch replied good naturedly that he thought the matter concerned neither him nor Prussia, and that he was not at liberty to forbid an act which he had never advised.

French and German Cavalry at Gravelotte.
From the painting by Aimé Morot.

On hearing of the controversy, Prince Leopold promptly renounced all claim to the Spanish throne. But this did not end the matter. Benedetti was instructed to exact a pledge from William that no prince of the Hohenzollern blood should ever become such a candidate.

The ambassador followed William to Ems, and, accosting him on the public promenade, arrogantly delivered his message.

The king turned on his heel and left him without a word. Six days later France declared war.

Enthusiasm in both countries was rampant. Baron Le Bœuf, the French minister of war, assured his imperial master that the army of France was ready.

"Sire, not a single trousers' button is missing," he said.

In Paris it was confidently asserted that Napoleon would celebrate the birthday of his immortal uncle, less than a month away, at Berlin.

Across the Rhine the preparations for war were less demonstrative, but more businesslike.

The French had calculated on having to fight Prussia alone. They soon found that they must contend against a united Germany. Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, all stood shoulder to shoulder, making common cause against a common foe.

In eleven days three immense columns, aggregating 450,000 men, had been organized and put in motion to meet the French. Von Moltke, whose genius for war might have made him another Napoleon had he the Corsican's ambition, was made commander in chief, and the three divisions were severally commanded by General von Steinmetz, the crown prince Frederick William, and Prince Frederick Charles.

In the meantime the French actually marched their army to the Rhine, and then began to place it on a war footing.

General Frossard's division, 30,000 strong, crossed the frontier, and attacked the German garrison at Saarbrück (not over 1,500 men), who very sensibly retreated to the right bank of the Saar.

Napoleon and his son, the prince imperial, were on the field in person, and after the affair was over, an elaborate despatch was forwarded to Empress Eugénie, recounting the victory, and her son's "baptism of fire." Paris went wild with delight.

Two days later General Frossard's call was politely returned by the crown prince, who fell upon the eight thousand French, under Douay at Weissenburg, and defeated them; but it took twenty thousand Germans three hours to do it.

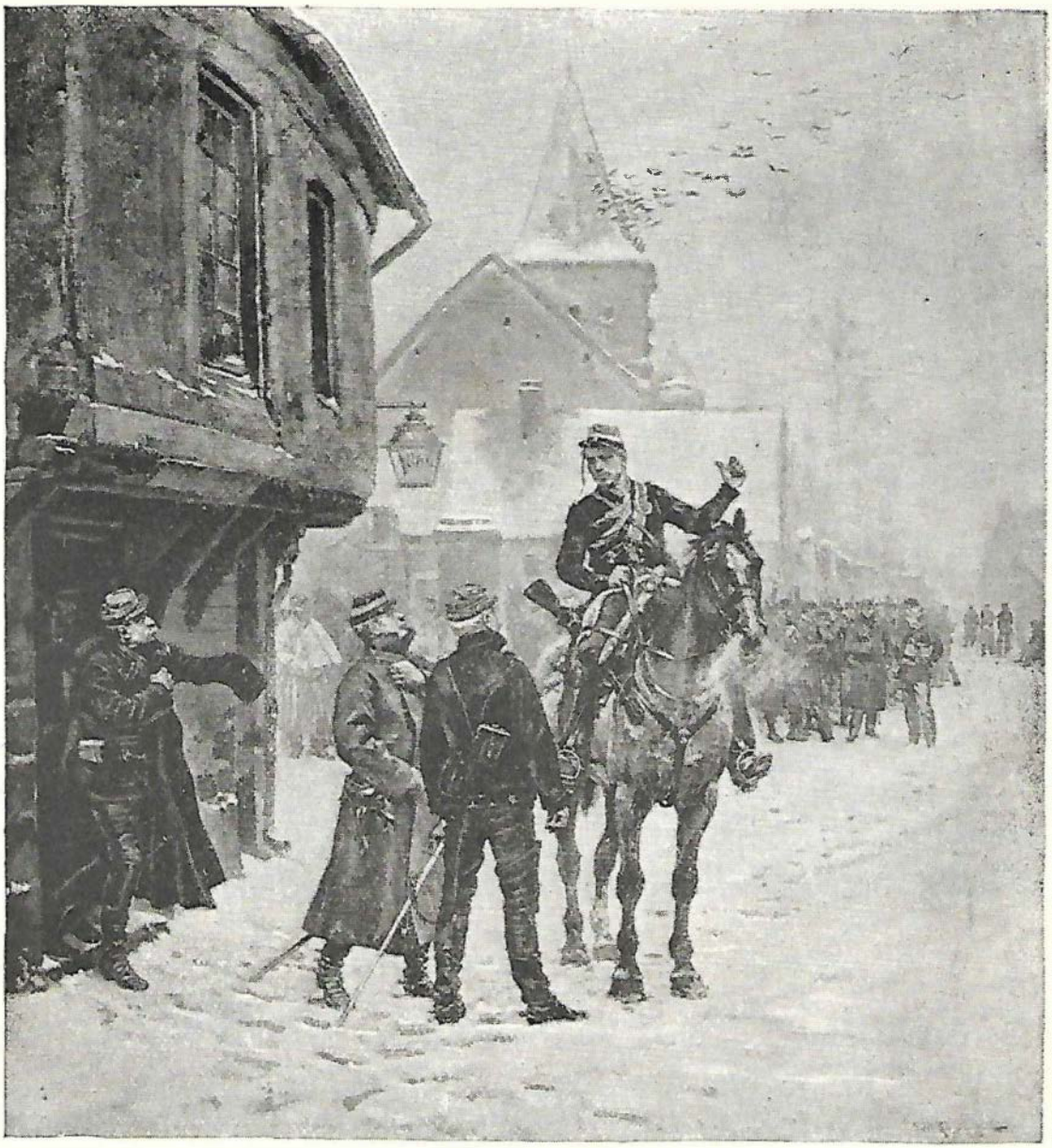
On the 6th of August, the crown prince attacked the French under MacMahon at Wörth. The latter, being outnumbered two to one, were forced to retreat.

Steinmetz encountered Frossard's corps at Spicheren on the very same day, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in carrying the French position by storm.

The Germans were prompt to follow up their advantage. While the troops of Baden besieged Strasburg, Steinmetz and Frederick Charles gave battle to Marshal

"A Salute to the Wounded."

From the painting by Edouard Ditaille.



"The Messenger."

From the painting by Edouard Detaille.

Bazaine at Courcelles on the 14th, and, as usual, gained a victory. Bazaine then sought to effect a junction with General Trochu's forces at Chalons.

But this was not in accordance with the grim old Von Moltke's plans, and Prince Frederick Charles' division was hurried after him.

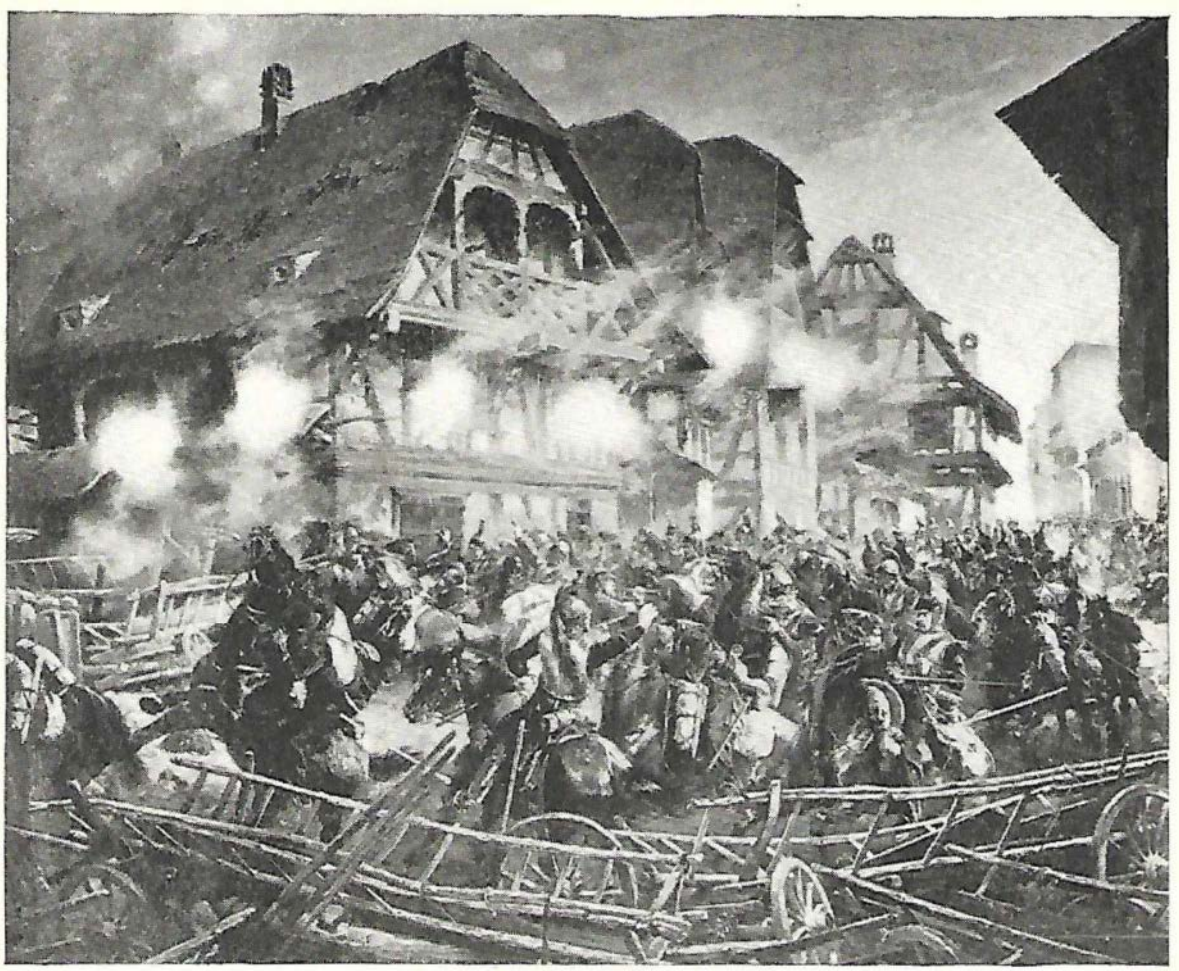
The Germans caught up with Bazaine at the village of Mars-la-Tour, on the 16th, and a stubbornly contested battle ensued in which the losses were nearly equal, though the French claimed the victory. But Frederick Charles retained his position, and Bazaine was obliged to choose a longer route by which to retreat.

But Bazaine could not start that day. His stores of provisions and ammunition must be replenished, the wounded cared for, and his men, exhausted by the bloody work of the 16th, accorded a brief breathing spell.

Meantime other German troops had come up, and on the 18th of August Bazaine was attacked in force at Gravelotte. The jaded French battalions, opposed by a fresh and far more numerous foe, made a gallant struggle. It cost the Germans over twenty thousand men to cut off Bazaine's retreat and force him to take refuge in Metz, where he was at once besieged by the entire division under Frederick Charles.

MacMahon, with some 125,000 men, was at Chalons. He had planned to throw himself between the invaders and the capital, but was overruled by the new minister of war, Palikao, who ordered him to release Bazaine at all hazards.

Accordingly he marched northward, but the course of the crown prince's army was



French Cavalry Charging a Barricade.

From the painting by Edouard Détaille.

changed to the same direction, and when MacMahon reached Stenay on the Meuse, he found the foe in front of him.

After several minor and indecisive engagements the French were badly defeated at Beaumont on the 31st.

MacMahon still had 112,000 men with him, but more than twice as many Germans confronted him, and he was compelled to leave his brother marshal to his fate. With the emperor, he retired to the fortified town of Sedan, where he resolved to make a last stand.

He could not have chosen a worse place. Sedan is surrounded by hills, like the rim of a basin, and in twenty four hours the heights bristled with cannon.

The French defended themselves with desperate bravery, but nothing could withstand the storm of shot and shell from the Prussian batteries. Soon nothing remained but a disorganized mass, and further resistance was clearly useless. The white flag was raised over Sedan, and the entire army became prisoners of war.

"Sire, and my good brother," wrote Napoleon to King William, "not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword at your majesty's feet."

The captive emperor was conducted by Bismarck to the castle of Wilhelmshöhe, where he took up his residence. In a few months he was permitted to rejoin Eugénie in England, where he died soon after.

When Paris learned of Sedan, a great popular uprising took place. The empire was blamed for the reverses of the French arms. The republic was proclaimed, and the greatest activity was displayed to put Paris into a state of defense before the coming of the invaders.

After the surrender of MacMahon's army, no obstacle intervened between the crown prince and Paris, and thither he marched with all speed.

Paris was the most strongly fortified city in the world, and it is probable that Frederick William would have failed to capture it had not the other sieges that the Germans were conducting terminated successfully, thus enabling Von Moltke to concentrate some 800,000 men around Paris.

On the 23d of September the fortress of Toul capitulated, and on the 28th Strasburg fell, after a six weeks' siege. On the same day Bazaine surrendered Metz to Prince Frederick Charles.

Thus 145,000 men, including six thousand

A French Cavalry Charge at Gravelotte.

From the painting by A. de Neuville.

Von Moltke Watching the Battle of Sedan.
From the painting by A. von Werner.

subordinate officers and three marshals of France, together with a vast quantity of supplies of all sorts, fell into the hands of the Germans. No such sweeping capitulation has ever before been recorded in the annals of history.

All in vain the French strove to break the German cordon around Paris. Leon Gambetta, the fiery young Republican leader, escaped from the city in a balloon, and in the south endeavored to raise an army for the expulsion of the invaders.

A force of 150,000 men was secured, and General Trochu's forces in Paris were increased to 400,000. But the French veterans had surrendered at Metz and Sedan, and raw recruits, no matter how brave, were no match for the trained soldiers of victorious Germany.

On December 5, Prince Frederick Charles captured Orleans. On the 1st of the new year General Trochu was attacked at Le Mans. The battle waged for six days, and culminated in the complete defeat of the French, who lost sixty thousand men!

To continue such a struggle would have been suicidal. Jules Favre and other Republican leaders opened negotiations with Bismarck for the surrender of the doomed city; and on the 28th of January the forts around Paris were given up.

The formal treaty was signed at Frankfort on the 10th of May following.

The conquerors made France pay very dearly for her temerity. Alsace and Lorraine, with more than a million and a half of French subjects, were transferred to Germany. A war indemnity of five billions of francs was exacted, certain French fortresses remaining in the Germans' possession until the debt was paid.

Thus within the short space of seven months occurred one of the most terrible conflicts of modern times. Seventeen great battles and more than one hundred and fifty minor engagements took place, and twenty two fortified places were either taken by storm or siege.

On the 18th of January at the palace of Versailles King William of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of united Germany.

France was not crushed by her misfortunes. She went steadily to work to pay off her enormous war debt, and not only did so, but is today, perhaps, the richest country of the world. Her army has been carefully reorganized, and is now second to none, while her navy is only surpassed by that of Great Britain.

She has never relinquished her plans of revenge—Alsace and Lorraine continually remind her of her humiliation. The European horizon is comparatively clear now, but a year, a month—aye, even a briefer space of time—may bring about a war by the side of which that of 1870 will seem insignificant.

And then what—peace? Perhaps.

THE STORY OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

A realized dream of a French boy brought up in Egypt—Legends of old waterways between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

By George Holme.

THERE is no part of history more fascinating than the study of causes. Oftentimes very unimportant events lead to very great ones in this world of ours.

Ferdinand de Lesseps as a boy was taken to Egypt and brought up by his father to know and love the land of the pyramids. He not only became acquainted with the traditions of the country, but he learned to speak Arabic and to know intimately the sons of Egypt's rulers.

These boyish friendships became the instruments with which the Suez Canal was dug.

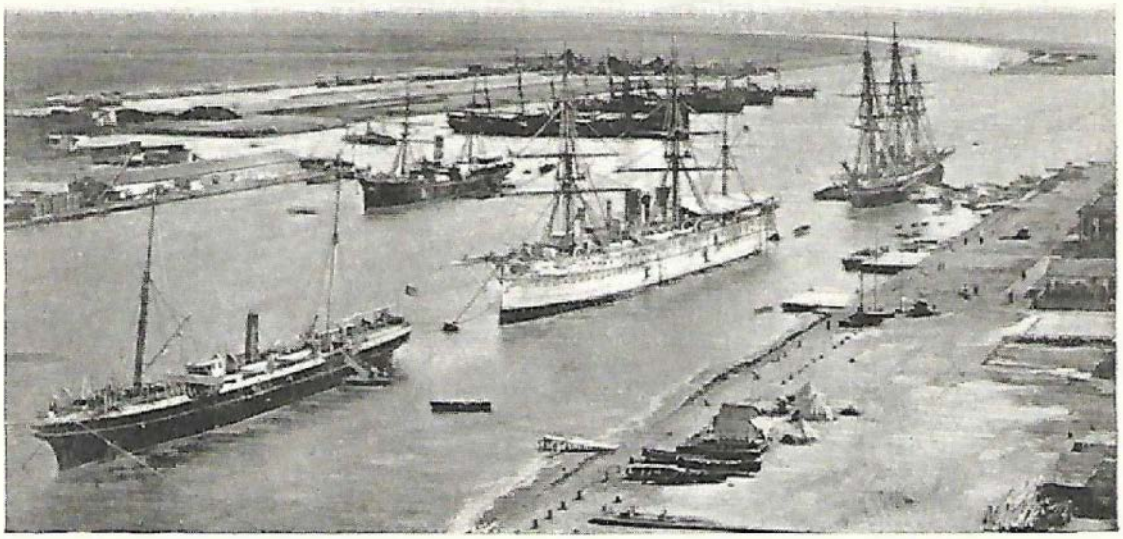
The boy de Lesseps also heard the legends of the old canals which had once united the Red and the Mediterranean Seas. Some historians think that there was once a natural strait which connected the two seas, through which the tides ebbed and flowed, and which the drifting sands of the desert finally filled up.

All the old Egyptian records tell of a canal between the seas, and speak of it, however old they may be, as already there, a work of antiquity. It appears to have been prehistoric.

The Arab historian Schems-Eddin says that an early Pharaoh, Tarsis-ben-Malia, probably constructed the canal, and adds that it was the same prince who occupied the throne when Abraham and Sarah came to make their visit. But the shifting sands kept filling it up and energetic rulers dredging it out, until half a dozen or more have received the credit of having made it.

Some historians affirm that the great Egyptian general, Sesostris, dug it, but he did not live until seven centuries after Abraham and Sarah had gone home again.

Darius the Persian tried his hand at the canal, and sent his engineers to look at the ground. But they were evidently as ignorant of the old canals as the English were in later years, for they took back to Darius exactly the same story which the English told each other solemnly in de Lesseps' days. This was that the waters of the Red



British War Ships in the Suez Canal.

Sea were higher than those of the Mediterranean, and cutting through the isthmus would consequently flood Europe and Egypt.

It was the French engineers of Ismail Pasha who finally exploded that idea.

Two or three centuries after Darius, the Ptolemies cleaned out the canal again, and called it the "Canal of the Ptolemies." Then the Roman Emperors in their day sent engineers to the sand bank, and in their time the canal took the name of the "Canal of Trajan."

Then came another period of neglect, and the stories of the canal grew more and more legendary. The Mohammedans in Egypt say that in the first instance, the canal was made by a king of Egypt for Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, which, like a great many other legends in various religions, is to be accepted as a fairy tale.

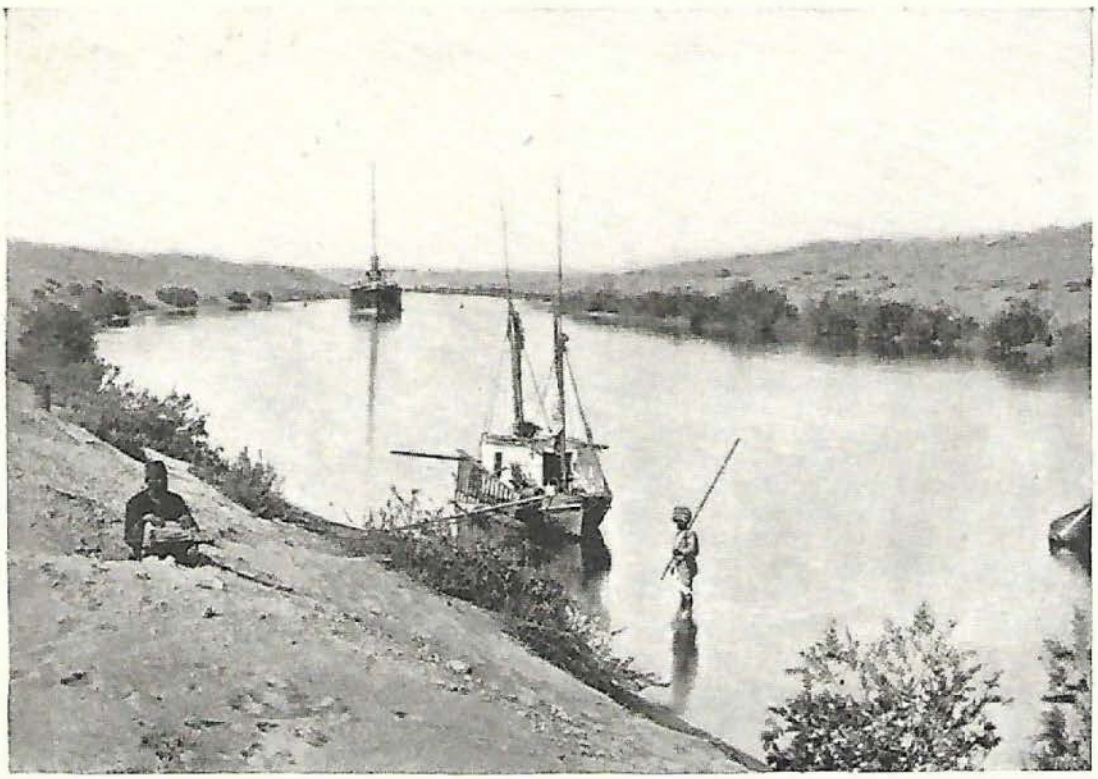
When Antony fled to Cleopatra, he found the queen we think of as always drinking pearls and listening to music, busily superintending the dredging out of the old canal, so that her ships might once more pass from sea to sea.

The Moslem rulers opened the canal and kept it open until about the time Columbus discovered America. In 1435 there was a war between two Moslem rulers, and the Caliph of Irak, to keep the enemy from getting Egyptian corn, sent an order up to Egypt to "fill the canal." And filled it remained until de Lesseps dug it out again.

De Lesseps as a boy learned these stories in Egypt by the side of his boy friend Mohammed Said, and together they planned some day to dig out the old canal again.

If Napoleon had been allowed to remain in Egypt he would have restored the canal, for it was one of his pet projects, which he had doubtless often talked over with de Lesseps' father, who was his trusted lieutenant.

The romantic story of the old canal was to young de Lesseps' imagination a constant stimulant. It was the dream of his boyhood and his manhood. But he was fifty years old, and had led a long and busy life which seemed finished, when the opportunity came to him.



On the Suez Canal—Through the Sand Hills.

De Lesseps had been consul of France to half a dozen countries, and had finally left the diplomatic service and settled for what he supposed was the remainder of his life at La Chênaie, a country house which had belonged to Agnes Sorel, a lady very well known in French history.

One morning in 1854, he was superintending some repairs on the roof of this house when the postman arrived. He gave the letters to one of the workmen and they were passed up to de Lesseps.

In one he read of the death of Abbas Pasha, and that his old friend Said had been made viceroy of Egypt.

In that moment de Lesseps said that he saw the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean mingling in his canal.

He hurried down the ladder and began to make ready for Egypt. On the 7th of November he arrived there and was warmly welcomed by his old friend.

The viceroy was on the point of starting for Cairo, and he took his boyhood's chum along with him. But de Lesseps was too shrewd to tell Said Pasha what he had come for all at once. Tact and magnetism were the weapons he always used.

He began by recalling old times to the viceroy and their boyish dreams. One night, the 15th of November, de Lesseps never forgot, for upon his success at this moment depended the whole scheme.

He sat by the viceroy in his tent, and at the right moment unfolded his idea, making it as dazzling as he knew how.

"I am satisfied," said the Khedive. "I accept your scheme. You may count upon me."

And the canal was begun.

But England had no fancy for seeing the French own a great highway through Egypt.

The *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1856, had a scientific article proving that the canal could not be made. But with the help of his friend, the viceroy, de Lesseps went on with his work.

The route chosen across the isthmus was ninety miles in length which was already cut to a distance of thirty miles by lakes. Starting from the Mediterranean the canal strikes through the rim which holds in Lake Menzelah. Here is Port Said, the gate of the canal.

Then comes a bank again, then another lake, then a series of hills and a plateau, and Lake Timsah, where the half way port Ismailia is located. The Bitter lakes are next, and then land to the Red Sea.

Ismail Pasha.

There was great opposition to the project, and it needed every bit of de Lesseps' genius for talking and presenting everything in the right way to get the canal through.

As it happened, the emperor of France about this time married the Empress Eugénie, who was de Lesseps' cousin, and his help was secured.

Mohammed Said, unfortunately for de Lesseps, died in five years, and his successor, Ismail Pasha, was not entirely friendly to the project. He saw that the canal might not be so good for Egypt after all.

Port Said, at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal.

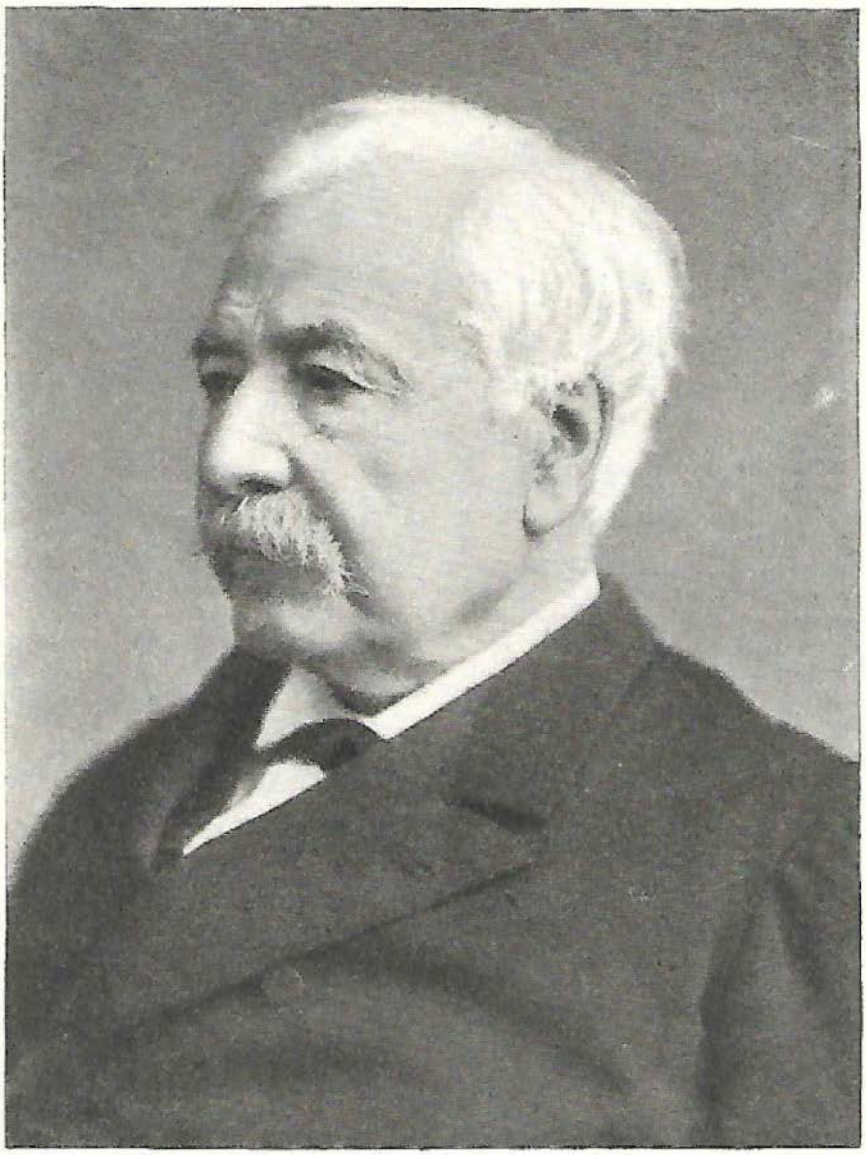
In the old days all the trade from the east was compelled to pay toll to Egypt. Now it would slip by through the canal.

Said forced the Arabs to work upon the ditch, but this Ismail Pasha would not do.

De Lesseps had gone back to France and founded his company, and made his shares so small that the very peasants put their

By his spirit of adventure, energy, and pluck, he had reduced the distance between Western Europe and India from eleven thousand miles to seven thousand, cutting down the voyage thirty six days.

In 1875 Ismail Pasha was in financial difficulties and sold his private shares in the canal for four million pounds to the



Ferdinand de Lesseps.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

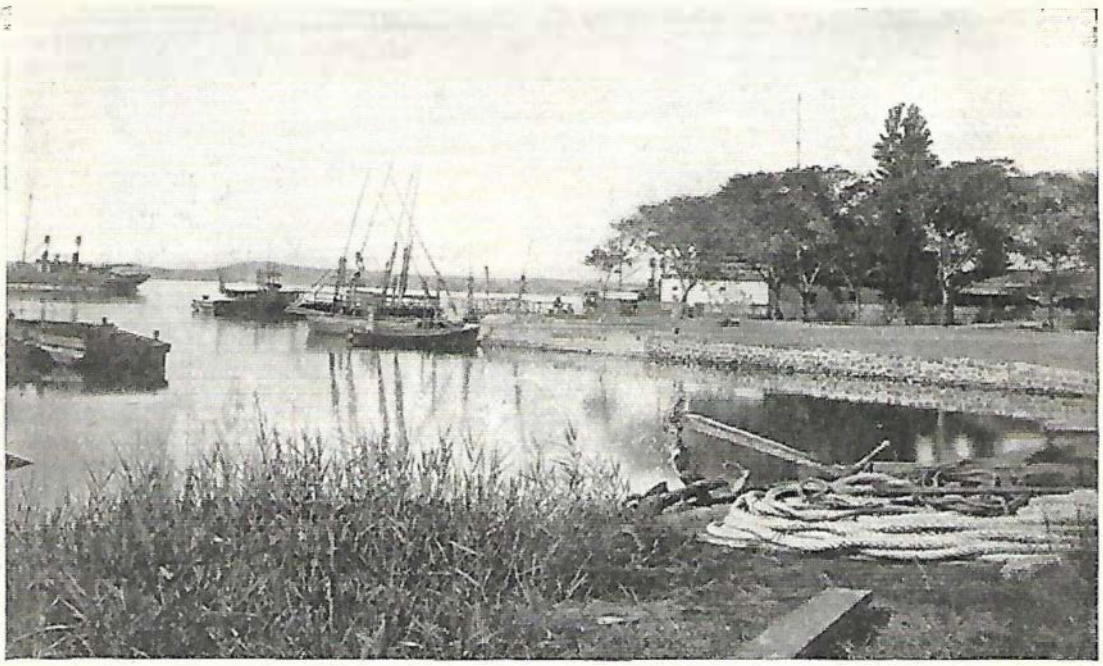
little earnings into it. The whole country was in this way interested in the success of the scheme, and the French government went in and made a new arrangement with Egypt.

Finally, on August 15, 1865, the canal was opened in the presence of the Empress of France, the crown prince of Prussia, and all the dignitaries who could be gathered there. The viceroy built a splendid palace in Ismailia for this occasion, and de Lesseps was the hero of the world, whom all delighted to honor.

British government, of which Lord Beaconsfield was then at the head. This purchase had a tremendous influence in politics, as on it hinged England's present power and influence in Egyptian affairs. It has also been a splendid investment for her.

In 1879 Ismail was forced to abdicate by France and England in favor of his son Tewfik. He went into exile and died about the first of March of the present year.

The canal is supposed to hold twenty six



On the Suez Canal—Lake Timsah.

feet of water, and to be seventy two feet wide at the bottom. The width at the top varies with the formations cut through.

It is necessary for vessels to go slowly through the canal on account of the danger from washing the banks, and it makes for the tourist one of the most interesting voyages in the world.

All along the banks may be seen strings of camels with their white turbaned masters, and at Kantara, which is the chief ferry on the canal, there are always quantities of pious Arab pilgrims on their way to Mecca.

Here and there along the way are little villages, sometimes on the barren sands, and sometimes fairly embowered in brilliantly blooming oleander trees. There are often dozens of vessels in the canal at the same time, and although it has been widened within the past few years, because the traffic became so great, still large vessels like to go into the "lie by" places when another monster passes.

It is curious to see the difference in the faces of the fresh colored English going out to India on the ships and the sallow faced people who are coming home.

Here, too, is the meeting place of vessels from every land, brought close together for perhaps the first and last time.

All along the banks palms are growing, and under them the little buffaloes of the country are drawing the plows made of forked sticks which merely scratch the ground.

Sometimes the mirage may be seen, and then the vessel seems to sail along between two great lakes which you cannot realize are only sand after all.

The skies are not blue, but are a pale pinkish lavender like amethysts, and you feel as though you were going through some old picture that was in your book of Bible stories.

Ismailia was intended by de Lesseps to be a big town, and it was laid off with broad streets and beautiful squares, where flowers and oranges and bananas grow in profusion, but people refuse to settle there.

The dredging machines are constantly going up and down, for the dredging of the canal costs about two hundred thousand dollars a year. There are no locks, and it is more like a natural strait than anything else.

The whole canal from its beginning has cost over one hundred million dollars.

Felix Faure.

From a photograph by Desderi, Paris.

FAURE OF FRANCE.

A tanner's apprentice who is a president—The story of the rise to greatness of the new chief of the French republic.

By Samuel N. Parks.

WHEN the sign "Felix Faure and Company, Leather and Hides," was put over the door of a warehouse in Havre, a young man went out in the street and looked up at it in undisguised delight. He owned his own business at last. He was no longer the tanner's apprentice, but a master himself; a merchant, with his own place in the world.

Doubtless he remembered that evening when he was a boy, and had come in to find his mother crying because the week's wage his father earned as a weaver, was too small to make the family comfortable in the bitter winter weather.

Felix was only thirteen, but he put his arm around his mother's shoulder and told her not to cry, adding that he would go to work and earn some money.

"You will see," he said bravely, "I am getting to be a man."

So many boys who have become great men began their lives of work as early as this that poverty has been called the best spur that a boy can have.

There is one thing certain: poverty never hurt a boy who was made of the right sort of material. It rouses him, and hardens his muscles in the fight against circumstances to which it forces him.

Young Felix Faure started out to hunt for work. There seemed to be none. He

was not particular what sort of work it was, but he did hate the hide scraping which finally fell to his lot. Staying all day in an ill smelling tannery, scraping and handling dirty and unsavory skins, was indeed a trial, when the bright sky of France was awaiting him outside.

But he needed the money, and he worked day and night until he passed the apprentice stage and owned his own business.

But Faure had not been neglecting his education all this time. He studied and read. He saw in Havre that the greatest merchants in the world came from Great Britain, and as soon as he was able to afford it, he went over to England and attended a commercial school.

Here he learned a great many things besides the English language and how to be a merchant. He learned that early hours, cold baths, and athletic sports made a strong man.

And young Faure's gift was remembering and applying all he learned.

He came back to France and made practical use of his knowledge until he had a flourishing business.

The breaking out of the war of 1870 found young Faure in local politics. He was aid to the mayor. But he forgot everything in his love for France. He threw aside business and enlisted in the army. The qualities which had caused him to rise above his fellows in the tannery works put him above them again. He won the cross of the Legion of Honor on the battle field, and attained the rank of major.

He spent the entire period of the war in the field except for a few weeks in England when he was purchasing Remington rifles for the army.

Then the Commune came upon Paris, adding all the horrors of civil conflict to the miseries of a foreign war.

Faure succeeded in bringing reinforcements from Havre, which did more to put out the fires of the rebellion than any other one thing.

After this was all over Faure went back to his business, his hand ready to turn to any new project which he thought was for the good of his country. His countrymen knew him, believed in him and trusted him.

He had left the tannery and become a ship owner and armorer. His commercial integrity brought him wealth. He became president of the chamber of commerce in Havre, and in 1881 was sent up to Paris to represent Havre in the Chamber of Deputies.

Here he joined the Republicans and became one of the valued members of the party.

Gambetta was a leader then, and he knew a valuable man when he saw one. When Gambetta formed what he called his "grand ministry," Faure was chosen to be under secretary of state in the department of the colonies.

But Gambetta's reign was short. However, when Ferry came in Faure again came to the front, occupying the same position in Ferry's last cabinet that he had held in that of Gambetta.

While in the Chamber of Deputies Faure showed himself to be not only a man of sound judgment but of almost unheard of knowledge upon all subjects with which he had to do. Maritime law was at his tongue's end, with all its details. And, even when he had not gone into detailed study of a subject, his habit of exercising common sense, gave his speeches a character that caused them always to be listtened to with profound attention. He never resorted to spitefulness or trickery, and France knew it.

Although he is a Republican, Faure has no intolerance. He voted against the bill exiling from France the princes of the houses of Bonaparte and Bourbon. He said that it was cruel and unnecessary, thinking, as we do in America, that the less notice that is taken of people who would pose as political martyrs the less influence they have on the people.

When the recent crisis came to France she showed that at last she was republican through and through by electing this son of the people, this wise and calm statesman, to be her president.

To remind him of the old days, President Faure keeps over his desk in his library a photograph of himself, with rolled up sleeves and leathern apron, as he used to scrape hides in the tannery.

But few people would recognize the apprentice in the elegant man who sits beneath. President Faure is fifty four years of age, and his hair is white, but he is one of the handsomest men in France.

He is very tall, with erect bearing and healthy complexion, looking much more like an English lord than anything else. He dresses with fine taste, speaks English and German as well as he speaks French, and has the most beautiful and simple manners.

Every morning he rides on horseback for an hour before going to work, often taking one of his daughters with him.

Sometimes he canters along with M. Siegfried, the moving spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association in France, by his side. M. Siegfried is one of President Faure's intimates, and the Y. M. C. A. has no greater friend than the president of France. His hobby is gymnastics for men, and he believes that the gymnasiums should be schools as they were in ancient Greece.

There is happiness, contentment, and sympathy in the handsome blue eyes of President Faure, and no man in France is more loved.

OUT WITH THE CIRCUS.

By Matthew White, Jr.,

Author of "A Lost Identity," "Eric Dane," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOAN OF A TEAM.

"I CAN'T stand it another minute, by George, I can't!"

The Greek grammar went hurtling across the room, bringing up with a thud against the revolving book case, which it sent spinning till the little statuette of Minerva atop of it threatened to lose her balance.

"That was a kiddish trick, but it just about expresses my state of mind."

Guy Lansing sprang out of the easy chair where he had been studying, and walked over to pick up the grammar. He did not go back with it to the chair, but tucked it under his arm and stepped out through the French window on the piazza.

Here he stood for an instant, listening to the lazy hum of the insects, and stretching his arms above his head in a mighty yawn which sent the luckless Greek grammar to the floor again.

"Great Scott, what's all this?"

He rubbed his eyes and looked again towards the highway at the foot of the lawn. Yes, they were surely elephants, three of them. And there was a camel behind them, and following came a pair of ostriches a troop of ponies, a big band wagon, and then cage after cage on wheels.

"A circus!" exclaimed Guy. "But how curious! I didn't know any show traveled about the country in wagons nowadays."

Then he remembered reading in the papers that morning about a wreck on the railroad at Rawlings.

"I suppose they're on their way to Marchmont and couldn't wait," Guy decided.

Then he heaved a little sigh. What an exciting life it must be, moving from place to place, always with a new audience to entertain, music and applause and——

"Jimmy crickets, look out there!"

Young Lansing sprang up on the piazza rail to get a better view.

Coming in the opposite direction was an empty hayrick, the horses tearing along at break neck speed with nobody to check them. Already they had just grazed the elephants, and now each second it seemed that a collision with some other portion of the circus caravan would take place.

But the cages were passed safely, Guy looking on, holding his breath; then, just as the runaway was about to disappear from his view, the maddened team suddenly swerved across the road and dashed into a four seated carriage, whose driver had crowded as close against the fence as he could.

As soon as he saw that the collision was inevitable Guy leaped to the ground and ran with full speed toward the gate.

There was nobody hurt, however. But two wheels of the carriage had been wrenched off, and there were a pair of mad circus men standing by, looking on at the ruins. The runaways had been caught a little further on.

"What in Harry we are to do now, knocks me out."

This was what Guy overheard the shorter of the two men say, as he came up.

"I'll be a convert to Friday superstition after this," added his companion, a long, lank individual with a mournful expression about the corners of his mouth. "There's that smash up on the railroad this morning, and now this confounded runaway. I wonder who's wearing a yellow ribbon in the show."

Guy wanted to ask what this had to do with it, but decided the present was not a fitting moment to seek for the gratification of mere idle curiosity.

"Can I be of any help to you!" he said instead, walking up beside the toppled over vehicle, against the side of which two pale faced women were leaning, exchanging an account of their feelings when the crash came.

The short man turned and favored him with a prolonged stare. What he saw was a ruddy faced lad of seventeen, with clear blue eyes, good features, long limbs, well setting clothes, and the unmistakable air of the gentleman about him.

Mr. Snap's harsh expression softened a little, as he replied,

"Yes, we are in a bit of a mess. I suppose you are from the villa yonder; it seems to be the only house hereabout."

"You've guessed it. I saw the crash from the piazza. I hope nobody was hurt," and Guy glanced toward the two ladies.

"Not a scratch, but we're in the deuce of a fix. Got to make Marchmont in time for the performance at two, and now four

of us are left without any means of getting there. I suppose there's no hotel handy where I could hire a new turnout?"

"None nearer than Rawlings."

Guy made this answer, then hesitated a moment.

Surely his father wouldn't care if he loaned the gray team on an occasion like this, even if it was to carry circus people. They were in trouble; besides, Michael would be along to see that no harm came to the horses.

"If you only want to go as far as Marchmont," he added, "I'd be glad to let you have our wagonette. I'll run up now and tell the man to harness up."

"You'll place me under the deepest obligations, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Snap, taking off his hat with an air.

"No trouble at all," Guy called back as he sped over the grass toward the stables in the rear of the Lansing mansion, which was by all odds the handsomest country seat in the neighborhood.

"Well, here's a pleasing break in the monotony of those Greek conjugations," he was thinking. "If only old Jowett wasn't coming I'd like nothing better than to drive over with them and see the show. Botheration on being coached for college, any way, I say!"

He gave the order to Michael to harness up with all speed and take the wagonette down to the gate, where he would receive further orders, and then started back to join the circus people and find out what disposition they wished made of the wrecked carriage.

As he was passing the house James the butler came out to him.

"Mr. Guy, the telephone bell's been ringing this long time. Ellen says it's some message from Mr. Jowett."

"All right. I'll stop and hear it. Hope the old fellow can't come today," he added to himself, as he ran up the piazza steps.

"Oh, Mr. Guy!" The maid met him with a long face. "Poor Mr. Jowett was taken ill this morning. He's in bed, and the doctor won't let him out for a week. He's delirious, his sister says."

"All right; tell him I'm awfully sorry, but not to fret. 'What can't be cured must be endured,'" and Guy was off again for the foot of the lawn.

Ellen gazed after him in amazement. What had come over her young master, she wondered, to make him so heedless of his good old tutor's misfortune?

If she had really known what Guy was thinking about she would have been indeed astounded. For as soon as he heard of the professor's illness a wild craze to do something desperate in celebration of his temporary release from study, took possession of him.

"If I could only 'skin the cat' or turn a few handsprings I might get that circus man to give me a job for a week in recognition of the favor I am doing him."

But although Guy was a speedy base runner, a fair half back, and a skilled hand at the oar, he had never gone in for any one branch of athletics with that abandonment that would make him an expert.

"Any way," he determined, as he came up to the spot where by this time quite a crowd of the circus people had gathered, "I can at least ride over to Marchmont with them and see the performance."

As soon as he caught sight of him, Mr. Snap at once edged his way out of the group and went up to Guy with extended hand.

"You are indeed most kind, Mr. Lansing," he said. "Of course I would not think of offering to reimburse a gentleman in your position for the trouble you have taken, but if I can ever be of service to you, you may rely upon Theodore Snap to be right there when the bell rings."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Snap," returned Guy. "The horses are eating their heads off in the stable most of the time. You see, the family are away in Europe, and I am very busy studying this summer, but I am going to take the time to drive over to Marchmont with you, if you have no objections."

"We shall be most honored, I am sure. And I hope we may count on your remaining to see the show. I dare say you have witnessed many far better—I am not speaking by the poster now, ha, ha!—but then, maybe an inside view would be a novelty, a sight of the getting ready part."

"I should enjoy that immensely," exclaimed Guy, and just then Michael appeared with the wagonette.

Guy held the horses while he sent him back to the house for his hat, and a few minutes later he entered the carriage with the quartet of circus people.

CHAPTER II.

A TEMPTING PROPOSAL.

"I WONDER how the fellow knew my name?" was the thought that occurred to Guy as they drove off.

Then his eye fell on Jerry Parker, a ne'er do well fellow from the neighboring village who had come up to find out the cause of the excitement.

"I dare say Jerry gave him the whole family history. Well, I suppose it doesn't matter much."

But it mattered a great deal as the sequel will show.

"Ah, excuse me, Mr. Lansing," began Snap, as the grays started off at a brisk trot. "Permit me to introduce my companions—Mademoiselle Beaurivage of slack wire celebrity; Madame Marvel, Queen of the Ring; and Mr. Bartholemew Peck, our talking clown."

Guy lifted his hat as the ladies' names were mentioned, but he at once discovered that they, as well as Mr. Peck, expected him to shake hands with them.

"What luxury!" exclaimed she of wire renown, sinking back among the soft carriage cushions. "I am very glad, Snap," she added, "that that horse ran into us. We would never have gone into Marchmont in such style otherwise."

"Yes, what a beautiful home you have Mr. Lansing," sighed Madame Marvel. "We poor slaves of the sawdust have no such thing at all."

Guy was rather embarrassed to know what reply to make to these remarks. He had at first wondered to hear both women speak without a particle of French accent, then he recollected that their names were of course assumed.

"Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders in his good natured way, "I've had a pretty slow time there the last two weeks."

Then he told about his having failed to pass his examination for Harvard, and how anxious his father was to have him enter college in the fall, which had resulted in his giving up a foreign trip with the family in order to stay at home and tutor all summer with a "coach."

"I'd just flung my Greek grammar across the room in disgust," he finished up, "when I caught sight of your elephants. I say, what fun you must have traveling about this way."

It never took Guy long to get acquainted. He was of a sociable nature, which was perhaps the reason he had not gone successfully through his examinations. The least thing called his mind away from his books.

"It isn't fun at all," replied the wire lady promptly. "You think so now, because you've never tried it, but a week's experience would satisfy you."

Guy shook his head. "I don't believe it would," he said. "You know all boys are fascinated by the circus, and I'm a boy yet if father does think I'm old enough for college. If I could only get the chance I'd prove to you that I really mean what I say."

"Then you would really like to join the circus?" put in Madame Marvel.

Snap, who had been talking earnestly with the clown, looked up on hearing this.

"What's that about joining the circus?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Lansing here says that he'd give a good deal to have the chance of traveling with our show for a week."

Guy was about to protest that the Queen of the Ring had not reported his words quite correctly, but reflected that it wasn't polite to contradict a lady. Besides, the matter was of no particular importance.

"Well, Mr. Lansing," responded Snap, "perhaps I can accommodate you. You've been very kind to us."

Guy laughed.

"It's all a joke, Mr. Snap," he said. "I couldn't do an act worth looking at in the ring. Then——"

But here the clown broke in with—

"Great Scott. Snap, I believe he's just the sort to do that turn with me I was speaking to you about the other day."

"Oh, the dude and the countryman?"

"Yes; and he's got the togs, I'll warrant."

Guy opened his eyes to their widest, and, but for his good breeding, his mouth would have followed suit. Was it possible that there was the slightest chance of his securing an opening with the show? Oh, what a lark it would be if only—— But why insert an "if"?

There was the telephone message from Jowett. He would be confined to his bed for a week at least, and——But Mr. Snap was saying something.

"If you would be willing to oblige us, Mr. Lansing, in consideration of your courtesy, which we are now experiencing, I would waive entirely the customary bonus, exacted from amateurs who desire an appearance with us. What do you say?"

"But I don't know what you want me to do; besides——"

"Nothing simpler in the world. Just to put on your best clothes, wear a chrysanthemum in your buttonhole, speak with a drawl a few lines Mr. Peck will give you, and then knock him out."

"But I couldn't possibly knock Mr. Peck out," laughed Guy. "He's a good deal bigger man than I am."

"Then it will surprise the audience all the more. Of course you may not really be able to 'do' him, but he's going to be 'done' all right. You can have a little rehearsal while the performance is going on that afternoon."

It was very tempting. To go off with the circus, was the thing above all that Guy had been wishing to do scarcely more than half an hour before. Here was his opportunity.

It was not only an opportunity, but a temptation. In his inmost heart he knew perfectly well that he ought not to entertain the idea for a single instant. The family would be inexpressibly shocked.

But what a "stunt" it would be to tell the fellows at college in the fall! That he had actually performed in a circus for a week, just for the fun of it! Why, it might save him from a hazing!

"Maybe you won't want me after the rehearsal," he said.

"Well, we'll wait till after the rehearsal to decide that," answered Snap, and then he resumed his conversation with the clown.

The carriage was rapidly drawing near Marchmont, and presently the tenting ground was reached. Guy arranged to have the team put up at the hotel, and gave Michael a ticket to the show.

Then he went back to the dressing room of the men performers, feeling very important as he displayed the scrap of paper on which Snap had written "Pass Bearer."

His illusions of the glitter of circus life were somewhat dispelled when he beheld the makeshift devices with which the "artists" had to put up in perfecting their toilets. But they were rehabilitated when the band in the big tent struck up a lively air from "Wang," and two young fellows in spangled tights ran out and were received by a salvo of handclapping.

The blood stirred in his veins, and the Greek grammar was as though it had never been.

Mr. Snap came for him presently and took him out to the curtained doorway leading into the ring. There he stood for a while and watched the performance; then, after the clown had finished one of his acts, he linked arms with Guy as he came out and bore him with him to the dressing tent.

Here he told in a concise manner just how the act he had in mind was to be done: that of a countryman who stumbles across a city dude and thinks he'll get the best of him, but is worsted every time. The dialogue was made up principally of jokes from the newspapers, and was not very difficult to commit.

"Now let's try the tussle," proposed Peck finally.

Three or four of the circus people stood by looking on, and, as the clown saw Guy glance toward them, he said,

"Oh, you needn't mind them. You might as well get used to an audience first as last. Now, are you ready?"

Guy had had a little practice in sparring, so he made a very good showing when put on the defensive, especially as Peck took pains to strike out in particularly awkward fashion.

"Capital!" he exclaimed, as he rose from the tumble he had taken as the denouement of the encounter. "We'll do it once again at my next wait for Snap's benefit."

Mr. Snap was equally well pleased, and the upshot of the matter was that Guy got his dinner at the hotel and stayed in Marchmont for the evening performance, driving home with Michael between ten and eleven o'clock with a contract in his pocket to appear for one week with the Olympian Circus without remuneration as Algernon Ten Broeck, the heavy swell.

"It'll be a dandy change for me," he reasoned, "and I'll come back to Jowett and my Greek conjugations with a mind cleared of all its cobwebs."

He had arranged to join the show on Saturday night at Greenvale. He was pretty certain that nobody there would know him, and the route after that carried them into a region where the Lansings had no acquaintances.

He said nothing of the plan at home. Even Michael was entirely ignorant of it. He merely told the housekeeper that on account of the professor's illness he was going away for a week and requested that she see he had a good supply of clean linen packed up.

CHAPTER III.

THE DIE IS CAST.

When Guy awoke the following morning and recollected his arrangement with the circus people, he thought it the most absurd thing he had ever done.

"Of course I won't go," he decided. "The idea of my acting in a circus ring!"

But by the time he had finished dressing, and had an opportunity to wonder what he would do with himself during the enforced holiday given him by his tutor's illness, the old longing for a dash of excitement in this dreary summer of study again took possession of him.

"And, then, I've told Mrs. Brown to pack my things. I must go somewhere. Besides, if I don't like it, I can leave the next day."

After breakfast he ordered his saddle horse and rode over to see Professor Jowett, but the poor man was too ill to receive him. When Guy got back he left word with the gardener to have flowers and fruit sent to his tutor each day of his absence.

"So you're goin' a bit pleasurin', Master Guy," said the Irishman. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. It's achin' my head was to see you bendin' over them books while the birds was a singin' and the roses smellin' their swatest."

Guy had just time to write a letter to his mother before setting out for the station. He felt a little guilty as he sealed it at the thought of not having said a word about going away. He was not the sort of boy who is in the habit of deceiving his parents.

"But long before this letter gets to Switzerland," he reasoned, "I'll be back home again, splitting my brain over those Greek verbs, and none the worse for my outing. So what's the good of worrying the mater over something that's utterly done for and out of the road?"

Guy was a little in doubt about the amount of money to take with him. His father had left him $200 in the dining room safe. He finally decided that fifty of this would be ample.

"I suppose I am to pay my own board at the hotels. I'm not sure about the railroad fares, but I'd better be on the safe side."

He told Mrs. Brown that he might be back on Monday, and that he might be gone a week. She looked mystified, and Guy knew that she thought it very strange he gave no hinting of where he was going.

"But really it's no concern of anybody in the house," he told himself. "If Aunt Harriet had been here, it would have been different."

So our young gentleman set out on the two o'clock train, feeling more important and independent than he ever had in his life before. Now that he was in for it he

determined to have a royally good time—make a shining bright spot in this summer he thought was going to be so dreary.

An odd feeling came over him, however, at sight of a paragraph in the paper he bought on the train. It was a cabled interview with his father in Geneva, giving Judge Lansing's views on the tariff bill which was just then occupying a good share of public attention.

The color deepened in Guy's cheeks as he wondered what the newspaper readers of America would think if they knew that Judge Lansing's only son was going off to play in a circus ring.

"But, pshaw, they need never know it. I don't believe Snap connected me with this Lansing, and even if he does, he'll have sense enough not to give it away."

He had scarcely arrived at this consoling conclusion, when he heard a familiar voice exclaim, "Yes, it *is* Guy. How do you do, my boy?"

Guy looked up, straight into the eyes of Dr. Wrayburn, the rector of the church the family attended in New York.

This was a little awkward, certainly, but then there was no reason for the doctor's knowing the object of his young parishioner's journey.

"I thought your father had locked you up at The Elms for a summer's study," began the reverend gentleman as he took the seat beside Guy for a friendly chat. Then, glancing at the item Guy had just been reading, he added laughingly, "But when the cat is as far away as Switzerland, the mice will play, and I don't know that I can blame them. 'All work,' you know, 'makes Jack a dull companion.' And where are you bound now?"

"Oh, I'm only going a few stations on. I'll probably be back Monday."

"To be sure, to visit the Carletons. I forgot their summer place was on this road. So you and Harry are great friends. A nice boy, Harry; a little obstinate in wanting his own way at times. I'm going up to Schroon, to preach for the Van Ordens. I suppose you have no message for Miss Jeanne?"

There was a twinkle in the reverend gentleman's eye as he put this question. Jeanne Van Orden was one of the prettiest girls in his flock; he had met Guy walking with her on the avenue enough times to have the fact impressed on his memory, crowded as the latter must be with far more important matter.

Guy was really blushing now, but as much with confusion as from the linking of his name with Miss Jeanne's. He had allowed the doctor to suppose he was going to the Carletons', which fact he would doubtless impart to Jeanne, and she in turn would speak of it to Harry, with whom she was great friends.

Guy and Harry had had a falling out in the spring, and were scarcely on speaking terms. Harry would think it very strange that Guy allowed it to be supposed he was coming to visit him.

It wasn't too late to say he was not going to the Carletons', and Guy was about to do so, when an important looking personage, none other, in fact, than the Bishop of Vermont, came up and carried off Dr. Wrayburn into the next car.

"Well," mused Guy, with a sigh, "ten to one he'll forget all about having met me."

The train reached Greenvale at five o'clock. Guy stepped into the omnibus of the Liberty House, which he picked out as the neatest of the three rickety looking vehicles backed up against the station platform.

On the way to the hotel the problem of registering suddenly presented itself to him.

"There was that magazine article printed about the pater in the spring. My name was given in it as the sole hopeful in the male line. There's no knowing but somebody even in this forsaken town may catch on to the identity, and then there'll be a nice sensational article for the Sunday papers: 'A Sawdust Son; Judge Lansing's Boy Gone Wrong.' Well, there are drawbacks to being the heir to a name which your father has made distinguished."

Then he recollected that he ought to have an assumed name for the circus, any way, so he put on his thinking cap, and when the omnibus landed its solitary passenger at the Liberty House, he wrote out "Charles Hanway" in the register without an instant's hesitation.

He got his supper as soon as he could and then, his costume in a dress suit case, he walked to the circus grounds, which he found were not far away.

Already his heart was beginning to beat tumultuously at thought of his first appearance in public on the sawdust.

"What if there should be somebody in the audience who recognizes me? But pshaw, the horrible consequences that would result will be my salvation; they'd think Guy Lansing would never do such a thing; that it was only a chance resemblance."

He found Mr. Snap up to his ears in work, but that astute manager found time to greet him most cordially.

"Of course I don't want any one to know who I am," Guy informed him. "My name for the time I am here will be Charles Hanway."

"Good; I meant to remind you to choose a handle for ring use. I was afraid you might go back on us. I'm mighty glad you came. Can't stop any longer now. Here, Bert, take Mr. Hanway to the dressing tent, and fix him up."

"Bert" was one of the young acrobats in a spangled suit to whom Guy had been especially attracted the previous afternoon. But he was not particularly impressed by the people he found, nor the

the talk he heard, in the dressing tent. Decidedly, he was out of his element.

Presently, however, Peck, the clown, came in and they went through their scene together in a corner, doing it so well that Bert softly applauded.

"We're going on the turn after this," Peck told him, and Guy's throat at once began to grow parched.

He went with Bert to stand near the entrance alley and then, five minutes later, he heard the ring master announce,

'Ladies and gentlemen, we next introduce to you a special feature never before produced in any ring. This is the great act devised and carried out by our accomplished clown, Mr. Bartholomew Peck, assisted by Mr. Charles Hanway, the Fifth Avenue dude, the real article, imported at great expense direct from the metropolis."

By this time Guy's knees were knocking together, while as to his mind, this was continually reminding him that he had made an awful fool of himself.

But it was too late to back out now. Bert had added the last touches to the rouge on his face. It would seem a pity to have submitted to being daubed up in this way for nothing.

And here was Peck, attired like a hayseed, tugging at his arm and crying,

"Come on, they're waiting for us."

So, feeling as though he were going to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, Guy obeyed.

CHAPTER IV.

A CRISIS.

Of course Guy had been present at hundreds of assemblages composed of more people then were gathered in that circus tent, but as he went striding into the ring, with arms bent at the approved angle, thick stick held head downward, and single eyeglass in its place, it seemed to him that only the coliseum of ancient Rome could have held a like number of spectators.

There was no applause. The audience was going to wait first, to see what he could do. But there was a round of handclapping for the clown, when he made his appearance as the countryman.

Guy's first cue was the latter's halting to stoop to tie his shoe, when the dude was to stumble against him. Then they were to glare at each other for an instant, after which the exchange of repartee was to begin.

Well, everything went according to program until the clown began to glare at our young amateur. Then, instead of exclaiming, "Well, what monkey cage did you break out of?" he continued to stare at Guy without a word, but with a sort of stony glassiness in his eye that convinced its victim it was not all assumed.

The spectators were laughing, thinking the countryman was only taking a good long time in which to think of an epithet strong enough to express his contempt for a male fashion plate.

Suddenly the clown, still holding him at arm's length, whispered between his set teeth,

"Go, take off that necktie. Get anything else to wear but that."

What could the man mean? Guy had flattered himself that his tie was a thing of beauty for the part—a big black one with small yellow polka dots, fashioned into the largest bow he could manufacture.

But there was nothing for it but to obey the clown, who now gave him a shove, as though to thrust the dude away from him in supreme disgust. Guy had enough presence of mind to keep up his inane walk until he disappeared behind the curtain.

Then he rushed up to Bert with the exclamation,

"For pity's sake, tell me what's the matter with my necktie. Peck told me to come in and change it as though the fate of the nation hung on the act. What on earth's the matter with the man? He hasn't been drinking, has he?"

"No wonder he sent you out."

Bert grasped the end of the offending scarf and had it off in a jiffy.

"I suppose he'll have it in for me because I didn't notice it before," he added.

"But what's the matter with the thing?" demanded Guy, now completely mystified.

"*That's* the matter," replied Bert, pointing to one of the polka dots. "Didn't you know that a circus performer can't wear the color yellow? It is dead certain to queer the whole show."

"Oh!" exclaimed Guy, his mind going back to the clown's words the previous afternoon just after the accident, and to the question he had wanted to ask, but didn't.

At this moment the sound of applause came floating in from the ring, and then Snap appeared.

"For heaven's sake, Lansing," he demanded, "what's up? Why are you not in the ring? Here's Peck reduced to getting laughs with some of the stalest chestnuts in his stock."

Bert explained the trouble in two words and dashed off to his trunk, from which he extracted the rather frayed cravat he wore with his ordinary clothes.

"Here, you can't stop for anything else," he said, as he tied it on Guy with a rush.

"Now go out just as if you hadn't been there before," directed Snap, giving him a shove towards the ring, and adding in an undertone some words about the stupidity of boys, that nettled the Lansing pride.

For half a second Guy was minded to turn around and walk off, but then the thought of the story to tell at college he would lose occurred to him. Besides, he hated to think he had undertaken some-

thing he couldn't carry through. So once more assuming the "Willie boy" attitude, he emerged upon the sawdust.

He didn't know whether he was to begin all over again by tumbling against the countryman or not, but Peck soon relieved his mind by starting the dialogue at a point which gave Guy his cue at once.

Matters went on swimmingly now. Guy had just been sufficiently placed on his mettle by the remarks he had overheard Snap make, to cause his nervousness to disappear and put in its stead a determination to do his best for this first and last time he would ever appear in the ring.

For he was now fully resolved that he would quit the circus as soon as he was through with his act. It was an inane freak; but it wouldn't be a bad leaf to have in his experiences.

Frequent applause interrupted his colloquy with Peck, and when he rolled the countryman over in the sawdust, the spectators fairly yelled themselves hoarse with delight. Three times they were compelled to come back into the ring and bow their acknowledgments.

"Capital, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Snap, patting Guy on the shoulder. "You hit them in the right spot, sure enough."

"I'm glad you liked it," replied Guy coldly.

He wondered why this man's coarseness of speech had not struck him before.

"You were superb," cried Mademoiselle Beaurivage, smiling sweetly on him through her paint. "I am sure all the girls will be in love with you."

"Ah, yes, you have youth," sighed Madame Marvel.

She came up and patted Guy on the cheek.

If she had struck him he could not have been more amazed. She was dressed for the ring, in a gauzy white skirt that stood out around her like a balloon cut in half. Her eyelids were black with make up grease; her finger nails, alas, also of the same color.

An intense disgust for the whole place came over the boy.

"I did my best," he muttered, and then moved away to go into the dressing tent.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Bert, as he received back his necktie. "I hear you made a ten strike."

"Well, I'm satisfied," returned Guy. "That reminds me, I ought to have told Mademoiselle Beaurivage that I crawl. She said a week would be enough to disgust me. I said no, but now I knuckle under after one night's experience."

"Why, what's wrong?" exclaimed the acrobat. "I thought you were wild to come with us."

"Oh, not exactly wild. I thought the experiment would be fun. I've had all the fun I want out of it, and now I'm ready to quit."

As he spoke Guy moved off to the spot where his valise stood, and began taking off his clothes. He had just exchanged suits when Mr. Snap came in.

It was evident from his manner that he was laboring under strong excitement.

"What's this I hear, Lansing," he exclaimed, "about your quitting the show tonight?"

"I think I've had enough, Mr. Snap," answered Guy. "You know I only went into this thing for a lark."

"But you have made a success and—and I dismissed a good man to make room for you. You will put me in a hole if you do not stay."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Snap, but I do not think I ought to stay. My family would be greatly displeased if they knew about it, and——"

"But you have signed a contract to appear with us for one week," interposed Snap.

"There was no consideration named in that contract, Mr. Snap," rejoined Guy, with a smile. "I know enough about law to be certain that you cannot hold me to such a paper."

"Yes, you ought to know a good deal about law," retorted Snap, with a sneer whose meaning Guy did not at first catch. But the next sentence enlightened him. "Your father is an adept at it."

The circus man knew, then, all about his connection with the man whose name had been in all the papers for months past as a prominent candidate for the Presidency the coming autumn. This was a decidedly unwelcome piece of news.

"I am surprised, Mr. Snap," he said, in his most conciliatory tone, "that you take the matter in this way. Surely you do not wish me to feel that I am of so much importance to your show that I can demand and get a big salary for the work I agreed to stay with you for nothing. Suppose I should say I would remain if you would pay me one hundred dollars a week?"

"I would refuse to give it because I believe I can keep you without."

Guy grew angry at this.

"Mr. Snap," he said, "slavery is no longer tolerated in this country. I think you are mistaken in stating that you can keep me if I refuse to stay."

He turned to pick up his valise, for he was all ready to depart.

"And I say I am not mistaken, Mr. Guy Lansing. I think you would prefer that the part you have taken in tonight's performance be kept secret from the public press. It would scarcely be a pleasing addition to your father's record, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

Guy put the question, not because he was ignorant of the implied threat in the other's words, but because he wished to gain time in which to think up a way out of the dilemma into which his own impulsive nature had carried him.

But, think hard as he could, Mr. Snap appeared to be master of the situation.

CHAPTER V.

GUY WRITES A LETTER AND MAKES A PRETTY SPEECH.

"Look here, Lansing," went on Snap, "take a sensible view of this matter. I'll pay you a salary, if you like: give you ten dollars for the week. But you see I depended on you when you seemed so anxious to come."

"But I do not like that threat you made, Mr. Snap," answered Guy. "It sounds too unpleasantly like blackmail."

The circus man shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the only method I have of keeping you to your word. Money is no object with such as you."

"If I stay, then, you agree to keep my identity a secret, and not to expose it even after the week is up?"

"You have my word for that."

"I prefer to have it in your writing," returned Guy.

"As you please. Come out to the ticket wagon."

Was ever a fellow placed in such a peculiar predicament, was Guy's thought, as picking up his valise he followed Snap through the crowd that ebbed and flowed in and out of the side shows? Here he was compelled to do a thing he had gone against his better judgment to get into, and which he now detested.

"Well," he philosophized, endeavoring to console himself in the usual way, "it will make all the droller story to tell at Harvard. Of course I can trust the fellows with it. By George, I wonder if I can't get Gordon to keep me company!"

Gordon Maynard was Guy's chosen chum. If he could only have invited him to The Elms for the summer he would have been quite reconciled to devoting the hot weather to study. But Judge Lansing knew very well that in that case there would have been no studying done, so "no company" was one of his parting injunctions to his son.

Gordon was now at Newport with the family.

"He'd join me in a minute and keep mum as an oyster," Guy reflected. "I'll get off a letter to him tonight."

Misery loves company, and now that Guy had thought of this scheme he no longer felt miserable. In his eagerness to get back to the hotel and write his letter, he even let Mr. Snap off on making out the written agreement.

"You can give it to me Monday," he said.

"Very good," was the reply. "I have no fears but you will be on hand at Middleton, in time for the afternoon performance. You will not forget the alternative."

In spite of the anticipated pleasure of having Gordon with him, Guy did not feel comfortable in his mind as he wended his way back to the Liberty House.

"I might just as well be a prisoner and have done with it," he told himself. "What an idiot I was to get myself into such a muss! What if I skip now and let Snap do his worst? Father is a good long distance off and the thing would probably be forgotten before he gets back."

Guy slowed down in his walk while he pondered the matter.

"But people would remember it quick enough as soon as they saw me," he continued. "And there's Dr. Wrayburn. Whew! he'd declare I'd led him to suppose I was going to the Carletons'. No, I can stick the week out with Gordon to brace me up, and we two'll have a secret that will make us chummier than ever."

When he reached the hotel Guy went into the reading room and began his letter at once. This is what he wrote:

DEAR GORDON:

I'm in the queerest scrape you ever heard of. I don t dare put down just what it is, for fear somebody else may get hold of this letter. But it isn t anything criminal; some people might think it fun. I don't Jowett is down sick, for a week, and I'm free from study for that time. But that's all I'm free from. I want you to come on and throw the sunshine of your presence on my days of gloom.

Let me see, you ought to get this Tuesday morning. If you leave Newport that night you can reach me at Westwater the next day. Go to the post office and ask for a letter. I ll leave one there for you giving my address. Don't fail me, but if you can't possibly get away that day, telegraph me to Westwater, addressing it "Charles Hanbury."

Now, keep mum. I'll tell you all when we meet. I've been a fool, I suppose, but the thing, as I said, isn't really so very terrible; only if it should get into the papers, it might queer the pater, that's all.

In the hope of seeing you on Wednesday, as ever yours GUY.

The writer heaved a sigh of relief as he directed, sealed, and dropped this letter in the box. He went to bed and slept much better than he had expected to, in spite of a lumpy mattress and a musty odor in the room that would have kept his mother's eyes open all night long.

He made up his mind not to go on to Middleton till Monday morning. He did not know what the plans of the circus people were, nor did he care.

But he soon found that time was going to hang heavy on his hands. He had brought nothing with him to read, and what few people there were in the hotel were deadly uninteresting. Besides, he felt that he must be cautious about making acquaintances.

The ringing of a church bell at half past ten reminded him that it was Sunday, and he decided to attend service. The Episcopal church to which the clerk directed him was a pretty little building, scantily attended.

Guy selected a pew near the door, not

far from a young girl in a white muslin gown tied with a pink ribbon. There was no one behind them, and a considerable gap of empty seats in front.

The rector was half through his sermon when Guy noticed the girl swaying sideways. A glimpse of her face showed him that it was white as chalk.

He stepped lightly around to her side and asked if he could give her his arm to the door.

She smiled the ghost of a smile in answer and took it.

"I would have fainted in another minute if I had stayed in there," she said, when they reached the porch. "It was dreadfully hot."

"Indeed it was," assented Guy, who was briskly fanning her with his straw hat. "Do you feel quite recovered now?"

"Yes, the faintness has all gone, but I do not think I will venture back. I do not wish to keep you, though; I am very much obliged. I really could not have come out by myself. I had better go home."

She took a step and put her hand against a tree to steady herself.

"Oh, let me go with you," exclaimed Guy. "Here, take my arm again. You are really not able to walk alone."

"I feel like an old lady," she returned, with another of those faint smiles. But there was a certain charm about them that made Guy very glad indeed when she accepted his offer.

"It isn't very near," she added when they had passed out through the gateway; "almost at the other end of the town. Perhaps you will repent."

"No, indeed, I shan't. I'd be sorry if you lived only next door."

"What a pretty speech!" A little color stole into the girl's pale cheeks. "And yet you don't look like—like one who often makes them."

It was Guy's turn to redden now.

"No, I don't," he admitted frankly. "My sisters tell me that I'm a horribly frank sort."

"I wish I had a sister—or brother," the girl replied, with a little sigh. "But I'm the only one. Have you ever been to our church before?"

"No. I never was in Greenvale till yesterday. Have you lived here a long time?"

"I was born here."

"Then of course it wouldn't be polite for me to ask how many years you have been here."

"Yes, it would—just one," and into the girl's eyes came a brief twinkle of mischief. "I was in Brooklyn all the rest of the time," she added.

"Oh, are you from Brooklyn?" exclaimed Guy. "Do you know the Schermerhorns or the Dodds?"

"I used to go to school with Nellie Dodd. My, what a smart girl she was!"

"Yes, and what an awful tease. About the first thing I can remember is her calling me 'sissy' because I had long yellow curls. I made mother cut them off the next day, though."

His companion looked round at him and laughed.

"I cannot possibly imagine you with long yellow curls," she said.

"No; I should hope you couldn't," and Guy was about to say more about the Dodd family when he suddenly recollected that he was treading on dangerous ground. The next thing he knew this young lady would be finding out who he was.

He decided it was wise to change the subject and asked the first question that came into his head.

"I suppose you went to the circus yesterday?"

"No, I didn't. I think circuses are bores, don't you?"

"Oh, fearful," replied Guy, feeling as if he had been suddenly plunged into a Turkish bath.

"The horses are rather interesting," the young lady went on; "but all the rest is nothing more than a cheap variety show."

"Worse and more of it," thought poor Guy, wishing now he had kept to the Dodds.

"Greenvale is a very pretty place," he said, trying a new tack. "So many nice trees."

"I don't like it one bit, and I think the trees make it gloomy. But here we are. You see, it wasn't so far, after all. I was only trying to frighten you. Won't you come in?"

CHAPTER VI.

SHARED BETWEEN GREENVALE AND NEWPORT.

Guy did not accept his companion's invitation. He saw that she was quite recovered from her faintness, and felt that she had asked him to come in as a mere matter of form.

He thanked her, raised his hat, and walked back to the Liberty House.

"I'm going over to Brooklyn the first thing in the fall," he decided, "to see Nellie Dodd and find out from her who that girl is. She's just the sort I like; no nonsense about her. I wish I had dared accept her invitation. I might have been asked to stay to dinner. But of course it wouldn't have done, either from her side or mine. And now what am I going to do with myself this afternoon?"

Guy asked himself this question so many times between dinner and three o'clock that at last, in sheer desperation, he put on his hat and started out for an aimless walk, something he was never known to do before.

But perhaps the walk wasn't so aimless after all. At any rate, there was no hesitation about choosing the direction in which it should lead him. He remembered, in fact, that a hammock was swung between

two elm trees within speaking distance of the fence in front of a certain house near the other end of the town. It would give him an object in life to stroll by and see if it were still unoccupied.

No, he could make out while still some distance off that a gray gown was swaying slowly back and forth within its meshes.

"She has changed her dress. I wish I dared speak to her. I'm having a horribly stupid time entertaining myself."

But it looked as he drew closer as though the young lady were asleep. Her large straw hat, with its wreath of flowers, which Guy had thought so becoming that morning, lay over her face to screen it from a stray sunbeam or two, which sifted down between the leaves.

As he gazed on this somnolent spectacle the spirit of mischief entered into and took possession of the young man's soul.

"If I only knew her a little better," he lamented.

By placing the toe of one of his sharp pointed russets between the fence palings, and reaching over, he could just touch the hammock rope. How tempting to a fellow whose boyhood was so close behind him as was Guy Lansing's, to give that rope a little jerk!

Of course, under the circumstances he wouldn't do it. It would be eminently unfitting.

But he halted, nevertheless, close to one of the elm trees on the other side of the fence. Then he looked quickly up and down the street.

Not a soul in sight in either direction. Evidently all Greenvale was taking its Sunday afternoon siesta as this fair daughter was doing.

"It will at least be safe to stretch out and touch the rope and tell Gordon what I might have done," Guy thought.

The next instant his toe was between the fence paling, his fingers on the hammock cord.

"Aha, I've caught you, sir."

There was a smothered laugh, and as Guy, crimson, dropped back to terra firma, there was the young lady he had supposed to be in the hammock speeding across the lawn towards him.

Her face was suffused with a merriment that made her more bewitching than ever under her tam o' shanter.

"What were you trying to do?" she demanded, in assumed fierceness, coming up to the fence. "Startle poor grandma out of her nap?"

"Grandma?" was all Guy could repeat. "Why, I—thought it was you."

"And you have the gracelessness to admit it when I found you about to play such a trick. Oh, dear, I almost wish I hadn't stopped you. It would have been great fun to see the expression of your face when you beheld who it was you had roused up."

"I give you my word, I wasn't going to do a thing," Guy began. "I was only just ——"

"Why, Nina, whom are you talking to, my dear?"

The head under Nina's pretty sun hat was raised, and a kindly face, framed in becoming gray hair, was turned toward Guy's.

"Oh, this is the young gentleman I told you about, grandma, who was so kind to me in church this morning. Mr.——"

Nina stopped and looked at Guy imploringly.

"Charles Hanway," he said with a bow.

For one second he congratulated himself on his presence of mind in remembering to use this name; the next he despised himself for the deception. But it was too late to mend the matter now.

"How do you do, sir?" said the old lady. "Won't you come in and let me shake hands with you? You were very polite to my little girl, and now I see you are nothing but a boy, I think we may as well get better acquainted."

"Oh, grandma," exclaimed Nina.

But Guy didn't in the least mind being called a boy. It put him at his ease at once, and he regretted more deeply than ever having given his assumed name.

He vaulted the fence, and five minutes later was chatting away as comfortably with Mrs. Melton and her granddaughter as though he had been presented to them in due and regular course.

But the comfortable feeling only lasted as long as generalities were the theme—such as various methods of passing Sunday afternoons, experiences in hammocks, and the like.

"Nina tells me you are a friend of the Dodds?" Mrs. Melton observed presently. "I think I never heard them mention your name. Hanbury, I believe, you said it was?"

"No, Hanway, grandma," corrected Nina.

Guy cast his eyes to the ground and pretended to be very much absorbed in an ant hill at the base of one of the elm trees.

"Oh, it was a long time ago," he said, rather lamely. "I dare say they have forgotten me. We moved away from Brooklyn in '87. By the way, did you ever wonder why ants don't stop work on Sundays as we do?"

Grandma looked grave as she answered, "The Sabbath was made for man, as the Scriptures expressly state. I am glad to hear you went to church this morning, Mr. Hanway. When young men are away in the summer they are apt not to do that."

"I am especially glad I went this morning," replied Guy gallantly, and so he managed to steer the talk around again to less embarrassing channels.

His call lasted until five o'clock, and when he went away he felt that he had had a most enjoyable afternoon. After

his excitement of the previous evening he was ready to go to bed early, so the evening was easily disposed of.

He took the 9:10 train the next morning for Middleton, and arrived there at eleven. He did not leave the hotel for the circus grounds until half past one, giving himself time to eat his dinner comfortably.

Snap met him very cordially, but Guy held no conversation with him. His whole mind was now centered on Gordon's joining him on Wednesday.

He went through his part with Peck with as much success as in Greenvale, and this time his knees did not knock together. He dressed and hurried back to the hotel as soon as he could, giving short answers even to Bert, who sought to draw him out as to whether his opinion of circus life still remained as it had been on Saturday.

So Monday and Tuesday went by, but before we pass to the events of Wednesday at Westwater, I must ask the reader to look in on the Maynard household at Newport.

When Guy's letter arrived Tuesday morning, it found a recipient who could not read it. Gordon, experimenting with an ante Fourth of July salute, had temporarily blinded himself with gunpowder.

His older sister brought him his mail, and asked if she should read it to him.

"Yes," replied Gordon; "where are the letters from?"

"One from Phil; it's only a postal card, which says he saw the account of your accident in the *Tribune* and that it serves you right for being so previous."

"Just like Phil; I suppose he'll send a book with raised letters by next mail to make up for his apparent heartlessness. Who's the other letter from?"

"It is Guy's writing, but the postmark is Greenvale, as near as I can make it out. What do you suppose he is doing there? I thought he was booked at home for all summer, studying."

"Well, if you only'll read the letter, Sue, we'll find out. That is just like a girl: to sit there fiddling an envelope about in her hands for half an hour, wondering what's inside it, when all she's got to do is to break the seal and look."

"Don't be cross, brother, or I won't read it at all—mercy, just listen to this."

Almost breathlessly Guy's letter was read aloud to the end. Then,

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Gordon. "I don't know as you ought to have seen it, Sue."

"But I had to, or you wouldn't have known a thing about it yourself."

"What do you suppose the fellow has done? Hang these bandages, any way! Of course I can't go to him tonight."

"Of course you can't, nor for several nights, but you must write, or I must write for you."

"But he may not like to think you know about it."

"It is better to risk that than to have him not hear from you at all"

"We might telegraph."

"No, you can't say enough, and now that you are not going he will expect you to say a good deal. Oh, Gordon, do you know what I believe?"

Miss Sue snatched up the sheet again, then threw it down with the exclamation,

"Yes, I am sure of it. Oh, how could he do such a thing!"

"What thing? What on earth do you mean, Sue?"

Gordon's sister leaned over and whispered something in her brother's ear which would have made him open his eyes to their utmost limits if they had not been bandaged tight shut.

"It can't be possible," he cried.

"It must be; there's nothing else it can be. You are his friend, and must stand by him. Now I'll help you with your answer."

Thus it came to pass that when Guy went to the post office in Westwater on Wednesday, he received a letter that produced in him the most extraordinary sensation he had ever experienced.

(*To be continued.*)

SUPPLANTED.

Oh, where's the girl of long ago, with unaffected grace,
Whose wealth of simple loveliness the poets joyed to trace?
Alas—we are constructed on an economic plan—
"'Tis the age of special uses," says the scientific man.

So now it's Trilby's foot that's called a wonder of delight,
Or a shoulder shown by Katisha that dazzles mortal sight;
A tooth, a hand, a finger nail, is all we care about,
And the dear all 'round good looking girl is left completely out.

—*Washington Star.*

A DIFFICULT CAPTURE.

By Forrest Crissey.

DURING my second year in America, I was engaged by a company of men from California to lead an expedition into the Kootenai mountains, British Columbia, for the purpose of securing some live mountain goats, to breed with Angoras.

None of these animals had ever been taken alive before, and I was determined not to return without at least a pair of them. It was something worth working for, to be the first hunter to capture a pair of these wildest and rarest animals of the Rockies.

I chose for my assistants a young Seauteaux and a Kootenai Indian. They were both famous hunters in their tribes, and knew the Kootenai country better than I did myself.

They declared that the barren region above the timber line of the Kootenai range was the place where the mountain goats were to be most plentifully found, and that they could take me at once to where there would be no difficulty in shooting them; but how to take them alive, that was the question.

At first it seemed as though some sort of a trap could be constructed, but the great difficulty of getting any but the scantiest baggage up the densely timbered slopes caused us to abandon the idea and put all our hopes on the use of our dogs and lariats.

It was a fearful task to cut our way through the thick underbrush, and almost drag our shaganappy ponies up the steep sides of the range.

It seemed as though we could drop a stone from the spot where we rested at night down upon the site of the camp which we had broken up the morning before.

But at last we hacked our way through the firs and had a clear coast to far above the clouds. In the plateaus of the ridge were many pools, too small to be called lakes, and on one of these we encamped.

The first thing to do was to learn the lay of the land, to find just where every path led to, and the exact location of each cliff and precipice. We must find some path along the edge of the cliff which either ended abruptly against the mountain side or faced the edge of a descent too high for the goats to leap over.

Our plan was to have the dogs force a flock of the goats into a corner of this kind and hold them at bay, while from a position above we could drop our lariats down upon them. It was our first day in camp; the Seauteaux was busy about the tent, and the Kootenai had set out to explore the lower portion of the range, so I determined to go in the opposite direction.

A hunter gets used to expecting the unexpected, and so I fastened my lariat at my belt and allowed the entire pack of dogs to follow at my heels. I had not gone more than a mile up the ravine, when the sight of a small, whitish lump on the side of one of the highest ridges caught my attention. For a few moments it remained perfectly motionless, then disappeared. Satisfied that it was a big old male, who had been doing sentinel duty for his flock, I decided to try my luck at once, and gave chase.

After a lively scramble, I found myself on the narrow shelving path which circles the cliff. The dogs were there before me, tumbling and whining for the word which should start the chase. I scolded and threatened them into lying quietly down on the hard beaten trail of the goats. Then I pushed on up the slope until I gained the crest of the ridge.

It was the most magnificent view I ever saw in my life. From the general formation of the ridge, and the occasional views I could get of the path below me, I was satisfied that it came to an abrupt end against a buttress of rock that rose sheer from the bottom to the top of the spur. If this was the case, the dogs would have no trouble in driving the goats into close quarters from which they could only escape by butting the dogs over. But the great question was whether my lariat was long enough to reach from my elevation down to that upon which the goats were located.

I called down to the dogs, and they were off on the trail in an instant. It would have been hard work to have picked my way carefully along the ragged crest of the ridge; but to rush along at the headlong speed which I was obliged to keep up in order to reach the end by the time the dogs should bring the goats to bay, was the hardest job I ever undertook, and had I lost my head and become dizzy from glancing down the declivity on either side, or made a single misstep, it would have been the end of me. But the only sensation of which I was conscious, was that of intense excitement and exhilaration.

A sudden change in the cadence of the hounds' baying told me that they had come in sight of the game and that the chase had now begun in good earnest. This added a fresh inspiration, and I dashed forward at increased speed. Before I reached the portion of the ridge overhanging the end of the goats' retreat the prolonged howl of the hounds indicated that they had brought their victims to a stand.

On reaching the end of the cliff, I found things in better shape than I had expected, so far as a view of the contestants was concerned. They were in plain view almost directly below me.

For a few rods the declivity was slanted slightly outward, then fell almost perpendicularly to the narrow terrace upon which the dogs and a couple of male goats were facing each other with savagely glaring eyes.

This was the moment of my opportunity, and I twirled the lariat about my head and shot the noose downward. My aim was true, and I held my breath, ready to leap backward from my perilous position on the edge of the cliff as soon as the loop should encircle the head of the largest ram. Imagine my anger and exasperation when my lariat uncoiled its full length, and came to a sudden stop not three feet from the brute's head. To say that I was desperately furious would not begin to express my feelings.

Instantly I began to search myself for something with which to lengthen out my lariat, and was on the point of taking off my leggins, to cut them into strips, when the old ram made a fierce lunge at the most aggressive dog, and sent him flying over the precipice. The terrified and quavering howl of the hound, as he went careening down, sometimes knocking against the cliff and again falling sheer in mid air, made me shiver. But this sensation was soon lost in wondering how long the other dogs would be able to stand their ground against such combatants as the goats had begun to prove themselves to be.

Almost the next instant the other ram sent another hound sprawling upon the rock. I realized that something must be done immediately or my game would vanquish their assailants and retreat, with the swiftness of the wind, along the path by which they had come.

Like an inspiration came the thought that I could loop the center of my lariat over a large sharp rock which arose just behind me, and by letting the two loose ends hang down convert it into a double strand rope which would reach nearly half way down to the game, and which, by pulling on one end only, I could draw down after me.

Scanning the face of the descent I discovered a slight break or projection which might furnish a foothold. There was no time for deliberation, and I unhesitatingly determined to chance the desperate experiment. Doubling my lariat in the center, I tossed the loop over the rock, knotted the ends securely together, and began to slip slowly down toward the narrow shelf. It was a dizzy operation, and one that I never cared to repeat.

At first my head whirled; but this feeling quickly gave way to the most powerful inclination to relax my hold upon the rope. The terrible fascination of the thought was almost irresistible, and I could only overcome it by deliberately forcing myself to think of the game. But at last my feet touched the rock. For a moment I rested only a portion of my weight.

My only safe plan in handling the goat lay in catching him about the legs in such a way that I could overturn him and render violent resistance impossible. To this end I lowered the noose slowly and carefully until it lay in an open coil on the rock in front of the ram, and then waited for him to walk into the trap.

For some moments he eyed the snarling dogs. Then his rage seemed to grow insupportable, and he took two nervous steps forward. Instantly I gave all my strength to a quick upward haul of the lariat, bracing myself against the wall of rock.

From the feeling of my rope, I could tell that my dangerous experiment had at least proven successful in overturning the animal. The grip of the noose upon the forelegs of the ram was evidently secure, and I expected that as soon as he partially recovered from the surprise of finding himself upon his back he would begin to struggle desperately for freedom. More than that, I feared that the dogs would take advantage of his defenseless condition and pounce upon him.

I was not disappointed in the thought that he would give me trouble; but the ease with which I was able to control him and hold him upon his back, surprised me. By calling loudly to the dogs I managed to keep them from attacking him. Gradually I gained confidence enough to advance, keeping my rope still taut, toward the edge of my shelf where I could see over again. Both assailants and assailed still held the same position of defiant indecision.

Not until then did I realize the extent of my foolhardiness! There I was—sticking almost like a fly to the top of the cliff—without the possibility of getting up or down unless some one should come to my aid.

My only hope of summoning the Indians at the camp lay in the intelligence of my favorite hound. Contriving to rub my cap off my head onto the rock, I poked it carefully over the edge with my toe, and then called loudly to the animal to take it to Bald Eagle. For a moment he whined and looked wistfully at the ram, but as I repeated the command he picked up the cap and started on the back trail.

In less than half an hour I heard Bald Eagle's familiar call. When he came with-

in talking distance I explained my predicament, and directed him to climb to the top of the ridge and follow out to its end. He soon called down from above me, and lowered the end of his lariat to where I could grasp it with one hand, holding fast with my other hand to that which bound my captive.

I tied the lariats together as best I could, and Bald Eagle fastened his about the rock. This left nearly half the length of his lasso free to be used in elevating me from my perch. This was even a more frightful experience than the descent had been, and when I at last gained the top of the ridge and stood beside Bald Eagle, my limbs were trembling with the strain and exhaustion.

We descended by the path over which I had come, to the terrace below, and I returned to the camp to fetch Young Thunder and more lariats, while Bald Eagle went forward around the cliff to reinforce the faithful dogs.

I found Young Thunder at the tent and we were soon back again at the brow of the cliff. Our first move was to splice our lariats so that they could be operated from where we stood, instead of from the dangerous shelf to which I had been obliged to lower myself before. It was the work of only a few minutes to get a noose over the head of the other ram and also to secure a couple of the females.

As we had no more lariats I allowed Bald Eagle to shoot the remaining females. We had a great struggle to bind the animals which we had taken, but at last it was accomplished. Hauling them around the cliff by the narrow path was an equally difficult task. However it was finally accomplished and they lived to be delivered, with others which we subsequently captured, to the owners of the expedition.

A THANKFUL SOUL.

I TAKE life jest as I find it;
If it's hot I never mind it:
Hunt around for shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin'—why, I go
Jest a-skimmin' crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter—summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all.

Folks say this world's full o' strife;
That jest 'livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it He
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throwed in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light
Sun by day an' stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint,
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always finding fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it—
Hot or cold, I never mind it;
If it's a sunshiny day
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter—summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

FAMOUS INVENTORS.

The men who have indissolubly linked their names with great achievements in science —How these world's benefactors persevered through obstacles to success.

By Phillips McClure.

A BOY sitting in a cathedral and watching a lamp swinging back and forth, was a commonplace enough sight in Pisa, three hundred years ago. But about that time young Galileo was seeing the beginnings of pendulum clocks and of that study of astronomy which revealed to us the fact that the earth went around the sun instead of the sun going around the earth; which also gave us the theory that the moon was not in itself a luminous body, but one which shone by reflected light from the sun; and finally evolved the telescope.

Galileo belonged to a noble Florentine family, which was noted more for its ancient name and brilliant intellect than money. The young Galileo was educated for a medical man, but he became so intent upon mathematical studies, and was so encouraged in them by Riccio, the mathematician, that his father finally allowed him to put away his drugs and bones, and devote himself to the more abstruse science.

On that day when he saw the lamp swinging, its regularity of motion attracted his attention, and he measured these motions by his own pulse beats. Then he began to reason that if the beats were so regular they might be used to measure time.

In his mind there took shape that plan upon which our pendulum clocks are made, and he set about constructing one.

In 1589, the story of Galileo's great learning reached the Duke of Tuscany, and this enlightened prince had him made professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa. Here Galileo turned his attention to the study of falling bodies.

Almost any day the grave professor might have been seen on the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, throwing down various articles, while some one below registered the time of their arrival on the earth.

From these discoveries he formulated the laws governing the velocity of falling bodies.

Although the theory that the earth revolved about the sun was not entirely original with Galileo, he was the man who may have been said to have proved it. He invented the telescope and carried on his researches in astonomy by means of this new instrument.

He discovered the solar spots and showed that by their changes they proved that we moved around the sun, obtaining new views of it.

At first all sorts of honors were heaped upon Galileo, but at one time he had offended a member of the pope's family. Then somebody happened to imagine that it was against the teachings of Christianity to say that the earth moved instead of the sun, so Galileo was called upon to retract what he had asserted. He refused, and was imprisoned and tortured until at last he publicly denied his theory. But even as he knelt before the judges he whispered, "But it *does* move!"

They let him out of prison after a while, and when he died, at the age of seventy eight, he was buried with ducal honors.

He was a small man of fascinating manners and a sharp wit.

There is a legend that Galileo received the idea of the telescope from a Dutch spectacle maker named Lippershey.

One day the spectacle maker's children were playing with some lenses.

A little girl took one lens and held it before another and cried out with delight. The distant church steeple was brought close to her eyes.

Her father saw the value of the discovery and carried it to Galileo, who perfected the telescope.

If any one had told George Washington that every object threw a picture of itself on the atmosphere, and that a plate could be made sensitive enough to catch and hold it, he would have thought he was talking to a madman; but Daguerre proved it.

Daguerre was a French artist who had had a very hard life. He painted panoramas, which were burned up, and every sort of misfortune came to him.

In 1820 a man named Niepce was experimenting one day with sulphur and phosphorus in a room where there were some silver plates. When his experiments were over he found that his plates were blackened, but to his wonder one of them held a picture.

Niepce never advanced much farther than this, but Daguerre took up his discovery and perfected it as Galileo perfected the telescope, and made it the mother

Watt's First Discovery of the Power of Steam.

From the painting by David Neal.

of all photography, inventing the camera himself.

Now that moving pictures and colored photographs have been devised we may expect for them as great a development as there has been from the daguerreotype.

In these days most of our inventors give themselves to researches which will bring in great fortunes. These are soonest found in the appliances for shortening distance.

There is at the present moment a bill waiting for Congress' approval, appropriating one hundred thousand dollars to the man who will perfect a flying machine. Ours is a commercial age.

The discovery of steam as a force has been claimed by all sorts of people, but James Watt was the first who made a really practical steam engine, which has been up to this time the motive power of all great machines.

As a child he appears to have been a

dreamy, idle, delicate boy whose habit of "brooding," as his relatives called it, was particularly annoying.

After he became famous, an old aunt remembered that one day when he was about seven he was found in the kitchen lifting the lid from the teakettle and letting the drops of condensed steam run back.

Samuel F. B. Morse, Inventor of the Electric Telegraph.

She spent her latter years regretting that she boxed the ears of the young scientist for his meddlesomeness.

Watt was always experimenting with everything which came under his hands. The family was very poor, living in a tiny village called Greenock, near Glasgow.

A hundred and fifty years ago the opportunities of learning for a poor child in Scotland were very limited indeed. So little James Watt, with his active mind, picked learning out of nature, and any stray book he could find.

He not only became a remarkable mathemetician, but actually constructed a a small electrical machine when he was fifteen.

There was a queer old man in Greenock who mended spectacles and fiddles. In this shop Watt worked a while as an apprentice.

Then he went to London and learned to be an instrument maker. Coming back to Glasgow, he opened a little shop of his own under the walls of the university.

Here the professors and students came, and Watt borrowed books and absorbed all the knowledge that came in his way.

Before this, some time, a man named Newcomen had made a steam engine. It was a worthless sort of thing, having hardly as much power as a horse.

One of these engines was brought to Watt to repair. It set him to thinking, and from that day he gave himself up to an absorbing study of how to make a really useful and powerful engine.

There was one puzzle, and it kept Watt working over it for years. One day, when he was crossing Glasgow common, there rushed into his mind the solution of all his difficulties. He had the principle of the steam engine at last.

But after that it took him ten years to

perfect his machine. Think of that, Faint Heart!

Watt's health, and sometimes his courage, failed him. But triumph, with world wide renown and money enough to live in peace, came at last.

Living as we do in a world of steam engines, we can see what his invention meant, as he never realized it. In Westminster Abbey there is a statue of Watt, with an inscription by Lord Brougham.

George Stephenson, who made the steam engine move and drag cars after it, was also a village boy even worse off than Watt. He worked for three dollars a week, and could neither read nor write when he was eighteen years old.

But he knew a steam engine perfectly.

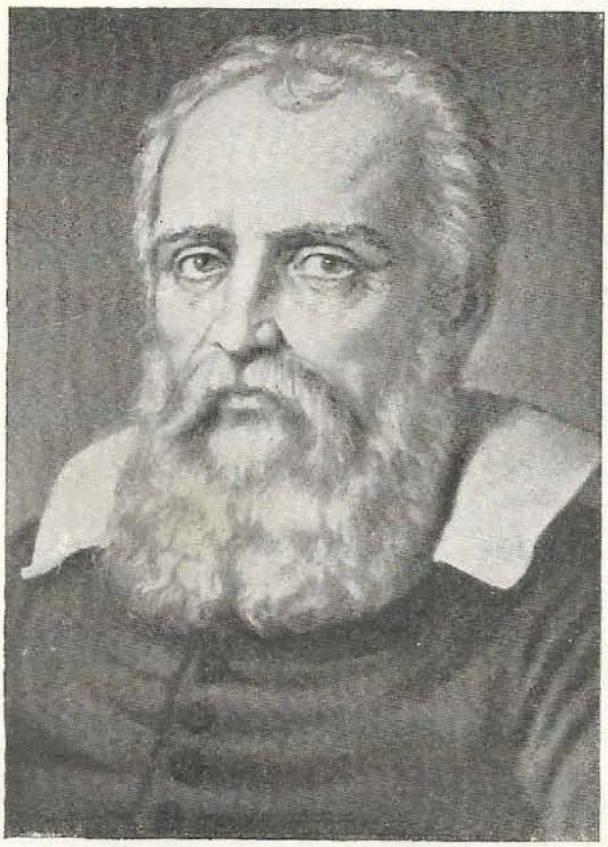
He was brought up near Newcastle, in England, where the great coal mines are situated. The coal cars, which carry the black lumps out of the mine, are run on rails.

The brilliant thought occurred to Stephenson that the engine might be put before the coal cars and made to draw them.

In 1813 he made his first successful trip at Kittingworth, taking a train of cars carrying thirty tons of coal at a rate of four miles an hour.

In 1821 Mr. Edward Pease, a noted Quaker, obtained an act of Parliament allowing him to make a railway upon which the cars were to be dragged by horses from Stockton to Wilton.

Louis Daguerre, Inventor of Photography.



Galileo Galilei, Inventor of the Telescope.

George Stephenson, who had educated himself by this time, asked to be allowed to survey the new line. He introduced his traveling engine to Mr. Pease, and together they planned to put a locomotive on the road.

Clergymen preached against it, and the landed gentry bitterly opposed it, but the locomotive has made its way to the very ends of the earth.

The first passenger engine was called "Stephenson's Rocket," and it attained the incredible speed of twenty four miles an hour!

The very first steamboat which puffed its way across a body of water was made by James Symington, in 1788, and on an autumn morning of that year it carried over the little Scottish lake of Dalswinton a famous company, friends of the inventor.

There was Alexander Nasmyth, the celebrated artist, father of James Nasmyth, who invented the steam hammer; Lord Brougham, and Robert Burns.

They were all delighted with the little craft, but its commercial value was not realized and it was allowed to fall into disuse.

Robert Fulton, Inventor of the Steamboat.

It was Robert Fulton, the American, whose name is always associated with the steamboat, who made it practical.

Like most inventors, he was a poor boy who was compelled to begin to use his own wits very early in life. His father was a clever young Irishman, who died when Robert was a small boy, and the child grew up after his own fashion.

He learned to draw and paint, and when he was seventeen had progressed so far that he was able to go to Philadelphia and support himself by painting landscapes.

They must have been landscapes which particularly appealed to the Americans of that day, for although the country was poverty stricken from the Revolution, in a very few years Fulton not only had money enough to settle his mother upon a little farm, but was himself able to make a European tour.

He went to Benjamin West, in London, and lived with him for several years.

Fulton was a man of charming manners, who attracted other men. The Duke of Bridgewater, famous for his canals, and the scientific Lord Stanhope, were his intimate friends, and they encouraged his love for science and mechanics.

Fulton first invented a submarine boat and a bomb which would move under water. This was designed for blowing up the war ships of an enemy.

Although his device was never used, except in experiments, it was the foundation of all torpedoes which have since been made.

His friend, Chancellor Livingston of New Jersey, was his partner and assistant in the steamboat enterprise. All of the experiments were made in Paris, in 1802, and the steamboat was first tried before the French National Institute, and pronounced a success.

In 1807 the first American boat was launched on the East River, amid sarcastic remarks and jeers from the crowd on shore. The boat ran to Albany in thirty hours and was put on as a regular passage steamer.

The wires are today the most perfect means of annihilating space, and it has been Americans who have given us the perfection of their work. It seems impossible to think of the business of the world being carried on without the telegraph and the telephone.

But it is only fifty years since the tele-

graph was invented. As early as the seventeenth century a Jesuit monk named Strada had believed in the possibility of a telegraph, and had written about it, and when Samuel F. B. Morse was in Europe, as an art student, he learned of the experiments that were being made by Professors Wheatstone and Cooke in that direction.

In October, 1832, Morse crossed the ocean on the steamship Sully with a Dr. Jackson. The two began talking of scientific studies, and Dr. Jackson sketched out much of the apparatus then known, for transmitting messages by wires.

Morse had hoped to be asked to be one of the decorators of the national capitol at Washington, but this was refused him, most fortunately as it turned out, for he deserted his painting for his inventions.

In 1836 he had perfected his first apparatus for telegraphing, and then began long years of humiliation and discouragement before he could make Congress listen to his scheme.

His means were exhausted, his bill had not been brought up, and Congress was to adjourn that night. Morse went to bed with a heavy heart.

But early the next morning the young daughter of the commissioner of patents came in to tell him that ten minutes before Congress adjourned the telegraph bill was put through.

A year later, when the first American telegraph line was completed between Washington and Baltimore, Morse asked this young girl to indite the first message. She wrote "What hath God wrought?" and this Professor Morse sent along the lines.

Alexander Graham Bell, who is the maker of our American telephone, is a Scotchman by birth, who first became widely known in this country as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. He carried to perfection the art of teaching the deaf to make intelligent sounds which they could never hear.

In 1873 Mr. Bell began to study the transmission of musical tones by telegraph. It was in his line of work to make sounds visible to the deaf, and he was constantly experimenting to this end.

He was a quiet young man, very shy, very enthusiastic, and very poor.

In November, 1875, he discovered that the vibrations created in a reed by the voice could be transmitted so as to reproduce sounds. In January, 1876, he called a dozen of his pupils in the School of Oratory in Boston into his room, and showed them that he could transmit singing from the cellar to the fourth floor of the building, by means of a wire.

The exhibition created a sensation among his pupils, but the story made no stir outside.

An old cigar box, a coil of wire, and two magnets made the first Bell telephone. It was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, and Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, spoke of it as "the greatest marvel of the electric telegraph."

George Stephenson, Inventor of the Locomotive.

The next year Bell made the telephone practical, but the stupid public would not realize its importance. He tried, and failed, to sell half the European rights for ten thousand dollars! Today Mr. Bell's income from his telephone rights exceeds one million dollars a year. The French government has given him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

But the name of king of inventors, the original mind which appears to be an inexhaustible mine, belongs to Thomas A. Edison. He dips into everything, and his success depends upon the fact that he takes nobody's word.

There is no authority good enough for him if he can experiment for himself, and he goes upon the theory that everything can be made better than it is. Many of Edison's inventions are but improvements upon another man's ideas.

Every school boy knows that Edison was

Thomas A. Edison, the Wizard of Electric Science.

a train boy who sold papers and who learned to send telegraphic messages—he hardly knew how. Anything difficult about telegraphy fascinated him until he had mastered it.

He saved a station master's child from an advancing train at Port Clements, and the grateful father taught him telegraphy in the proper way and started him upon his career.

Edison's "first" inventions are too numerous to mention. He cannot remember them himself.

His first large sums of money came from an improvement in the instruments used to record stock quotations in brokers' offices, and it was his introduction to New York through this device which induced capitalists to invest in his incandescent light.

Edison will undertake to invent almost anything. If you talk to him of a difficulty, in an instant his active mind shapes something which might lessen it.

He says that a discovery by accident is no invention; that a man who stumbles upon a thing is no more an inventor than a man is a goldsmith because he finds a bracelet in the road.

Edison goes upon thoroughly scientific principles and studies everything out. He has the most perfect laboratory in the world, filled with skilled workmen who can take his crudest ideas and turn them into models.

At present he is at work upon a method of extracting iron ore by means of electricity. He is said to have spent nearly six million dollars upon his experiments. And these six millions and many more have been made by the former train boy, who never yet wasted an idea, or found any work too hard, and who has taken out more patents than any other man in the world.

In the stories of these inventors there are two points. They were nearly all poor boys who had to work, and they were only able to accomplish what they did because they thoroughly prepared themselves. Nearly every one of them achieved distinction by perfecting something which a less energetic man had thought of, but had been too indolent to make practical.

SOME INDIAN TRAITS AND STORIES.

Thrilling experiences on the plains of army men and scouts—Predominating characteristics of the red men

By Lieut. John Lloyd.

THERE were many thrilling stories of the Indian conflicts just after the war, that have never been told except by the men who lived and fought through them. Sometimes those fat black books which Congressmen send about to their country constituents, and which are supposed to contain only stupid statistics and unimportant details of dry subjects, will yield up a story which surpasses anything in fiction. These books were thick with this sort of surprise along in the late sixties and early seventies, and I advise any boy who has a garret full of them to hunt them out and put aside the story of "Dare-devil Dick, the Terror," and see what a real man can do.

But if there is an Indian veteran anywhere near who can tell the stories at first hand, he is much better off—as well off as I was the other day. For fear he has not this good fortune, there are one or two stories I want to tell.

In 1868 the Indians were killing and stealing all along the Colorado and Kansas borders, keeping the whole country in a state of terror. The murderous Indians were Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Arapahoes, and the dreaded "Dog Soldiers."

The "Dog Soldiers" were a band of warriors composed chiefly of Cheyennes, but made up of the uncontrollable spirits of all the tribes. These warriors were fine looking braves, because they were all picked

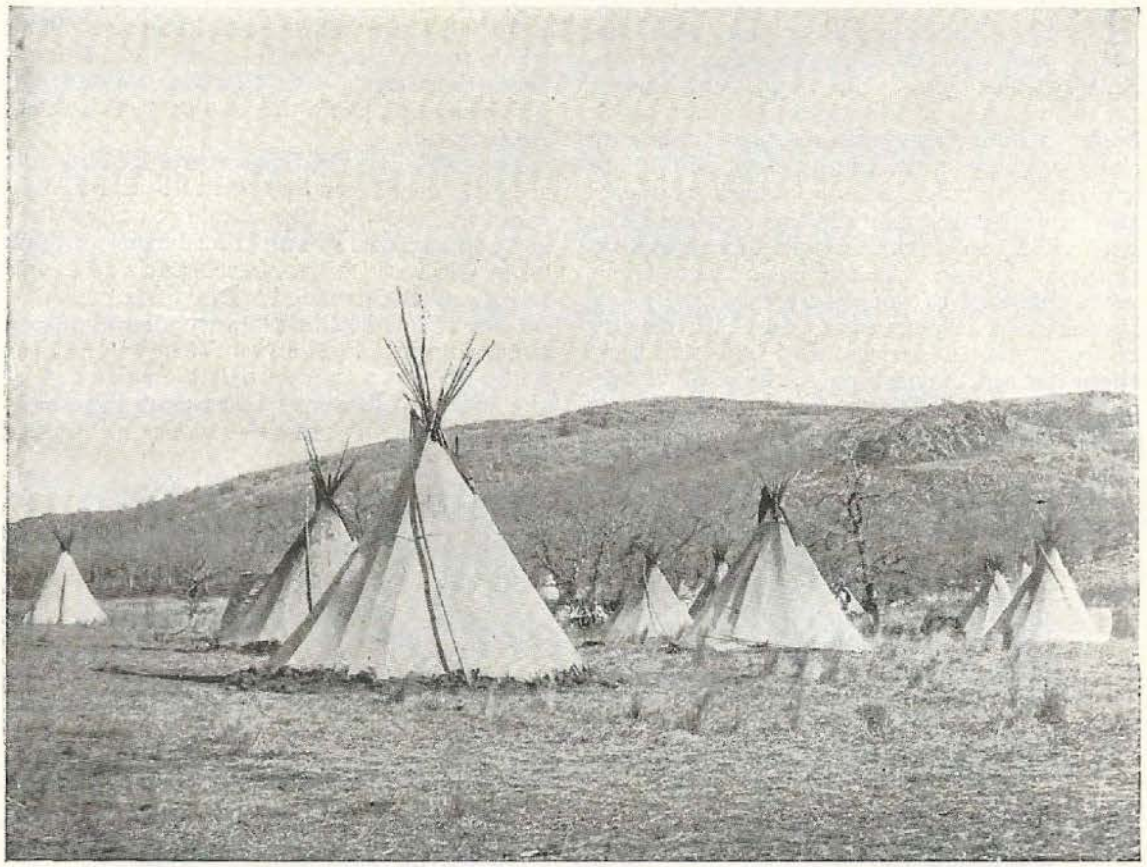
A Kiowa Boy.

From a photograph by W. S. Soule.

men. They took the name of "Dog Soldiers" because, as has been said, they were chiefly from the Cheyenne tribe, who took their name from the French word "chien," meaning a dog.

General Sheridan wanted to send out expeditions against these Indians, but he had not a sufficient number of men.

Among the officers out in the West at that time was General Forsyth, known to everybody as "Sandy" Forsyth. He had been a member of General Sheridan's staff in the valley of the Shenandoah, and was



A Comanche Indian Camp.

one of the most liked and bravest men in the army.

General Forsyth, one of the youngest men who ever bore that title, being hardly more than a boy, went to General Sheridan and asked permission to organize the frontiersmen into a small band.

There used to be a joke in the West that everybody could find Indians except the United States army. The trouble was that the soldiers went in such large companies that the trained eyes of the Indians saw them first, and separated and scattered at their approach.

Forsyth took only thirty men. Lieutenant Beecher, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, was the second in command, and the place of sergeant for this company of brave volunteers was taken by General McCall, who had been brevetted for gallantry before Petersburg.

This little picked band of thirty four men (they had a surgeon) went out to hunt down hundreds of Indian braves, who were the terror of that part of the country.

Forsyth followed the trail of a band of Indians that had just committed a series of depredations, until he reached the Republican river. Here he found a regular road, which showed that hundreds of horses and cattle and men had gone over it.

Moccasins, jerked meat, and all sorts of Indian belongings marked the way. Thirty four men were rushing to meet this army of thieves and cowards, confident that they could overcome them.

On the night of the eighth day out, the party went into camp on a little island in the river, a mere sand bar. The water was very low, for it was September, and the supplies were beginning to give out. They had expected to live on game, but the great band of Indians ahead of them had frightened all the animals away. The next day would see the command out of supplies, but Forsyth was so sure that they would speedily catch up with the Indians and overcome them that that gave him no uneasiness.

Tired out, the party rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep.

Esa-Tou-Yett, a Comanche Chief.
From a photograph by W. S. Soule.

Dawn was just beginning to break, when the picket gave one startled, hissing cry, "Indians!" which brought each man to his feet, one hand on his rifle, the other on his horse's lariat.

Six Indians appeared on the bank of the stream, looked, and turning, hurried away.

Forsyth ordered every man to his saddle, but the command was scarcely given when Grover, the guide, put his hand on the general's arm, and said,

"General, *look!*"

From the very ground the Indians seemed to rise. From every direction they literally poured in by hundreds.

They were in full war paint, with eagle feathers in their hair, arrows and rifles on their backs, and fine ponies under them. With war cries and all the hideous sights and sounds of bloodthirsty savages, they surrounded the poor little camp of thirty four men, who never quailed.

Forsyth gave two or three quick orders. The men, with lightning rapidity, as though following the lines of a trained evolution, formed their horses in a circle on the island, put themselves behind the animals, and opened fire in answer to the challenge of the savages.

The fire of the Indians soon killed the horses, and they fell as they had stood, in a circle. The white men took their knives—anything—and dug up the gravelly sand to form a rude earthwork for their protection.

A well directed bullet from an Indian struck Forsyth in the leg, almost disabling him, but he never seemed conscious of it. A moment later the Indian fired again, striking Forsyth in the other leg, breaking the bone below the knee.

There was no hospital tent and no surgeon, for the latter was lying dead by his general's side, a bullet in his forehead.

That anybody lived for an hour was a

A Comanche Brave.

From a photograph by W. S. Soule.

wonder, but the general, unable to move, lay in the sand, and gave orders which kept the Indians at bay; kept them falling, too, before the practised rifles and cool brains of the frontiersmen.

The Indian women and children stood on the hills behind the warriors and chanted war songs, and through the din Forsyth's clear words of command could be heard :

"Fire slowly, aim well, keep yourselves covered, and waste no cartridges."

By nine o'clock five hundred of the dreaded Dog Soldiers formed at the head of the island for a charge. They were led by a chief named Roman Nose.

As they stood there in the summer sun, naked, superbly mounted, glistening with war decorations, they made a picture which that little handful of men never forgot.

While they waited to charge, the surrounding Indians poured in a hail of bullets, and before the smoke had cleared, Roman Nose and his band rode down, with wild yells. Five hundred mounted warriors to less than two dozen, for some were past fighting. But pluck was there yet.

As they came in range, "Now !" cried Forsyth, and Beecher and McCall, and those who could rise, looked along their barrels and fired.

Roman Nose and his medicine man, and an Indian for every bullet, go down.

The red men waver, and turn.

"We are good for them !" Forsyth says, even while he looks to see Lieutenant Beecher, his comrade, dead beside him.

Forsyth had "still whole" two scouts — Trudeau and Stillwell. He called these men to him, and asked them if they would try to make their way through the Indians, get to Fort Wallace, a hundred and ten miles away, and bring reinforcements.

Stillwell was a boy of only nineteen, who always wore the fringed buckskin suit of the old time scout. A revolver and knife made up his baggage. Trudeau carried a compass.

They kept the savages off until dark, and then the men started on their fearful journey. Indians will not fight in the night, being afraid that if they are killed they will never find their way to the Happy Hunting Ground, so the white men toiled unmolested through the dark hours.

A well was dug through the sand, and a quantity of the horse meat was buried in it to keep it fresh. Then earthworks were thrown up until the sand bar was practically bullet proof.

The next night Forsyth sent two more scouts on the almost hopeless tramp to Fort Wallace, coolly writing,

"We can hold out for six days more if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time."

The Indians, finding that they could do no damage to the men, withdrew out of rifle range.

Then for eight days the soldiers lay on that sand bar, wounded, dying, dead, the hot sun over them; no food, for the horses

were past eating. The horrors became so great that Forsyth told the men who were not disabled that they might go, but not one left.

On the eighth day, a picket watching out, gave a cry that was a sob, and unable to speak pointed. There on a hilltop, silhouetted against the morning sky, rode a line of soldiers. And even as they looked, the bugle sounded out over the plain. They tried to cheer, but they could not. It was deliverance.

They named the little island "Beecher's Island," and so it is called today, when Forsyth, well and strong, is still telling the story, when he can sufficiently overcome his modesty to make himself a hero.

The Indians have modes of signaling to one another, and ways of eluding soldiers, in which the children and squaws help them. There was an Indian boy of the Kiowa tribe who was famous as a signaler with smoke. He could send a message almost as perfectly as it could be sent by telegraph.

He would build a fire, and then entirely cover it with damp grass. This would cause a dense white smoke to form. Before it had time to arise, the boy would throw his blanket over it, holding it until the smoke curled from under the edges, then he would give it a flirt aside, and a column would shoot up into the air for hundreds of feet.

All over the Western country there are little hills called "buttes." From these the signal fires once burned, from Oregon to Arizona, from tribe to tribe, warning, informing, keeping the wild men thoroughly conversant with the doings of the soldiers and the settlers.

There were hundreds of heroes among the settlers and army officers who gave their lives that our land might be the peaceful one it is, whose brave deeds have never been recorded, and whose names are to be found only in dry reports.

One day two Mexicans came into a camp where Kit Carson, the scout, happened to be at the moment, and told their story.

They had been with a party of eight who were taking horses into Mexico. The Indians had attacked them, killed or captured the rest, and taken the horses. They were described as a large band.

Carson asked their route, took a man named Godey with him, and the two started on the Indians' trail.

For a whole day they followed, and as night came on, afraid of losing the trail, they stopped. At sunrise they found they had camped almost by the Indians' side. There were four tents, many Indians coming and going, and evidently a feast in preparation.

Dismounting, the two men crept closer and closer until they were overlooking the camp, when suddenly the Indian dogs gave the alarm.

There was no time to lose. Shouting as though he commanded an army, Carson and his companion promptly dashed into the camp, firing right and left. Two of the Indians fell, and the rest, cowards as always, fled, leaving the camp and captives and horses in the gallant Carson's hands.

It was feats like this which won our great West, and there are none more heroic in the annals of any nation.

Powder Face, an Arapahoe Chief.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND CHARLES THE FIRST.

The story of England's stern visaged protector and weak minded king—What led to the elevation of the one and the downfall of the other.

By Samuel N. Parks.

IT was by the merest accident that Oliver Cromwell was not one of America's Puritan fathers. If Charles the First of England had not been in a bad humor and full of his sense of kingly prerogative one morning, when a ship was about to set sail for America, the history of his own country and of ours would have been materially changed, and probably Charles' head would have remained upon his own shoulders.

It opens an interesting vista before us when we think what would have happened had the strong Cromwell come to America. There can be no sort of doubt that at least one of the colonies would have rebelled long before they did, and Oliver Cromwell, instead of being England's "protector," might have been New England's king. And if the kingdom habit had been formed in America, there is no knowing how it would have ended.

All sorts of stories have been told concerning Cromwell's boyhood. He says of himself, "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity."

His father was the younger son of a baronet, and has been said to have been a brewer. Through his mother Cromwell traced his line back to the royal Stuarts themselves.

As a boy Cromwell went to a great school and then to Cambridge, and was brought up much as thousands of other young men were brought up in England.

There is a legend that once when Charles Stuart was a boy he visited Hinchinbrook, the seat of Sir Henry Cromwell, Oliver's grandfather, with his father, James the First of England, and that the little Oliver and Charles were found fighting like any two belligerent little street boys, and that as usual, forecasting the future, Oliver was the winner. But like a great many other stories concerning these two, it is probably a tale invented by some romancing historian.

Oliver Cromwell.

The little Oliver was often at his grandfather's house, and once when he was a very small baby, his nurse missed him from the pile of cushions where she had left him for an instant. She turned in time to see a large ape, which was a pet of Sir Henry, leaping from coping to coping of the great house, with little Oliver in his arms.

Seeing that he was followed, the ape made his way to the highest point of the roof, and calmly sat down to examine the baby, while the household, quite unable to rescue him, stood appalled below.

It was only after hours of coaxing that the animal could be induced to come down, bringing with him, all unconsciously, the destiny of a king.

We can see from this that Oliver Cromwell was not brought up

in any great severity. He was never a canting ranter against royalty, but one who believed that all men — even kings, should have justice.

The trouble with Charles was simply that he saw the rights of only one human being —himself—and was true to nobody, not even to himself.

A great deal of his disposition came from the faults of his bringing up. Charles was the son of James, the Scotch king whom Queen Elizabeth chose as her successor, after she had murdered his mother, Mary Queen of Scots.

James was a man of such weakness and shiftiness of character that Elizabeth's courtiers stood amazed when she named him as her successor as she lay upon her death bed. Perhaps in that hour she realized the wickedness of killing Mary and tried to make some reparation, falling into the old mistake that two wrongs may make a right.

King Charles the First.
From an old print.

James made some outcry over the beheading of his mother, but it was only a pretense. He went on accepting twenty five thousand dollars a year from England, and would probably have called it quarreling with his bread and butter if he had been too loud in his lamentations.

After James came to the English throne there were two or three people not liked by the king, who died. The last of these was his own eldest son and heir, Henry. Prince Henry was a most promising and delightful young prince who knew his own mind, and followed it, making his father hate him.

Sir Walter Raleigh was at this time confined in the Tower by King James' orders, but Prince Henry, knowing that he was a man of great information, who had visited almost every known country on the globe, sought him out and made a friend of him. It was for this prince that Sir Walter began his "History of the World."

But when the Princess Elizabeth was married, Prince Henry overheated himself playing tennis, and died. It is said that King James patted Charles on the shoulder and said, "My baby Charles shall be king at last."

It was hardly likely that a boy could grow up anything but selfish when he was continually made to believe that death itself was making a way for him.

Unfortunately, about this time, there came to the court of England a young man named George Villiers, who had a handsome face, and all sorts of ways which were particularly delightful to the king. He disgusted all the good and solid men of the court by his silliness, selfishness, and dishonesty. But King James heaped honors upon him.

He was made Duke of Buckingham, and it seemed for a time that he was the veritable leader of England. His mother came up to London and sold the most important positions to the highest bidder.

It was into the hands of this man that Charles was put, and he fell completely under his influence.

After a great deal of trouble in finding a wife, making and breaking promises to a Spanish princess, Charles married Henrietta Maria, the sister of the French king, Louis XIII. She was a good woman, but was unpopular, as she brought Roman Catholic advisers to the Protestant English court.

When King James died, Charles made Buckingham, the most hated man in England, his Prime Minister. But his subjects might have forgiven him even this had he only let the religion of the country alone.

Charles I Going to Execution.

From the painting by Wappers.

Up to this time nothing had been heard of Oliver Cromwell. It was in 1628 that he was elected to Parliament, and went up to London to make his first speech against the "preaching of flat popery" by the Bishop of Winchester.

The people everywhere were full of rebellion. The king had levied unjust taxes, had asserted the rights of a king above the rights of the people everywhere, and the grumblers were only awaiting a leader to arise.

There was a struggle between the king and the Parliament, and the latter was dissolved by the king, and two or three of the members whom the king found particularly offensive were thrown into the Tower.

Then for twelve years the king called no parliament, but reigned without one.

Archbishop Laud was one of the king's advisers, and he drove the Scotch frantic by his restrictions upon their religion.

All the time the love of liberty was increasing in the hearts of the people, and republican principles were developing and extending.

At last Scotch endurance could stand no more. In 1638 Scotland utterly refused to bow to English church government.

The king called together an army, but he found that the Scotch could march down into England faster than he could march up into Scotland, for the people along the border hailed the Scots with joy. Then Charles called a parliament to show him what to do with his unruly subjects.

And now he saw what had been seething in the minds of his people during these twelve years. It was like a body of water which had been dammed up, breaking loose.

Charles concluded that he was better off without such advisers, and sent the people home again. But after the Scotch had defeated the English at Newburn-on-Tyne, Charles agreed to call another council.

In this Parliament of 1640 Oliver Cromwell appeared. He seems to have made a rather poor impression. They spoke of his

"Cromwell Forbidden to Sail for America."

From the painting by Ostrus.

"Cromwell in Whitehall."
From the painting by J. Schrader.

clothes as having been made by a country tailor, and of his linen as not very clean.

It was soon seen that the king and the Parliament could not agree, and that a civil war was inevitable. Oliver Cromwell offered his services to the State, and in July, 1642, he raised two companies and armed them at his own expense.

As captain of the troop of horse, Cromwell showed an astonishing military genius, and his men were known as "Cromwell's Ironsides."

The civil war between the king and the Parliament lasted four years, and year by year Oliver Cromwell forged to the front.

Finally Charles surrendered himself to the Scottish army, who in turn gave him up to the commissioners of Parliament.

Cromwell saw that the party which held the person of the king would be the most powerful, so a young officer was sent to invite Charles to join the army.

But while Cromwell was doing everything he could for the king, one night he received a message saying that concealed in the yard of an inn, would be found important papers.

Cromwell sent for them and found that they were letters from Charles to the queen, who had fled to France. In them he said contemptuously,

"Cromwell plans with me, but instead of giving him a silken garter, I will give him a hempen rope."

But even yet Cromwell pitied the king, and he went to him and warned him to fly.

The king went to the Isle of Wight, and there plotted until even Cromwell's patience was exhausted. And at last they brought him back and tried him and sentenced him to death.

ANDY GRANT'S

By Horatio Alger, Jr.,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

OWING to the sudden and unforeseen reduction in his family's circumstances, 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 goes to work on the farm, but leaves it to become private tutor in Latin and Greek to Walter Gale, a wealthy young man who is staying at the hotel. Andy has made himself very unpopular with Squire Carter's son, Conrad, by badly defeating him in a boat race, and when Mr. Gale presents his young tutor with a splendid new rowboat far surpassing Conrad's own, the latter's jealousy and hatred prompt him to hire a tramp to set Andy's boat on fire.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAMP'S MISTAKE.

CONRAD went to bed with the comfortable conviction that before morning Andy's beautiful boat would be ruined. I am sorry to say that the meanness of the act which he had instigated did not strike him.

Whatever feeling he had was of exultation at the injury done to his enemy, as he persisted in regarding Andy.

It did seem a pity that such an elegant boat should be destroyed. If Andy would only have agreed to exchange for ten—even fifteen—dollars to boot this would have been avoided.

"He was a fool not to accept," soliloquized Conrad. "He will regret it when he sees what has happened."

He got up at the usual hour and took breakfast. Every time the bell rang, he thought it might be some one to bring him the desired news.

Just after supper Andy met his friend Valentine and told him of the beautiful gift he had received.

"Come down and look at it, Val," he said. "It is elegant."

Valentine's curiosity was excited, and he at once accepted the invitation.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise when he saw the new boat.

"It is a little beauty!" he said. "It is far ahead of Conrad's, or of mine."

"Conrad wants to exchange. He offered me ten dollars to boot."

"You wouldn't think of accepting?"

"No. It is worth much more than that. Besides, it is Mr. Gale's gift, and even if he had offered fifty dollars I should still refuse."

"And you would do right, too. But are you going to leave it out all night?"

"I shall have to. I have no boat house to put it in."

"There is room in my boat house for two boats," said Valentine. "I will help you put it inside."

"Thank you, Val. I will be glad to pay you rent for the use of the place."

"I don't want any money, Andy; I will do it out of friendship."

"Thank you; but you mustn't forget that I am quite able to pay."

"That's true, and I am glad of it, but all the same I don't want any money."

"I wonder Conrad doesn't have a boat house?"

"He tells me his father has promised him one. He has not yet decided upon a location."

The two boys got into Andy's boat and rowed it a few rods till they reached the boat house. There was no difficulty in putting it away. The boat house was double, and there was room for two boats.

"I will have another key made, Andy, so that you can get at your boat when I am not with you."

"All right! That will be very nice."

"How do you like Mr. Gale?"

"Tip top. I was very fortunate to fall in with him. It will be a great loss to me when he goes away."

"Is he thinking of going soon?"

"I don't think so—I hope not."

It was later in the evening when the tramp went down to the pond provided with the shavings and other combustibles which Conrad had provided.

Conrad, after meeting him, had gone home at once. He thought it more prudent in view of the plot in which he was engaged to avoid suspicion by not being seen in company with the tramp.

"Give me the two dollars now," said the tramp when the fuel was handed him.

"Do you think I am a fool?" answered Conrad sharply. "If I should do that, you would go off and not do the work."

**The first 9 chapters of this story appeared in the April issue of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 10 cents.*

ck,

ime—I had a

oil the boat,

ou a hatchet, but on the bank for my father's ... t."

"All right! I'll be careful."

The hatchet was delivered to the tramp a little later.

About eight o'clock the tramp went down to the lake, and looked for Andy's boat.

There was but one in sight—Conrad's—but he never doubted that this was the one he was to destroy. He waited till half past eight, when he considered it dark enough for his purpose.

He carefully laid the shavings in one end of the boat, covered them over with pieces of board, which with the help of the hatchet, he split into smaller pieces, and then set them on fire.

The flames blazed fiercely and did considerable damage to the boat, not ruining it, however. But to finish the work he used the hatchet, and hacked vigorously at the wood work till it was mutilated and its usefulness and beauty spoiled.

The tramp contemplated this work with satisfaction.

"I've done the job pretty well," he chuckled to himself. "I'd like to be lookin' on when the boy sees it."

Now that he had done the job he wanted his pay. Conrad had agreed to meet him at an old ruined barn not far from his house at eight o'clock in the morning.

"It won't do to call for me earlier," he said, "for it might excite suspicion."

From the breakfast table Conrad directed his steps to the barn.

The tramp was sitting outside smoking a pipe.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I haven't had any breakfast."

"Did you do the job?"

"Did I? Well, I reckon. That boat ain't no good any more."

"Do you think any one saw you do it?"

"No; it was pretty dark, and there wasn't no one round. It may have been found out by now. Give me the two dollars and I'll be off."

"You are sure you did the job? You are not deceiving me?"

"No, I'm not. You can go and see for yourself."

This, however, did not seem prudent. Conrad wished some one else to discover the ruined boat.

After all there was no reason to doubt the tramp's word. His avowed hostility to Andy made it quite certain that he had done his work.

"Here's the money," he said.

"And here's the hatchet."

"I wish it was back in the tool house where it belongs," thought Conrad. "However, I'll manage to get it back without any one seeing me."

He decided to return to the barn at once, carrying the hatchet with him.

He was not to do it without observation. Just before he reached the barn he met John Larkin.

"What are you doing with the hatchet, Conrad?"

"Oh, I have been using it in the pasture."

"I didn't know but you were going to imitate George Washington and cut down a cherry tree."

"Perhaps I have," said Conrad with a smile.

He felt in good humor, for his plan had been carried out. He was aching to see just how badly Andy's boat was injured, and as there was no school, it being Saturday, he proposed to John Larkin to go down to the pond.

"Suppose we have a row, John," he said. "We'll take a trip across the pond."

"All right."

They were perhaps thirty rods from the pond when they met Jimmy Morris, coming from it. He seemed excited. He had been running and was breathless.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" asked John Larkin.

Jimmy looked towards Conrad, who naturally guessed the cause of his excitement.

"Oh, Conrad," he said. "It is such a pity! I am so sorry for you!"

"Why are you sorry for me?" demanded Conrad sharply.

"Because your boat is ruined. It is all hacked up, and has been set on fire."

"My boat! You mean Andy Grant's?"

"No, I don't. Come and see for yourself."

CHAPTER XI.

CONRAD'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

With his mind in a whirl, and still believing that it was Andy's boat which had been injured instead of his own, Conrad pushed on rapidly towards the pond. Yet he had an instinctive fear that his informant might be correct

When he reached the point where his boat had been moored, he used his eyes eagerly.

It was all true! His boat—his beautiful boat—with which he had been perfectly satisfied till Andy received a better, was scorched and hacked up till it was clear he could never use it again.

And Andy's boat was not visible anywhere.

Tears of rage filled Conrad's eyes.

"It is a terrible mistake!" he ejaculated.

"Mistake! What do you mean?" asked John Larkin.

Conrad reflected that his words were betraying him.

"I don't know what I am saying," he replied vaguely. "Yes, I do. I believe Andy Grant did this."

"Andy Grant!" repeated Jimmy Morris. "Why should he injure your boat?"

"Because he hates me."

"Andy isn't that kind of a boy. Besides, he has a newer and handsomer boat himself."

There it was! That was what stung Conrad. His boat was second to Andy's.

As the three boys stood on the bank, a small boy named Peter Hill came up. He lived in the house nearest the boats.

"Did you see any one near the boat, Peter?" asked John Larkin.

"Yes, I seed a big tramp in de boat. He set it on fire."

"That explains it, Conrad!" exclaimed Jimmy Morris. "I saw the tramp myself in the village."

"Pooh!" said Conrad. "I don't believe it."

"But I seed him burnin' de boat," persisted little Peter.

"Then, why didn't you tell somebody?"

"All de folks was away, and I didn't dare to go near it. He had a hatchet, too."

"I say, Conrad, let us hunt for the tramp, and if we find him, have him arrested."

For obvious reasons this proposal of John Larkin did not meet Conrad's approval. He was afraid of what the tramp would tell.

"I'll ask my father what to do," he replied evasively. "The mischief is done and there is no help for it."

Conrad was already looking more cheerful. An idea had come to him.

Now that the boat was destroyed, his father might be willing to buy him another, and if so he might be persuaded to buy one as good as Andy's, perhaps better. He turned to go home, and let the boys know that he did not care for company.

On the way, not far from his own house, he encountered the tramp. At the sight of this man, whose stupid blunder had cost him his boat, his eyes blazed with anger.

But this the tramp did not see. He slouched up to his young employer, saying with a cunning grin,

"Well, did you see it?"

"Did I see it?" repeated Conrad, boiling over with fury. "Yes, I did."

"I did it pretty well, didn't I? I guess the boat isn't good for much now."

"You stupid fool!" blazed out Conrad. "It is my boat that you ruined. I have a great mind to have you arrested."

"Your boat? It was the boat you pointed out to me."

"No, it wasn't. It was my own boat."

"Then where was the other boat? I didn't see but one."

"I don't know, but you might have had sense enough to know that you'd got the wrong boat."

The tramp's hopes fell. He had intended to ask for another dollar from Conrad, but he saw now that there was no chance whatever of his obtaining it.

"You'd better get out of town as soon as you can," said Conrad roughly.

"Why should I?" demanded the tramp sullenly.

"Because you were seen destroying the boat."

"Who saw me?"

"A small boy who lives at the next house. You might be arrested."

"If I am, I'll tell the truth. I'll tell who put me up to it."

"And I'll deny it. Do you think any one would believe your word against mine, especially as it was my boat that was ruined?"

The tramp saw the logic of this remark and walked away. He was seen no more in the village.

"Now I'll tackle father," thought Conrad.

He directed his steps homeward and informed the squire of what had happened.

His father frowned and looked displeased.

"If you are not smart enough to take care of your boat," he said coldly, "you will have to suffer the consequences."

"But I don't see how I am to blame?"

"Have you any idea who did the mischief?"

"Perhaps Andy Grant did—he doesn't like me."

"I don't think that very probable. You can charge him with it if you think best. But I thought you told me he had a new boat of his own?"

"So he has—a perfect beauty! It is ever so much better than mine. I wish——"

"Well, what do you wish?"

"That you would buy me one like his?"

"Well, I like that. After losing your boat through your own carelessness, you want me to invest a large sum in another."

"Must I go without one, then?" asked Conrad in dismay.

"It looks that way."

Conrad resorted to earnest entreaties. He was willing now to accept any sort of boat, for he was fond of rowing, but Squire Carter had just heard unfavorable reports from his broker about a speculation he had entered into, and he was inflexible.

"What a fool I was!" reflected Conrad bitterly. "My boat was a good one, even if it wasn't as fine as Andy's, and now I have none. I shall have to borrow his or Valentine's when I want to go out rowing."

Later in the day he met Andy.

Andy had heard of Conrad's loss and was full of sympathy.

"Conrad," he said, "it's a shame about your boat being destroyed."

"Yes, it is pretty hard."

"The boys say a tramp did the mischief."

"I think it very likely. There was a tramp about town yesterday. I saw him myself."

"What could have been his object? Ruining the boat would not benefit him?"

"It might have been out of revenge. He asked me for a quarter and I wouldn't give it to him."

This explanation occurred to Conrad on the spur of the moment.

"Can't you have him arrested?"

"He is probably out of town by this time."

"I suppose you will have a new boat?"

"Yes, after a while."

"I will lend you mine any time you wish."

"Thank you," said Conrad, but he spoke coldly and ungraciously.

It seemed to him humiliating to receive any favors from a poor boy like Andy Grant.

Two weeks later, when Andy went over to the hotel as usual to meet his employer and pupil, Mr. Gale said, "I have some news for you."

"I hope it is good news."

"I don't know that you will consider it so. I shall have to leave you for a time."

Andy's face fell. This certainly was bad news.

"I have received a letter this morning," continued Walter Gale, "from an uncle living in the interior of Pennsylvania. He is not an old man—I don't think he is much over fifty—but he writes me that he is near his end. The doctor says he may live three months, certainly not over six. He has always been a bachelor, and I believe owns coal mines of considerable value. I was always a favorite of his, and now that he is so sick he wants me to go out and be with him in the closing weeks of his life."

"I suppose you will go?" said Andy, and he looked very sober.

"I think it is my duty—don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose it is your duty."

Andy began to think what he should do. He had had an easy and profitable engagement with Mr. Gale, but this would now be over, and he would have to go back to farm work, or try to get a place in the village store.

The latter would yield him only two dollars and a half a week, which seemed to him very small compared with what he now received.

"I shall miss you very much, Mr. Gale," he said.

"I hope you will. I shall certainly miss you."

"It will seem very dull going to work on the farm after my pleasant days with you."

"You won't need to go to work on the farm, unless you choose to do so."

"But I must earn something; I cannot be idle."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what arrangements I propose to make for you."

Andy looked up eagerly.

CHAPTER XII.

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED.

"Our separation will only be temporary," continued Mr. Gale, "but I do not wish to leave you unprovided for during my absence. I shall allow you five dollars a week while I am away."

Andy brightened up.

"How kind you are, Mr. Gale!" he said. "I don't think you ought to do this."

Walter Gale smiled.

"I can very well afford it," he said; "so we will regard the matter as settled."

"How soon must you go?"

"I shall start tomorrow—my preparations will be easily made. How would you like to go to New York to see me off?"

"I should be delighted," answered Andy eagerly. "I have only been to New York twice in my life."

"Then you will enjoy the day. You can take the afternoon train home."

At the farm Mr. and Mrs. Grant heard with regret of Mr. Gale's departure, but they were pleased to hear that Andy would be in receipt of an income.

"How will you fill up your time, Andy?" asked his father.

"I have my books, and will keep up my Latin and Greek. I will pay you four dollars a week, and you can hire a boy for that to help you. I think I can spend my time more profitably in studying."

"Do you think Mr. Gale will return?"

"He has promised to do so. I am to see him off tomorrow."

"Are you going to trust that boy alone in New York?" asked his aunt Jane with asperity.

"Why, what could happen to me?" asked Andy indignantly.

"You might get run over."

"I am not a little boy, Aunt Jane. I can take care of myself."

"You may meet with an accident for all your smartness."

"I think Andy is old enough to take care of himself," said his father mildly.

"Oh, well! have it your own way. You can't say but I've warned you," and she sniffed severely.

"I wonder what makes Aunt Jane so disagreeable," thought Andy.

"Perhaps you'd like to go and take care of him," suggested Mr. Grant with a smile. "You are old enough to take care of yourself."

"You needn't twit me with my age, Sterling," said Jane with an injured sniff.

"I don't. Old age is honorable."

This made matters worse.

"You talk as if I was seventy five. I don't consider myself an old person."

In spite of the melancholy presentiments of Aunt Jane, Andy set out for New York with Mr. Gale. An hour and a half brought them to the metropolis.

"I should like to show you something of the city, Andy," said his companion, "but I shall have to spend the time in shopping."

"I shall see something of the city if I go about with you."

"That is true."

At one o'clock they went to the Sinclair House on Broadway to dine. They selected a table where there was but one other guest, who seemed known to Walter Gale.

"Good morning, Mr. Flint," said the young man.

"Ah, it's you, Walter, is it?" returned the other, a stout man, whose hair was beginning to grow gray.

"Yes."

"I haven't seen you for a long time. Where have you been?"

"Rusticating in a Connecticut town."

"Is the young man with you a brother? But no; I remember that you have no brother."

"He isn't related to me, but I think as much of him as if he were. His name is Andrew Grant."

"A good name. Is he attending school?"

"He has recently left school."

"If he were seeking a position I could find a place for him."

"In your own employ?"

"Yes. I have a boy, but I don't find him reliable or faithful. He will leave me on Saturday night."

"Andy," said his friend, "how would you like to enter Mr. Flint's employ?"

"Very much," answered Andy eagerly.

At the same time he wondered what was the nature of Mr. Flint's business.

"Then after dinner we will walk together to Mr. Flint's store in Union Square."

"There is my card," said Mr. Flint.

Andy received it and read the name:

F. FLINT,
UNION SQUARE,
JEWELRY.

The two men conversed together, and when dinner was over they walked up Broadway to Fourteenth Street. Turning the left hand corner they soon reached a jewelry store of modest appearance, but evidently containing a valuable stock.

A youth with light brown hair, who seemed to have been born tired, was leaning against the counter. This doubtless was the boy who was not satisfactory.

"James," said Mr. Flint, "have you carried the parcel to Forty Eighth Street?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"Why not?"

"I thought it would do just as well after lunch."

"There you are mistaken. Put on your hat at once and go," said his employer sharply.

"You see," went on Mr. Flint, after the boy had started, "the trouble I have with James. He needs to be looked after continually."

"You won't have that trouble with Andy."

"No, I think not."

Walter Gale accompanied Mr. Flint to the back part of the store, where they held a conversation in a low tone. Presently Walter Gale came back, and signified to Andy that they must be going.

"Mr. Flint will expect you to present yourself for duty on Tuesday morning," he said. "You will reach the store at eight o'clock."

"All right, sir."

On returning to the street, Walter Gale said, "I propose to take the next train for Philadelphia. You may accompany me to the Cortlandt Street Station. Can you find your way from there to the Grand Central Depot?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will get there in time to take the afternoon train back to Arden. You haven't asked me what salary you are to receive."

"I should like to know, sir."

"Five dollars a week, which is better than is generally paid to a new boy."

"Will it pay my expenses, Mr. Gale?" asked Andy doubtfully.

"No, but you remember that I promised you five dollars a week. Instead of paying it to you I will give you a note to Mrs. Norris, who keeps a comfortable boarding house on Clinton Place. She knows me well, and will assign you a room, looking to me for payment. That will leave you five dollars a week for your personal expenses, clothing, etc."

"I shall be rich, Mr. Gale, thanks to your kindness."

"Mind, Andy, I am to have you back whenever I want you. Probably I may spend some weeks with my uncle, and during this time you may as well work for Mr. Flint."

"Do you think I shall suit him?" asked Andy with some anxiety.

"I feel sure of it. You will find him strict in business, but kind and reasonable. I shall expect to hear from you soon after you enter upon your duties. I shall find life pretty dull at my uncle's house, and your letters will bring something of the excitement of the outside world to me."

"I will write you every week, Mr. Gale."

"If it won't be asking too much of you, I shall be glad to have you do so."

Andy crossed the ferry with Mr. Gale, and then returning at once, took the four o'clock train for Arden.

His news created considerable stir at home. All were pleased except Aunt Jane.

"Brother," she said. "are you going to trust Andy alone in New York?"

"Yes, Jane, he must begin to rely upon himself some time, and he may as well begin now."

"It's temptin' Providence, in my opinion."

"It might be so with some boys, but I have faith in Andy's prudence and good sense."

"He ain't any different from other boys, as you will find."

But in spite of these ominous words Andy made arrangements to leave Arden on Monday morning. He looked forward eagerly to his new life in New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANDY LEAVES HOME.

CONRAD was not slow in learning of Mr. Gale's departure from the hotel. The intelligence pleased him, for, as he supposed, it threw Andy out of employment. He sought an early opportunity of speaking to him on the subject.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the mail came in at the village post office. Among those who congregated there at the time were Conrad and Andy.

"So you've lost your place?" began Conrad abruptly.

"What do you mean?" asked Andy.

"Mr. Gale has left town, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Where has he gone?"

"To Pennsylvania, to stay with an uncle who is very sick."

"Do you think he will come back to Arden?"

"I don't know, but I think it is doubtful."

"I suppose, then, you will go back to work on the farm?"

Andy smiled.

"Things might be worse," he said.

"Yes. I think it is the best thing you can do."

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh well, you are a poor boy, and there is nothing else for you to do."

"Did you ever think of becoming a farmer?"

"I should say not," replied Conrad haughtily. "I shall probably be a lawyer or a merchant."

"I might become a merchant myself—some day."

Conrad laughed.

"When you do," he said, "let me know."

"I will."

"By the way, you won't want that boat of yours now."

"Why not?"

"You won't get time to use it. I'll give you twenty dollars for it."

"It is not for sale," answered Andy firmly.

"It will be after a while," said Conrad in a self satisfied tone. "I will see the time when you will be glad enough to get the money I offer."

During the few days that Andy remained at home he did some work on the farm. Mr. Grant's boy helper was sick with a cold, and Andy stepped into his place.

The next time of Conrad's meeting him he was at work digging potatoes. Conrad smiled and nodded. He felt quite friendly as he witnessed what he considered Andy's humiliation.

"My father may give you a little job," he said, as he leaned over the fence.

"What is it?"

"He needs some work done 'round the house. He will pay you fifty cents a day. When can you come?"

"Just at present I am too busy. If I can spare the time I will let you know."

"I like to see upstarts brought down to their level," thought Conrad. "Andy Grant won't be putting on any more airs, I reckon."

On Monday morning Andy stood on the platform of the railroad station with a good sized gripsack in his hand. He was about starting for New York to enter upon his duties at the jewelry store.

Swinging a light cane Conrad Carter, appeared on the platform with his father, who was going to the city on business. With a good deal of surprise he recognized Andy.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly, with a glance at the gripsack.

"To New York," answered Andy with a smile.

"What business have you there?"

"I have a position in a store on Union Square. I shall be pleased to have you call when you are in the city."

Conrad was greatly surprised.

"What kind of a store is it?" he asked.

"A jewelry store. I haven't a card with me, but will send you one."

Conrad didn't appear to be glad at Andy's good fortune. He had made up his mind that his humble rival, as he chose to consider him, would be obliged to work on the farm, and now he had found a way to avoid it.

"I think your father will have to find some one else to assist him," Andy continued. "You see I shall be otherwise occupied."

"What pay will you receive?"

"If you will excuse me I would rather not tell."

"Oh, just as you like. Where will you live? Will you sleep in the store?"

"No; I am to board on Clinton Place with a Mrs. Norris."

"Did you know about this when we were talking the other day?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I would have done so if I had known how much interest you took in my plans."

The rumble of the approaching train was heard, and Andy was obliged to enter

a car. It chanced that it was unusually full, and Andy found but one vacant seat —the one beside Squire Carter.

The squire now noticed Andy for the first time.

"Where are you going, Andrew?" he asked.

"To New York, sir."

"On any special errand?"

"I am going to work there."

"Indeed! What kind of a place?"

"I shall have a place with Mr. Flint, of Union Square, a jeweler."

"I suppose Mr. Gale obtained you the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am not sure that you are acting wisely. I doubt if you can make expenses. What are you to be paid?"

"Five dollars a week."

"That is very fair pay for a boy of your age, but it won't go very far in New York."

"I suppose New York is an expensive place to live in," said Andy noncommittally.

"Yes. You will have to pay all your wages for board. Your other expenses will have to come out of your father's pocket."

"I may be advanced."

"It will be a good while first. You seem to be acting very injudiciously."

This remark did not trouble Andy. As his board was to be paid by Mr. Gale his salary would be practically ten dollars a week, but this he did not care to tell.

"Country boys are always in a stew to get work in the city," observed the squire. "If they would only take the advice of their elders, they would see that it is better to stay in the country."

"They think probably that there is more chance of advancement in the city. Horace Greeley never would have risen to distinction if he had remained in his native village."

"Ahem! there are exceptions. What is the number of the store where you will be employed?"

Andy told him.

"I may call in upon you some time? I am often in the city on business."

"I shall be glad if you will," said Andy sincerely. "It will seem pleasant to me to see an Arden face."

Andy got out of the cars at the Grand Central Depot. He was not quite sure of his way to Clinton Place, but he was not in the least disturbed. He was naturally self reliant.

He asked the question of a gentleman and was advised to take a Fourth Avenue car through the tunnel as far as Eighth Street. But he thought he should prefer to walk, as it would enable him to enjoy the sights and scenes of the metropolis. All these were fresh and interesting to him.

He had gone but a dozen steps from the depot when a plausible stranger of thirty five years apparently, stopped him.

"Young man, may I have a word with you?" he asked.

"If you wish."

"I speak to you, because I judge from your appearance that you have a good, kind heart."

"I hope you are right, sir."

"I am very awkwardly placed. My sister is very sick in Yonkers and has sent for me. On my way to the depot in a horse car I had my pocket picked, and I have not enough money to get to the bedside of my poor sister. If you would kindly lend me a quarter——"

Andy was kind hearted, and he was not versed in city wiles. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a twenty five cent silver coin.

"I am glad to help you," he said, as he passed the coin to the applicant.

"You have a noble heart. I thank you," said the stranger feelingly.

Andy felt pleased to think that he had done the man a favor, but his satisfaction was short lived.

A stout, pleasant looking man who had caught sight of the conference addressed him.

"Did you give that man any money?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he need it for?"

"His pocket had been picked, and he wanted to go to Yonkers to visit his sick sister."

His new friend laughed.

"That's a new story," he said. "The man is an arrant fraud. Your money will be spent for drink. He has no sick sister."

This was quite a shock to Andy. He saw that he had been victimized, and must hereafter be on his guard against plausible strangers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK.

By dint of a little inquiry Andy found his way to Mrs. Norris' boarding house in Clinton Place. It was a plain three story and basement house of brick, and looked thoroughly respectable.

Andy took a general view of it, and thought he should like it. To his country eyes it looked quite aristocratic. It was higher than any house in Arden, even Squire Carter's.

He ascended the steps and rang the bell.

It was answered by a Swedish girl named Eva, a blond girl of the true Scandinavian type.

"Is Mrs. Norris at home?" he asked.

"She is up stairs," was the reply.

"I should like to see her."

"Who shall I tell her called?"

"She won't know my name. Tell her it is some one with a letter from Mr. Walter Gale."

"Won't you step in?"

She introduced Andy into a small reception room opening from the hall. It was a very small room provided with a sofa, one chair, and a writing desk. Just over the sofa hung an engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware.

Andy sat down on the sofa, and placed his gripsack in front of him. There was nothing to occupy his mind, so he sat patiently wondering what sort of a looking woman the landlady might be.

Soon there was a rustle of garments, and a stout, pleasant looking lady, of perhaps fifty, wearing a small cap set off with red ribbons, entered the room.

"Mrs. Norris?" said Andy inquiringly, rising out of respect.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Norris. Eva told me you had a letter from Mr. ——I didn't catch the name."

"Mr. Walter Gale."

"Oh yes, Mr. Gale. I know him very well."

"Did he ever board here?"

"No. He boarded at one of the hotels. Mr. Gale is a rich man."

She took the letter and read it.

"Mr. Gale asks if I can take you to board, and offers to pay your board. He must be a great friend of yours?"

"He is. I hope the arrangement will be satisfactory?"

"Quite so. I couldn't wish any better paymaster than Mr. Gale. Are you going to work in the city?"

"Yes. I have a place in Mr. Flint's jewelry store on Union Square."

"Really? That is quite a high toned place. I got my best spoons there."

"Have you got a room for me?" asked Andy a little anxiously.

"Yes, I've got a small hall bedroom. I suppose you didn't expect a square room."

"It would be too expensive."

"It wouldn't be if you had a room mate. There's a gentleman on the third floor front, a Mr. Warren. He is sickly and writes for some of the papers. He told me he would like a room mate, but perhaps you would prefer a small room alone?"

"I should."

"Then I've a small room on the same floor. It was occupied till last week by a music teacher, but he was three weeks behind in his rent and I had to let him go. It's a trying business keeping a boarding house, Mr.——"

"Grant," suggested Andy.

"Yes. That's a good name. I suppose you're in nowise related to the general?"

"No; I wish I was."

"If you'll follow me up stairs I'll show you the room. You can bring your valise."

Andy took it in his hand and followed the landlady up two flights of stairs. She panted a little, being a stout lady, but Andy would have run up stairs if he had been alone.

On the upper floor there were three rooms, the doors of all being open.

"That is Mr. Warren's room," said Mrs. Norris, pointing to the front apartment.

It was a room of about fourteen feet square, and was neatly furnished. It contained a double bed, and the usual chamber furniture.

"It will accommodate two gentlemen nicely," said Mrs. Norris. "Perhaps after you get acquainted with Mr. Warren you may strike up a bargain to room with him."

"I don't think I should like to room with a sickly gentleman."

"Well, there is something in that. One night Mr. Warren had a fit—I don't know what kind of one—and rolled on to the floor. I room just underneath and I was very much frightened."

"It would have frightened me, too, if I had roomed with him."

"Well, fits ain't very pleasant, I allow."

"Who rooms in the third room, next to mine?"

"A young man of eighteen—named Perkins. I don't rightly know what sort of a place he is in. I think it's a neckwear store on Spring Street."

Andy was rather glad to learn that there was one boarder somewhere near his own age.

He did not think he should enjoy the acquaintance of Mr. Warren. He was prejudiced against him by the knowledge that he was sickly and had fits.

"There are other boarders on my second floor. You will make their acquaintance at the table."

"What are your hours for meals, Mrs. Norris?"

"We have lunch from twelve to one. Breakfast is from seven to nine, and we have dinner from six to seven, though in the case of a boarder who is kept later by business we stretch a point, and try to accommodate him. I hope that will suit you."

"Oh, I am sure it will."

"Shall you be at lunch today?"

"No, I don't think so. I am going to explore the city a little."

"Very few of my boarders are present at lunch. Still there is a bite for them, if they do come."

"I would like to wash, if you will send up some water and a towel."

"Eva will bring them right up. Have you soap of your own?"

"Yes."

"Gentlemen often prefer providing their own. If you will give me your name in full, I will enter it on my books."

"My name is Andrew Grant."

"Very well."

"What is your rate of board? Mr. Gale will pay it, but I should like to know what it is."

"Five dollars a week for your room. Mr. Warren pays seven, but he has a large room to himself. If you should decide to room with him, I shall charge you five dollars apiece."

"Thank you; I don't think we shall come to any agreement."

She went down stairs and Andy surveyed his room with interest.

It was certainly small, quite the narrowest room he had ever seen. There was one window from which he had a view of the back yard, rather a forlorn looking space. There was a cat perched on the high board fence separating the yard from that of the adjoining house.

Andy liked cats, and called out "Pussy." The cat looked up and mewed her recognition and acknowledgment of the friendly overture. Then Eva came up with a pitcher of water and a towel.

"Will one do you?" she asked "The rest are in the wash, but I'll bring you another this evening."

"One will be sufficient for the present."

"So you're comin' here to live?" she said sociably.

"Yes, Eva."

"I hope you don't have fits like Mr. Warren."

"I don't think I ever had one yet," answered Andy with a smile.

"I'm glad of that. I'm afraid of gentlemen that have fits."

Eva went down stairs, and Andy proceeded to make his ablutions. It was a dusty day, and the water was refreshing.

After he had washed his face and hands he opened his gripsack and took out his brush and comb, which he placed on a tiny bureau at one corner of the room. It contained two drawers, and in one of them he put away the contents of the valise.

By this time it was half past ten, and he put on his hat and went down stairs. He went out into the street, and after a moment of indecision walked to Broadway. He thought he could not do better than to walk down this wonderful thoroughfare of which he had heard so much.

It did occur to him that he might report at the jewelry store, but he would see enough of that hereafter and he preferred to take a little walk about the city.

Andy used his eyes to good advantage. He looked in at the shop windows, and watched the human tide that swept by him.

Finally he found himself accosted by one of the passers by.

"My young friend, could you oblige me with a quarter to take me to Newark? My pocket has been picked, and——"

All this seemed familiar. Andy looked up and recognized at once the stranger whom he had relieved in front of the Grand Central depot.

"When did you get back from Yonkers?" he asked abruptly.

"I never was in Yonkers."

"I gave you a quarter only an hour or two since to get to your sick sister in Yonkers."

Muttering that there was some mistake, the man hurried away, looking confused.

"I wonder if I shall ever meet him again," thought Andy.

CHAPTER XV.

ANDY'S OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

ANDY walked about the city, using his eyes industriously. At one o'clock he went into a restaurant on Park Row, where he got a comfortable lunch for twenty five cents.

This was more than he intended to pay usually, but on this first day in the city he did not care to go back to the boarding house.

After lunch he made his way to the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge, and got into one of the cars. He enjoyed the prospect visible from the windows, and felt that this alone would pay him for visiting New York.

Just before they reached the other end there was a cry of alarm from a stout German woman who sat on the other side of the car.

"I've been robbed!" she exclaimed. "My purse is gone!"

Of course this attracted general attention.

"Was there much in the purse, madam?" asked a kind looking elderly man.

"Yes, there was six dollars—it was a great deal to me."

"Are you sure you had it when you entered the car?"

"Yes; I took it out of my pocket when I paid for a ticket."

"I think your pocket must have been picked."

Sitting next to the woman was a man who seemed absorbed in reading a morning newspaper; even the woman's complaint did not appear to excite his attention.

This led Andy to move his head to get a nearer view of him. He started in surprise. It was the adventurer whom he had already met twice that morning. He had little doubt that he was the thief.

It was perhaps somewhat rash to hazard a charge without proof, but he felt indignant and could not resist the impulse.

"I think that man has your purse," he said, pointing to the individual behind the newspaper.

"This is an outrage!" exclaimed the latter, with assumed anger. "I am a Boston merchant."

He was respectably dressed, and the charge did not seem very plausible.

"My boy, you should be careful how you make such charges," said his next neighbor reprovingly.

But Andy was not abashed.

"I know something of that man," he said quietly. "I have met him twice this morning."

"Has he robbed you?"

"No; but he asked me to give him a quarter to take him to his sick sister in Yonkers. This was at the Grand Central

Depot; an hour or two later I met him on Broadway, and he wanted money to take him to Newark."

"The boy is entirely mistaken," said the adventurer.

At the same instant, under cover of the newspaper, he adroitly let the stolen purse drop to the floor at his feet.

By this time the cars had reached the Brooklyn end of the bridge.

"Why, there is your purse," exclaimed the adventurer, with a sudden glance downward. "You must have dropped it."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the poor woman, overjoyed.

"I hope you won't suspect a gentleman again," said the thief in lofty indignation.

"No, I won't, sir. I was sure you didn't take it."

Andy, who had seen the trick, smiled, but he was satisfied with the recovery of the purse.

The passengers looked puzzled. They had not made up their minds as to the guilt or innocence of the man charged with the theft.

"You see, young man," said Andy's neighbor in a tone of reproof, "you were mistaken."

Andy smiled again.

"I saw him drop the purse on the floor," he answered quietly.

"Bless my soul! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

The passengers left the car, Andy and the thief among them.

Andy lost track of his acquaintance till as they reached Fulton Street he heard some one hissing in his ear, "Boy, you are too fresh! I'll get even with you yet!"

Then the thief, passing him rapidly, got into a Myrtle Avenue car, and this was the last he saw of him for that day.

Andy walked about the streets of Brooklyn for a while and returned by Fulton Ferry. Then he went back to his boarding place, arriving there between three and four o'clock.

As he went up to his room he noticed that the door of the large room opposite was open. A young man, of about thirty, was sitting in a rocking chair, reading.

He was of medium height and sallow complexion. He wore his hair long, and had a high, narrow forehead.

"I suppose that is the man who has fits," thought Andy.

The young man had noticed Andy's entrance into his own room, and rising from the rocking chair crossed the hall, and knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in," said Andy.

"I suppose this is Mr. Grant," began the young man, bowing. "I am Mr. Warren, and live in the room opposite."

"Won't you come in and sit down?" asked Andy, with a glance at the only chair the room contained.

"Don't let me take your only chair. I'll sit on the bed, if you don't mind."

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Warren." said Andy with easy cordiality.

"So you know my name?"

"Mrs. Norris spoke to me of you."

"Did she? What did she say?" asked the young man, showing some curiosity.

"I think she said you were literary—that you wrote for some of the magazines."

"Yes. I am very fond of writing. Do you write?"

"Not for publication."

"Ah yes, I see. You would be rather young for an author."

"Are you connected with any particular magazine?"

"No. I am a free lance. I contribute to several. I have just sent an article to the *Century*."

Andy was rather surprised, for he knew that the *Century* held high rank among contemporary magazines. It did not occur to him that any one might send an article to that magazine, but that to have it accepted and published would be a different matter.

"I suppose you enjoy writing?"

"Yes. There is nothing I like so well."

"Perhaps you will show me some of your articles."

"I can show you a poem which appeared last week in the village paper at home."

"Thank you, I should like to see it."

Mr. Warren went up to his room, and speedily returned, bringing with him a small weekly paper.

On the front page, at the head of the first column, was a short poem by G. Byron Warren. This was the first stanza, which Mr. Warren volunteered to read aloud:

"I'd like to be a robin,
And flit from bough to bough;
I'd pour sweet music on the air
If God would teach me how."

"I don't quite like that last line," he said, looking up from the paper. "Can you suggest any improvement?"

"You might say,' And charm the pensive cow,'" suggested Andy mischievously.

"True, that might be a striking figure. I will consider it when I revise the poem for publication in book form."

The rest of the poem was of similar quality.

"I don't think they would accept that for the *Century*," thought Andy.

"Do you devote yourself to literary work, or are you in business?" he asked.

"I may go into business, but at present I only write. I send a letter once a month to the Greenville *Banner*."

"I suppose they pay?"

"Oh—ah yes," answered the poet in a hesitating voice, "but the terms are strictly confidential. If you ever pick up any incidents in your daily walks, Mr. Grant, I shall be glad if you will communicate them to me that I may weave them into my correspondence."

"With pleasure."

Then it occurred to Andy to tell his neighbor about the street adventurer whom he had met three times that morning.

"Capital!" exclaimed Warren. "I will get that into my next letter. I see, Mr. Grant, you have an observing eye. You would make a good reporter for one of the city dailies."

"Do you think so?" asked Andy, feeling complimented.

"I am sure of it."

"How long have you lived in the city, Mr. Warren?"

"About three months. Some time I will tell you why I came here," he continued with an air of mystery.

"I shall be glad to hear."

"I will tell you now, for I see you have a sympathetic soul. I loved, and my love was returned, but a heartless parent interposed, and separated two loving hearts."

He took out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. Andy hardly knew whether to laugh or express sympathy.

"I suppose that often happens?" he said rather lamely. "Perhaps he may yet repent."

"I live in that hope. When I have become famous, I will go back, and offer myself again to Sophia. I suppose you have had no heart experiences as yet, Mr. Grant?"

"Not as yet, but I can sympathize with you."

"I am so glad you have come. I shall make you my confidential friend."

Then the conversation drifted into other channels.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANDY AT WORK.

PUNCTUALLY as the clock struck eight the next morning Andy entered the store of Mr. Flint on Union Square. He looked for his employer, but the jeweler seldom arrived before nine, his residence being in Harlem.

Behind the counter, arranging the goods in one of the cases, was a man with reddish hair who might at a guess be thirty five years of age. It was Mr. Flint's head clerk, Simon Rich, who had been absent when Andy made his first call.

"What can I do for you, boy?" he asked superciliously.

"Is Mr. Flint in?"

"No. You can tell me your business."

"I have come here to work."

"Oh!"

This exclamation was long drawn out. Mr. Rich then proceeded to examine Andy from head to foot in a manner which was extremely offensive.

Andy understood that for some reason this man would be his enemy. He would have understood his hostility better had he known that the boy just discharged was the head clerk's nephew.

"I suppose you are well acquainted with the business?" remarked Rich with a sneer.

"I know nothing about it."

"Humph! you stand a chance of being very useful."

"I hope to become familiar with it soon," said Andy, coloring.

"Suppose you sweep out to begin with."

He pointed out the broom, and Andy went to work.

"I wish he were a more agreeable man," thought Andy. "I am afraid he will make my position unpleasant."

Here a customer came in, and Mr. Rich was occupied for the next ten minutes.

The customer, a lady, bought a gold chain.

"Shall I send it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, but not till twelve o'clock."

"To what address?"

She gave a number on Fifty Sixth Street.

"Very well."

"There will be an errand for you," said Rich, as he put back the chains not selected.

Andy nodded. He felt that he would rather be absent on an errand than in the company of Simon Rich.

"Where did Mr. Flint pick you up?" inquired Rich.

This was rude, but Andy felt that it would not be politic to get into a quarrel with the head clerk so soon.

"We met at lunch," he said.

"Where?"

"At the Sinclair House."

"Had you never seen him before?"

"No."

"Queer that he should engage you at such short notice!"

"He was acquainted with the gentleman I was with."

"What name?"

"Walter Gale."

"Yes, I have seen him. Are you related to Mr. Gale?"

"No."

"Are you aware that the boy you have displaced—John Crandall—is my nephew?"

"No, sir. I didn't know it. I am sorry he lost his place."

"He is a good boy, but Mr. Flint became prejudiced against him. Did he say anything about him when he engaged you?"

"I believe he said that he was not satisfactory, but as I did not know him I did not notice."

Another customer came in, and at nine o'clock Mr. Flint entered.

"I see you are on hand," he said pleasantly to Andy.

"Yes, sir."

"When did you come to the city?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"Have you a boarding place?"

"Yes, sir, in Clinton Place. I was recommended to it by Mr. Gale."

"That is well. Mr. Rich, this is the new boy."

"So he told me," said Rich coldly.

"Have you had any customers?"

"Yes, sir. There is one article to be sent—a gold chain—to Mrs. Mason of Fifty Sixth Street."

"Any time mentioned?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"You can send Andrew at that time."

"Very well, sir."

Andy was very glad of his employer's presence. It checked any manifestation of rudeness on the part of the clerk.

At quarter to twelve a box containing the chain was handed to Andy, addressed to Mrs. Mason.

"Did you notice the lady who purchased the chain?" asked Mr. Flint.

"Yes, sir."

"I wish this box placed in her hands. Ask her to give you a receipt for it."

"Yes, sir."

"Here is money for car fare. You may go to lunch after delivering the box."

"Yes, sir."

Andy took the Broadway cable car, and just after twelve reached the house. The door was opened by a man servant.

"I have a parcel for Mrs. Mason," said Andy.

"All right; I'll take it."

"I am only to deliver it into her hands."

"She isn't at home."

"Then I will wait for her. She said she would be here at twelve."

The man was about to speak rudely, when a lady mounted the steps.

"Are you from Mr. Flint?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"I am Mrs. Mason."

"I remember you," said Andy, bowing. "Will you be kind enough to give me a receipt?"

"Certainly. Step into the hall, and I won't keep you waiting long."

Andy sat down.

"Why didn't you give me the parcel, boy?" asked the servant.

"Because you are not Mrs. Mason. I had strict orders to deliver it to her."

"Humph! that is being mighty particular."

"I have nothing to do with Mr. Flint's rules."

Mrs. Mason returned almost immediately.

"Here is the receipt, and thank you," she said pleasantly.

Andy bowed, and opened the door to go out.

"I am afraid I have interfered with your lunch," she said.

"I am going to it now, thank you."

"My lunch is just ready. Perhaps you will accept an invitation to lunch with me?"

"I shall be very glad to do so."

Andy had been brought up as a gentleman, and was not at all embarrassed as some boys would have been, by this attention from a lady.

"Follow me, then," she said, as she led the way down stairs to the front basement.

A small table was set there, and Mrs. Mason pointed to a seat.

"You are my only guest," she said. "My boy is out of town just at present. Shall I help you to some cold chicken?"

"Thank you."

Besides the chicken there was bread and butter, some kind of preserve, and hot tea. It was all very plain, but Andy enjoyed it.

"I ought to know the name of my guest," said Mrs. Mason.

"My name is Andrew Grant."

"Have you been long at Mr. Flint's?"

"This is my first day."

"I hope you will find the situation a pleasant one. You are not a city boy?"

"No, I come from Arden."

They were waited upon at table by Gustave, the man who had treated Andy rudely.

He did not look at all pleasant at having to wait upon the boy from "Flint's," and evidently considered his mistress very eccentric.

Mrs. Mason gossiped pleasantly and evidently enjoyed her young company.

"That is better than eating alone," she said, as she rose from the table. "I feel quite well acquainted with you, Andrew. You must come up some time when my boy is at home. He is a year or two younger than you, but I think you will get on together."

"I shall be very glad to come," replied Andy gratefully. "Thank you for all your kindness."

He went back to the store at once.

"You are back early," said Mr. Flint.

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Mason invited me to lunch, and that saved time."

Simon Rich looked surprised. His nephew had never received so much attention from a customer.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANDY'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

As time went on, Andy became sensible that Simon Rich was indeed no friend of his. He was watched with a cold vigilance that was nothing less than a lookout for imperfections. Andy saw that it would be necessary for him to be unusually careful and attentive to his duties.

Mr. Flint on the other hand, was always kind and cordial, notwithstanding the slighting words from Mr. Rich.

One day when Andy returned from lunch he found a boy talking with Simon Rich. He recognized him as his predecessor.

The boy, John Crandall, looked at him with an ill natured glance. As Simon Rich did not see fit to introduce him he did not speak. When Rich went out to lunch John Crandall accompanied him.

"Don't you think there is any chance of my getting back, Uncle Simon?" asked John.

"Not at present. That boy you saw seems to have the inside track with Mr. Flint."

"What sort of a boy is he?"

"He's too fresh. I don't like him."

"What made Mr. Flint take him on?"

"Heaven knows; I don't."

"Do you think he is likely to stay?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Can't you prejudice Mr. Flint against him?"

"I will if I can. I am looking for a chance to get him into trouble, but it isn't easy as he is a goody goody sort of a boy. He tries to get in with people. You know Mrs. Mason of Fifty Sixth Street?"

"Yes; I have carried purchases there."

"The very first day he was here he went there with a chain, and she invited him to lunch."

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed John, in surprise. "She never took any notice of me."

They went to the Dairy Restaurant on Union Square, for lunch.

"Uncle Simon," said John, when they were going out, "can't you give me fifty cents? You know I haven't a cent of money now that my salary is stopped."

"What do you want of fifty cents?" demanded his uncle, frowning.

"I want to go to the Grand Opera House tonight. I haven't been to the theater for two weeks."

"And you can't expect to while you are not earning anything."

"But that isn't my fault," pleaded John.

"Yes, it is. You neglected your duties at Flint's, and he saw it. That is why you lost your place."

"It is pretty hard going about without a cent of money in your pocket."

"Then you should have kept your place. Have you been round to look for another position?"

"No; I thought you would get me back into Flint's."

"I don't think there is much chance, but I will try to get the other boy out."

"I hope you'll do that. I hate the sight of him. I feel as if he had turned me out of my place."

"How do you like the new boy, Mr. Rich?" asked the jeweler at the end of the first week.

"I don't care much for him," said Simon Rich coldly.

"What is the matter with him? Does he neglect his work?"

"No," Rich admitted unwillingly.

"What have you against him, then?"

"He has a sneaking way about him."

"On the contrary he seems to me to be unusually frank and open."

"He is trying to get into your good graces."

"Well, that is proper, isn't it?"

"Yes, but——"

"Well?"

"I think he will bear watching."

"Surely you don't suspect him of dishonesty."

"Still waters run deep," said the clerk sententiously.

Mr. Flint smiled to himself as he turned away. He understood that the secret of his head clerk's prejudice was the fact that Andy had taken the place of his nephew.

Meanwhile Andy had got well acquainted at his boarding house. Besides Mr. Warren he found his next neighbor, Sam Perkins, quite sociable.

Sam was a youth of eighteen, and was employed in a furnishing goods store on lower Broadway. He was fortunate in the location of his store, as he finished work at half past five, and was able to be at supper at the regular hour. He seemed rather fond of dress and indulged in a variety of showy neckties, being able to get them at wholesale rates.

He introduced himself to Andy the first evening.

"What pay do you get?" he asked.

"Five dollars a week."

"I get seven, but it's too small. A man can't live on it. Why, my car fare costs me sixty cents a week."

"It must be rather a tight squeeze."

"The folks at home allow me two dollars a week besides. You see the governor's got money. But I tell you money melts away in New York."

"No doubt. There are a good many ways of spending money here."

"Suppose we go to the theater tonight."

"I would rather wait a while. This is my first night in the city."

"Have you got acquainted with old Warren?"

"You mean the occupant of the large room opposite?"

"Yes."

"I have talked with him a little."

"How do you like him?"

"I don't know him well enough to judge," said Andy cautiously.

"He's a crank—and soft at that. Pretends that he's literary and writes for the magazines."

"He does, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he writes for them, but I don't think his articles get printed. He just sits round and writes, and isn't any company at all. I have tried to get him to go to the theater, but he won't. Once I was hard up—hadn't but a nickel—and asked him to lend me a quarter. He wouldn't."

"Very likely he hasn't got much money?"

"That's right. Did you ever see such shabby neckties as he wears?"

"He hasn't your advantages about getting new neckties," said Andy with a smile, for he had already learned where Sam was at work.

"How do you like the tie I have on? It's a stunner, isn't it?" asked Sam complacently.

"It's very showy."

"I get a new necktie every week. You see, I get them at half price. Girls always notice your necktie."

"Then I don't think they'll pay me much attention."

"Your tie is too sober, that's a fact. Better let me bring you one. I can get it half off. They won't know but it's for me?"

"Thank you. I may by and by accept your offer. Now I don't want to spend any extra money."

At the table Andy was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, who did not appear to be long married. She was tall, angular, and thirty five. He was at least five years younger. He had married her for her money, but she let him have little advantage of it, dealing it out in small sums.

He occupied a small clerkship at eight dollars a week, out of which he had to pay his own board, while his wife, who had an income from property of a thousand dollars a year, defrayed her own expenses, and occasionally allowed him a dollar or two.

He was much better looking than his wife, and it was this perhaps that made her jealous if he looked at another woman. The particular object of her jealousy was a Miss Manson, who held a business position at an up town milliner's. She was pleasant and piquant.

There was also a Mr. Kimball, who was a salesman at Hearn's. He liked to discuss financial problems, and felt that he should have been a banker, but found no one to talk with, as Mr. Osborn's ideas on finance were elementary.

Indeed, Mrs. Osborn was the only one at the table who was competent to converse with him on his favorite subject.

"Miss Manson, may I pass you the sugar?" asked Mr. Osborn on the first occasion of Andy's appearing at dinner.

"Miss Manson can reach the sugar bowl herself," interposed Mrs. Osborn with a reproving frown.

"I like to be neighborly, my dear," said her husband deprecatingly.

"I see you do."

Miss Manson smiled, and so did others at the table, who detected Mrs. Osborn's jealousy.

"Have you read the President's financial message, Mr. Osborn?" asked Mr. Kimball.

"No. I don't take any interest in such things."

"I have read it, Mr. Kimball," said Mrs. Osborn, "and I approve his recommendations."

"So do I with one exception," returned Mr. Kimball, and they began a conversation in which none of the other boarders took an interest.

When supper was over, Andy and Sam went for a walk. Mr. Warren excused himself on the ground that he was writing a poem for one of the magazines.

"So you are with a jeweler," said Sam. "I may come up and buy a ring some day. Do you allow a discount to friends?"

"I don't know yet. I will favor you if I can."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PLOT AGAINST ANDY.

SOME six weeks later, about the middle of the forenoon, a Western Union telegraph boy entered the store and handed Mr. Flint a telegram.

Tearing it open, the jeweler read the contents and seemed quite agitated.

"Mr. Rich," he said, turning to the head clerk, "I have bad news. My only brother is dangerously sick. This despatch says that if I wish to see him alive I must start at once."

"Where does he live?"

"In Denver, Colorado."

"That is a long way off."

"Yes. I don't see how I can leave the business, but I cannot bear to think of my brother dying without my seeing him again."

"I think, sir, that I can keep things straight. I have been with you for six years."

"True, and you know the business thoroughly. Besides, you can write or telegraph me, if need be, every day."

"I will do so, sir. You can depend on me."

"Besides, you will have Andrew to help you. He is a good and faithful boy."

To this Simon Rich made no reply, but there was a look on his face that boded no good to Andy.

"I think I will go home at once and get ready. It is necessary that I should start immediately. I shall have no time to give you directions, but I will write you as soon as I reach Denver."

"Very well, sir," said Simon Rich smoothly. "Make your mind quite easy. All will go well during your absence."

Half an hour later, when Andy returned from an errand, Mr. Flint was gone.

"I have a message for Mr. Flint," said Andy as he entered the store.

"You can give it to me."

"I was told to deliver it to Mr. Flint personally."

"You will find that rather a hard job, young man," said Rich with a sneer.

"I don't understand you," returned Andy in surprise.

"Mr. Flint is on his way to Denver by this time."

"Does he go on business?"

"He has received news that his only brother lies there at the point of death."

"How long will he be gone?" asked Andy, who began to understand that this was likely to prove bad news for him.

"Probably not less than three weeks. Of course I shall manage the store while he is away. Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"And I want you to understand," continued Rich in a bullying tone, "that I won't stand any nonsense from you. You will have to attend strictly to business. I shan't be such an easy going boss as Mr. Flint."

"I always aim to do my duty," said Andy quietly.

"You will find it best to do so while I am in charge. Now, don't stand gawking there, but go to work."

Andy was moved to an angry reply, but thought it prudent to refrain. He realized that for three weeks and probably longer he was to be at the mercy of a man who evidently disliked him.

How he should be able to stand it he did not know. He determined, however, to do his duty as well as he knew how, and not to reply when the head clerk was insolent and abusive.

About an hour later Simon Rich gave him a postal which he directed him to drop in the nearest mail box.

It was addressed to John Crandall, Andy's predecessor, and ran thus:

DEAR JOHN,

Come round as soon as you can. I have news for you. Your uncle,

SIMON RICH.

About four o'clock John Crandall entered the store.

"Andrew," said Rich, "you may go to the branch post office at Ninth Street and get a dollar's worth of postage stamps."

Andy understood that stamps were not needed, and that the errand was devised to get him out of the way. However, it was his duty to obey.

When he was fairly out of the store, John asked with some curiosity, "What is the news you were going to tell me, Uncle Simon?"

"Mr. Flint has started for Colorado, and I am in full charge of the store," answered Rich, with a triumphant smile.

"Golly! That's great news!" exclaimed John. "Now, you can discharge that cub and get me in again."

"I mean to, but you will have to wait a few days."

"Why need I?"

"Because I must have a good excuse for bouncing him. Mr. Flint will inquire, you know."

"I should think it would be easy to invent one."

"Well, not altogether easy, but I have a plan. You see the boy is one of the goody goody kind who has no bad habits. If I could catch him playing pool, or anything of that kind there would be no trouble, but he is one of your model boys."

"Like me," suggested John.

"I never took you for a model boy. Still, you are my nephew, and I must do the best I can for you."

"What is the plan you have thought of?"

"I haven't fully decided, but come in to-morrow, and I may think of something by that time."

"I wish I was here now. It will be good fun, now that old Flint is gone."

"Be careful not to say 'old Flint' before Andrew. He might repeat it to the boss when he returns."

"If he should I would punch his head," said John promptly.

"I don't think I would advise you to do that," said Simon Rich shrewdly.

"Why not? I could lick him with one hand."

"If you ever get into a fight with him you will need two. He is strong and muscular."

"You seem to be taking his part, Uncle Simon."

"Not at all, but I won't shut my eyes to facts. Andrew is much stronger than you are."

John did not look well pleased, but his uncle added, "In this case, however, it is not a matter of strength. We must use cunning."

"All right, uncle. You know best, of course."

"Of course I know best. All you have to do is to be guided by me. We must get rid of him in such a way that Mr. Flint will approve of my action."

"It will be a great day for me when I take his place."

"Exactly. Be patient, and it will come about. Meanwhile I want you to treat him as a friend."

"Why?"

"So that he won't suspect that there is any conspiracy against him."

"I see. You are a smart one, Uncle Simon."

"I flatter myself that I know what I am about," returned Rich complacently.

Andy was considerably surprised at the kindness with which he was treated, during the next few days, by the head salesman. He had expected something very different. He began to think he had misjudged Mr. Rich.

He was still more surprised when the next day at his lunch hour he was invited to the Dairy Kitchen by John Crandall. He did not care to accept, but John insisted upon it, and he thought it would be rude to refuse.

John chatted very pleasantly during the meal, and Andy was both surprised and pleased.

"Have you got a new place?" he asked.

"No, but uncle thinks he can get me one before long."

"I hope it will be a good one."

"Oh, I think it will," said John, showing his teeth and smiling significantly.

So passed several days, and Andy began to think that Mr. Rich had become his friend. But at length the storm broke.

One day as he entered the store he noticed that Simon Rich was looking grave and stern.

"Andrew," he said, without preface, "something very disagreeable has happened."

"What is it, Mr. Rich?"

"A gold watch has disappeared from this case."

"A valuable one?" asked Andy innocently.

"It is one that retails at fifty dollars. I would not have had this occur during Mr. Flint's absence for twice that sum."

"Have you any idea of what has become of it?"

"Not at present, but as you and my nephew are in the store so much, of course you would have opportunities of taking it."

"Uncle Simon," said John, who was present, "I insist on your searching me."

"I will do so, though I am sure neither you nor Andrew is at fault."

"Search me, too, Mr. Rich," said Andy fearlessly.

Nothing was found on John, but thrusting his hand into the upper pocket of Andy's vest, Simon Rich drew out a folded paper.

"What is this?" he cried. "A pawn ticket for a gold watch? What does this mean?"

"Let me see it?" said Andy, dumfounded.

It was a ticket issued by a Third Avenue pawnbroker for a gold watch, on which ten dollars appeared to have been loaned. The name of the borrower appeared as A. Grant.

"Miserable boy!" said the salesman severely; "so you have turned thief? What a hypocrite you must be!"

"I don't know what it means," faltered Andy, quite overwhelmed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTRY BOY AND THE CITY FLAT.

He liked the pretty parlor and admired the dining room;
He thought the kitchen lovely, though 'twas darker than the tomb;
He deemed the elevator just the finest thing he'd seen,
And wished to ride upon it from the morning to the e'en.

He never missed the comfort of his roomy country home.
He didn't pine for meadows where he had been used to roam.
He said the hall was splendid, though for size it was the twin
Of that long narrow alley where he'd bowled down many a pin.

He thought it was a splendid plan to have the nursery door,
When open, look right out upon the polished kitchen floor,
Because 'twas so convenient; if he wished a piece of cake,
'Twas right in reach without a bit of journeying to make.

And further, when he went to bed, and dreamed of polar bears,
'Twas pleasanter to feel that he was really not up stairs,
But just a foot or two away from where his papa sat—
He got a deal of comfort as he blinked and thought of that.

In short, he deemed a modern flat to be so very nice;
Then he began to think it quite as fine as Paradise,
Till one day he discovered—and, oh, dear me, how he cried!—
That it contained no banisters on which a boy could slide.

And when this flashed across the mind of that dear little boy,
It took away his pleasure and embittered all his joy;
And now, instead of Paradise, he thinks a flat as base
And utterly devoid of good as is—the other place.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

MRS. RUDDELL'S SON SAUL

By Anna Leach.

THERE was every sign of a big "blow." The widow Ruddell shuddered as she heard the boom of the surf. The sea had taken her husband; then Enoch, her darling, her "baby," had gone next, lost away off by China.

Only Saul was left, and while he had promised her that he would never go to sea, every time he went out even to fish, there was a constant fear with her that some way, somehow, the cruel waters would rob her of this one, too.

As she looked out now on this blustering night, she saw him coming, and she rose quickly, not to meet him, for that was not her way, but to bustle about and set the table.

Saul Ruddell clumped his way in with a smile of contentment on his honest face.

"Whew! but the biscuits smell good," he said as he washed his face in the tin basin, and scrubbed it vigorously with the roller towel. "It's going to be a regular blizzard of a night. Getting colder every minute."

Such a smart, good son had never been given to a woman, the widow thought more than once that evening.

And then there ran a thread across her mind that it was no more than she deserved of Providence. She had been a good woman all her life, and the sea had taken her husband and her youngest boy. Why shouldn't this one be a treasure to her? He was the consolation of her old age.

As she looked at his knitted brows as he sat there and figured up his accounts, she wanted to go over to him and smooth them out, to pet him as she had fondled him when he was a baby; but there was nothing in her face or movements to let Saul know she thought of such a thing. She hadn't kissed him for ten years. That was not her way.

Suddenly Saul rose.

"I have forgotten something. I will go back to Nickerson's house and get the lists of last week's catch."

His mother looked at the tall old clock ticking in the corner.

It was already nine.

"It is too late, I suppose," Saul said. "I will get up early in the morning and go."

He threw his arms up over his head with a mighty yawn, took a candle from the table drawer, lighted it, and went all over the house, seeing that windows and doors were locked, that the cat was safe in her basket, and everything secure.

Then, without a word of good night, he went up stairs to bed. Deeds not words, counted with these people.

It seemed to Mrs. Ruddell that she had only fairly closed her eyes when there came a tremendous rap at the door. She sprang from her bed in a panic.

She could see the faint gleam of early daylight through her window, and she knew that there must be something wrong.

"What is it?" she called.

"Tell Saul to come out. There's a ship aground with men on her. We are going to try to save them."

There was a pause inside.

"I hear you," Mrs. Ruddell said after a minute.

Then she sat down again on the side of the bed. It was bitterly cold in the fireless room, but she didn't know that. She only knew that she was asked to waken her boy and send him into danger; and she wouldn't do it. No, she wouldn't.

She put on her clothes mechanically, though. She could hear the wind blowing and the sea beating not far away.

After she was dressed she walked softly up stairs to take a look at Saul and to make sure that he had not heard the call.

He was gone.

For an instant her heart seemed frozen, and then it went on with its normal beat. She remembered that she had heard him say that he would get up and go to Nickerson's early.

Nickerson lived a mile back from the village on a farm. Saul was safe.

Then Mrs. Ruddell had time to think of the people on the wreck; time to fear for the widows and orphans. Her husband had gone down on that very bit of coast.

She wrapped herself up warmly and hurried to the beach. All the population of the little town had collected there, and they were anxiously watching the ship which had run aground, and which would presently be broken up by the terrific force of the icy waves which were washing over it.

The people on the shore could see that there were several men on board lashed to the rigging. High above them there was one who had tied himself to the mast.

There had been several attempts made

"Andrew ... that the sailors ... something ... it had ... ed."

"What is it ... posed ... "A gold w... almos... this case." ... to save them-... A valuable ... as though they must ce... any men have died, in the very ... of rescue.

"I cannot see those poor fellows perish like that," one man cried. "Who will volunteer for the lifeboat. No married men. There are ten chances to one that we never reach the ship."

And indeed it looked so. It seemed almost impossible to launch the boat.

But although we call men cowards there has never been that desperate venture yet when heroes have not arisen, and soon six men volunteered to go out to the ship.

There were no cries, no tears, when the launch was finally made. Those New England men and women and children stood and saw their sons and brothers going to almost certain death, and although their hearts might be breaking, they never made a sound.

The mother of the man who had asked for volunteers took the little shawl from around her own ears and put it about her son's neck, but she did not touch him beyond that. Any demonstration of affection would have seemed out of place to her.

They stood, a shivering little group, their eyes fastened not upon the ship out yonder, but upon the boat which held their dear ones.

Sometimes they could see it poised sidewise upon the crest of a great wave, and then it would be engulfed, hidden, and each time hearts stopped with the awful fear that it would never come up again.

But there were twelve strong arms guiding it. And presently the boat was thrown alongside the sinking ship, now so low in the water that there was but little difficulty in boarding her, and one after another the men were taken off.

All except one.

"They have forgotten one," Mrs. Ruddell said.

She had been standing by, sympathetic, thanking Heaven that Saul was not in this danger.

"They have forgotten one," they all said.

"He ain't movin', that chap on the mast. I guess he's froze." Captain Silas added.

"It would be a good thing to give him Christian burial, but the boys can't load down the boat with dead men today. No!"

As the lifeboat was making its perilous journey back, there was a figure seen running down the beach. Everybody knew the powerful frame. It was Saul Ruddell, who had just heard of the wreck.

He was the first man to rush in the water and help bring the lifeboat through the icy surf.

"... would you ..." said Andy ... "the boat was overloaded," ... rescuers replied; "and he ... frozen any way."

"And you left him! I'll go back for him."

"You are crazy," the man said. "The sea's getting higher every second, and that ship will go down in ten minutes; it was dangerous to stay as long as we did. It is knocking to pieces."

"All the more reason for me to hurry."

Saul took the empty boat into his possession as the half frozen, drenched men were hurried into houses where there were fires and beds.

"If there is no one to go with me I will go alone; but I will try to save the man on the mast. Will any one come?"

Then Mrs. Ruddell gave a cry which sent a chill over every soul, and threw her arms around Saul's neck.

"You shall not go! You will surely be drowned. They have all gone to the sea but you. I won't give you up. You are my only son."

Saul gently put her away, holding her hands.

"But the man out there may have a mother. They have saved the rest: he shall have his chance."

Mrs. Ruddell was a New England woman and her sense of justice lived even in this moment.

"Go," she said.

Four young men took their places in the boat, Saul beside them, and leaving his mother wringing her hands on the beach, they dashed into the fury of the sea.

If they had been anxious before, the tension was ten times worse now. The ship could only last a few minutes.

If she broke as they drew near her, they were all lost, and every instant was sending the waves higher.

The five men worked like giants. Four of them felt that they must bring Saul back to his mother.

The seconds when the boat was in the trough of the waves seemed like hours to the watchers. At last they could see them reach the ship, and they could make out that it was Saul who went up the icy mast, cutting his way with the lifeboat hatchet. He brought down the man, limp, helpless, but they could see that he lived by the care that was taken of him. They could even see that Saul was in the bottom of the boat with him as they started back, and that four men only were rowing.

The people drew down almost into the waves as the boat came in, eager to help, to see them safe out of the very hand of death.

As the boat was pulled up, Saul sprang to his feet and waved his cap.

"Mother," he shouted, "we've saved Enoch!"

NOT WITHOUT HONOR.*

By William D. Moffat,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Pen Rae learns that he is regarded as a drone by the townspeople of Wilton he leaves his mother and younger brother, Will, and goes to New York to take a small position on the *Herald*, which Mr. Austin Terry, one of the editors, and an old friend of Mrs. Rae, secures for him.

Uncle 'Lias, an old negro who drives the boy to the station, tells him that he saw his father, who has not been heard from for many years, the week before, on a train which stopped at Wilton Junction, and likewise produces an envelope bearing a New York address, which he declares that Mr. Rae dropped. After enjoining old 'Lias to secrecy, Pen boards the train, taking with him the scrap of paper for future investigation.

Acting on Mr. Terry's advice, Pen engages a room at Mrs. Buet's boarding house. There he becomes acquainted with Bob Lecky, his landlady's nephew, who undertakes to show him around.

Pen has sundry experiences during his next few weeks in the metropolis. Mr. Terry is suddenly sent to Japan, and Pen, whose slow ways have made him very unpopular in the *Herald* office, overhears two members of the staff discussing the advisability of getting rid of him.

That afternoon Pen obtains a situation in a book store, where Carl Moran, a young friend of Pen's, works. Nearly a month elapses before Pen does anything worthy of mention, and then, one Friday afternoon, he distinguishes himself by selling an unusually large bill of goods to a gentleman whom he ascertains to be Mr. Francis Lalor—the name on the envelope found by old 'Lias, at Wilton, previous to Pen's departure for the city. Pen volunteers to take the bill up to the customer, at the Windsor, that evening.

Pen's customary weekly letter fails to appear the next Monday at Wilton, and on the following Wednesday Will Rae receives a note from Carl Moran, saying that they have seen nothing of Pen since the previous Friday, and asking if he has heard from him.

Mrs. Rae is much alarmed, and Will leaves immediately for New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILL RAE SEARCHES FOR HIS BROTHER.

"I WANT to see a young fellow named Moran."

"That is my name."

Carl descended from the ladder, on which he had been standing, and slapping his hands together to rid them of the dust from the bookshelf, looked inquiringly at the boy before him.

"You are Carl Moran?" asked the latter.

"Yes."

"Well, I am Will Rae—Pen Rae's brother."

Carl's blue eyes opened.

"I would never have thought it," he said. "You do not look alike."

"No. We are not alike," answered Will. Then he went on hurriedly, "I got your letter this morning, and felt so worried about Pen that I made up my mind to come on here at once. Have you got any news of him yet?"

Carl looked startled.

"I thought surely *you* would have news of him," he said. "Isn't he at home?"

"No."

"Haven't you heard from him?"

"Not in over a week."

Carl shook his head.

"I can't understand it," he said anxiously. "I thought he might have gone home suddenly for some reason, but now that you tell me you know nothing of him I don't know what to think. I am completely upset."

"Tell me all you can about him," said Will, dropping his valise and leaning attentively towards Carl.

"There isn't much to tell, I am sorry to say. As I wrote you, we haven't seen Pen since last Friday night, nor have any of the folks around at his boarding house. On Friday afternoon he caught a big customer—a gentlemen named Francis Lalor—and sold him a large bill. The gentleman said that he was staying at the Windsor Hotel, and wanted his bill sent there that evening.

"Now for some reason or other Pen made up his mind to take the bill up there himself. It was a queer notion. We salesmen never do that sort of thing. But Pen said that he wanted to see the gentleman again—so he took the bill home with him to dinner, and went up to the hotel in the evening. And that is the last thing we know of him."

"Do you *know* that he reached the hotel?" asked Will quickly.

"Yes, we are sure of that, for our bill came back Saturday morning with check in payment. In the same envelope came a letter ordering the books to be sent to an address in Brookline, Massachusetts—to a Mr. Henry Sartain. There was no allusion in the letter to Pen, and nothing that would serve as a clue to his whereabouts."

** The first 16 chapters of this story appeared in the March and April issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 20 cents.*

"Did you ask at the hotel about him?"

"Yes—first thing of all. I went there as soon as I began to feel uneasy about Pen. The clerk at the desk told me he remembered a young fellow answering to my description calling there Friday evening about eight o'clock and asking for Mr. Lalor. The gentleman was in his room, and Pen was shown up there. The clerk said he saw nothing more of Pen after that, but that Mr. Lalor stopped at the desk late in the evening, settled his bill, and went away. He had no trunk to be sent out—only a satchel, which he carried—so there was no way of telling where he went, but it is supposed that he took one of the late trains out of town."

"But the check," exclaimed Will, "that was some clue, wasn't it? You could inquire about this Mr. Lalor at the bank."

"The check was not Mr. Lalor's, but Mr. Sartain's—the man to whom the books were to be sent, and it was he that wrote the note to us. From something I overheard Mr. Lalor say to Pen while he was in here on Friday I believe that he was choosing the books for Mr. Sartain, being something of a bookman himself, while Mr. Sartain was not."

"Did you make any inquiries about Mr. Sartain?"

"Yes, but without much result. At the hotel they said a gentleman dined with Mr. Lalor, and spent part of the evening with him. That must have been Mr. Sartain, for it could only have been in that way that Mr. Lalor could have given him the bill in time for him to pay us the next morning. And he must also have been there when Pen came with the bill. But that didn't tell me anything. They knew nothing at the hotel about Mr. Sartain or where he went. Then, in order to leave no rock unturned, I went down to the bank.

"I was told there that Mr. Sartain was a paper broker, that he had not come to the bank since opening his account there several years before, and that they knew very little of him. His business offices, they told me, were in Temple Court. Accordingly I went to Temple Court, and found that he had given up his offices last May and gone to Boston, which seems likely and quite in accord with his living at Brookline.

"But, as you see, that left me no means of inquiry except by writing to this Mr. Sartain, and asking him where this Mr. Lalor could be found—which might or might not lead to something. Before doing that I determined to write to you, believing there was a better chance of getting news from you than through Mr. Sartain.

"I suppose I ought to have written you Monday, but to tell the truth, I didn't begin to feel seriously worried about the matter until today, for Pen is—well, a peculiar sort of chap, and an unusual thing of this kind didn't seem so strange to me in his case. I thought he might have taken a sudden notion and slipped away somewhere for a day or so, or gone home without——"

"Yes, I understand," said Will, knitting his brows anxiously; "but he isn't home—and what can we do?"

Carl hesitated.

"I scarcely know what to suggest," he answered slowly. "I might write Mr. Sartain, and see if I could work around through him and Mr. Lalor toward some clue."

"I suppose of course you have made inquiries at his boarding house."

"Yes, several times. They know nothing. Mrs. Buet thinks Pen may have come back to his room again on Friday night after going up town, for his bed, furniture, and clothes were in considerable disorder, as if some one in a great hurry had been in there; but if he *did* come back no one knows it. He was not seen again after he left the house, and no one heard him in his room. That might easily have happened, though, for the house is a very quiet one, and Pen could have returned for a time without being noticed. I believe myself that he did, by the looks of the room."

"When were you last at the house?" asked Will.

"Late yesterday afternoon, just before mailing my letter to you. We might go over there now and inquire again. Some news might have come, but I doubt it, for Bob Lecky would have brought me word if it had."

"Let's go and see, anyhow," said Will, taking up his valise again.

As it was already close upon six o'clock, Carl found no difficulty in getting away, and a quarter hour's walk brought the two boys to Mrs. Buet's house.

Inquiry there elicited no satisfactory response. No word had come from Pen, and the good old lady seemed as anxious and worried as if she were a near and dear relative.

"You must stay here while you remain in the city," she said to Will. "Perhaps tomorrow you will learn something. We must all hope for the best."

It was about half past eight o'clock, and Will was sitting in Pen's room with Carl Moran and Bob Lecky, eagerly talking matters over, when there came a tap on the door, and a telegram was handed in by the servant.

Will caught at it eagerly, and tore off the wrapper with trembling hands. A glance at the contents showed him it was not from Pen. It was from his mother, and it ran as follows:

"Have just received Pen's letter. My love to you both. Have written answer tonight."

Will stared at the telegram blankly, repeating the words several times to himself.

"Any news?" asked Carl, who had been watching him impatiently.

Will read the telegram aloud.

There was a moment's pause while all were busy thinking.

"Well, of all the queer things!" exclaimed Bob, first breaking the silence. "From that telegram it is evident that your mother thinks that Pen is here with you."

"And she must have got that impression from his letter," added Carl Moran.

"Well, it settles one thing, anyhow," said Will, with an expression of relief on his face; "he must be safe and sound, and somewhere hereabout."

"Yes, but where?" asked Carl. "And why should he be keeping out of sight in this way?"

Will shook his head.

"That's the mystery of it, but I believe that he will turn up shortly, and then he can explain. He's safe somewhere—that's a load off my mind. Now, as for the rest, I think the only thing to do is to wait. To-morrow I will get my mother's letter, and that will perhaps explain things—or Pen may turn up."

The telegram had completely changed the aspect of affairs. Anxiety was now partly relieved. But the boys were still greatly puzzled, unable to reconcile Pen's letter to his mother with his non appearance. They remained with Will until nearly eleven o'clock, thinking that Pen might put in an appearance, but they were disappointed.

At that hour they parted company, Will agreeing to report to Carl the next morning as soon as he received word from home.

It was some time before Will went to sleep. His mind was full of strange surmises, and he tossed restlessly to and fro, vainly trying to compose himself. It must have been after midnight, and he was just dozing off when he thought he heard the door open softly.

It was but a momentary impression, and would have passed away again into drowsiness and slumber, but an instant later he felt something brush past the bed.

He turned quickly, now fully aroused, and as he did so, a match snapped, and the gas flared up, flooding the room with light. Will sat up, shading his eyes from the glare, and staring about him.

In front of the bureau, a few feet away, stood his brother Pen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT PEN HAD TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

At the sound of Will stirring in the bed, Pen turned with a startled exclamation. For a moment he was too much surprised to speak. Then, as he recovered himself, he hurried to the bedside with extended hand.

"Why, Will!" he cried, "what on earth brought you here?"

"You," answered Will.

"I!"

"Yes, of course. What do you suppose? We had heard nothing from you for over a week, and mother had grown alarmed, so——"

"Over a week!" exclaimed Pen. "Why surely mother got my letter on Monday."

"What letter?"

"My regular weekly letter. I wrote it."

Will stared at his brother wonderingly.

"Why, Pen, what do you mean?" he said. "You haven't been here since last Friday. This morning we got a letter from Carl Moran saying that you had disappeared and nothing could be learned of your whereabouts, so I packed up at once and came on——"

"Carl Moran wrote you that!" cried Pen in surprise.

"Yes. He was worried about you and wrote to find out whether you had gone home, or if we knew anything about you. Why are you so surprised at that? I can tell you, Pen, you have given us all a big scare. Mother was frightened half to death. Where have you been, anyhow?"

"I don't understand it!" exclaimed Pen; not heeding his brother's question. "I wrote Carl and told him——"

He stopped a moment and a shadow of doubt crossed his face.

"Did Carl Moran get no letter from me?" he asked.

"No," answered Will, "nor any one else."

Pen had hurriedly taken off his overcoat and was fumbling in his pockets. As his hand slipped into one of the inside pockets, he uttered an exclamation of annoyance. Then he drew forth a letter sealed and stamped, and in his exasperation, fairly dashed it on the bed before him.

Will leaned over and picked it up. It was addressed to Carl Moran.

"Then, you forgot to mail it," said Will, looking first at the letter and then at Pen; "well, you are a nice one!"

"I didn't forget. Up to this moment I believed I mailed it. I mailed some letters, and I was sure that was one of them. Of course I can see now I must have made a mistake—and a lot of trouble it has cost me too."

Pen threw himself into a chair and looked gloomily at the floor. A glance at him showed Will that his brother's nerves were considerably upset.

"Come, Pen," he said, "tell me what's the matter. You look played out. What's happened? Nothing serious, I hope."

"Read my letter to Carl first," answered Pen, "then I'll tell you all there is to tell."

Will tore open the envelope. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR CARL:

I find it necessary to go to Boston—perhaps for several days—on an important private matter. I have to go at once—tonight, so I will not be at the store tomorrow. I will probably return on Monday or Tuesday. Will you attend to several important things for me? Please do not fail me.

In the first place will you explain to Mr. Clarke that I am summoned suddenly away. I know he will receive the check for those books some time tomorrow, for Mr. Sartain promised tonight to send it, and, as I have made such a good sale, Mr. Clarke may not be severe on me for this short notice. Tell him it is unavoidable, and it is only for a few days.

Secondly, will you please collect my salary for me, and send it to me at the Parker House, Boston?

And now lastly. My errand is of so private a nature that, for the present, I don't want even my folks at home to know of it. It is my custom every Sunday to write home to my mother. Accordingly I have written a letter for this week, and I want you to mail it for me. I cannot send it from Boston, for I want it to bear the New York postmark. I would inclose it in this letter to you, but it is too big and thick for that, so I have placed it in the top, small, left hand drawer of the bureau, where my collars and cuffs are. Will you please call Saturday or Sunday and get the letter by showing Bob Lecky this letter to you—and then mail it to my mother Sunday night, *without fail?* There is another reason why I want you to call here. It is now very late, and my letter to my mother and this to you has taken so much time, I cannot write another to Mrs. Buet or to Bob Lecky. Bob is out somewhere, and all the others are sound asleep, so I can't see them either. But you can tell them all. Time is pressing. I must stop and hurry away. Please don't forget anything. Will see you soon again. In haste, PEN RAE.

"Hm-m-m, so that's how mother never got your letter," said Will, as he finished reading.

"Yes; it is still here, of course," answered Pen, going to the bureau and opening the little drawer. "Why, no, it isn't, either," he added in surprise as he looked the drawer carefully through. "Somebody must have taken it out."

"Then that explains mother's telegram to me this evening," remarked Will.

"What telegram?" asked Pen.

"She sent word that your letter had been received today. You didn't write any other letter, did you?"

"No. This was the only letter."

"Then of course some one must have found it and mailed it."

"Then mother knows nothing!" exclaimed Pen with an expression of relief.

"Of course not. For the past two days she has been fearing everything under the sun, but the arrival of your letter has removed all that, and she no doubt takes it for granted that it was merely a case of delay in the mails."

"I am heartily glad of that," answered Pen, sinking again into his chair.

"But that doesn't explain anything," said Will. "What I want to know is, why did you have to go hurrying away to Boston? What's all the mystery?"

Pen hesitated before answering.

"I think it might be better for me to say nothing about it, Will," he said at length.

"See here, Pen, perhaps it relates only to you, and is none of my business. If it does, say so. But I've a notion it is something more. Tell me this much: does it have anything to do—has it any important bearing on us at home—on mother? You know what I mean."

Pen started.

"Why do you ask that?" he said quickly.

"Well, perhaps because I am a good guesser. This 'important business of a private nature', that you don't want mother to know of—that set me guessing. Is my guess right? There, you needn't speak. I can see that it is. Then, that being the case, Pen, I think I've as much right to know about it as you. I've come clear on from home to find out what the matter is. Now speak out and tell me. I want to know everything."

"Well, Will," answered Pen evasively, "I may as well say at once that I have nothing to tell."

Will stared.

"But your Boston trip—this disappearance—this concealment—what's it all about? I want to know, I tell you, and I won't go home till I do know."

Pen knew his brother's disposition, and saw that evasion would be futile.

"It is something of a story," he said.

"Never mind, we've the whole night before us," answered Will. "Go ahead, and let me have it all."

CHAPTER XIX.

PEN'S BOSTON TRIP.

It was now nearly one o'clock, but the two brothers took no thought of the hour, or of the flight of time. Will lay on one side in the bed, his head resting on one hand, and Pen sat in his chair, facing his brother. And so they remained, scarcely moving while the following conversation took place.

"It is a subject, Will, that I find it hard to speak about—one that we don't speak of at home," began Pen.

Will looked quickly at his brother.

"I thought I had guessed somewhere near it," he said.

"You know what I mean."

"Yes—father."

The word came out with a jerk, and Will's face flushed.

There were hidden fires in his nature that not even his best friends would have suspected, he was always so good natured, so genial, so happy-go-lucky. But that one word fanned the embers into a flame.

"But that *is* the subject," said Pen.

"Go on with it, then. Let's have it out," answered Will.

"What do you really know of father, Will?" asked Pen.

"Isn't it answered already when you ask me such a question?" cried Will bitterly. "You are sixteen, Pen, nearer seventeen, and I am nearly fifteen—both of us almost young men. We are brothers, too, and yet one is asking the other 'What do you know of father?'"

"Try to control yourself, Will," said Pen. "I know all you feel, and feel it, too, but try to be calm."

"Well, then, here goes. What do I know of father? I know nothing. Nothing more than what the townspeople know—perhaps not as much. I know that father left home because things didn't go happily. What is the term they use when people disagree? 'Incompatibility of temper.' As if anybody's temper could be incompatible with mother's! Why, any man who couldn't be happy with her would never be contented in heaven. He would quarrel with the angels!"

"Will!" cried Pen, "don't defend mother to me! Do you want to rouse me, too? I tell you we must talk this over more calmly. When I ask you what you know of father, I mean what do you know of him now, where he is and what he is?"

"I know nothing—and I care nothing," answered Will. "You know we have been brought up to look upon him as dead. He cut himself off from us long ago, and he is no longer of us."

"Then suppose I tell you, Will, that father has been seen near Wilton recently," said Pen.

Will started.

"Near Wilton!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. 'Lias saw him step from a train at Wilton Junction, and watched him linger about the station till the train went on again. He dropped an envelope while there, and 'Lias picked it up. The day I went away from Wilton, 'Lias told me of this and gave me the envelope."

Pen paused.

"Go on," said Will. "Tell me the rest."

"The envelope had on it the name of Francis Lalor and a New York address. I called there one day, but found he had left so I had to give the search up. By a strange coincidence this Mr. Lalor walked into the book store last Friday afternoon, and I waited on him. When I learned what his name was I determined to see him again, so I went up to the Windsor Hotel that evening and had a talk with him."

"What did you say to him?" asked Will quickly. "You didn't tell him you were——"

"I will tell you," answered Pen. "I asked him first if he knew a man named Rae. To my surprise he thought the matter over and finally shook his head. Then to freshen his memory I showed him the envelope with his name on it. A little more thought and then Mr. Lalor remembered. 'This is the writing of a business friend of mine in Chicago,' he said, 'and, as I now recall it, his letter introduced and recommended to me a Chicago broker who had some big scheme to talk about. Rae, Rae, yes, that was his name I am sure. I had a talk with him, but it never came to anything—and that is the last I saw of him.'

"It was evident, then, that Mr. Lalor could tell me very little, but when I asked him a few more questions, he said, 'If you are really anxious to know all about this Mr. Rae I can refer you to the right person. This friend of mine who introduced Rae to me has known him for years. He said so in his letter.'

"'But he is in Chicago,' I answered.

"'No,' said Mr Lalor, 'he is just at present in Boston, and will remain there for a week or so. Is it really important for you to know about this matter?'

"I told him that it had a very important bearing on some family matters, and that I hoped he would help me all he could.

"He had treated me both at the store and at the hotel very kindly, and he must have seen how earnest I was, for he took a keen interest in the matter at once.

"'My friend and this man Rae are always working together in schemes,' he said, 'and it is more than likely you will find them together if you can go on to Boston. I will give you a letter of introduction to my friend if you want to go, and I haven't a doubt but you can get all the information you want from him and meet Rae there.'

"I told him that I considered it very important to go, but that I did not know Boston or how to get there. 'If you could get ready in time I could see you safe there on the midnight sleeper,' he said, 'Mr. Sartain here and I are going, and we have two sections engaged. You are welcome to my upper berth.'

"The offer took my breath away. The chance was too good to be lost. I could reach Boston early the next morning, learn all I wanted to know Saturday, and probably get back Monday. On an impulse I decided to go, and after a little talk the details were arranged.

"It was then nine o'clock. I was to hurry down here, get my things ready, and then meet Mr. Lalor and Mr. Sartain at the Grand Central Station at 11:45 at the latest. I came down, wrote mother's letter, rushed through a few preparations, got all the little money I had, then wrote this letter to Carl, and hurried out. I met the two gentlemen at the station, and the first thing Mr. Lalor did was to hand me the letter of introduction to his friend, which he had written at the hotel. I barely glanced at the address on the envelope, while I thanked him, for I remembered then I must mail Carl's letter. I told the gentlemen that I would return at once, and when Mr. Sartain learned my errand he asked me also to mail his letter to the book store inclosing his check and shipping directions for his books. Mr. Lalor also handed me two or three letters to mail for him.

"I hurried out with my hands full of papers and envelopes. I was confused. There were but a few moments to spare, and I scarcely knew what I was doing. I mixed things up badly in my bungling way, and must have made several mis-

takes. Up till now I have been unable to understand matters at all, but now I can see what I must have done. I must have *mailed my letter of introduction* instead of my letter to Carl.

"I thought I put the letter of introduction into the package that contained my things, but when I got to Boston, and had parted company with Mr. Lalor and Mr. Sartain, I found no letter there. I did not discover this fact until fully an hour after I left them, for they went away somewhere in a great hurry and I ate breakfast in the station restaurant alone. Then I was at a loss to know what to do. I was in Boston, a strange city, alone, and my letter of introduction was gone.

"First I went to all the hotels to see if Mr. Lalor or Mr. Sartain had registered there. I could find no trace of them, nor did I expect to. It was only a desperate measure, for Mr. Lalor had told me on the train that he would not stop in Boston, but must hurry on through, thus making it impossible for him to aid me further. The matter, though, had seemed simple enough, and indeed it would have been had I not lost my letter.

"The exasperating thing about it was that the name of the gentleman, Raymond, did not help me in the least. As I knew from Mr. Lalor that he was not a resident of Boston, I thought it likely he might be at one or other of the hotels, so I looked for his name while searching for Mr. Lalor's, but could not find it. This used up the better part of Saturday, and as night approached I resolved to go out to Brookline and try to find Mr. Sartain, whose address I had learned from himself.

"I was in Brookline Sunday, but my errand there was fruitless. Mr. Sartain had gone to Canada, and would be gone for a month or more. Accordingly I went back to Boston, and tried the plan of visiting the business men of the name of Raymond that I found in the city directory. I chose only those that were the most likely, but even that made hard work, and when Monday and Tuesday had been exhausted in this way without obtaining any satisfaction, I gave up in despair. This morning I awoke so tired and footsore I could hardly get up. I rested the better part of the day, determined to pursue the vain search no longer. My money was all gone, and I was sick, discouraged, and uneasy about being away so long. I took the afternoon train back to New York—and the rest you know. My trip has been absolutely fruitless, and, as I said in the beginning, I really have nothing to tell."

CHAPTER XX.

WILL FREES HIS MIND.

WILL had remained perfectly silent during the latter part of Pen's narrative, not even stirring nor raising his eyes from the floor.

But when his brother had finished he turned towards him and said abruptly,

"Well, is that all?"

"Yes," answered Pen.

"And that is all your sudden disappearance amounts to—a fruitless trip to Boston!"

Will's tone made Pen uneasy. He merely nodded in answer.

"Pen," said Will, speaking as if struggling to control himself, "do you know what I think of you?"

Pen looked inquiringly at his brother, but did not speak. Will uttered an exclamation of impatience, and was just about to break into an impetuous flow of words, when he caught the apprehensive glance on Pen's face, and checked himself.

"Well, I won't say all I think, Pen. I would only be sorry for it afterwards," he went on. "But this much I will say: I think you have mighty poor judgment about some things."

Pen winced. He had learned to respect his brother's shrewd common sense, and feared his criticism more than any one else's.

"Do you mean that you think I have been foolish?" he asked.

"Foolish!" cried Will, his temper rising again. "It was wild—crazy. What on earth possessed you, anyhow? I know you are none too practical, but really I would never have suspected you of such a silly thing as this."

Pen flushed.

"Silly!—why is it so silly?" he exclaimed.

"I don't see how any sensible person can look at it in any other way," answered Will sharply. "You suddenly drop out of sight. Everybody is alarmed about you. Mother is scared almost out of her wits. I pack up and run on here, fearing you may have been kidnapped, drowned—something dreadful, and I find out what? That you have been caught by some mad notion and have run off to Boston, where you have been for five days pursuing a vain, fruitless search, with no clear, definite object in view, and nothing to be gained even if you had found what you were looking for. I tell you, Pen, it is simply——"

"Stop, Will!" cried Pen, placing his hand on his brother's arm. "Just remember one thing before you criticise me so severely. Had everything gone well—had I mailed Carl's letter, there would have been no trouble. You and mother would never have known of my trip, and no one would have had any uneasiness. I am very sorry I bungled matters so. I tried very hard to make my plans in the little time I had, so that there would be no cause for worriment about me.

"Well, I failed. Blame me then for that, Will; blame me for giving mother uneasiness; blame me for putting you to the trouble and expense of coming on here: but——"

"Bosh!" cried Will, breaking in abruptly. "What do I care about the trouble and expense! Throw all consideration of that aside. The main point is this trip of yours, and, although it was your purpose to keep it secret from me, I think, considering the object you had in view, that it is as much my business as yours."

Pen was silent.

"Now what I want to know is this, Pen," continued Will: "what possible purpose could you have in mind in going on such a trip? I told you I thought it was silly. Perhaps you can prove me wrong. Perhaps you have more reason than I know of. If you have, tell me. I have a right to know."

Pen hesitated before answering, and, when he did, it was very slowly.

"I may have a reason—and it may not be easy to tell," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"It may be more the result of feeling than of reasoning."

Will grew impatient.

"Romantic notions! Nothing more!" he exclaimed. "It's all part and parcel of your make up. You never could look at things except in your romantic, sentimental, unpractical way. This whole trip savors of it. It's just like an incident in some sentimental novel—and just as silly."

"Will!" cried Pen, stung to the quick, "how hard and bitter you are at times! Have you no feelings?"

"Feelings! Yes, plenty of them, and that's what makes me talk this way. It's because I have feelings that I say this trip of yours is silly. Be sensible now, and look at things squarely and practically. You went to Boston to come face to face with father. Suppose now you had met him. What would you have said? What would you have done?"

Pen did not answer.

"Had you any definite idea—any plan?" urged Will.

Pen looked nervous and embarrassed.

"Will, I can't talk to you about this. There is no use in trying," he said. "I can easily understand that my conduct must seem foolish from your standpoint. It was for that reason that I tried to keep it all secret——"

"I don't see how there can be any other standpoint," interrupted Will. "See here, Pen, let us state this thing plainly and clearly. We never have before. We have been brought up in silence on this subject. Now, let us understand each other for once and all before we drop it for good and all.

"Father left home when we were too young to understand anything. A hint here, a word there, and conversation partially overheard, a significant glance or gesture—all these things when put together have made the story plain enough to us. It isn't hard to learn about oneself in Wilton.

"Now, although we know nothing of father, we know from these same signs how he was regarded at Wilton, and we know what mother is and how she is regarded at Wilton. We know that, whatever disagreements may have occurred, mother's disposition *must* have been always of the best, and we know that the blame must rest on father. The little things I have seen and overheard all confirm that.

"Very well. Now without saying anything as to what sort of man he was, my position is simply this, Pen: he left us. He cut himself off completely from us. Then I say let him be dead to us."

Will's voice rose with the flush on his face as his feelings once more overmastered him.

"Why should we follow him up?" he went on angrily. "He is a stranger to us. Hasn't mother made our position clear to us? When he left her she had two courses before her. She could insist on her legal claims against him; or she could let him go and live her own life. Mother chose the latter. This was not merely because she abhorred publicity of all kinds. It was because she was too proud to make any claim on a man who had left her in that way. She would ask no favor. She could support herself, and she would face life alone.

"She has done so, and everybody in Wilton loves and respects her. She has borne herself bravely. She has kept her home and brought us up solely by her own efforts, never uttering a bitter or reproachful word, though we know well enough that her lot has sometimes been very hard.

"So it stands, then. The injury he has done us is past and gone, if not forgotten. We have no need of him. What possible good could ever come of your meeting him? Had he cared to come back to us wouldn't he have come long ago? What is he to us now? Can't you see what a mad, sentimental freak this is of yours? What good can come of it?"

"I don't know how to answer you, Will," said Pen. "I recognize the truth of what you say, and, looking at it in the way you do, I acknowledge at once——"

"But," exclaimed Will, "is there any other way of looking at it?"

"I—I think there is—a little different way," answered Pen timidly.

"And what way is that?"

"Mother's way."

It was now Will's turn to be silent.

"I repeat, Will, I can't talk to you about it. I don't know how to express myself. It is so much a matter of feeling—and very delicate feeling."

"But mother's way—what do you mean by that?"

"I have always been very near to mother," began Pen, and then he hastened to add, "on account of my literary work, you know, in which she always helped me—and I have caught her in certain moods

and caught certain expressions from her that have put these notions into my head that you say are romantic and sentimental. Now, that is all I can say, Will. They may be wrong, and I acknowledge freely that I do not know exactly what I should have done had I found father in Boston—though I have a general sort of notion."

"What is it?" asked Will.

"I would rather not say. You would only pronounce it sentimental, and you might be right, too; but it is all over now. Don't let's say anything more about it."

"But—" began Will, when Pen stopped him.

"I am ready to accept all you say as right," he said with a smile. "I am ready to call my Boston trip by the name you have given it, 'a silly mistake.' I have become very modest about my judgment in practical affairs since I left Wilton, Will. New York is a rough, but I dare say a good school for me, and I am rapidly learning how very, very little I know."

"Well, Pen, that is the beginning of all knowledge, they say," answered Will good naturedly. "So you ought to pick up from now on. And I don't mind telling you right now, that from the little I have seen of you here, that you have improved."

"Do you really think so?" asked Pen, smiling in a pleased manner.

"Yes. You are not half so dreamy and absent minded as you used to be. You have more of a practical way about you. Keep on improving like that, and by next year the Wilton folks won't know you."

"That would be a triumph, indeed," laughed Pen, as he tossed his bundle on the bed and began to unpack it.

Among the first things to roll out was a leather photograph case.

"Why, what did you want with a thing like that in Boston?" asked Will, picking it up and opening it. "Or is it something you bought there——"

He stopped abruptly as the photographs inside caught his eye. Then he studied them closely for some time, particularly the right hand picture, while Pen stood watching him in silence.

At length Will looked up and his face had grown serious again.

"Another one of your sentimental notions," he said. "Why do you keep these photographs together like this? If this case were mine I should take *that* portrait out and be rid of it."

"I have no right to touch it," answered Pen. "The case belongs to Mr. Terry, and I am only keeping it for him till he returns from abroad. He asked me to."

"Well, I don't think he ought to have asked you to. He might better have said nothing about it," said Will, closing the case and throwing it down again.

Pen gathered together his things, and set them in place, preparatory to going to bed, and during this process the brothers had few words.

After the light was out and Will was about half asleep, Pen touched his shoulder to rouse him, and said,

"Of course, Will, you understand mother had better know nothing of my Boston trip—or any of the matters we have talked about."

"Don't fear that I shall say anything to her," answered Will promptly. "I shall never speak of these things again to any one—not even to myself."

CHAPTER XXI.

MATTERS COME TO A HEAD AT THE BOOK STORE.

THE mystery of the disappearance of Pen's letter to his mother and its reappearance in Wilton was explained the next morning when the matter was discussed with Mrs. Buet.

She called in the servant who attended to Pen's room and found by questioning her that it was her custom on Monday morning when going the rounds with a basket for the wash, to take out this drawer, which contained Pen's laundry, and empty its contents into her basket,

She had done so on the previous Monday, and the letter had fallen with the other articles into the basket without her perceiving it.

When the things had been sorted out at the laundry the letter of course had come to light, and, as it was addressed and stamped, it spoke for itself, so it had been mailed by some one, who took it for granted he was doing the writer a favor in doing so.

As everything was now explained, Will Rae hurried back to Wilton by a morning train. Then Pen set off for the store, not at all at his ease in his mind as to the reception awaiting him there after his long and unexplained absence.

Mr. Clarke had not arrived when he entered the store, but Carl Moran was there and gave him a cordial welcome that reassured him for a moment.

"What has Mr. Clarke said?" Pen asked anxiously as he shook hands. "Has he been very angry?"

"He hasn't shown any anger to me," answered Carl. "He inquired for you Saturday morning and Monday morning—also yesterday, but I couldn't tell him anything. Why didn't you write a line to me, or to Mr. Clarke, or to somebody?"

Pen hastened to explain matters by telling Carl of his sudden departure, his failure to mail his letter, and the rest of the story.

He had scarcely finished, when Mr. Clarke came in. As he passed the two boys he stopped abruptly.

"Rae, is that you?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir," answered Pen, turning quickly around.

"I want to see you in my office, at once."

His tone did not bode well for Pen, who followed him apprehensively.

Once in his office, Mr. Clarke threw off his coat and hat and dropped into his chair in a decided manner that Pen had learned to recognize as a sign of bad temper.

"Now then, where have you been?" asked Mr. Clarke, wheeling around so as to face his clerk.

"I have been in Boston, sir, on a private matter of some importance."

"And who gave you permission to take five days off to go to Boston?"

"No one, sir. I am very sorry I had to hurry away that way. My summons was a very sudden one."

"Death in your family?"

"No, sir."

"Anything serious—illness, or anything of that kind?"

"No, sir; only a little matter I wanted to look up. I can't very well explain it, sir. It's quite a private affair."

Mr. Clarke's eyebrows gathered into a frown.

"Well, Rae," he said angrily, "your private matters don't suit me. What business have you to run off like that without a word to any one?"

"I wrote a letter explaining everything," said Pen hurriedly. "I didn't mean to leave without a word. I wrote and——"

"Well, what?"

"By an awkward mistake in the hurry of getting away I failed to mail the letter. I am very sorry, sir, but I meant——"

"Never mind that. Whom did you write to?"

"To Carl Moran."

Mr. Clarke struck the desk angrily with his fist.

"To Moran!" he exclaimed. "And who is Moran? Does Moran pay your salary? Is Moran your employer?"

"No, sir, but I asked him to tell you first of all that——"

Mr. Clarke was in a passion.

"So Moran was to tell me! Does Moran run this store?"

"You don't understand me, Mr. Clarke. I wanted Carl to do several things for me, and I had so little time——"

"I don't care what you wanted Moran to do. There's just one thing that *I* want *you* to do—just what I want of every salesman and other employee in this place, and that is to be answerable to me; and any man that tries any other plan than that can walk out. You have been here a month on probation, and you've done mighty little of any account—just one sale, and that was probably more of an accident than anything else. Now you take a sudden notion and go off to Boston for five days without so much as a word or line to me about it. I think you had better look around for something else."

Mr. Clarke turned to his desk and began sorting out his mail.

Pen seemed scarcely to understand his employer's last words. He stood in silence as if expecting to hear him speak again.

But Mr. Clarke paid no further attention to him, bending busily over his letters as if the matter had been entirely dismissed from his mind.

At length Pen felt compelled to speak.

"Mr. Clarke," he said in an unsteady voice, "do you mean that you want me to go—that you discharge me?"

"I thought I spoke plainly enough," answered Mr. Clarke, without turning his head. "I told you to look around for something else. You won't suit us at all. You may take until the end of next week. We'll pay your salary until then—no longer. That's a week more than you're entitled to."

Pen's face flushed.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "I don't care for your extra week—nor for this week either. If my work is not satisfactory I would rather go this morning. Last week's salary is all I ask. I think, considering the sale I made on Friday, I am fairly entitled to that."

Mr. Clarke had turned half around as Pen spoke. His voice was trembling, but he controlled himself well, and there was nothing but courtesy in his tone and bearing.

When he had finished he bowed slightly in the gentle, dignified way so characteristic of him, and putting on his hat, walked quietly out.

Half puzzled, Mr. Clarke turned again to his desk.

"By George, he's a little gentleman, if he can't sell books," he muttered, as he fumbled over his papers.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

"WELL, what are you going to do about it?" asked Carl Moran, aghast at Pen's account of his interview with Mr. Clarke.

The two boys were standing on the pavement, Pen having insisted on leaving the building immediately after his dismissal.

"I haven't the least idea," answered Pen. "It has completely taken my breath away. I expected some bad temper and a sharp rebuke, but I really wasn't looking for a downright dismissal."

"It was that letter that did the business," said Carl. "Oh, Pen, it was a great mistake on your part not to have written to Mr. Clarke. You might have known that an employer has a right to expect the first word on a thing of this kind."

"Yes, yes, it was a mistake," answered Pen pathetically. "It's only another one of those mistakes I seem always to be making. I can see it all now, but then I was only thinking how pressed I was for time, and that it would be so simple for you to do everything for me. If I had only mailed that letter perhaps all would have gone well."

"I don't know about that," answered Carl doubtfully. "You see Mr. Clarke is a very sensitive man about such things. You should have written him. I was afraid he might deal hard with you because, in addition to the lack of any word from you, he has had a great many things to put him out lately. You know both he and Mr. Davis are greatly worked up over the new popular magazine they have been arranging to start. They have had pow wows for a year or more over it, and now the first number is getting into shape and will soon be out."

"I know. It must be a great responsibility," remarked Pen.

"Yes, and there are lots of annoying details that, together with the rest of the business, have kept Mr. Clarke strung up for a month or so past. You have been unfortunate in catching him at his worst. But come now, you must plan for yourself. Suppose I meet you tonight, and we'll talk things over—I've got to go back to work."

"Very well. Come to the house," answered Pen.

"Don't get discouraged," added Carl. "We'll find something for you to do. You won't have to go back to Wilton."

"I don't expect to do that," answered Pen bravely, his face lighting up. "I passed my resolution on that point some time ago. I shall not back down now. I'll keep afloat somehow."

But the evening's consultation brought little satisfaction. Places are not gaping for young men in New York City, and when it came down to a practical discussion of Pen's chances, neither Carl Moran nor Bob Lecky had any very valuable hints or suggestions to offer.

Pen accordingly fell back on the only course left him, that of looking up advertisements of situations and putting in his application with the host of others on a similar search.

It was a discouraging task and brought no result. Most of the positions he was quite unsuited for, while those that promised well were always secured in advance of him by some one who had "just come in the day before, &c."

So by Saturday, although he still spoke bravely to Bob Lecky, Pen set out with a heavy heart.

It was a bad day to see any one. Many of those he wanted to interview were away, while others were busy and told him to call some other time.

At length, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he found himself too tired to pursue his rounds any further, and accordingly took a Broadway car up town, worn out and discouraged.

When he had reached his room, he threw himself on his bed, a complete victim to despondency.

During those three days of vain searching he had obtained quite a glimpse of the world of the unemployed, and he had begun to appreciate what a hard, bitter struggle life was for many of his fellow creatures.

Nearly all the applicants with whom he had come in contact seemed to Pen to be far shrewder and more capable young fellows than he, and if they, in the weary weeks of searching that they had gone through, could find no place, what hope was there for him?

An hour's brooding over the matter brought him to such a pitch of despair, that he was on the verge of renouncing entirely his courageous resolutions, and deciding to give up and go home.

"If so many bright fellows can't get places," he said, "what chance is there for me, who have had two places and lost them through incompetency? Why should I persist in keeping up so vain a fight? It would only be foolhardy and plunge me into debt."

(*To be continued.*)

A COINCIDENTAL ADVENTURE.

By Percy Earl.

IT was Saturday, and as the morning express for the city halted for an instant at the High Rock station, a tallish lad of sixteen or seventeen stepped aboard and took a seat in the rear car.

A peep into the card case carried in the breast pocket of his cutaway coat would have furnished the information that his name was Eric Duncan, while a single glance at the animated sparkle in his eyes would have told one furthermore that the boy was laboring under some unusual excitement. Indeed, he fidgeted about so uneasily as to attract the attention of other passengers in the car, and one lady, just across the aisle, amused herself by counting the number of times he drew a scrap of paper from one of the side pockets of his overcoat and gazed at the two lines scribbled on the same, which read as follows:

"THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS."
96 Western St.

He was in the act of consulting this for the sixth time, when the train stopped at Terryton, and a new comer of the same age entered the car, to be greeted by Eric

with a surprised: "Why, hello, Steve, I thought you were off at school!"

"So I expected to be," was the reply, as the other shook hands cordially and dropped into the vacant seat alongside of Duncan, "but the doctor's given us all an unexpected holiday. Mumps, you know. But say, Rick, have you graduated and gone into business, that you're bound for town at this time of day?"

"Oh, no; I've only got a little errand to attend to," and Duncan reddened a trifle as he hastily slipped the scrap of paper back into his pocket.

"You, I suppose," he went on the next instant, "are going in to browse among the stamp dealers and invest in choice selections for your album."

"Oh, no, I've deserted stamps. Gave my book to Jack before I went away last time. The fact is, Rick, I'm bound to town this morning partly on business. I don't mind telling you, old fellow, that I've been putting some of my last summer's experiences at Beachover into print, or rather trying to, for I'm on my way to the editor's office to find out the result."

"Why, what a queer coincidence!" exclaimed Eric, with an entire change of manner. "I'm going in for exactly the same thing! What is yours about? Is it a story or an article, and where did you send it?"

Duncan's voice was fairly trembling with eagerness, and the fingers of his left hand began reaching in his pocket again for the precious bit of paper.

"Oh, it is a little of both, I guess," answered Steve. "A lot of things I found out about eel catching; spearing, or jacking, as the fishermen call it, and setting pots for them to run into, all worked into a kind of story. It took me about a week to write it, and I sent it to a juvenile paper I came across one day in Jack's room."

"What is the name of it?" asked Eric, almost breathlessly.

"What, the paper? A queer sort of title —*The New Arabian Nights*. Did you ever hear of it?"

"Well, rather," responded Eric, with a smile, "as it happens to be the very weekly I sent my South Pole story to."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the other, adding, "I chose it because I thought there was more chance of having it accepted by a new paper, where they wouldn't be apt to have so many articles on hand. I inclosed stamps for its return if they didn't want it, but though it is nearly four weeks since I mailed the thing, I haven't heard a word from it."

"Neither have I," said Duncan, "though mine's been gone over a month. But I hadn't any idea you were smitten with the 'author fever.' Why, I'd rather edit a paper than be President of the United States."

"I don't know but I would, too," echoed Steve, "considering how our poor Presidents get talked about before election. But here we are. What do you say to our both going together to the *Arabian Nights* office?"

"Of course we must," answered Eric, as they moved towards the door with the rest of the passengers. "I'm sure I'd rather you saw my story handed back to me than have to face the editor alone. I've been feeling what you might call nervous over the interview all the morning."

"Oh, I'll brace you up," returned the more sanguine Steve, and five minutes later the two friends were on their way down town in a street car.

"Perhaps the editor hasn't had time to read either of the manuscripts yet," suggested Eric, as they left the car at the corner of Western Street, and started to walk along the latter till they should come to No. 96.

"We'll soon know all about it," responded Steve, suddenly halting before a five story building, the most prominent sign on which read: "Butter and Cheese. Jones & Sill."

"Is this the place?" inquired Eric, in some surprise.

He had gradually allowed his friend Darway to take the lead in the expedition, and it had also been arranged that the latter should be spokesman.

"Yes, don't you see that name?" and Steve pointed to a sheet of brown paper tacked up inside the hallway leading to the stairs, and on which was printed with a pen the words, "Office of the New Arabian Nights. Fifth Floor."

"I suppose the publisher hasn't had time to have a regular signboard painted yet," explained Steve.

The hearts of both boys were beating from other causes than the mere fatigue of the ascent by the time they reached the top story, and both, as by common consent, halted in the passageway before knocking at the modest door labeled in the same manner as the hall below: "The New Arabian Nights."

Then Steve rapped lightly, and a voice calling out "Come in," the two entered the enchanted realm of editorialdom.

The room was certainly not enchantingly decorated or furnished. There was neither carpet on the floor nor pictures on the walls, but a table near the one window, littered with papers and MSS., was an all sufficient attraction to the eyes of our two literary friends.

And at this table was seated a gentleman who, without doubt, was that much to be envied being, the editor.

He was a rather elderly, grave looking man, wearing a black beard and with a great mass of hair on his head.

Eric fancied that he saw a somewhat anxious expression on his face when they first appeared, but as soon as Steve spoke, that vanished, and a smile actually broke out over the editorial visage.

"My friend and I," Darway began, "sent two articles here about a month ago. One was called 'A Night with the Eel Catchers,' and—what was the name of yours, Rick?"

"'An Antarctic Fellowship,'" replied Eric, flushing modestly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the editor, beginning to fumble among the papers on the table, although all the time he kept his eyes fixed on Steve, at whom he had stared fixedly ever since our friends' appearance in the sanctum.

"You are both quite young for authors," he continued, with his gaze riveted to Darway's scarf pin.

"Yes," admitted the latter, flushing in his turn.

"And the road to the heights of literary fame is an extremely thorny one," went on the editor, dropping his eyes till they rested on Steve's watch chain, which was a very handsome one.

The boys were silent. Eric was interested in watching the persistent fashion in which the journalist kept looking at his friend.

"But about those manuscripts of yours," returned the editor, raising his eyes from an examination of Steve's boots and trousers, and glancing between both boys towards the door, "to tell the truth, I have not yet read either of them. You see, we have been so busy getting the paper started and put on the market, that we have had very little time to examine articles for future numbers. But if you will remain here while I run over to our printer's on the next block for a few moments, I promise to look over them both when I get back, and give you an answer at once."

"Oh, certainly," eagerly responded Eric, so glad of the opportunity of tarrying within the sanctum that he forgot he had made Steve spokesman.

The editor rose, picked up a Derby from the floor, and with a wave of the hand towards the chair, said smilingly, "You may take turns occupying the editorial easy chair," and was gone.

Steve looked at Eric, and Eric looked back at Steve; then the latter broke out with: "He's a queerish customer, isn't he, Rick? He must put a good deal of faith in our honest looks to leave us in possession this way. Still," with a glance around the rather cheerless sanctum, "there doesn't seem to be any overpowering temptation to robbery, unless some of these turn out to be valuable," and he picked up a MS. which bore the title, "A Naughty Boy's Fate."

"I wonder how far the printer's is from here?" remarked Eric, as though mentally calculating how long he would be permitted to occupy the enchanted (albeit hard seated) editorial chair into which he had sunk while Darway was speaking.

But now the latter fancied he heard a faint tapping on the door behind him, and going to open it, beheld a young lady standing in the passageway.

She wore a tall blue feather in her bonnet, and a low bang on her forehead, and in her hand she carried a suspicious looking flat package, tied up with pink string.

"Is—is the editor in?" she inquired nervously, glancing past him towards Eric at the table.

"No, he is not," answered Darway; "but he will be back in a few minutes."

"I'll wait, then, if I may," suggested the lady, with a smile.

"Certainly," and Steve closed the door, while Eric sprang to his feet and offered his chair, which seemed to be the only one in the room.

The authoress accepted it with another smile, and having seated herself, gazed from the littered table to the two boys (who had retreated to the window) with interest.

Then, "Do you happen to know," she began, twisting her gloved fingers over and under the pink string of her package, "whether the editor has secured his Christmas story yet? I have heard that such special articles are engaged months ahead, so I ventured to begin the little thing I have here" (lifting the package, which must have weighed at least nine ounces) "on the Fourth of July. It is about——"

But our friends were destined never to learn the subject of the summer conceived holiday tale, for at that instant there came a thundering rap on the door, in sharp contrast to the timid tap by which the fair would be contributor had announced her presence.

It was thrown open before either Steve or Eric could respond, and in walked a big, red whiskered man, fully six feet tall, and evidently in no very amiable frame of mind.

"A—um," he began, stopping directly in front of the table and addressing himself to the young lady of the blue feather, "my name is Drayton—T. F. Drayton, of Elbridge Mills, and I have called to collect the amount of this little bill for paper in *person*. Rumors have reached my ears, and I deemed it wise to come down and investigate. There, madam, is your account with me for the past two months. I shall wait here for my money," and placing a sheet of paper on the table before the dismayed caller, T. F. Dayton retired a few steps to fold his arms and lean against the wall.

"Oh, I don't belong here!" burst forth the young lady, rising precipitately and edging towards the door. "I only called in with a manuscript and was waiting for the editor myself."

"But aren't you the editor?" demanded the excitable old gentleman promptly, referring to a memorandum book. "Yes, here it is: 'conducted by Jesse H. Ingelby.' Jesse is a lady's name."

"But my name is Lucy," returned the fair authoress, now almost in tears.

The paper man still looked stern and doubting, when Eric stepped forward and interposed with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you tell me how the name 'Jesse' is spelled in your book?"

Mr. Dayton stared at the speaker for an instant, then spelled off "J-e-s-s-e," in a triumphant tone.

"That is the name of a man, sir," went on Eric boldly. "The feminine ends with 'i-e.'"

"It does, does it?" cried the old gentleman quickly, adding in the same breath, "Then, very likely you are the Jesse with an 'e' that I want."

"Yes, sir; I found him in the editor's chair when the other one let me in," eagerly exclaimed the young lady; and then, with base ingratitude she fled from the room.

"Is that so?" inquired T. F. Dayton sharply, looking young Duncan squarely in the eye.

"Yes, but——" Eric began, and got no further, for he of the red whiskers broke in fiercely with, "Oh, so you two are the 'New Arabian Nights Company, Limited,' who have been writing your creditors such soft syllabled letters, promising cash payments each 'very next time'! Well, well, so young, too, and such audacity! But neither you nor I leave this room till I have obtained some sort of satisfaction."

Steve now thought it time to put in his plea of "not guilty."

"We have no more to do with the *Arabian Nights*, sir, than——" but here he too, was interrupted by a sweeping wave of the hand and a fierce "Tut, tut, young man! Do you expect me to conclude that this precious weekly of yours publishes itself? There must be somebody behind it. Your partner here has just proved that the young lady has no connection with the paper, so of course I am left to deal with you," and the speaker proceeded to place his broad back against the door as though to forestall any attempt that might be made to follow that same young lady's example. Then, before either of the accused could continue with their defense, he went on in a more conciliatory tone, "Come, now, boys, why not confess that you're tired of playing editor, settle with your creditors, and go back to baseball and tennis for your fun?"

"But we are not playing editor!" Steve began again.

"Well, publisher, then," again broke in the mill proprietor. "It's all the same thing in this concern, I take it. And now are you ready to give me the money or a check for that $340?"

"Why, sir, this is absurd!" cried Steve again. "We only called in to inquire about two articles sent here for publication, and when the editor stepped out——"

"Yes, yes, the same old story they all tell!" impatiently broke in Mr. Dayton, "If I could see anything worth it in the office here, I suppose I could content myself with attaching that, but you two fellows appear to be the most valuable things about, so I had best stick to you. You know the law allows a debtor to keep only two hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel, and I think I can obtain at least fifty dollars over and above that sum from you, just as you stand, young man," and the gentleman from Elbridge Mills pointed his forefinger straight at Darway's cravat pin, in which glittered a rare stone.

The situation of the boys was not now so laughable as they had at first been inclined to regard it.

"If that editor would only come back!" muttered Steve, inwardly resolving never again to wear his best clothes on a business errand.

Then seizing this favorable opportunity, while Mr. Dayton had apparently exhausted his oratorical powers, and appeared to be engaged in a mental reckoning up of the value of his coat, trousers, watch chain, etc., Darway commenced on, and firmly went through with, a circumstantial account of how his friend came to be found in the editorial chair.

"There," he finally concluded, "I don't see how you can think this story more improbable than the fact of two boys like ourselves being the responsible proprietors of an illustrated weekly."

"I am willing to take your view of the case," said Mr. Dayton deliberately, "when that man returns and indorses what you have told me. Let me see; you say he said he would be back in a few moments; I have myself been here a quarter of an hour; we will give him fifteen minutes longer—that is, of course, always supposing that there is such a person, which I may or may not believe—and then I shall take active measures to obtain some sort of satisfaction for my claim," and the mill man of Elbridge refolded his arms and settled himself back against the solitary door more solidly than ever.

"Whew, this is a go with a vengeance!" whistled Steve, under his breath, nudging Eric, and at the same time glancing down at the roof of a three story building some thirty feet below the window.

"I should say that it was a stay," retorted Duncan, with a feeble flicker of a smile. "But it's simply preposterous, our being kept prisoners this way. I should think we would have good grounds for suing the man for false detention, or whatever it is they call it. It is queer that editor doesn't come back, though. But perhaps he didn't mean to; I remember, now, seeing him taking in that expensive suit and pin of yours, Steve, and I wouldn't wonder if he'd gone off on purpose, to escape being found by just such a fellow as this Dayton."

"Jove, I believe you're right, Rick!" exclaimed Darway softly. "But there's one thing sure: he can't hold us long. As

soon as the case comes up before a judge we can prove fast enough we haven't one earthly thing to do with the old paper."

"But here it is nearly eleven o'clock now," returned Eric, in the same tone; "and I wanted to catch the eleven thirty train back to High Rock."

"And I'm due at the Swensons' at one," added Steve. "I'd almost forgotten it. That's how I happened to have on these togs. I wonder if we two couldn't make a rush and cut by the old gentleman."

But a critical survey of T. F. Dayton's massive form and determined expression of countenance, promptly convinced the boys that circumstances, not force, must prove their liberators.

Dead silence reigned in the little sanctum, broken only by the loud ticking of the mill owner's watch, which he had drawn forth to hold open in his hand, as if to be ready the very second time was up, to put into execution his "active measures." What these could be, neither of the boys had any idea, and they had already become so tangled up in a web of self crimination that neither of them dared make any inquiries on the subject.

Suddenly another loud rap was heard on the door, which had the effect of sending Mr. Dayton away from it as if he had been literally struck on the back.

"Come in," he cried, quickly recovering himself, and our friends looked up eagerly, expecting to see their friend or enemy—the editor.

But the new comer proved to be a young man in a red flannel shirt and ink smeared hands, who gave one quick glance around the room, and then demanded to know where the editor was.

"You're his printer, are you not?" hastily put in the mill man.

"Yes, but I don't intend to be any longer," returned the other, still glaring about the sanctum, as though expecting to find the genius of it hidden beneath some piles of old papers in the corners.

"Ah, then, my young men," promptly went on Mr. Dayton, putting away his watch and once more backing up against the door, "you're fairly convicted now. I thought you told me the editor was over at his printer's, and here's the printer says he wants to see him!"

Eric gave a despairing gesture, the red shirted printer looked mystified, and the mill proprietor fairly smiled his satisfaction at the way things were working to prove him in the right, when Steve suddenly stepped forward and with a ring of triumph to his tones, cried out, "But why should the printer be looking for the editor, if my friend here is the person? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, you know, and I think we can prove more than you can by the same witness."

There was an instant's pause and then—

"Well I guess you've cornered me this time," muttered Mr. Dayton, slowly edging away from the door and preparing to buttonhole the printer, who stood perfectly still, staring from one to the other of the three, as if he fancied they must be escaped lunatics.

"Come on, Rick," then called out Darway, clapping on his hat; "you've just time to catch your train."

In ten seconds the two were at the foot of the four flights of stairs, and just half an hour later Eric was aboard the cars for High Rock, and Steve was pressing the electric button at the Swensons' front door.

The boys did not meet again until late the following week, when Steve stated that he had seen the announcement of the failure of the *New Arabian Nights*, and the flight of the editor and proprietor, in an evening paper.

"And do you suppose—is there any chance of our getting back our manuscripts?" Eric ventured to inquire.

The other darted at him a meaning look and then quietly replied, "I should think one real coincidental adventure such as ours ought to make up for the loss of two paltry little articles."

"That's so; perhaps I can make a story out of it some time," responded Eric.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN.

When the rain comes down,
What a welcome meets and greets it in the country and the town,
Oh, we care not for the storming of the thunder, and the frown
Of the black, black skies,
When the rain comes down!

When the rain comes down,
How the perfume of the violets breathes in blessing as they drown!
The valley wears a brighter smile, the hill a greener crown
When the rain comes down,
When the rain comes down!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE SUN GOD'S SECRET.*

By William Murray Graydon,

Author of "Under Africa," "The Rajah's Fortress," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WE turned and looked up at the fortress with a faint hope that some avenue of escape might open there. But no windows were visible on the ground floor, and the great double door, studded with brass hinges, struck despair to our hearts. We did not even venture to try it.

When we looked up the street again the soldiers were very near. Suddenly a harsh rattling sound was heard and they presented their rifles as though to shoot.

"It's all up with us," muttered the baronet grimly. "Let us die like Englishmen—fighting to the end. We have time for one good volley."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Darracot huskily. "We'll give them a round."

He drew back the hammer of his rifle with a sharp click, and we followed his example.

The brutal looking soldiers had already turned their weapons upon us, and in one instant the double volley would have been fired. My own rifle was trained unerringly upon the leader.

But, before either side could pull a trigger, Baboo Das shouted an order to his men that caused the guns to be instantly lowered, and then, turning toward us, he called loudly, "Throw down your arms."

Perceiving a ray of hope in this command we turned our weapons to the ground without hesitation, and before we could recover from our surprise the soldiers flung themselves roughly upon us and we were speedily disarmed.

Baboo Das advanced with blazing eyes. "Ah!" he cried shaking his sword in our faces. "You are the traitorous dogs who have stirred up this revolt. You came from England as Jopal Singh's allies to rob me of my throne—the throne that was given me by your own government. Truly I owe you a great debt of gratitude, and it shall be paid immediately.

"In a few hours an English army will be here. When they find your bullet riddled bodies lying on the ground and know of what you have been guilty, they will applaud the justice of your fate. Yonder stands Jopal Singh now rattling at the gates. He shall witness your punishment."

As the awful meaning of these words flashed into our minds, Baboo Das shouted a hoarse command to his soldiers. They instantly forced us up against the wall, side by side, and then withdrawing half a dozen yards, they pointed a dozen rifles full upon us.

The rajah stood a little to one side and watched us with savage triumph in his eyes, wishing to gloat over our torture before giving the signal that would stretch us bleeding and helpless upon the ground.

The horror of that moment was awful and unspeakable. We looked into the ferocious, pitiless faces of the native troops and then our eyes wandered up the street to the massive gates behind which surged hundreds of the rebels pounding and rattling against the barrier with all their strength, and yelling like ten thousand demons.

In the center of the dusky mass something shone redly for a moment or two—a mocking gleam from Jopal Singh's ruby.

Then we shuddered and our eyes fell again to the glittering rifle barrels and the little round muzzles bunched together.

Baboo Das was still watching us with a merciless smile upon his lips, and suddenly like an electric thrill we realized that we were face to face with death—that in a moment more all would end as far as we were concerned.

My breath came in short, quick gasps, and my legs seemed to be giving way beneath me. I glanced sideways at my companions. Darracot and Sir Arthur were very pale, and their hands trembled slightly.

I was filled with amazement and admiration at the sight of Chandos. He faced the deadly rifles with a perfectly calm and self possessed demeanor.

A thousand and one emotions surged through my brain at that moment. The shouts of the assaulting rebels at the gates seemed miles away. I wondered vaguely how it would feel when the whizzing bullets tore my flesh—and then strangely enough I thought of the chests of treasure lying at the bottom of the reservoir of

**The first 39 chapters of this story appeared in the December, January, February, March, and April issues of* THE ARGOSY, *which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 50 cents.*

Ravana, and wondered who would get them. Not we, surely.

All at once Baboo Das made a slight movement toward his men, and I knew that he was about to give the order to fire. I half closed my eyes and waited the end.

"Stop! Stop!" It was Chandos' commanding voice that rang loudly over the scene, and caused the soldiers to waver in the very act of pulling the trigger.

Baboo Das glanced at him angrily and turned to repeat the command to fire, but Chandos sprang forward and caught him by one arm.

"Stop!" he cried. "I must first tell you something, and then if you wish you can go ahead with your bloody work."

Baboo Das hesitated for an instant and made a haughty gesture of assent.

"You can tell me nothing that will save your lives," he said; "but waste your breath if you wish. I will give you one minute."

At first we could form no idea of Chandos' purpose, unless he desired to inform Baboo Das that our participation in Jopal Singh's uprising had been unintentional—and we well knew how futile that would be.

But the first words made all clear and sent a thrill of hope to our hearts.

"If you persist in taking our lives," said Chandos boldly, "remember that the secret of Syad Jafar's wealth dies with us. We alone know where it is, and you shall never lay a finger upon it."

Baboo Das looked at him in silence for an instant, and his eyes sparkled with avarice. It was evident that the recent excitement had banished all thoughts of the treasure from his mind. He now remembered it.

"You have sought this money for a long while," continued Chandos, quick to follow up his advantage. "You even sent your spies to London and Calcutta and dogged our footsteps clear to the island of Mog. But the treasure was not there. It was many miles away."

"And suppose I spare your lives," muttered the rajah, "what then?"

"On that condition," replied Chandos, "we will tell you where to find the treasure."

A brief interval of silence ensued, during which our hearts beat painfully. Then, to our inexpressible relief, Baboo Das made a sign to his men and the threatening rifles were lowered sullenly to the ground.

"If you will swear upon your honor as Englishmen that you will not deceive me," he said, "I will spare your lives."

"We will swear it," replied Chandos briefly.

"Hold on," cried Sir Arthur, as he saw how things were going. "That is not enough. You must give us our freedom as well as our lives. If, as you say, an English army is coming, we don't care about falling into their hands, nor do we wish to see anything more of Jopal Singh. You must take the first opportunity to send us over to Cashmere or down to Peshawur."

The baronet's dictatorial manner rather staggered Baboo Das for an instant, and before he could reply the brass gates that barred the street gave way before the terrible pressure and came down with an awful crash.

Instantly all was confusion. The soldiers flung open the great doors of the fortress, and as they hustled us quickly in we caught a glimpse of the rebel horde dashing down the street, a thousand strong.

These doors, which were more massive than any I had ever seen before, were quickly closed, and fortified with numerous bars and bolts. Then we were led hastily up stairs and out on the flat roof of the building.

A single glimpse satisfied me that Baboo Das had done wisely in not fleeing from the town. Here was a place that could evidently stand a siege of weeks.

The roof was surrounded by a parapet made expressly for purposes of defense, while rifles and ammunition were strewn plentifully about. We had just time to observe that four streets radiated from the four sides of the building, when our captors thrust us into a cell on the first floor of the tower that rose from the center of the roof.

Just as the door was closed and locked behind us Jopal Singh and his rabble thundered up the street to the fortress entrance and then began a crashing and pounding and yelling that continued without intermission for hours. We had no fear that the mob would take the building. Baboo Das and his two score of trusty soldiers kept up a continual rifle fire, no doubt committing frightful havoc among the desperate besiegers, and it was only by raising our voices to a loud pitch that we could hear ourselves speak.

"I don't believe that there is any chance of an English force coming for a week or more," said Sir Arthur. "No troops are stationed this side of Peshawur, and if they could not send a good sized force they certainly would not send a handful on such a serious affair as this."

"Nevertheless I wish we were away from here," said Chandos, "and what's more, I'm deuced sorry I promised to tell Baboo Das about that treasure, if it did save our lives. I hope something will turn up to prevent him from claiming the promise."

"But you have the box of jewels all right?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Chandos. "They won't think of searching this old knapsack."

The day wore on and about the middle of the afternoon there came a sudden lull in the siege, and presently the soldiers on the roof began to cheer loudly.

A few moments later a tumult of hoarse

cries rose from all quarters of the town, and presently a far different sound reached our ears—the steady roar of hundreds of rifles, and at intervals the sharp crackling of a Gatling gun.

To this only one construction was possible. A force of British troops had arrived—incredible though it seemed—and was giving battle to Jopal Singh's army.

We waited and listened in a state of abject fear, and after an hour the firing subsided, with the exception of a few straggling shots.

The roof of the fortress seemed to be deserted, for not a sound reached our ears.

"I would gladly part with this box of jewels," said Chandos, "to get safely away from the town."

"Listen! here comes some one," said Sir Arthur.

As he spoke the key of our cell door turned in the lock and the rajah, Baboo Das, entered.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE TREACHERY OF BABOO DAS.

"WELL, I have come to claim your promise," were Baboo Das' first words.

"But you have not entirely fulfilled your part of the contract," spoke up Sir Arthur. "The English are in the town and you must aid us to escape before they find us."

"Yes, the British troops have arrived," assented Baboo Das. "Many of Jopal Singh's followers are dead and the rest have fled or been captured. I am prepared to do what you wish. I came for that purpose. I will hide you in the fortress until nightfall, and then you can easily escape from the town unseen. But first you must tell me where this treasure can be found."

Chandos hesitated for a moment and then, evidently satisfied that Baboo Das was to be trusted, he quietly told of the chests that lay at the bottom of the reservoir of Ravana—omitting any mention, however, of the box of golden coin that was concealed among the bushes on the hill of Belgula.

Chandos' manner and words carried conviction with them, as was shown by the sparkle in the rajah's eyes.

"It is well," said Baboo Das, when the narration was ended. "You have kept your word. I will keep mine. Come!"

We followed him gladly and unsuspectingly out upon the roof and down the narrow stairway to the lower floor of the fortress.

As we placed foot upon the ground a sudden clank of arms was heard and from out of the gloom sprang a dozen English soldiers, completely surrounding us. The officer in command, whose face was familiar, came forward with a drawn sword and sternly demanded our surrender.

"You need not use force, Captain Buller," said the baronet quietly. "We submit."

We looked for Baboo Das, but the scoundrel had disappeared.

"Betrayed!" muttered Chandos bitterly. "The traitor planned his work cleverly."

"Silence!" commanded the officer. "Forward—march!"

Five minutes later we were locked up in a damp, gloomy dungeon under the floor of the fortress, crushed in spirit by the weight of our misfortune and dread of the ordeal that lay before us.

* * * * *

With our arrest terminates the narrative of our unfortunate expedition in quest of Syad Jafar's treasure—for I care not to dwell at length upon the disgrace and misery that followed.

Sir Arthur had met Captain Buller, the officer commanding the British force, on a previous occasion, and this fact somewhat mitigated our treatment. We had several interviews with the captain, and he explained to us, among other things, the causes which led to the prompt arrival of the troops at Pangkong.

Strange to say, Mr. Heathcote, the Englishman who had held the sandalwood box in trust for Jopal Singh during such a long period of years, was at the bottom of the affair. It seems that he suspected pretty strongly the contents of the box and was uneasy for several days after handing it over to the Hindoo.

He was familiar with the legend of the great red ruby, and he also believed that Jopal Singh cherished some hope of regaining his ancestral rights. Putting these facts together he made a pretty shrewd guess at the rajah's intentions, and when the murder in Leicester Square came to his ears and he happened to see the advertisements that I had inserted in the London papers, he proceeded to hunt me up, and found to his amazement that I had gone to India.

His next step was to lay the whole affair before the War Office, and he did so at a most opportune time, for they had just received mysterious despatches from Calcutta, stating that four Englishmen and a Hindoo supposed to be the long sought for son of Pertab Singh, had left Peshawur for the frontier.

The war authorities acted with great promptness, for a wonder, and as a result a force of troops was sent to Pangkong in anticipation of a possible revolt.

Their arrival was very timely. Captain Buller told us that hundreds of Jopal Singh's savage followers had been killed, but that the rajah himself had escaped.

As the treachery of Baboo Das had placed us in this unfortunate plight, we determined to prevent the traitor from profiting by the secret that he had extorted from us, so we at once gave Captain Buller a full account of the treasure.

There was no time to lose, for Baboo Das had already slipped away from the town with a bodyguard of his natives, so a detachment of troops started after him led by Captain Buller himself.

In five days they came back together, very much disappointed and crestfallen.

Baboo Das and the captain had reached the reservoir of Ravana at the same time—to find the three empty chests lying on the shore. Jopal Singh had been there before them and carried off all the treasure with the aid of his friends.

The dead bodies of a number of Jaina priests were lying about, showing that a severe conflict had taken place.

This result was rather satisfactory to us than otherwise, for Jopal Singh certainly had the best right to the treasure.

We remained in close confinement at Pangkong for two weeks, and then, the excitement caused by the insurrection having subsided, we were marched by slow stages to Peshawur, and from there we went directly to Calcutta by rail.

In that city we were tried two weeks later before a military court martial.

The disgrace was a crushing blow to the baronet—to all of us in fact—and for a time the issue looked very black. A number of witnesses were produced on each side, and although we told a convincing story, we were found guilty of complicity in the insurrection and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

But through some influence exerted by friends of the baronet this was commuted to a heavy fine, which Sir Arthur gladly paid.

We left Calcutta by the very first steamer, and at Port Said exchanged to another vessel which took us to Marseilles.

England was the last place which we cared to see while the story of our disgrace was still fresh, so we went to Paris and there sought a quiet hiding place, wearing our faces smooth shaven to avoid recognition.

And just here I must speak of the casket of jewels, which, I assure the reader, has not been forgotten.

One hour after our arrest at Pangkong we confided it to a certain English officer, who shall be nameless, and when we boarded the steamer at Calcutta the casket was restored to us, minus just one fifth of its contents.

The remainder we disposed of in Paris for the sum of eighty thousand pounds—twenty thousand apiece, for Sir Arthur refused to accept a cent more than his share, though the expenses of the expedition and the payment of the fines had come from his pocket.

I am writing the last chapter of this strange and I hope not uninteresting tale at my quiet lodgings in the west end of London, happy in the consciousness of a fat bank account.

Cecil Chandos returned to England with me and is living not very far away. His habits and appearance are unchanged.

He strolls about Pall Mall or St. James Street in the morning, drives in Hyde Park in the afternoon, and is a welcome guest at numerous London drawing rooms. His fashionable attire is copied and admired by all the gilded youth of the west end.

Sir Arthur Ashby and his faithful attendant, John Darracot, are still in Paris, and at present they have no intention of returning to England.

I regret to say that the whereabouts of the ex-rajah, Jopal Singh, are entirely unknown to me. I have no doubt that he is living and in possession of a fabulous fortune—possibly he has again taken refuge with the Ameer of Afghanistan—but since the English have given him such a crushing demonstration of their power, I think he will abandon all hope of recovering the throne of his grandfather, though he probably still possesses the great red ruby.

Some day he will return to the world and dazzle Paris or St. Petersburg with a display of oriental luxury and magnificence worthy the vastness of old Syad Jafar's treasure.

THE END.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

In blossom time the year is young,
All skies are blue, the sunshine's gold
Bathes grassy slope and meadows fair,
The trees are clad in rosy bloom;
In the green gloom of orchard aisles
The petals white come drifting down;
The river winds a silver thread,
And at the south wind's amorous touch
A haunting fragrance fills the air
From honied sweets of maple flowers;
The gush of blackbird's mellow call,
A rippling note like woodland brooks,
Along whose banks they nest and sing;
All Nature revels in the joy of youth,
The love and bloom, in blossom time.

IDA LOUISE ROBERTS. —*Somerville Journal.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

RALPH MORTON. The average height of a boy of fifteen is 5 feet, 1 inch; weight, 96½ pounds.

F. K., New York City. Yes, you can procure THE ARGOSY for October, 1894, (Vol. XIX, No. 1) by sending ten cents to this office.

$2,000,000, New York City. The average speed of passenger trains in England is greater than in America; in France it is about the same.

A. L. W., Orchard Lake, Mich. You might call your villa by the Welsh name Glanrafon, meaning "river valley"; or Waterview, Riverhurst, or Widewater.

AN OLD READER, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. For information about evening classes in mechanical drawing, etc., write to the secretary of Cooper Institute, New York.

B. S. G., Rochester, N. Y. You will note that at present all our cover pictures appear also inside, so that they will not be lost when the magazines are bound into a volume.

C. L. JR., Ashland, Va. We have not the space in which to give directions for the breeding of rabbits. There are numerous books on the subject. Apply to your local bookseller.

AN INTERESTED READER, Cleveland, O. 1. If in good condition the copper half cent of 1795 is worth from 15 to 40 cents. 2. No premium on the silver three cent piece of 1852 nor on that of 1861, nor on the half dollar of 1827.

H. H. A. K., New York City. The only ways we can suggest in which you may find a man who disappeared in South Bend, Indiana, three years ago, is to advertise for him in a South Bend paper, also in a daily of national circulation, like the New York *Herald*.

H. P. A., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. You will note that a new serial by Mr. Alger began last month. 2. Kirk Munroe has never contributed to THE ARGOSY, and Mr. Munsey is far too busy at present to write another serial. But we are going to print some splendid stories during the coming months.

C. B. C., New York City. 1. The smokestacks of steamships rake aft so as to prevent the wind from blowing into them and interfering with the draught. 2. The record of transatlantic passages is kept between Sandy Hook and Roche's Point, Queenstown, and is now held by the Lucania, of the Cunard Line, with 5 days, 7 hours, 23 minutes.

A READER, New York City. Appointees to the West Point Academy must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty two. Each Congressional District and Territory, and the District of Columbia, is entitled to one cadet at the Academy. Then there are ten appointments at large, as they are called, specially conferred by the President. This limits the number of students to 371.

W. B. A. 1. We believe that William S. Knox is the Representative in Congress from your district who has the appointing of cadets for the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He will also be Representative in 1896. 2. If a boy is not twenty one at the time of his father's naturalization, the boy becomes a citizen at that period. 3. We see no reason why a Naval Academy cadet should not be permitted to own a camera. It is barely possible he might be forbidden to take pictures of certain places. There is a law against carrying cameras into military fortifications.

W. M., St. Paul, Minn. The serials which may be found complete in Vol. XIII of THE ARGOSY are: "A Debt of Honor," Alger; "Blazing Arrow," Ellis; "True to Himself," Stratemeyer; "With Cossack and Convict," Graydon. In Vol. XIV: "A. D. T. 79," Putnam; "Fighting for His Own," Winfield; "Jed," Alger; "A Lost Expedition," Foster; "The Order of the Mummy," Durbin; "To the Cave," Montgomery. In Vol. XV: "Always in Luck," Optic; "The Bonniewood Boys," Ewing; "Chester Rand," Alger; "One Boy in a Thousand," Winfield; "Will Dalton's Pluck," Shilling; "The Young Journalist," White.

A HIGH SCHOOL BOY. 1. The greatest center for furniture manufacture is at Grand Rapids, Michigan. 2. The fifty largest cities of the United States in the order of their size are: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Washington, Detroit, Milwaukee, Newark, N.J., Minneapolis, Minn., Jersey City, N.J., Louisville, Ky., Omaha, Neb., Rochester, N. Y., St. Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Providence, R. I., Denver, Col., Indianapolis, Ind., Allegheny, Pa., Albany, N.Y., Columbus, O., Syracuse, N. Y., Worcester, Mass., Toledo, O., Richmond, Va., New Haven, Conn., Paterson, N. J., Lowell, Mass., Nashville, Tenn., Scranton, Pa., Fall River, Mass., Cambridge, Mass., Atlanta, Ga., Memphis, Tenn., Wilmington, Del., Dayton, O., Troy, N.Y., Grand Rapids, Mich., Reading, Pa., Camden, N. J., Trenton, N. J.

H. C. C., Enid, O. T. It is strange that there should be so much doubt about the relative height of the tallest North American mountains. Mount St. Elias, on the Alaskan boundary, was long regarded as the highest of all, but it is now known to be overtopped by its neighbor, Mount Logan, and perhaps by other Alaskan peaks, that reach a height of about 18,500 feet. Outside of Alaska, the highest is the extinct volcano of Orizaba, in Mexico, with another Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, a close second. The exact figures for these two peaks are also a matter of controversy. In the United States, again, there are rival claimants of the primacy, but the honor is generally accorded to Mount Whitney, in California, whose 14,900 feet rise 500 feet above the summits of Mount Tacoma, in Washington, and Mount Shasta, in California. The loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains is probably the Blanca, in Colorado, 14,463 feet; Pike's Peak measures only 14,147. The Grand Teton, in Wyoming, is another claimant of the title. The highest mountain east of the Rockies is Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

WHY A COMPOSER OF OPERAS PLAYED THE HAND ORGAN.

PROBABLY the shortest musical education on record is that of the organ grinder who turned a reproof into an ingenious advertisement.

While Mascagni, the famous young composer, was visiting London recently, he heard a street organ playing the intermezzo from his opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The man played the piece so rapidly that it exasperated Mascagni, who hurried down to the sidewalk and accosted him.

"You play that entirely too fast," he said. "Let me show you how it ought to be done."

"And who are you?" asked the wandering minstrel.

"I happen to be the composer of the piece," replied Mascagni, and then he played the intermezzo for the astonished organ grinder in the correct tempo.

Imagine Mascagni's surprise when on the following day he saw the same organ grinder in front of his house with a placard on the organ, on which was inscribed in large letters: "Pupil of Mascagni."

GOOD FOR THE SMALL BOY.

DECIDEDLY quaint, as well as highly courteous, was the reply of this boy who was determined to be pleased whether he was satisfied or not.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

WHY THESE MEN FOUGHT.

DUELS, for whatever cause, are always foolish, but it is really astonishing for what insignificant reasons many of them have been fought. Under the heading, "What Men Have Died For," a contemporary makes out this remarkable list:

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about a bottle of anchovies. One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to pass him a goblet; another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner in a steamboat, although the general pleaded, as an excuse, that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York between a Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 75th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42nd British Regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn—one contending that the eating was from the cob, and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb fearfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Major Noah lost his life in 1827, at the dueling ground in Hoboken, in a simple dispute about what was trumps in a game of cards.

PEACOCK TAILS TO ORDER.

THE Japanese are ruthless in their tampering with nature. If they decide that they want a bird or an animal of a certain shape or color, they set about manufacturing the article, so to speak, by the exercise of exceedingly clever ingenuity and untiring patience. Here, for example, is how the white sparrows are produced:

They select a pair of grayish birds and keep them in a white cage in a white room, where they are attended by a person dressed in white. The mental effect on a series of generations of birds results in completely white birds. They breed the domestic cock with enormously long tails after the same principle. They first select a bird with a good tail, giving him a very high perch to stand on; then with weights they drag the tail downward, carrying on the same system with the finest specimens of his descendants till a tail almost as long as a peacock's is produced at last.

WHY PEARLS ARE PRICELESS.

THERE are other reasons for the high value of pearls besides their beauty. Not only are they exceedingly rare, but the means by which they must be procured are, in most cases, not only extremely hazardous, but productive of much physical pain.

Along the highway of maritime traffic from Australia to Asia, near the northernmost part of the Australian Continent, there is a small island, only a few square miles in size, but rising in importance from year to year—little Thursday Isle. It is the most important center of the pearl shell fisheries, which play no mean part in the revenue of the colony, Queensland. The value of the shells exported in 1894 was $530,000.

The pearl shells are broken mostly upon the "old ground" in a depth of 65 to 85 feet, this bank being to the west of the island. Lately other banks of pearl shells have been located, but all are in an enormous depth. The pressure of the water, which at a depth of 150 feet

would be unbearable to a white man, has caused the death of twenty four professional divers during the last year. These divers, all Malays or Polynesians, jump into the briny deep, holding a heavy stone to take them more quickly to the bottom. They rake in what they can in the trifle of time they are down, and place the shells in a bag attached to the stone.

As they release the grip on the weighty stone, up they go as if shot from a gun, and are helped into the boat by the crew. The bag with shells and the stone are then pulled up by the rope attached to the latter.

It is surprising what results are attained by such primitive arrangements. Many of the enterprising firms have floating stations out near the banks. Some pearls have been found worth from $250 to as high as $750 Such finds are scarce, however, and often thousands of shells are opened without discovering one pearl.

Interesting experiments were made during the last year to artificially raise pearl shells. To that effect 80,000 young mollusks were transferred to a high and rocky bank between Friday and Prince of Wales Islands. It has not as yet been ascertained whether the pearl shells will mature there and if they will in shallow water escape the ravages of their bitterest foe, the octopus.

ALL IN THE NAME.

LAST month we printed an item which recalled P. T. Barnum's famous remark about the love the public has for being swindled. Here is a Philadelphia soap manufacturer who must be strongly inclined to agree with the showman.

The article in which this manufacturer takes the most pride is a pure castile soap, purer and better than that made in Castile. He stamped it as American Castile, and was unable to sell any quantity. The people would not buy what little was taken by retail dealers. Under these circumstances the manufacturer changed the stamp on his soap to one abounding in Spanish words which meant the same thing. Since the change in stamp the sales have been remarkable, and the soap is ever gaining in popularity.

APPLES FOR ODD USES.

A BIG boom has recently been given to the apple market by the published statements of physicians that apples are the most nourishing of fruits, and are of special value in the building up of brain matter. But apples have always been useful, although at times in strange ways.

The following advertisement appeared for many weeks in the *South Britain Newspaper and Chronicle*, a now defunct journal, published between the years 1690 and 1702 :

APPLES.— A large quantity required, any sorts. To be used for stuffing partitions with.

Just about this time there was a perfect mania for the use of pulped apples in the padding or stuffing of partitions between the walls of dwelling houses, the apples being prepared with a strange solution, the composition of which was only known to a few. This solution had the effect of solidifying the pulp, which in time became as hard as cement, and was a splendid preventive against damp and draughts. Apples were also used as weights during the sixteenth century, but as this system was very unsatisfactory to both buyer and seller, a law was passed prohibiting their use, except in "very remote country villages."

As a medicinal property, a baked apple was supposed at one time to be unsurpassed in the treatment of sprains and bruises. This strange remedy was applied in a mashed form, and it is stated that its effects were really marvelous. During the year 1709 we read of apples being used as a "guard against fever and other dangerous ailments," while in some parts of England they were used to "clean stone floors and other things with."

BRINGING THE TINKERS TO TERMS.

MANY householders of the present day would doubtless be glad if Congress would enact a law similar to the Tinkers' Act, to protect them from the dilatoriness and overcharges of certain tradesmen with whom they are brought in contact.

What was known as "the Tinkers' Act" was passed during the latter part of the reign of Edward I., and was meant as a protection for the general public against the extortionate charges of tinkers. The following is a translation of a portion of this peculiar measure from the Norman French of the period : "All persons earning a livelihood from the tinkering, mending, and dealing in all sorts of metal vessels, whether for use in cooking or as ornamental to the houses of the inhabitants of this country, are, by virtue of this law, sanctioned and approved of by his Majesty Edward I., to take warning that they must not under any pretext or excuse whatever charge more than is legally due for any work done. Thus, to wit, two pennies per vessel of two gallons size, and a penny over and above this sum for vessels larger. Furthermore, it is hereby enacted that no tinker shall keep or retain any article intrusted to him more than one day and a half, the penalty for such retention being confinement in an underground vault, with scant food, and forfeiture of all future right to derive a living from his calling."

WHAT A BOY'S DINNER PAIL DID.

WE often hear of boys who long to be men, and now and then meet youths who fancy they are men by aping some very unmanly traits of grown up companions. But here is the account of a man who was a boy again in tastes and feelings for the time being.

The director of a certain large corporation was in the habit of prowling around the office. One morning he happened to come across the dinner pail of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home made bread, two doughnuts, and a piece of apple pie tempted the millionaire's appetite.

Just then the office boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" said the boy.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be ; but it's a first rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years.

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner ; but you won't get so good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.

QUALITIES THAT WIN.

IT WAS WELL DONE.

THE greatest leaders are those to whom every detail of the work in which they are engaged is familiar, and who can at any moment themselves perform the most trivial or the most arduous tasks.

A working party of the crew of H. M. S. Illustrious had one morning commenced constructing a wharf before the dockyard. The stones of which the platform or landing place was to be built were, by Sir Samuel Hood's orders, selected of very large dimensions; so much so, that the sailors came at last to deal with a mass of rock so heavy that their combined strength proved unequal to moving it beyond a few inches towards its final position at the top of one corner. The admiral sat on his horse looking at the workmen for some time, occasionally laughing, and occasionally calling out directions which the baffled engineers could be no means apply.

At length his excellency the commander-in-chief became fidgety, and, having dismounted, he tried to direct them in detail; but never a bit would the stone budge. Finally, losing all patience he leaped from the top of the bank and roared out, in a voice of reproach and provocation, "Give me the crowbar."

Thus armed, he pushed the officers and men to the right and left, while he insisted upon having the whole job to himself, literally, single handed. He first drove the claws of the instrument well under the edge of the stone, then placed with his toe a small iron pin on the ground under the bar, and across its length, to act as a fulcrum or shoulder. When all things were carefully adjusted to his mind, he slipped his hand to the upper end of the lever, and weighing it down, gave what he called "life" to the huge stone, which, just before, half a dozen strong men had not been able to disturb. Sure enough, however, it now moved, though only about half an inch towards its intended resting place. At each hitch of the bar, the rock appeared to advance further, till, after five or six similar shifts, it was finally lodged in the station prepared for it, where, doubtless, it rests to this day, and which it may occupy for centuries to come.

The admiral himself was delighted with his triumph, and his provocation against the men subsided at each successive march of the stone, until, at length, when the operation was completed, he flung down the bar, and called out to the grinning party, but with infinite good humor, "There, you haymaking, tinkering, tailoring fellows, that's the way to move a stone—when you know how!"

A FAMOUS POTTER.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, who was born in 1730 and lived sixty five years, was a remarkable instance of the rise of a prominent man of humble origin simply by the employment of energy and perseverance.

His ancestors had all been potters, but he brought to his task a genius which was unknown to his forefathers and was not recognized in any of his contemporaries. Staffordshire abounded in people of his name, and they were nearly all potters: but he alone saw the possibilities of the trade.

His education comprised a little writing, reading, and arithmetic, and his patrimony, which he received when he came of age, was $100. His earliest predilection was a taste for modeling in clay. When he became an apprentice to his brother, he developed a vexatious turn for novelty. He never rested until he knew the quality of every clay in the neighborhood of his native Burslem, and he was equally persistent in contriving new methods for coloring the pieces which he produced.

What he did as a youth he persisted in all his life. At his death he was as familiar with the fictile clays of the whole world accessible to him as he was in his teens with those of Staffordshire. In order to attain this wide knowledge he had to become an expert in nearly all the sciences then known; he had to form a museum suitable to his purpose; and he had to gain the good will of people in remote places. There were circumstances which seemed beforehand to render this impossible.

In youth Wedgwood fell a victim to the smallpox and one of the results was a painful affection in one of his knees and finally the loss of a leg. He suffered most of his life from a weakness of the eyes that threatened him with total blindness, and his general health was fragile. But his illness was not a calamity. It gave him time to read. When he could do nothing else he could still gather information. His eyes were never so bad as to let pass a bad piece of work. Such was the man who made pottery a fine art in England and raised the trade to the rank of a national industry.

In order to accomplish his purpose he had to bring about a social revolution in Staffordshire, of which good roads in place of almost impassable mule paths were merely the beginning. He found the class of people to which he belonged ill housed and famished; he left them well housed and well fed. He found English pottery inferior to that of any other country; he left vases that rivaled and even surpassed those of the Greeks and Etruscans. Obviously there is enough variety in such a man's life to make it an absorbing study from a good many points of view.

THE RISE OF A SLAVE.

THE death of Frederick Douglass near Washington last February served to arouse great interest in his very remarkable career. There is no more striking example of successful ambition in the annals of our public men than the story of this life which developed from the lowly condition of a slave to the honorable estate of a United States Minister.

Frederick Douglass was born in Tuckahoe, Maryland, in February, 1817. His mother was a negro slave, and his father was a white man. At the age of ten years he was sent to Baltimore, where he learned to read and write. His owner later allowed him to hire his own time for three dollars a week, and he was employed in a shipyard.

In September, 1838, he fled from Baltimore, and made his way to New York. Thence he went to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where he married and lived for two or three years, supporting himself by day labor on the wharves and in various workshops.

While there he changed his name to Douglass. He had previously been called Lloyd, from the name of his old master. He was aided in his efforts for self education by William Lloyd Garrison. In the summer of 1841, he attended an anti slavery convention at Nantucket, and made a speech which was so well received that he was offered the agency of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society.

In this capacity he traveled and lectured through the New England States for four years. Large audiences were attracted by his graphic descriptions of slavery and his eloquent appeals At this time he published his first book, entitled "Narrative of My Experience in Slavery."

In 1845 he went to Europe and lectured on slavery to enthusiastic audiences in nearly all of the large towns of Great Britain.

In 1846 his friends in England raised a purse of $750 to purchase his freedom in due form of law.

After the abolition of slavery he applied himself to the preparation and delivery of lyceum lectures. In September, 1870, he became editor of the *New National Era* in Washington. This was afterwards continued by his sons, Lewis and Frederick. In 1871 he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Commission to San Domingo.

On his return, President Grant appointed him one of the territorial counsel for the District of Colorado. In 1872 he was elected Presidential elector at large for the State of New York, and was appointed to carry the electoral vote of the State to Washington.

In 1876 he was appointed United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. After this he became Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, from which office he was removed by President Cleveland, in 1886. In the autumn of that year, he revisited England, to inform the friends whom he had made while a fugitive slave, of the progress of the African race in the United States.

After his return to the United States, he was appointed Minister to Hayti, by President Harrison, in 1889.

AN OFFICE BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

MANY of our most prominent men began life as errand boys in offices, and have risen to prominence and built up great fortunes by learning in those earlier days that patience, perseverance, and strict integrity are the secrets of success.

Robert Bonner was an office boy, and of the type often held up to scorn. He was a printer's devil, off somewhere in New England. Young Robert got a very small sum, and he soon saw that he must learn more if he would ever earn more. One day one of the printers, who was as Mr. Bonner says, "a dandy," asked the boy Bonner to "wash the roller"—a process familiar to every printer of the old days.

Young Robert said that he would wash the roller if the printer would show him how to "lock the press," which was agreed upon as a bargain. After that Robert, knowing more, became more than the errand boy, and earned a little in advance of his clothes. When he came to New York after the war he had $62, which he deposited in a savings bank. Currency then was uncertain, and one of the dollars was not worth 100 cents in the eyes of the teller. "That was the bitterest day of my life, when that dollar was thrown back to me," says Mr. Bonner, remembering even yet the pangs of his first "shortage," although now he regards $40,000 a small sum to pay for a trotter.

HOW DISMISSAL LED TO SUCCESS.

To have a brilliant idea and to know exactly when and how to put it into execution is a combination that will infallibly bring a man wealth and prominence. The following rapid rise to success illustrates forcibly this doctrine. It also shows that the silver lining to a cloud exists elsewhere than in the story books, and that discouragement should have no part in the make up of any young man.

One day in the early part of 1870 a young man named Samuel M. Bryan, a clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington, received notice that his services were no longer needed. Incompetency was the reason given for his dismissal. When he looked over his stock in trade he found that it consisted of something less than $100 in money and a great idea. A few days later he started West. After many vicissitudes he reached San Francisco, where he secured employment as purser on a steamship bound for Japan, and in due time found himself in Tokio.

Once in Japan's chief city he at once proceeded to put his great idea into execution. What he proposed was to perfect and put into operation in Japan a postal system modeled after that of the United States. Bryan found willing listeners among the high Japanese officials, and in due time was requested to prepare a prospectus of his postal system to be submitted to the emperor. Its value was at once recognized, and it was ordered to be put into effect Bryan was placed at the head of the new department with a salary of $11,000 a year, and intrusted with the negotiation of a postal treaty between Japan and the United States.

A few months later he was back in Washington as the envoy of the Japanese government, treating on equal terms with the man who had dismissed him from his clerkship for incompetency The treaty which he negotiated with skill and diplomacy proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

Bryan remained in the service of the Japanese government for some fifteen years. He then returned to the United States a rich man, and now lives in one of the finest residences in Washington. He is still a young man, and has years enough before him to develop half a dozen more great ideas, but it is interesting to conjecture what his career might have been had he not lost his place in the Post Office Department

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FISHING WITH ELECTRICITY.

NOTHING appears to be secure against the incursions of that king of the modern scientific world—the electric spark. It has now come to be used as bait in fishing.

The Prince of Monaco has invented a fish trap, which is said to have proved highly successful. In the first place, he has provided a trap net, which can be sunk to a depth of two miles, and this is furnished with an electric light and plunge battery, protected against the pressure of the water by large air cushions. When the trap has been sunk into position, the current is turned on, and the light from the lamp attracting the fishes, these are caught in large numbers, many of them being such as have not been previously seen.

The apparatus consists of a small incandescent lamp of three candle power, having a piece of wire twisted around it to keep it from shaking against the quart bottle in which it is placed, the bottle being weighted to insure its sinking to any depth required. Attached to the lamp, and passing through the stopper, are two light weight electric wires, which run out to any length desired, the depth of the lamp in the water being regulated by a large float board.

LIVING LEAVES.

WE hear of many strange things from out of the way places, but there is usually rather a commonplace explanation which follows and shows that the apparent miracle can be attributed to some very simple cause.

Among the stories told about the wonderful things to be found in Australia, there is one of crawling leaves. English sailors first brought an account of this phenomenon. They were roaming along the coast, when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which floated gently to the ground.

The fact of the wind bringing down showers of leaves in midsummer was curious enough, but when the sailors saw the leaves calmly starting to crawl back to the trees, they did not wait for the explanation but beat an ignominious retreat.

Fortunately, other travelers were not too much frightened to stop and examine into the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects which live upon the trees, and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and wings shaped like large leaves. When disturbed by a breeze they fold their legs under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape, the stem and all, is complete.

Not only are they bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change as the leaves do to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these insects is that when shaken to the ground they seldom use their wings. After lying there for a few minutes as though they were really leaves, they crawl to the tree and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power to get back to their quarters in a much easier and quicker way.

HOW TO SEE AND HEAR GROWTH.

HAVE you ever heard a farmer ask the city boarder if he didn't want to go out some night and hear the corn grow? It is very likely that there was a twinkle in the farmer's eye when he gave the invitation, but this is no longer necessary. Modern inventors have devised an apparatus by means of which the growth of plants is rendered not only audible, but visible.

In order to make the growth of a very vigorous plant visible a fine platinum wire should be carefully attached to the growing part. The other end of this wire should be attached to a pencil pressing gently against a drum which is being driven by clockwork. If the growth be uniform a straight line is marked on the paper, but the very slightest increase is shown by an inclined tracing.

A slight modification of this arrangement renders the growth audible. In this experiment the drum must be covered with platinum foils of a certain width and separated from each other by spaces of about one eighth of an inch.

These strips of platinum should be made to complete the circuit of a galvanic battery, to which an electric bell is attached. In this case the bell is kept continually ringing while the plant is growing the height of the width of the strips used, and is silent while the pointer is passing over spaces between the strips of metal. The growth of corn may be heard direct by means of the microphone, and there are those who declare that they have heard it without any artificial assistance whatever.

IT RAINED ELECTRIC LIGHT.

REPORTS have lately been circulated by captains of ocean liners dealing with storms of thunder, lightning, and snow combined, met with by them during winter voyages, but by far the most remarkable story yet is vouched for by Lieutenant John P. Finley of the 9th Regular Infantry, a meteorologist widely and favorably known in the United States. The phenomenon he describes was encountered during an ascent of Pike's Peak.

He says the storm could best be described as a "shower of cold fire." In reality it was a fall of snow, in which every flake was so charged with electricity as to present a scene more easily imagined than described. At first the flakes only discharged their tiny lights on coming in contact with the hair of the mule on which the lieutenant was mounted. Presently they began coming thicker and faster, each flake emitting its spark as it sank into drifts of

the snow or settled on the clothing of the lieutenant or the hair of the mule. As the storm increased in fury and the flakes became smaller each of the ice particles appeared as a trailing blaze of ghostly white light, and the noise produced by the constant electric explosions conveyed an impression of nature's power which Lieutenant Finley will never forget.

When the storm was at its height and each flake of snow was like a drop of fire, electric sparks were shaken in streams from the lieutenant's finger tips, as well as from his ears, beard, and nose, and a wave of his arms was like the sweep of flaming sword blades through the air, every point of snow touched giving out its little snap and flash of light.

A CHEMICAL DETECTIVE.

TRULY the way of the transgressor is hard and his ingenuity is kept busy eluding the constantly increasing methods of detecting him. The latest device is extremely subtle, and it will be a clever thief who can see his way clear out of the trap which a scientific mind has prepared for him.

It was invented by a chemist of Buda-Pesth, and is a chemical powder, of a yellow color, which has the curious property of dyeing the skin of the person who touches it a deep blue. The color is not removable by any known means, and washing it only makes the color deeper. However, after about a fortnight it begins to wear off, and at the end of about three months all traces of the coloration have vanished.

The way to use it is to spread a small quantity on the lid of the cash box at night, and if it has been touched, the unwary thief is sure to be marked for identification for at least a couple of months.

ELECTRIC ROAD WAGONS.

IT is the sanguine opinion of those interested in the problem of transportation by electricity that a few years will see such marked advancement in this line that electric carriages will to a very considerable extent replace those drawn by horses. Judging from the development of electric transportation on rails this cannot appear too extravagant a statement, for if the trolley and storage systems have proved so undeniably successful it is not hard to believe that electric road wagons may become popular when the great objection of expense has once been overcome. It is certain that a practical and serviceable electric carriage has been constructed. It is the invention of Mr. Chauncey Thomas, of Boston, who is the first to solve the many problems which have hitherto vexed those who have endeavored to design such a vehicle.

In general appearance the electric carriage resembles a body brake, and in its construction and hanging it is somewhat similar to a mail phaeton. But in the details there is a decided difference. The forward springs set upon a rigid or stationary axle, the two front wheels supporting the same being pivoted upon it by an upright arm at the end of their individual axles, which are connected by a rear parallel bar. These wheels turn in parallel lines at any desired angles, being moved by a hook joint lever attached to a parallel bar, and operated by the steering bar in front of the driver's seat. Thus, the action of the wheels being independent of the front axle, there is no undercutting of wheels in turning a corner.

The rear part of the carriage body is supported on springs resting upon the rear axle. In front of the latter, and near the center of the carriage body, is suspended the electric motor and its related moving parts. The armature of the motor is connected by toothed gearing to an intermediate shaft, on which are sprocket gearings at either end, which in turn are connected by sprocket chains to larger sprocket wheels attached to the inside of spokes of the hind wheels of the carriage, which are the drivers. The driving shaft is divided in the center, but is connected by differential gearing, so that in rounding corners the two sections can move in proper connection with each other. All the wheels and shaft of the carriage are run on ball bearings, thus reducing the friction involved in its movement to a minimum.

The electrical storage system of the carriage is placed in the box or body under the seats. It comprises 44 cells of the chloride accumulators, each cell, with its elements, etc., weighing 62 pounds. The cells or cups are of rubber, and closely sealed.

It is claimed that the carriage will run with one charging of the accumulators (and the charging can be done from any low tension direct current machine or incandescent lighting service) from 75 to 80 miles on ordinary, good, level roads.

The cost of this carriage was about $1,200, and its electrical equipment cost about the same amount, so that, as it now stands, its total cost is about $2,400. As some of the work on this first carriage was experimental, and consequently cost more than it would to produce the same again, the carriage might be built perhaps twenty per cent cheaper.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE TO METAL.

THE theory lately advanced by Dr. Luys, of Paris, that the thoughts and impressions of the human brain can be transferred to a crown of magnetized iron is one which is likely to create considerable astonishment. Dr. Luys has already established a reputation in the fields of hypnotism and electricity and their mutual relations, but his latest discovery is as startling as it is novel.

He placed the crown, which is really only a circular band of magnetized iron, on the head of a female patient suffering from melancholia with a mania for self destruction, and with such success was the experiment attended that within a fortnight the patient could be allowed to go free without danger, the crown having absorbed all her marked tendencies. About two weeks afterwards he put the same crown, which meanwhile had been carefully kept free from contact with anything else, on the head of a male patient suffering from hysteria, complicated by frequent periods of lethargy. The patient was then hypnotized and immediately comported himself after the manner of the woman who had previously worn the crown. Indeed, he practically assumed her personality and uttered exactly the same complaints as she had done. Similar phenomena have, it is reported, been observed in the case of every patient experimented upon. Another experiment showed that the crown retained the impression acquired until it was made red hot.

FLOATING FUN.

LAMENTABLE JUXTAPOSITION.

SOME of the drollest errors are those made in newspaper offices. The misplacement of a punctuation mark, the omission of a word, are oftentimes the sources of the most amusing inferences. A noted Paris physician was recently the victim of an absent minded compositor. The following paragraphs in a leading French journal, intended to have been printed separately, were by some mischance so arranged that they read consecutively :

"Doctor —— has been appointed head physician of the Hospital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse The works are being executed with the utmost despatch."

IN THE CALM LIGHT OF REASON.

SOMEBODY said the other day that most men are willing to spend ten dollars' worth of time and trouble for the sake of getting free a one dollar and a half theater ticket. It is safe to conclude, however, that the individual who figures in the subjoined anecdote would never be guilty of anything so foolish.

He was leaving the crowd where the theater tickets for a big engagement were being sold. There was a happy look on his face, which suddenly vanished He put his hand to his temple, and then he said,

"I guess I'll hunt up some quiet place and kick myself. That's what I'll do."

"What's the matter?" asked the friend who had overtaken him

"I have been letting the calcium light of mathematics into the opalescent mist of my enthusiasm," he replied

"What do you mean?"

"I've just figured it out that I've stood out in the snow in line for five hours to pay extra money for a theater seat, rather than stand up for three hours at the performance, where it's warm and comfortable!"

THE LOST PLAY.

THE utter futility of resorting to a lie in order to cover up a delinquency is humorously set forth in the experience of a London actor, Wedon Grossmith.

Robert Ganthony, a writer, once asked him to read a play of his. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home.

"Night after night," he said, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful! The perspiration used to come out on my forehead, as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet; or, again, that the first act was good; later, that the second wouldn't 'quite do,' but really I couldn't stop to explain. So sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult thinking up new lies appropriate to the case."

Some months passed, and Ganthony still pursued him without mercy. At last Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more before it occurred to him that he might have left the comedy in his cab, going home. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found!"

MISINTERPRETED.

"SAVE me from my friends" was doubtless the wish of the victim of the well intended hint which forms the nucleus of the following incident.

One day recently, in a Dundee, Scotland, school, the teacher was examining the class in history, and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles the First die?"

The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his arm up to his collar to signify decapitation.

Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning, and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the class, "Please, sir, he died of cholera."

GOT OFF AT THE WRONG PLACE.

In the March number we printed an amusing story of a stout old lady who wanted to get off a train, and had difficulty in doing it. Here is an account of another old lady who was placed in the opposite predicament.

The train was pitched down an embankment, and as the aged lady crawled from beneath the wreckage, she asked a passenger, "Is this Stamford?"

"No, madam," replied the man, who was pinned down by a piece of timber, "this is not Stamford; this is a catastrophe."

"Oh!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here."

ASKING PERMISSION TO DIE.

THE proper respect due their masters seems bred into the very fiber of European servants.

The Duke de Nivernais had a steward whom he greatly esteemed, and who was dangerously ill. Wishing to see how matters stood with the poor fellow, the duke stepped into his room and had the extreme condescension to make personal inquiry as to the state of his health.

The dying man utterly bewildered at the honor that was being shown him, raised himself up in his bed with great difficulty, and said, in a tone of the most abject humility,

"Ah, your grace will, I hope, not be offended at my dying in your presence?"

The duke, deeply touched, answered,

"Not in the least, my good friend. You needn't mind me."

And the steward forthwith availed himself of the gracious permission of his master, and yielded up the ghost.

AN UNDESIRED CLAUSE IN A BLESSING.

NOBODY is especially anxious to be in haste about leaving the earth, not even those who are supposed to be thoroughly well prepared for heaven.

A beggar woman, having extracted a gratuity from a clergyman said to him, by way of thanks :

"Oh, sir, I houp ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht !"

"I am very much obliged to you, my good woman," rejoined the minister; "but you need not have been quite so particular as to the time."

HIS IDEA OF STRATEGY.

PUPILS are never considered to have thoroughly mastered a subject until they are able to illustrate what they know by an example. These illustrations are sometimes more fiction than fact, though those that invent them may not be a Dickens or Scott.

At the session of the school for noncommissioned officers of one of the companies stationed at Fort Wayne, the following question was asked of a certain sergeant : "What is strategy ? Give me an instance of it."

After studying for a moment or two the sergeant gave the reply, "When in battle, and you are out of ammunition and don't want the enemy to know it, it is good strategy to keep right on firing."

A BLOW TO PRIDE.

OH, these modern improvements ! How they break down fond traditions and pour the light of garish practicality upon certain cherished ideas ! They have even cut a devastating swathe in the feathered world.

"I learned something awful about Miss Plymouth Rock today," said Mr. Speckled Dominicken.

"For gracious sake, what is it ?" exclaimed Mrs. Leghorne Whyte.

"Why, she prides herself on her family connections, you know ; and she hasn't any. She was hatched in an incubator."

THE BUGLER'S TREAT.

IF the loss of his lunch taught the British officer to be more particular about the use of his h's, he might well afford to go hungry for once.

It is the duty of an officer's servant to take his master's luncheon, tea, and anything he may require, to him when he is employed on guard duty.

On this occasion the luncheon was brought, but the officer was otherwise engaged, and he let it stand and get cold. Presently he called the bugler.

"Can you," he asked, "'eat my luncheon in the guard room ?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bugler, pleasantly surprised.

"Well, take it away and do so, will you ?" continued the officer.

"Yes, sir."

The bugler entered the guard room quite pleased with the treat. He sat down and shared the lunch with his comrades; but imagine the agonized look on his face when suddenly there came a peremptory voice in the guard room :

"Is the bugler there ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to bring my luncheon. I think it is warm enough now."

The poor bugler collapsed.

HE DID NOT QUAIL.

"THE best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," sings the Scotch poet, Burns. Very neatly laid was the plan of the shrewish Scotchwoman to wean her husband from the public house, but it went "agley" with the agility of a boomerang.

She employed her brother to act the part of ghost and frighten John while the latter was on his way home.

"Wha are you ?" asked the gudman, as the apparition rose grimly before him from behind a bush.

"I am auld Nick," was the gruesome reply of the ghost.

"Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted ; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

THE LOYAL CANARY.

THIEVES rarely have their victims so contented with their loss as was the lady upon whom an English nobleman played a trick some two centuries ago.

An old maiden lady, who was a most determined supporter of the Stuart cause, happened to be possessed of a beautiful canary bird, whose vocal powers were the annoyance of one half of the neighborhood and the admiration of the other. Lord Peterborough was very solicitous to procure this bird as a present to a friend, who had set her heart on being mistress of this little musical wonder. Neither his entreaties nor his bribes could prevail ; but so able a negotiator was not to be easily foiled. He took an opportunity of changing the bird, and of substituting another in its cage, during some lucky moment, when its vigilant protectress was off her guard. The changeling was precisely like the original, except in that particular respect which alone constituted its value ; *it was a perfect mute*, and had more taste for seeds than songs.

Immediately after this maneuver, the battle of Sheriffmuir, which utterly ruined the hopes of the Jacobites, took place. A decent interval had elapsed, when Peterborough summoned up resolution to call again on the old lady whom he had so ruthlessly despoiled.

In order to smother all suspicion of the trick he had played upon her, he was about to affect a great anxiety for the possession of the bird. She saved him all trouble on that score by anticipating, as she thought, his errand, exclaiming, "Oho, my lord, then you are come again, I presume, to coax me out of my dear little idol ; but it is all in vain ; he is *now* dearer to me than ever ; I would not part with him for his cage full of gold ! Would you believe it, my lord ? From the moment that his gracious sovereign was defeated, *the sweet little fellow has not uttered a single note !*"

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

In our June number we shall begin the publication of a very attractive serial by that standard favorite, William Murray Graydon, whose "Sun God's Secret" is concluded in the present issue. His "Under Africa," published in THE ARGOSY *several years ago, was extremely popular, and we unhesitatingly predict even more extended favor for "*OVER AFRICA,*" in which a balloon voyage furnishes the basis for some very exciting adventures at the very outset. The story is written in Mr. Graydon's most captivating style, and the reader is carried along from chapter to chapter with constantly deepening interest.*

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

IN connection with the article in the present number on the Franco German war, an incident that happened not long since will be found pathetically interesting.

The Empress Eugénie was on her way from England to the south of France. Stopping for a few days at Paris, she walked one day through the gardens of the Tuileries—that spot where she had lived, an empress, for eighteen years. When she reached that portion of the grounds where her boy, the Prince Imperial, who met such a cruel death in Zululand, was accustomed to play the oftenest, she stopped and stooped to pluck for a memento a single modest little flower.

A policeman observed the act, and not recognizing the white haired lady, hurried to the spot with angry exclamations and a threat to take the flower plucker to the station house. Fortunately Count Primoli happened to be near at hand, and came to the rescue of the poor lady, by telling the gendarme who she was and giving him a tip.

Could there be a more striking instance of the instability of thrones and of the gossamer nature of the threads that bind the robes of royalty to the persons who wear them?

MORALS AND THE MERCURY.

FOLLOWING upon the announcement that New York was to have a cat show, a lady wrote to one of the papers suggesting that it was about time the millionaires of the metropolis clubbed together to give what she denominated a "Kid Show."

It would be highly interesting, she thinks, to see how an assemblage of poor children would deport themselves during a week of luxurious living.

A professor of the Chicago University has been doing something on this order, only in a different line. He took from the streets a fifteen year old pickpocket, one whose skill in his chosen "trade" was unquestioned, and determined to try the experiment of completely isolating him from his old life. He took the boy to live with him at his own house and made him his constant companion.

Everything promised well until the cold spell last February. As the severity of the weather increased, the boy grew extremely nervous, and his guardian noted signs of a longing for the old life.

One night, of particularly low temperature, the fellow gave up the struggle, stole everything he could lay his hands on, and escaped. But the professor, not yet discouraged, succeeded in recapturing him, and on his proclaiming his penitence, decided to give him another chance. As the test will now have only mild weather in which to operate, a better outcome is hoped for.

And perhaps before another winter arrives, the boy's moral nature will have been built up to sufficient strength to stand out against even the zero point.

A BOOK WORTH OWNING.

HAVE you seen the last bound volume of THE ARGOSY? It is a beautiful book; not only that, it is a big book. And there is the price—only one dollar! No wonder that these volumes sell rapidly.

Among the contents of these six numbers—October, 1894, to March, 1895—are elaborately illustrated articles on Napoleon, the Tower of London, the bull fight in Spain, various methods of hunting, Joan of Arc, the Crimean War, famous castles; serials by Alger, Ellis, Graydon, White, and Foster; and a host of spirited short stories.

We have also on hand a few copies of bound Vol. XVIII—the first in magazine form, which sells for the same low price—one dollar. The postage on each of these volumes is thirty cents.

FOR YOUNG STORY WRITERS.

WHAT a fascination the printing press exercises over the mind of the young man of the period! Surely composition day at school cannot be dreaded as it was in our time, for every three boys out of five appear to be smitten with the mania for writing.

And as a rule, the story is the first field in which they try their wings, and generally, the younger the boy, the more involved and abstruse the story. Simplicity seems to be the hardest thing to learn.

Here is a suggestion for some of these aspiring authorlings. When your contribution comes back from the editor, do not toss it into a drawer in disgust, but patiently read it through and try to determine why it did not suit. Editors are too busy to do this for you.

Take some story as nearly similar in theme as you can find, and compare the two. Don't be afraid to admit to yourself the points in which your own work falls short. Better yet, write them down. Then try to act on the suggestions they give you for improvements in your next effort.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.

CLEARING OUT SALE OF BOUND VOLUMES.

In view of the constantly increasing business we are doing, room is very precious to us. To gain this, we have decided to make extraordinary reductions in the prices of bound volumes of THE ARGOSY.

Of Vols. I, II, IV, V, X, and XII, there are no longer any copies for sale, but on the others the following astounding cuts have been made:

Vols. III, VI, VII, VIII, and IX, former price of each $5, now offered at **$2 each.**

Vols. XI, XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, and XVII, former price of each $1.50, now offered **at 50 cents each.**

These are bed rock rates with a vengeance, and as the number of volumes, especially the early ones, is limited—in some cases there being only seven copies on hand—it is plain that from the nature of the case, the offer cannot long hold good. First come, first served.

On Vols. III to XI inclusive the express charges are paid by the receiver; the other volumes go by mail, and thirty cents must be added in each case to prepay postage.

WARM WORDS OF PRAISE.

KEEPING pace with the constantly extending circulation of THE ARGOSY, the expressions of praise from its readers pour in upon the editors in ever increasing numbers. Here are some selected at random:

ONE OF THE BEST FOR EITHER OLD OR YOUNG.

314 A St., N. W., Washington, D. C.,
Jan 27, 1895.

I wish to say that I consider THE ARGOSY one of the best magazines now published in this country for either old or young; it is both interesting and instructive, a great advance over the weekly form, and will be highly recommended by

H. B. SMITH.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

2311 Green St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
March 11, 1895

Although I have taken THE ARGOSY but a short time I am convinced that it excels all other boys' papers or magazines.

M. S. HIRSCH.

THE OTHER PAPERS "NOT IN IT."

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 13, 1895.

I had THE ARGOSY recommended to me in October. I have taken it ever since, and though I have taken two other juvenile papers I do not think they are in it.

L. M. TAYLOR.

"A GOOD THING."

West Philadelphia, Pa., March 10, 1895.

Although I could talk for hours of how I like THE ARGOSY, I will sum up in these four words: *it's a good thing.* And by its excellent reading it has "pushed itself along" at such a rate that there is now no other boys' magazine that can compare with it.

JOSEPH P. GALTON.

WONDERS AT THE PRICE.

Newton Highlands, Mass., March 5, 1895.

I have been reading THE ARGOSY for the past six months, and I wonder how you are able to give our young people so much high class reading for so small a figure. I have read many boys' papers during my life, but THE ARGOSY of today is SUPERIOR to any I have ever seen. My boyhood days were passed years ago, but I still enjoy the stories for boys. I have recommended THE ARGOSY so much of late that three boys have commenced taking it, and two more are to begin with the April number.

J. W. EMERSON.

UNEQUALED BY ANY OTHER.

South Chelmsford, Mass.,
March 11, 1895.

Let me congratulate you on THE ARGOSY. It surely has improved in the last three years. I cannot speak too highly of it in the magazine form. It certainly is over three times as good and one half as costly. Let me recommend it to anybody as unequaled by any other boys' or *girls'* magazine.

CHARLES F. METCALF.

THE ARGOSY'S BIG BOOM.

TWENTY per cent increase in sales! This is the proud record of the latest number over the preceding one. It is becoming difficult to keep a single copy in the office, for reference. They all go off, on publication day, like the traditional hot cakes.

But with the exception of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE itself, there never was a publication that gave so much for the money and in such artistic form, as THE ARGOSY. No wonder that it booms.

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

WHILE United States envelope stamps fail to attract the attention of specialists to any great extent, there are a number of collectors who devote their exclusive attention to this branch of philately. It requires the most careful study and the constant use of a magnifying glass to sort and classify the different varieties of certain issues.

Mr. R. R. Bogert, of Philadelphia, has one of the finest collections of United States envelopes in the country. He has devoted a number of years to this specialty, and is a recognized authority on the subject. His collection is valued at about $5,000.

Brunei, a sultanate in the immediate vicinity of Borneo, has recently issued a set of stamps of the following denominations and colors: ½ cent, bistre; 1c, red brown; 2c, black; 3c, violet blue; 5c, greenish blue; 8c, violet; 10c, orange; 25c, pale blue; 50c, olive green; $1, emerald. The design is dreadfully mediocre.

Sarawak has also branched out with a new series of adhesives, decorated with the portrait of Rajah Brooke, in an oval. To wit: 2c, brown, 4c, black; 6c, violet; and 8c, deep green.

We have heretofore commented upon the advisability of our readers' looking up old family letters. There are undoubtedly a vast number of valuable stamps stored away in cellars and attics, and a little time spent in search may bring to light stamps worth a great many dollars. We should like to hear what success any of our readers who adopt our suggestion may have.

Apropos of the above, a Mr. C. K. Sturtevant, of San Francisco, found a bundle of abandoned letters in the vault of an unoccupied building, and, being a wide awake man, he looked over the lot before consigning them to oblivion. He was rewarded by finding an envelope bearing a 5 cent Hawaiian missionary stamp in excellent condition. He disposed of it for $350; but, as it is catalogued at $500, we think he would have been wiser to hold on to it a while.

We are just a little bit puzzled on how to advise E. K. R.—as to whether it is better to collect used or unused stamps. We are inclined to believe that the better way for the young collector to do is to take them either way, although with used specimens care should be taken that they are neither torn nor badly defaced by the cancellation mark.

There are collectors who will take none but uncanceled stamps, on account of the superior beauty of such a collection. Perhaps quite as many accept none but canceled specimens, thinking in this way to protect themselves against certain small countries who regard philatelists as their natural prey, and in consequence flood the market with new series and surcharged old ones.

But this mild species of boycott doesn't bother our friend Seebeck's constituents in the least, as they obligingly cancel whole sheets at a time, and thus the collector will occasionally pay more for one of these alleged used specimens, than he would for one in mint condition.

It is against the law for postmasters to sell "postage due" stamps, such as are affixed to mail matter unpaid or insufficiently paid; but judging from the number of applications for the purchase of these stamps, a great many people are blissfully unconscious of the fact.

Quite a number of these would-be purchasers have put into operation a plan by which they may obtain the coveted specimens without violating the postal regulations. They mail heavy, sealed packages, addressed to themselves, leaving all but a cent or two of the necessary postage to be collected on delivery. At the post office due stamps of a value equivalent to the deficient postage are attached to the parcels and canceled, which charges the addressee cheerfully pays.

In the January issue of THE ARGOSY we described and illustrated a set of stamps supposedly issued by Morocco for the postal service between Fez and Sefro. In common with a number of our esteemed philatelic contemporaries, we were deceived The stamps mentioned are "bogus," and have no value whatever.

It seems that a young native employed by a German house in Fez had them printed in Germany simply as a speculation, and investigation has shown that no such mail service ever existed or was even contemplated.

We think that about five years spent in some well regulated penitentiary would have a salutary effect in curbing this individual's penchant for a very contemptible form of swindling.

We think that Donald MacV. need feel no hesitancy about investing in the "bargains" advertised in the different papers. Such advertisements as appear in THE ARGOSY and other high class publications are generally inserted by reliable dealers. Of course if any astonishing bargains were offered, and the advertisers not recognized as first class dealers, it would be prudent to steer clear of them; but the ordinary offers, such as 100 all different, 10 cents; or 200 all different, 40 cents, are not so uncommon as to awaken suspicion as to their genuineness. The number of common stamps is so large that they may be profitably furnished at the rates mentioned.

We have received one or two other inquiries in regard to these packages lately, in connection with which we wish to say that we do not believe that, ordinarily, this is the best way to purchase stamps. The beginner in philately may find it advantageous to start his collection in this way, but having attained the dignity of a *collector* he will probably find it more satisfactory to see just what he is paying his money for. There is more or less delightful uncertainty about buying stamp packages, but they are the means of accumulating a large stock of comparatively worthless duplicates nevertheless.