

WORK AND WIN

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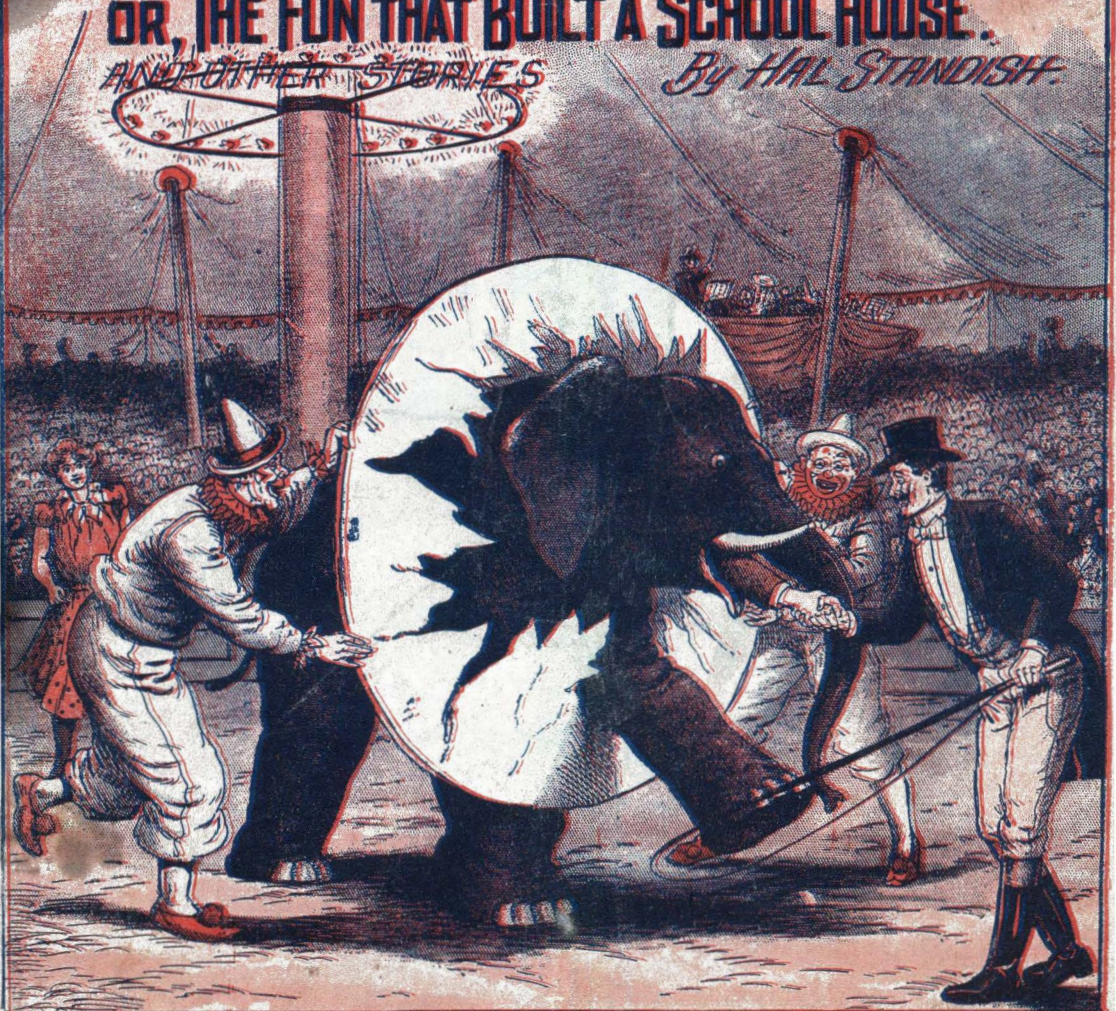
Price SIX Cents

FRED FEARNOT'S SOCIETY CIRCUS!

OR, THE FUN THAT BUILT A SCHOOL HOUSE.

AND OTHER STORIES

By HAL STANDISH.



"Hello, old pard!" exclaimed Fred, who was acting as ringmaster, as he shook the hand that protruded from the elephant's mouth. "I am glad to see you. You are very lively to-day."

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FRED FEARNOT'S SOCIETY CIRCUS

—OR—

THE FUN THAT BUILT A SCHOOLHOUSE

By HAL STANDISH

CHAPTER I.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AT NEW ERA.

The full season was on at New Era. Every one who owned a cottage on the lake front had moved in, and all were enjoying the cool breeze from the lake and participating in the gaieties of the day.

Evelyn Olcott and Mary Hamilton, with many of their personal friends, had arrived.

Fishing and boating parties went out on the lake every day.

Every imaginable sort of amusement was indulged in, and many of the young people were trying to invent something new to while away the time.

One night the town was alarmed by the ringing of bells, followed by the roaring of the fire engines, and soon every one knew that there was a fire somewhere.

People sprang from their beds and looked around, trying to locate the fire.

Fred Fearnot and Terry Olcott both arose and dressed hurriedly, and when they reached the street they saw that the conflagration was on the hill beyond the homes of the mill workers.

There was an enormous blaze and they wondered if all the mill settlement was on fire.

"Terry, let's go up there and see about it," Fred suggested, and off they started.

They had scarcely passed over the dam and begun the ascent of the hill when they learned from some passerby that it was the schoolhouse which had been built for the children of the mill workers.

"Terry, that fire is incendiary. It couldn't have caught by accident."

"Just what I was thinking myself, Fred, and it's a goner, too, for the engines can't throw water very high upon this hill. The pressure is not sufficient."

Of course, all the mill people were out gazing upon the conflagration.

The house was a large, old frame building, and being very dry, it was at least half consumed before the engines could throw a stream upon it.

It was useless to throw any water upon it at all, as it was not near enough to any other building to endanger it, and as there was no wind, the flames twisted and twirled high up in the air, scattering a shower of sparks.

Over in the city on the lake front the people were watching the fire from their upper piazzas.

Some had climbed upon the roofs of their homes, and stood gazing at the beautiful scene and commenting upon it.

Fred and Terry remained among the spectators until the structure burned entirely down.

Several elderly ladies recognized Fred in the crowd, and one of them said:

"Oh, Mr. Fearnot, where in the world shall we send our children now? That is the only school house on this hill."

"Madam, there is only one thing to do," he replied, "and that is to rebuild. We can't do without a schoolhouse here."

"Yes, but it will take a long time to rebuild, and the children will be out of school and into all sorts of mischief."

"Madam, it can be rebuilt in sixty days, but there ought to be a larger and better schoolhouse, as the population of the place has doubled since that one was built."

"But who will build it?"

"Why, the town must build it."

"But will the town do it?"

"Yes, madam; if the town doesn't do it, the New Era Company will."

"Ah, that is just like you, Mr. Fearnot!" exclaimed a young lady from the crowd.

She was apparently not more than twenty years of age. She spoke so correctly and expressively that Fred turned to her and asked if she wasn't a school-teacher.

"Yes, sir," said she; "I've taught for two years in that building, and now I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Wait till it is rebuilt," replied Fred.

"But that will be many months, and meanwhile I'll be out of employment and my income cut off."

"Don't worry about that, miss; we will try to find an empty building that can be temporarily used for a schoolhouse."

Just then an elderly lady remarked:

"Mr. Fearnot, there isn't an empty dwelling on this hill."

"Are you sure of that, madam?"

"Yes, sir; not even a two-room cabin, and the hill is covered with children of school age."

"Yes, there seems to be more children here than in any place of the same population that I ever saw in my life."

"Yes, it is a healthy place, and the people up here marry young."

"Madam, maybe you can answer a question that has been a problem to me for many years. How is it that poor people have more children than rich people? And with it goes another question, and that is, Why do poor people keep so many dogs?"

"Well, I don't know that that is true, sir."

"Yes, it is. All over the country you will find that the poorer the family, the more dogs they keep. Go into the country—east, south or west, and you will find that every family has as many dogs as children, and sometimes even more. It is worse down South than North or West."

"Well, I didn't know that. Maybe the people in the country have more need for dogs than those who live in the city."

"That's it, madam," said the young schoolteacher. "In the cities they keep no dogs except poodles and terriers as pets. Out in the country they need them for protection."

"Miss," said Fred, "that comes very near to solving the problem. I'm glad to have met you. Will you kindly give me your name?"

"Yes," she said, "with pleasure," and she gave her name as Miss Winnie O'Connell.

"I came from the eastern part of the State," she continued.

"Very glad to know you, Miss O'Connell," said Fred, extending his hand to her. "This is my partner, Mr. Olcott."

"Oh, I know him well by sight, and you, too. I have often wished to be acquainted with you both. The people on this

hill claim both of you, as well as Mr. Duncan and Mr. Jencks, as their friends. As for your sisters, they are simply angels of mercy to the patrons of my school, and the little children fairly worship them. I once heard two little girls of the infant class disputing. One of them said that angels had wings, and the other one said they had not; that she knew three—Miss Olcott and Mrs. Duncan and Miss Hamilton—and that she had looked to see if they had wings, but they had not."

Fred and Terry laughed heartily, and Terry remarked: "I'm glad that they haven't wings, for I should be afraid they would fly away."

Miss O'Connell turned toward him and asked: "Do you really think that a certain lady in whom you are very much interested could be tempted to fly away from you, Mr. Olcott?"

"Oh, I don't know. Women, you know, often change their minds."

"Yes, so they do; and they get roundly abused for it when they do. But I don't believe you could be induced to think even for a moment that such a possibility could happen in your case."

"Well, I don't know about that. If I could find wings growing on her, I'd take a pair of scissors and clip them quickly. I wouldn't take any chances."

She laughed and said he must pardon her if she doubted that.

Then once more she turned to Fred and asked if he could advise her what to do while waiting for the schoolhouse to be rebuilt.

"Well, I don't know. I'll try to think of something for you, but your summer vacation is close by, and you need a rest."

"Mr. Fearnot, I can't afford to take a rest. I have an invalid mother and an old grandmother to take care of at my home; hence I have saved nothing out of my salary. I didn't mean to tell you this, but I find myself confronted by this unexpected disaster."

There was a frankness about the girl that pleased him. He noticed that her voice quavered when she mentioned her mother and grandmother.

"You see," said she, "that I am not the only one that will suffer from this fire. More than a month will be lost unless I can find some place where my pupils can come to me."

"Miss O'Connell," said Fred, "do you go right back to bed and sleep, and let no thoughts of the future trouble you. I am the friend of every girl who has to earn her own living, and especially of schoolteachers who care for their parents out of their meagre salaries. I'll find a place for you to teach school, or else your salary shall come to you regularly."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you for that assurance!" and the girl's eyes actually filled with tears.

With that, Fred and Terry returned to their homes, while the teacher, with her landlady and the other boarders, remained to see the end of the old schoolhouse.

When Fred and Terry reached home they found Mary, Evelyn, Margie and Amalie wrapped in their cloaks, standing on the upper balcony, watching the flight of the sparks as they floated away, high above the scene of the burning building.

Parties passing had told them that it was the mill schoolhouse burning.

When they met at the breakfast table the next morning Evelyn asked:

"What will the children do now?"

"Well, you can bet your life," said Terry, "that the children won't worry. Hundreds of them this morning clapped their little hands and said, 'Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! There won't be any more school!'"

"I'll bet money on that," said Dick Duncan. "Children like to go to school occasionally, but not at this season of the year. They prefer to go out and gather fruit and wade in the water to going to school to the most amiable teacher in the world."

"I guess that is so," said Fred. "I never went to school in the country, but I did enjoy rambling about in Central Park on days when there was no school."

"Well, I went to school in Fredonia," said Terry. "I went fishing every Saturday in the summer and gunning in the winter, and I can't say that I was ever in a frame of mind to cry if the old schoolhouse should be burned down. Now, if I'd been in love with my teacher, and if she had been a

pretty girl, like Mary, I probably wouldn't have been careless about getting to school. Evelyn here, always liked to go to school. She had a pretty young lady as a teacher, and they became great friends. Now, my teacher was a big, burly fellow, who seemed to have an itching desire to put stripes on my back and legs. He never got a chance to lick me but once. That was enough. I never took any more chances, but he went away before I got big enough to lick him, and that is what saved him."

"The majority of the boys under fifteen feel just as you did, Terry. After that age the ambition begins to crop out in most boys, and those who have good memories advance wonderfully. It's an exception to the rule when a boy's ambition begins to crop out at an earlier age. But the question now is, what are we to do about that schoolhouse?"

"Rebuild it," said Dick Duncan, very promptly.

"That's easier said than done, old man. They need a much larger and better house. You know how things go here. Everybody waits for the New Era Company to do the things that ought to be done by the community. Now, who can suggest a plan to make the community and the public pay for the building? It ought to be done quickly. One of the teachers said last night that unless temporary quarters can be found, the children will get into no end of mischief and lose time that is very precious."

Then he related the conversation he and Terry had with Miss O'Connell.

"Oh, I believe I've seen her," said Evelyn, "but somehow or other, we never happened to meet."

"Well, I think you have missed a very pleasant acquaintance," remarked Fred. "We found her in the crowd last night looking on, almost heartbroken. She sends her salary to her mother and old grandmother every month, keeping only enough to pay her board here."

"Oh, well, brother," said Margie, "you could help her out without any trouble, couldn't you?"

"Yes, and I told her so. I told her to go home, go to bed and not worry; that the schoolhouse would be rebuilt. She is a very intelligent young lady. She said she knew it would be rebuilt, because they couldn't get along without it, but that she would be out of employment for several months while it was building. I questioned her and she frankly admitted her condition. Now, put your brains to work, all of you, and devise some way to make the public pay for the building. Of course, the City Council can order it rebuilt, but the community will have to put up the money. Now, who of you can suggest a plan that would draw the money out of the visitors? Something that would make them willing to pay for?"

"Fred," said Evelyn, "give us till noon. When you come home to lunch we girls will have a plan ready for you."

"Good for you, little girl. That is the sort of talk I like to hear. If you'll devise a feasible plan, we will employ a contractor immediately, pay out of our own pockets and look to your plan to refund the money. We might ask the mill owners to subscribe the money, as it is for their employees' benefit, but it would take a lot of canvassing. Probably some of them wouldn't put up a cent, saying it is the business of the town to supply schools for the children living here."

Suddenly Evelyn spoke up: "Fred, I've got a plan already, and I want all of you to tell me what you think of it."

"Well, what is it?"

"Organize a society circus."

"The very thing," said Dick.

"I think so, too," said Joe Jencks.

Then Mary Hamilton and all the others agreed that it was the very thing.

Fred asked if she meant that society people were to be the performers, or simply the patrons.

"Oh, they would have to be the performers or it wouldn't be a success! It would set the people to thinking and guessing."

"Well, can you get the society people to take hold of it?"

"Of course we can. They will follow us in anything that we undertake."

"I quite agree with you, dear. So we will have the circus, and I'm going to have a kiss from the originator of the idea," and he arose from the table, went around to where she was sitting and caught her before she could make her escape.

He pushed her back in the chair and kissed her on the mouth half a dozen times, at which they all laughed heartily.

Before the four boys went to the office it was agreed that Fred should write an article for "The Eagle" about it.

At the office he sat down at his desk and described the conflagration in most vivid terms. He pictured the grand illumination of the skies and the great flood of brilliant sparks floating upward, some apparently several thousand feet.

He then suggested that a better and larger schoolhouse be built at once by public subscription, but not in the usual way.

Said he:

"A young lady friend has suggested that a circus be organized by society people, all the performers to be members of the best society among the citizens and the visitors."

The names of about a dozen young ladies were mentioned and they were requested to meet to discuss the matter and start it going. The statement was made that the New Era Company would advance the necessary funds to set the thing on its feet, as well as to put contractors to work building the house.

When the paper came out all the society in the place, especially along the lake front, began discussing the matter.

The ladies, young and old, became deeply interested. It relieved the monotony of the usual pleasure parties. Those young ladies whose names had been suggested as a committee immediately got together.

The idea seemed to take well.

Not one whose name had been mentioned objected to serving.

A meeting was called, to which Fred and Terry were invited in order to get the benefit of their advice.

When the meeting closed Terry declared it was the best circus he had ever attended in his life.

"Yes, I think it was," said Fred, laughing heartily. "I never heard such queer questions asked in all my life."

CHAPTER II.

THE REHEARSALS OF THE SOCIETY CIRCUS.

The more the ladies talked about the society circus the more interested they became, and many of them got into a great flutter, wondering what parts would be assigned them. They elected Fred Fearnot ring master and Terry Olcott and Dick Duncan as clowns.

At first Margie objected to Dick playing the part of a clown.

"Now, look here, sister mine," said Fred, "you are too much stuck on that husband of yours. If we let you decide you would have him stand on a pedestal and pose as a model man, and you'd sit and gaze upon him in a state of complete beatitude. But he must do his share; I know that he can make a splendid clown, almost as good as Terry, who is one of the best in the world, you know. Of course we will keep each performer's identity concealed and keep the people guessing, and that is where the fun comes in."

"Well, I don't want any husband of mine making himself ridiculous."

"Oh, it is the ridiculousness that makes the people laugh and draws the crowd. Now, you just let us manage the thing. We want to show the world that the New Era Company is able to run anything on its own responsibility. We have done things here that have astonished the whole country. You know when we ran a theatrical company you were one of them. Wherever we went the best society turned out, and we had crowded houses at double price. You were a splendid attraction, and so were Dick and Mary and Margie and Amalie. Now, you just stop your kicking."

"All right, go ahead," said Margie; "I won't make any trouble."

"That's right; your head is level on everything except that husband of yours. I've been trying for a long time to convince you that Dick is no better than the average man."

"Yes, he is," she insisted; "he is the best man in this State."

"All right; that is a species of insanity that time alone will cure."

"Fred," spoke up Amalie, with a smile on her beautiful face, "what part will you assign me?"

"Well, I don't know yet. I am thinking of having a baby carriage made large enough for you and have Evelyn to push it around the ring, playing mother to you, with a five-gallon demijohn as a nursing bottle."

Evelyn and the other girls fairly screamed with laughter, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my! I couldn't push her around. There is too much of her!"

"Oh, the two clowns will pull the carriage and you'll only have to push and talk baby talk to the baby, while she will coo and pull at the nursing bottle."

"That's all right, Fred," said Amalie, "but let me make my own dresses."

"The idea of a baby making her own clothes!" laughed Fred. "The next thing you'll want to be wearing glasses and sitting in the baby carriage knitting. You just let Terry and me fix up the programme."

"Well, you can cut that all out, so far as I am concerned." Of course, a great many suggestions that Fred and Terry made were intended as jokes, but it kept the girls in a flutter all the time.

"Now, let me tell you something about that baby business," remarked Fred. "It would be the biggest hit ever seen in this country at any performance. One of the clowns can take the baby on his knee and begin trotting it, while the other holds up the big nursing bottle and tries to make it nurse. The nurse must leave the baby in their charge for a little while."

The suggestion was so amusing that Amalie and the others laughed until they cried.

Amalie protested, saying that she wouldn't let anybody except her husband trot her on his knee.

"Oh, we will hire a giant to do that," laughed Terry. "Almost any man would perform in that role free of charge just for the pleasure of dancing such a baby on his knee."

For several days both boys had fun with the girls, making absurd suggestions.

Meanwhile Fred had an architect to draw plans for the schoolhouse.

The architect was a man of experience who had made the drawings for many educational institutions in different States.

He had the plans adopted in many cities, and Fred, after looking over them, called a meeting of the teachers in the town to examine them and make suggestions.

They unanimously approved of one as having all the conveniences that a first-class institution required, but it was very expensive, costing about \$50,000.

Some of the teachers thought it was entirely too expensive for a school in the mill people's settlement.

"Never mind the cost," said Fred. "It shall not come out of any one man's pocket. The visitors throughout the season will pay their share of it. Thousands who have never been here before will come to see the society circus, and they will be greatly interested in guessing the identity of the performers, especially the ladies."

"Mr. Fearnot," a famous society beauty asked, "are you going to have the ladies ride horses in the circus?"

"Yes, of course! It wouldn't be a circus if they didn't."

"My! how will they ride?"

"Why, just like circus riders."

"Why, do you expect any of us society people to stand up on pads on the horses' backs?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I won't ride."

"There you go again," laughed Fred, and the whole committee laughed heartily.

"Fred," said Terry, "you will find it something worse than managing the famous 'Opera Queen.'"

"Yes, that experience is coming in handy now. But just wait and see how I'll manage it. Before this season ends we will see how some of these ladies can ride around the ring. We'll see them dance on the horse's back, jump through papered hoops, ride backwards and turn somersaults," and the ladies fairly screamed with merriment.

But Evelyn quietly whispered:

"Never mind Fred's jokes. He is not going to require us to do anything that will be impossible. He will have every one of us disguised so as to keep the public guessing as to our identity."

"Well, Evelyn," one of the girls asked, "will any of us be required to wear costumes?"

"Yes; you just let him manage it. He is the best manager in the world, and his inventiveness is simply marvelous."

"Well, I hope he won't require any of us to do things that we wouldn't like to do."

"There is no danger in the world of that. He'll have regular circus ladies in the dressing tents, and when any of the regular circus performances are required these will appear, so disguised that nobody will be able to recognize them. They will believe they are regular society people, but we will all be so mixed up that they can't tell one from the other."

"Oh, what an idea! I'm sure it will be a grand success."

"Did you ever hear of Fred and Terry doing anything that wasn't a success?"

"No, I don't believe I have. But suppose he should announce the name of some well-known society lady that would ride bareback, jump through hoops and all that sort of thing, and then send out a regular circus woman, and people will think she is the one that was announced."

"Don't you worry; he is not going to announce any individual names. I intend to have one of my big grays up here, if not both of them, and I'll make them perform and everybody who sees me will know me."

"Well, you are not going to wear short dresses, are you?"

"No; none of us will, except the regular circus people, but all this is a secret that must not be revealed."

Finally the entire list of performers was made out, and they began rehearsing.

The New Era Company owned an immense canvas that would cover nearly an acre of ground that they had bought several years ago for great meetings, and there wasn't a rent in it.

They had made to order a dressing-tent, with many compartments, entirely waterproof, and the ladies went up every day to rehearse.

Fred knew the addresses of quite a number of famous circus people in New York City, and from them they secured such as they wished.

They were instructed to come to New Era, but not to reveal their identity. They were directed to stop at the hotels and post as people of leisure.

The dressing-tent was guarded on all sides by officers belonging to the police department, so that the privacy of the ladies could not be intruded upon.

Then they secured a number of circus horses.

The New Era Brass Band was to furnish the music, and there was no better band in the State.

Neither Terry nor Dick Duncan needed any rehearsing. They were to make all sorts of fun in their own way.

Both of them had had experience, but Terry a great deal more than Dick.

Evelyn's grays were brought up and every day she drove them around the lake, accompanied by her friends. Not once did they have bridles on them.

Thousands of people lined the boulevard to witness the sight of two magnificent grays prancing along, drawing the carriage holding a dozen people, and driven by a young lady, without reins or bridles.

She had them under perfect control.

The big dailies for hundreds of miles around had frequent notices of Evelyn and her magnificent grays.

It was claimed that more people came up daily than ever before in the history of the famous resort.

Several times she raced with others the entire length of the great course on the east side of the lake.

She stood up in a Roman carriage, and, using no bridles or lines, she invariably won the race.

For six and a half miles along the racecourse under the trees thousands of people witnessed the races.

The grays were kept in a stable back of the Fearnot cottage, and were guarded by two men. They were too valuable to be left without such protection, for she had repeatedly refused a hundred thousand dollars for either of them.

She actually startled Fred and Terry one afternoon when racing under the big tent, by sitting down on the ground and making the two grays race around the ring and leap over her. Then she stopped them and ordered them to lie down within reach of her and fed them lumps of sugar.

Then she stood upon their sides as they were lying down.

Another trick that she invented was that she and another girl would sit on one of the horses as he lay on the ground and play a game of cards, and every time Evelyn won the horse would seem to laugh.

Of course, the horse-laugh was simply Fred's ventriloquism, but it was a most perfect laugh.

It was horsey all the way through.

When Evelyn would jump up and clap her hands and say: "I won!" the horse would jump up and neigh loud enough to be heard quarter of a mile away.

Fred calculated that it would be an immense hit. They finally decided that instead of playing with another girl she was to play with the clown, who was Terry, so thoroughly disguised that his most intimate friend couldn't recognize him.

They had three ladies whose long experience in the ring had developed them into the finest equestrianes in the country, and they fully understood the art of concealing their identity.

Of course, Fred paid them big salaries and they did the real circus business under the name of society ladies.

They didn't ride in short dresses, but they stood up on the pad and rode around, jumping through hoops and over strings of ribbon, frequently dancing, and their display of fear of falling off was very amusing.

Their efforts, too, to avoid exposing even their feet actually set the society ladies to screaming with laughter.

It was intended to deceive the public and Fred thought it was one of the best tricks of the kind he had ever seen.

Several of them had with them rubber bands which they could slip on down almost to the bottom of their skirts, and thus pretend to fall off the horses' backs by accident.

It tickled the other lady performers immensely.

One of them turned a complete somersault as she leaped down from the horse's back, pretending that it was an accident.

The society ladies thought that it would reveal to the public that it was being imposed upon, so that act was cut out.

As for Terry and Dick, whenever they appeared in the ring they became the observed of all observers.

Meanwhile the work on the New Era schoolhouse was going on with the greatest rapidity.

The contractors had agreed to finish it by the end of the season and turn it over to the school authorities on the first Monday in September.

Meanwhile Miss O'Connell was employed to assist the ladies in the dressing-tent, where she would not be seen by the public.

She could come out and take her seat with the audience when not engaged inside.

She was receiving double the salary that she received as teacher.

May, Margie, Amalie and Evelyn actually fell in love with her.

She was almost as amiable as Evelyn herself.

When she saw Evelyn with her grays driving around the whole length of the boulevard she thought she was the greatest woman she had ever seen in all her life.

CHAPTER III.

THE REHEARSAL.

Evelyn Olcott had succeeded in interesting a number of society ladies along the lake front as well as others from the cities.

She requested them to claim that they were members of the circus and to go frequently to the dressing-tent, as if they were to rehearse that day.

They were glad to do so.

Evelyn knew that reporters from all the big papers were on hand taking notes, and that was her plan to deceive and puzzle them.

Some of the papers printed names of well-known society ladies as being members of the society circus.

The sporting men in all the country knew that whatever Fred Fearnot and Terry Olcott set out to do they would accomplish. Hence, they predicted a magnificent success.

They unanimously decided in advance that Evelyn Olcott would be the star performer, as well as the star beauty.

One paper poked a good deal of fun at the whole business and set the whole country to laughing.

It had a cut of Amalie, whom it designated as "The Admiral of the Yacht Fleet," riding a little Shetland pony around the ring man fashion.

When she saw it Amalie was the maddest woman ever seen in New Era.

Joe swore that he would go down to the city and give that fellow a sound thrashing.

"Well, if you don't, I will," said she.

Joe was preparing to go when Fred and Terry heard of it and put a stop to it.

"Look here, Joe, we are doing all this for fun, and do you expect that nobody else will have any fun? The article shows that it was got up for no other purpose than to create a laugh, and it is one of the best advertisements that we could get. Now, if you go down there and thrash that fellow it will look very much like a little second-rate performer trying to do something to attract attention. Ignore it."

"If I were in your place," said Terry, I would find out who the reporter is. Fred and I will make his acquaintance and tell him that a repetition of anything of that kind will get him into trouble, as society ladies won't stand it, and that if it continues it will result in breaking up the whole thing."

Joe was pacified, and Amalie had the good sense to tell him to think nothing more about it.

However, Fred sent a detective to find out who was the reporter for that paper.

He found out that the paper had no reporter at New Era, but that it was the work of a volunteer, who had decided for some reason to caricature the commodore.

Terry told him that he was known, and that he had better keep his eye on Joe Jencks, who would pulverize him if he found him out.

The fellow knew something about Joe's ability as a fighter and he at once left New Era.

The other papers, however, kept advertising the society circus and telling the wonderful things it would do.

Occasionally a little delicate humor was indulged in, to which the ladies didn't object.

Bishop and his wife and baby came up and opened their pavilion and cottage, and, of course, entertained lavishly.

They were both invited to take part in the circus.

Mrs. Bishop promised to appear daily at the dressing-tent to deceive the reporters, while Bishop lent his services to assist in whatever capacity he might be needed.

Fred suggested that he take the place of the ring master. "Not on your life," said Bishop.

"All right; why not be a clown then?"

"Excuse me; it would be impossible for me to disguise myself so I wouldn't be recognized by thousands of men. My walk, my build, would all give me dead away."

"Well, how about acting as ticket agent?"

"That's all right; I can sell tickets, and make no mistake in the change, about as fast as any circus man that ever traveled over this country."

He was several times a millionaire, but had not changed a particle from the commercial traveler.

He went over to see the workmen who were building the schoolhouse, and became deeply interested in the enterprise.

"Look here, boys," said he, "I want to have the credit of contributing something to that building."

"All right. You can have that pleasure if you'll do your duty as ticket agent."

"Well, suppose you don't raise money enough?"

"Don't you worry about that," said Fred. "We are not only going to raise enough money to finish that house and furnish it throughout, but to pay every expense of the cost of putting it on its feet. That will be several thousand dollars, of course, for we have had to hire a number of people, besides buying circus horses and bringing them up here. You ought to know something about what such things cost. The performances will continue several weeks, in order to pay up everything. We are going to have bigger crowds here than was ever seen in New Era before, for society people from all parts of the State will come to guess at the identity of the society ladies."

Then Fred took him into his confidence and told him how he had had to hire professional men and women to impersonate some of the society people.

"And I tell you, they are dandies."

"Well, don't you suppose the public will get on to that?"

"Well, they may, for people can't be prevented from talking. The lady equestriennes know how to play their part to perfection. They will put rubber bands around the bottom of their skirts and accidentally fall off their horses, and, of course, the audience will think that it is society ladies, and the greatest interest will be excited. Some time next week we are going to have a regular dress rehearsal. Of course

the public will not be admitted. If you don't pronounce it a success I'll be a greatly disappointed man. We are going to have a stuffed elephant."

"A stuffed elephant! What can a stuffed elephant do?" "He can do wonders. I've had the biggest elephant in the country made for the purpose. He is made of the strongest canvas and painted the exact elephant colors. We are going to stuff him with live, human flesh; we will put a big man in each pair of legs and we will stuff his body with cotton, and what those men inside of the canvas can't do, no other real live elephant in the country can."

"Good! good! I want to see that elephant perform," said Bishop.

"All right; you wait till his time comes."

"My wife tells me that Evelyn is going to perform with her big grays."

"Yes, so she is, and she will not be in disguise, either. She has those horses already trained."

"Yes, so she has; but what kind of a performance can she put up?"

"Oh she will drive them all around the ring, make them dance or trot around on three legs, lie down, roll over, get up, and then she'll sit down on the ground and let them race around the ring at full speed, leaping over her at every circle."

"By George, that is dangerous, Fred, for if one of those iron shoes should hit her head, it would kill her."

"Yes, she knows that, but she has faith in those horses. She is perhaps better known to the society people of this State than any other lady in it. When they see her every one will know her, and hence it will put the stamp of society approval on the performance so that no newspaper can dispute it."

"By George, Fred, but you've got it down fine. Of course, you are going to have Terry in the ring as a clown."

"Yes, we couldn't do without him. There is no better clown in all the circus world than he is, and then Dick is to be another one. You know Dick is a good one, and both have a knack of disguising their voices. They are very active, and you know what Terry can do as a juggler."

"Yes, there is no better living, unless it is that Hindoo. By the way, what has become of him?"

"Ah, he is quietly strolling over the country. I haven't seen him for a couple of years. He came to me with ten thousand dollars in gold to take care of for him. He said I was the only man whom he knew in whom he had most perfect confidence."

"You have never heard of him since, eh?"

"No; if he can write in English I don't know it. Whenever he turns up, he does so unexpectedly, and when he comes to see me the first intimation I have of his presence are the words, 'Salaam, Sahib.'"

That afternoon Bishop went up to the canvas to see Evelyn perform with the grays.

The superb animals were groomed until their coats shone almost with the luster of silk.

They seemed to understand her as with human intelligence.

Whatever she told them to do, they never hesitated for a moment to obey.

Each one knew his name perfectly.

She rode around in a lady's saddle for some time.

They leaped bars as she rode.

Then she sat down in the ring, and they leaped over her. It was a thrilling scene. They seemed to charge at her like cavalry horses in battle.

Then they laid down and she stood on their heads and on their sides.

Terry, dressed as a clown, sat down with her on one of the horses and they played a game of cards.

The clown accused her of cheating, but she sprang up, clapped her hands and sung out:

"I won! I won! I won fairly!"

Then both the horses sprang up and trotted around the ring, seemingly laughing loud enough to be heard several hundred yards away, and saying: "I don! I won!" Bishop's eyes bulged, and then he remembered Fred's ventriloquial powers and he roared at the top of his voice. Bishop said that it was the finest thing he ever saw in that line of performance.

After Evelyn's grays left the ring the professionals came in, and when Bishop witnessed their assumed fearfulness he laughed heartily.

One of them, with her skirts bound by a rubber band, created no end of fun by her pretended efforts to avoid falling off.

They were posing as society ladies.

When they were assisted upon the pads upon the horses' backs they had to stop the horse to get up on her feet. Each one uttered exclamations of fear, showing that she was an expert actress as well as an equestrienne.

Then she pretended to fall off.

Of course, there were more than a hundred people inside of the canvas, connected with the combination, and to add to the fun she turned a complete somersault and landed on her feet.

Fred cracked his whip at her as the ringmaster, and she turned somersaults backward.

"By George," said Bishop, "she is a dandy, but if she turns somersaults at a regular performance she will give herself away as a professional."

"Oh, she won't do anything of the kind. She will utter exclamations of fear and fall off, when attendants will run to her and give her smelling-salts and persuade her to get up again. Now, Bishop, there is another thing that will not be performed to-day. About twenty of the ladies will come out in the ring and ride around for some minutes. Then they'll line up across the ring and sing one or two national airs. Mary will ride one of the grays and Evelyn the other. Every voice is a well trained one and no better music can be heard outside of an opera. The professionals, of course, are not vocalists, and they will be quiet during the singing. Some of the society ladies will wear masks of different colors for effect. You want to keep the people guessing. Things will be so indefinite, and yet so interesting that people will come every evening. We are not going to have any performances in the daytime."

"But will the ladies stick to you to the end?"

"Yes, they have promised to do so. Of course, some may be taken ill, accidents may happen and other things unexpected. But we have a lot of others to draw upon in the event of any of those things happening. The fact is, I expect some of them to back out after the first performance, but I am prepared for anything that may occur. Now, have you any suggestions to make in the way of improvements?"

"No, not a thing. I haven't yet seen half of your programme. What I have seen will make it a success, even if you do nothing else. Of course, I know what fun Terry and Dick, as clowns, can make for the crowd. So go ahead, and we will get all the fun we can out of it, as well as money for the schoolhouse. But tell me, are the contractors depending upon the success of the performance for their money?"

"Bless you, no! I've assumed all the responsibility of that, myself."

"Oh, that is all right then. When is the schoolhouse to be finished?"

"Why, in time for the next session of school, the first Monday in September."

"Well, I see you've been hustling."

"You bet we have! Our reputations are at stake, and we are going to make this thing a success, regardless of cost."

"Well, let me tell you what I heard from a number of your acquaintances in the city. Several expressed their doubts about your ability to make the thing a financial success, and before I could put in a word about it, several of your friends said they would back you up to the extent of their purses in any enterprise that you look part in."

"Well, that is gratifying. We have not yet made a failure in anything that we undertook, and I don't see why we should make a failure now. As long as Evelyn and Mary and Amalie and Margie take an interest in it, the society ladies will follow."

"Well, that is all right, then. They certainly won't go back on you."

"Of course not. Evelyn has advertised the thing more than any of the newspapers. She drives around the lake every day, sometimes at full speed. We have officers placed around the whole length of the boulevard to keep the track clear when she wants to go fast, and thousands of people come out and stand on the sidewalk to see the horses go by, without bridles or reins."

"Fred, I consider that a most wonderful thing."

"So do I; I never saw any one, man or woman, have such thorough control of horses as she has of those two grays.

She can stop them almost at an instant by simply saying, 'Stop, boys!' and she can quicken their pace by saying, 'Go ahead, boys!' She can make them stop by a word or pace or run at full speed."

"How in the world, Fred, did she manage to train them so perfectly?"

"I have asked her that question myself, and she says she hardly knows how to account for it, except that she first gained their confidence until they actually loved to obey her. She takes delight in training them, and they seem to take an equal delight in doing what she orders. Lovers of horse-flesh from all over the State would gladly pay the admission fee just to see her performing with those horses. While she is in the ring with them the clowns are quiet, while in the other scenes they are making as much fun as they can. I dare say scores of people will offer to buy those animals from her before the show ends. She has repeatedly refused a hundred thousand dollars each for them. They are kept in the stable back of our cottage, and night and day there are two men on guard. No stranger is allowed to enter the barn lot, hence it is impossible for any of them to get at them."

"Well, you ought to take every precaution to guarantee their safety, for that is a lot of money, I can tell you, to keep tied up in two horses."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.

While the members of the society circus were busy at work, Fred was advertising it all over the country in the prominent papers.

Of course, it cost him thousands of dollars, but he calculated that the entire earnings would never be less than three thousand dollars for each performance.

"Fred, why don't you use the inclosure where the Wild West performances took place?"

"I thought about it, Bishop, but it is too expensive. The greater part of it is out in the open air. Of course, the audience would be sheltered, but the performers would be exposed to the weather. We couldn't afford to miss a single performance. Besides, we had the canvas and had nothing to buy but the dressing-tents, both of which have been made waterproof."

"Look here, Fred, how are you going to get through this thing without doing a lot of lying?"

"I don't expect to," he laughed, "but I defy any preacher to show where any harm will be done by such lying. It was intended for amusement and for a good purpose, and a little make-believe will do no harm whatever. Of course, we are not going to let it be known that we had employed any professional acrobats, though we have secured the very best to be had in the country. We have also some circus women, whose identity will be kept concealed."

A few days before the circus was to begin, several of the hotel keepers informed Fred that they had received more applications for rooms than they could supply.

"Just as I expected," said Fred. "Just put them on cots—a dozen or two in a room. Of course, some of them will object to such a promiscuous association, but let the kickers go. They can find accommodations in the neighboring town. A great many can find accommodations at Centerville, and even as far down the road as Utica, and they can return the next day on special trains."

On the day that the show was to open trainload after trainload of people arrived, and they were not all society people, either.

Of course, no distinction was made. All were allowed to enter who paid the price, which was one dollar. Reserved seats two dollars. Of course, the price kept a number of roughs out.

Still, there were others who did pay it, but they behaved themselves as well as could be desired.

No drunken man, though a millionaire, could get in.

Many wealthy people had bought reserved seats, two thousand of which had been arranged inside of an inclosure.

Some had bought season tickets; others only for the first night.

They began pouring in, a great stream of them, and some of the ladies wore splendid toilettes.

Gentlemen came in in regular dress suits.

No opera house in New York City ever held a more fashionable audience.

After every seat was taken, a stream kept pouring in until there was not even standing room left and notice to that effect was hung out before the main entrance, while still hundreds were outside waiting.

A notice was hung up later that all those having tickets could get in at a future performance, or else their money would be refunded.

As usual, on a first performance, they were late beginning.

Fred was dressed as a ringmaster, in a full dress suit and top boots, and carried a regular ringmaster's whip.

When the time to begin arrived he went out into the middle of the ring and made a little speech to the audience.

He was received with great demonstrations of favor.

He had to wave his hands several times to command order.

"Ladies and gentlemen and friends," he called out, "every one of you understand that this is all in the interest of charity, to build a public school for the children of the mill-men at New Era. Of course, the community could have built it easily, and would have done so, but it would have taken a year, during which time the little ones would have been out of school. So we decided upon organizing a society circus, in which members of the best society of the State of New York would participate. Then the New Era Company employed certain contractors to build a schoolhouse and have it finished by the time the circus had run its pace. We calculate that we save at least nine months of time by so doing. The New Era Company has confidence in the great heart of the public. It has never broken its word with any man, woman, child or institution since its organization, and it is fully convinced that the public will not disappoint them. The society ladies who will appear before you to-night tendered their services free of charge, of course. I am not going to announce the names of any of those ladies, but you, of course, are at liberty to guess their identity. I know every one of them personally. Only one lady's name will be announced. She will wear no mask, for she is not afraid of her friends seeing her perform with her pet horses."

At that the vast audience broke out in the wildest sort of cheering, ladies waving their fans and handkerchiefs and men their hats, and hundreds of men kept calling out:

"Evelyn! Evelyn! Evelyn!" and it kept up for some two or three minutes.

Back in the dressing-tents many of the ladies kissed Evelyn in congratulation over being such a universal favorite.

"Oh," said she, "if I have an enemy in all the world I am not aware of it."

When Fred finished his talk to the audience he cracked his whip and the whole cavalcade on horseback rode into the ring.

Every lady was masked, even Evelyn and Mary.

Evelyn headed the crowd on one of the grays, while Mary Hamilton brought up the rear on the other gray.

Both girls were about the same size.

There were more than a score of society ladies, and four professional circus ladies in the procession, and then came the professional acrobats and a number of society gentlemen, in top boots and dress suits.

It was an immense ring, hence it was not crowded even by so great a number.

As they rode around the ring every woman in the vast audience exercised her guessing faculties as to the identity of certain ladies.

They wore rich costumes.

Some of them wore thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, which flashed under the brilliant lights.

Around and around the ring they rode and then crossed it in various directions, under the leadership of an expert master of scenic effects on horseback.

After about ten minutes they lined up abreast clear across the ring and sang a song of welcome.

Such rich voices astounded the audience, many of whom had studied music and were expert musicians themselves.

It looked as though the entire audience had ceased to breathe, so intently did they listen, and when the first song was ended the applause was tremendous, sounding like the ocean in a roaring storm.

Then they slowly filed out, back to the dressing-tents, while the band kept playing.

Then Fred raised his hand for silence, and announced that two society gentlemen had volunteered to play the role of clowns, and they would now appear.

Then Terry and Dick came out and from the entrance of the dressing-tents to the ring they looked around, dodged and acted in every way like a couple of boys almost frightened out of their wits.

In the center of the ring they stopped, looked at each other and then around at the great audience.

Then Terry, changing his voice, looked at Dick from head to foot as if he suspected his identity, and said:

"Are you a society man?"

"Yes, can't you see that I am?"

"Well, I can't say that I am a judge."

"Of course you are no judge, for no judge would act as a clown in a circus."

That brought down the house. The audience fairly roared.

Then Dick wanted to know if Terry was a society man, and they kept the audience roaring as they dodged each other's questions.

No lawyer could have cross-questioned them more adroitly than they did each other.

Finally Dick asked Terry if he had a society girl in the vast audience.

"Yes," said he, "I've got several of them."

"Who are they? Name them."

"Excuse me; I'm afraid I would lose my hair if I should do that."

"What's the matter? You haven't got a lock of hair on your head, you are bald-headed."

Terry felt all over his head, which appeared to be as bald as an egg, and finally down almost on the back of his neck he pulled at two hairs that the audience, of course, couldn't see, and said:

"Yes, I have; I've got two hairs, and I want to hold on to them."

"Oh you are a humbug," said Dick. "You haven't got the courage of a rabbit."

"You are another," retorted Terry, and then Dick challenged him to fight.

Terry took him up, and said that, being the challenged party, he was entitled to the choice of weapons.

"All right, make your choice; revolvers, rifles, bowie knives or swords."

"Oh, those are for little children. Here is the weapon of a gentleman," and he held up his hand, clenched his fist, and the muscles of his arms stood out like whipcords.

The gentlemen roared and showed their approval of his assertion that nature's weapons were the weapons of a gentleman.

Dick clenched his fist and moved his arm up and down while feeling of his muscles, and said:

"I won't deny your assertion. I have a pair myself, so come along," and the audience was treated to the finest sparring exhibition they had seen for many a day.

Blows passed like the rapidity of lightning. Of course, they made no effort to hit each other in the face, but the audience could hear the licks as they pounded each other's chest. But they sounded more like slaps from the open hand than the thud of the fist. Many became so excited that they rose to their feet and fairly yelled.

Finally Terry landed a blow on Dick's chest that sent him staggering clear across the ring.

There he fell down in a heap.

Terry went to him by turning handspings, clapped his foot on him, looked down at him, shook his head, stooped down and took hold of his nose with one hand and his chin with the other, opened his mouth and looked into it.

He slowly shook his head.

Then he took up his foot and felt of his ankles like a physician feeling the pulse on his wrist, and after examining both ankles that way, he again shook his head, and then stood up and scratched his head as if trying to think of something, and then remarked:

"Dead! He must have been a real society man or he wouldn't have given up the ghost from one blow on the chest."

The people fairly roared at the hit on the average society man.

Terry then ran back to the dressing tent, and the next moment he returned with a five-gallon demijohn, with the letters "Elixir of Life" written on its side.

He uncorked it, smelled it, turned it up to his head and pretended to be taking copious swallows of its contents.

He then looked around at the audience and said:

"That is all right. That will bring him to," and with that he knelt down close to Dick and turned it up with the muzzle in his mouth and held it there for fully five minutes. Several times he put his ear to the sides of it to see if he could hear its contents disappearing.

Every eye was fastened on him.

"Say, Mr. Clown, that other clown is getting it all," sang out a voice in the crowd.

"Oh, well, to save his life, he can have it. I didn't mean to kill him."

Finally he saw Dick's legs and arms moving, so he jerked the demijohn away and turned it up, and shook it repeatedly as if to ascertain if any of the stuff was left inside.

Then he took it away from his mouth and turned it bottom upwards to let the audience see that the other fellow had swallowed all its contents.

Then he hurled it fully thirty feet in the air, and down it came with a glass hanging to the handle.

He looked at the glass, turned up the demijohn and filled it full of some kind of red fluid.

He smelled of it, tasted it, and made a wry face.

He dashed the contents out on the sawdust, saying:

"That is grape juice—not strong enough for me."

Then he again drew the cork and poured it full of another kind of fluid that was clear like spring water.

He tasted of it, made another wry face, and exclaimed:

"Corn juice, be gosh!" and dashed the glassful out on the sawdust.

Then he shook the demijohn again and proceeded to pour another glassful from it.

It was of an amber color. He tasted of that, and again made a wry face, saying:

"Rye!"

"Let me have some of that," said the other clown.

"No. You got enough," and he proceeded to pour out another glassful of a palish yellow color.

He tasted of that and said:

"Bah! No good. That's lager beer," and away went the glassful out on the sawdust.

He then recorked the demijohn and gave it a tremendous shaking, and demanded that he have something fit for a society gentleman to drink.

Then he began pushing the cork with his thumb, when it popped out with the report of a revolver, and the cork went nearly up to the top of the great canvas, and the demijohn began boiling over like a bottle of champagne in full effervescence.

"Ah, that is the stuff!"

And he took glassful after glassful of the contents and swallowed it, smacking his lips.

When it ceased to boil, Terry set it down on the ground, put the cork in and deliberately stepped on it, and turned around and around until the cork was even with the muzzle of the demijohn.

It was one of his famous juggling tricks, and the audience fairly yelled in approbation of his science.

Finally the ringmaster appeared and cut at him with his whip.

He jumped around at a lively rate.

"What are you doing here?" the ringmaster called to him.

"Not a thing, sir. What are you doing here?"

"Why, I am attending to business, while you are delaying the performance. Take up the demijohn and get out of here with it."

Terry picked it up, held it under his arm, and staggered around the ring like a drunken man, proclaiming himself a gentleman.

"I am a society man, and don't you forget it."

Again Fred cut at him with his whip. He turned a complete somersault and landed on his feet with the demijohn under his arm.

When he turned toward Fred the cork flew out, and it hit Fred, and what seemed effervescing champagne followed it, and Fred took to his heels, exclaiming:

"Look out, there!"

Terry slapped his hand over the mouth of the demijohn and found that the contents were getting away from him. He danced around, trying to hold it in, and seeing his utter inability to do so, he rushed over to Dick where he was sit-

ting on the edge of the ring. Dick opened his mouth and Terry held the demijohn so that it hit it every time.

The contents ceased to effervesce, and Terry looked at Dick and said:

"There! That is the sort of stuff for a gentleman to drink. Now, come on, and I'll see you home. A gentleman never leaves another one alone in distress."

They locked arms and went staggering around the ring, singing like half-drunken men a well-known drinking song, and so they passed out of the ring, returning to the dressing room, leaving the vast audience convulsed with laughter. The applause was kept up for several minutes.

The ringmaster came out and raised his hand for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next to appear will be a well-known society lady whom you all know. She will exhibit her pet horses."

Just then Evelyn stepped out from the curtains of the dressing tent and came walking briskly down toward the ring.

When half way to the ring the two splendid grays came prancing out after her, without saddles or brilles.

Then the crowd burst into a roar of welcome.

She wore a jaunty little cap of blue silk, under which her curls floated down over her shoulders.

She stopped at the edge of the ring, looked around, and began throwing kisses at several lady acquaintances on the reserved seats.

Nearly every one of them responded in like manner.

Then the rough fellows who had crowded around in the standing room began throwing kisses, too. She threw them back at them with one of her sweetest smiles.

The uproar continued for fully five minutes.

Then she walked out into the ring, followed by the two big grays.

CHAPTER V.

THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE SOCIETY CIRCUS.

When the two grays came out into the ring, Evelyn called to them, saying:

"Now, boys, let's see how fast you can run. Go it," and the two grays went running around the ring with almost express train speed.

Around and around the ring they went, the dirt flying from their hoofs on those seated nearest to it.

Then, to the amazement of the vast crowd, she walked to the side of the ring and deliberately sat down right in their tracks.

A cry of horror arose from thousands of men and women. The first gray bounded high over her head and the second followed.

She turned and smiled up at the ladies on the grandstand on the reserved seats, and as the horses bounded over her exclamations of wonder were heard all around the great circle.

Several times they bounded over her.

Then Terry ran up and sat down alongside of her, put his arm around her waist, and the two horses bounded over the pair.

Then Dick ran up and sat down by Terry, and the same wonderful feat was done.

Then they all three arose and walked out to the center of the ring, where they bowed to the great audience.

Words cannot express the ovation they received.

The two horses kept running until Evelyn's voice stopped them.

When she called to them they went up to her and stood there. She patted their faces and gave them a few lumps of sugar.

Then she went up to one of them, placed her foot in Terry's hand, and he lifted her up to the horse's back. Again she spoke to him, when the horse went bounding away at the top of his speed, with her sitting on his bare back, and in that style the horse leaped over Terry three or four times, going at full speed.

When Terry got up and went out in the ring again he remarked:

"Some of these society ladies will actually ride right over a fellow if he doesn't get out of her way. I've heard of some of them kicking a fellow, but never riding over him, before."

"Say, ain't you Terry?" a sporting man called to him.

"No," said Terry. "My name's 'Dennis.'"

"Well, you are the first society man I ever saw with such a name," retorted the fellow, which brought down the house. It was such a palpable hit that the laugh continued for some time.

Terry laughed and remarked:

"That is a name assumed for this occasion. You would have known that if your name were not 'Mud.'"

When the horse ceased running around the ring, Evelyn gracefully slid off his back and landed on her feet.

Then she proceeded to make both of them lie down, which they did promptly at her command.

Then they rose to a sitting position, and she went to them and gave each a lump of sugar, and called them "good boys."

She then ordered them to lie down again, and she walked all over each one, stepping on their jaws, their necks, over their shoulders, and then over their bodies, and then leaped off their hips.

Then she challenged the clown to play a game of cards with her on the horse's side, and they both sat down on him.

Several times the horse looked up as if to see what they were doing.

She and the clown finally had a dispute. She claimed that she had won the game, but the clown denied it.

She jumped off and ran away, clapping her hands and saying:

"I won! I won! I won fairly!" but the clown kept his seat and asked her to come back and play again.

Finally the horse got up and spilled him on the ground, where he rolled over and over, as if fearing the horse would trample on him.

Then both of the gray ran around the ring, each emitting regular horse laughs.

Fred was concealed near by, and he did the laughing in his best ventriloquist style, but it sounded so much as if it came from the horses that everybody in the great crowd was deceived.

"There! There! Even the horses are laughing at you!" exclaimed Evelyn, and she ran to the dressing room, followed by the horses.

The crowd kept clapping and stamping as if determined that she should return.

The clown looked sheepish standing there in the ring, when Dick came up and taunted him on his lack of gallantry in contradicting a society lady.

This brought on another sparring match as each one pretended to be mortally offended, and the crowd went wild over their skill as boxers, which was kept up until the ringmaster came out and stopped them with his whip.

Then he announced that a well-known lady would ride circus fashion, to show what could be accomplished when a lady made up her mind to do a thing. With that a circus horse was led out, padded as circus horses generally are, and then a professional circus lady came tripping gracefully into the ring.

Fred held his hand and she put her foot in it, and he lifted her gracefully to the saddle.

"Now, Mr. Ringmaster," said she, "don't make him go too fast."

"All right," said he, and the horse went loping carefully around the ring, every one staring at her and trying to guess her identity.

After she had gone around a few times she stopped the horse and asked the clown to hold him until she could get up on her feet.

She had on the regular shirt waist like a lady on the streets. When she was on her feet the clown gave her the reins and the horse went gently loping around the ring. She threw kisses to the ladies in the grandstand.

She leaned several times as if about to fall, but apparently caught her balance.

Everybody, of course, believed she was one of the society ladies, and scores of them made up their minds that they would try to learn how to ride that way themselves.

Finally the whole audience was startled by a wild scream, and down went the rider and she rolled over and over in the sawdust, while half a dozen attendants rushed to her assistance.

Others placed a chair for her.

The ringmaster went up and was very solicitous as to whether or not she was hurt.

The whole thing was well played.

Exclamations of sympathy were heard from hundreds of spectators.

She told the ringmaster that she was not hurt.

She insisted that it was an accident and she would try again. The horse was led up to where she was sitting, when Fred again lifted her up to the pad by taking her foot in his hand, and again she got on her feet.

Terry took a seat in the chair, stuck his hat on the side of his head, crossed his breast with his arms, and hung one leg over another, assuming the attitude of a nabob.

When the horse came trotting along he ran alongside of it, holding his arms up to the rider, as if to catch her if she fell again.

She looked down and laughed at him, shook her head, and did better than she did the first time.

Thinking that she was one of themselves, the society ladies in the grandstand were extremely demonstrative in approbation of her success.

By and by big papered hoops were brought out for her to jump through.

She passed several of them without the courage to make the jump.

Finally she went through one of them with a scream, and when she landed on the pad she laid flat down on it and grabbed the corners with her hands.

The clown caught the horse until she could get up again.

It was fine acting and no mistake.

Then another one came out and was lifted up on the same horse with her, and there, with their arms around each other's waist, they danced and waltzed, just as society ladies do in their homes.

The crowd expected to see them fall, and a clown ran along in the expectation of having the privilege of catching one of them.

After that came the acrobats in tights, some five or six of them, and they were as fine performers as could be found anywhere in America. There was leaping and vaulting and somersaults. The audience was highly pleased with the performance, but the society ladies were not so deeply interested.

They could see their faces and knew they were professionals.

But when any lady came out with a mask on her face their curiosity was aroused.

Finally Terry got hold of a mask and went waltzing around the ring challenging everybody to guess his identity, and Dick did likewise; but he got the mask on the back of his head instead of on his face, and offered a prize to any one who could guess who he was.

Of course it produced no end of fun.

Finally Terry went up to him and asked him if he didn't know how to put on a domino.

Dick felt of his face and the back of his head, and when he found the domino he grinned sheepishly and said:

"Oh, my, what a mistake!" and he ran at the top of his speed to the dressing tent.

After the acrobats came a number of society ladies on horseback, who put their horses through some fancy steps.

More of them came out, and again they sang.

One of the clowns sang out of tune so outrageously as to excite the amusement of the whole crowd.

Ladies insisted that the ringmaster should shut him up.

The latter tried several times to do so, but without avail.

Finally he threatened to cut off his wind by tying his whiplash around his throat.

The clown told him that that wouldn't stop him; so he rushed at him and actually tied his whiplash around his throat and left him standing there in the ring with his mouth open and tongue hanging out, but he made a more outrageous noise than before.

Finally Terry got the lash untied and then he began following one of the horses, looking up at the lady, and actually sang better than any of them, while looking unutterable things at her.

Finally, when they started to leave the ring, he stopped her horse, lifted her out of the saddle, led her around to the center of the ring, and proceeded to make love to her in a most vigorous style.

She laughed, played modest, and then seemed to be impressed with the flatteries he was showering upon her.

Then he dropped upon his knees and began a recitation somewhat like that of Sam Innes' recitation of the country swain—in fact, about half of it was Sam Innes' recitation.

When she told him she would have him, he sprang at her, caught her in his arms, and kissed her all over her face, and the struggle got the mask off, and she gasped out: "Oh my!" and covered her face with her hands.

Terry picked it up and placed it back on her face for her. Some of the ladies insisted that they recognized her.

When Terry escorted her back to the dressing room his grotesque walking was positively convulsing.

Finally the ringmaster announced that the society trained elephant would perform.

Now, the audience had not heard that any elephant would take part in it, so when the artificial elephant came out he was even larger than Jumbo.

He walked gracefully to the ring, and exclamations of wonder were heard all around. He was the largest elephant ever seen in America, and some of those present never discovered that he was a canvas elephant.

There was a man in each pair of legs, who worked his ears, his tail and his trunk.

He obeyed every order given by the ringmaster. He trotted around the ring several times, and once he blew a whistle through his trunk which he raised above his head.

Finally Fred asked him if he could jump through a hoop, and he nodded his head as much as to say:

"I can, sir."

"Bring out those hoops here," said Fred, and several attendants ran out with paper hoops just the size that equestriennes use in a circus.

The elephant looked at him and saw they were about twenty times too small for him and shook his head.

Finally the largest pink hoop was held out for him to attempt to go through.

He went forward and shoved one foot and his head through the paper.

He was holding his trunk straight out, which, of course, lacerated the paper, and when his head came through his mouth opened and something like a man's hand protruded from it.

Quick as a flash hundreds of people saw the hand.

"Hello, old pard!" exclaimed Fred, who was acting as ringmaster, as he shook the hand that protruded from the elephant's mouth. "I am glad to see you. You are lively to-day."

The elephant gave a grunt and went around the ring dragging the hoop, which seemed to hang to his forehead, until the hind foot stepped on it and broke it.

Again several grunts followed.

"Say, master," called out the clown, "you look out for that monster. He is getting mad. Don't you understand those grunts?"

"No. What is he mad about?"

"Well, I won't tell you. You are old enough to understand an elephant's talk. I guess they didn't let him have his supper to-night."

The elephant gave several more grunts, and the ringmaster pretended to be demoralized.

He made a break for the dressing tent and the elephant followed after him.

The clown seized his tail and went swinging along with every motion made by the great beast.

Then came a discussion in the vast audience as to where that enormous elephant came from.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE SOCIETY CIRCUS.

Fred had secured a regular bucking broncho from the West. Terry took him up to the grounds of the old Wild West Show, and there, after a most terrible struggle, succeeded in breaking him in.

Toward the end of the first performance of the society circus the broncho was brought in, and the ringmaster announced that he was a product of the wild West, a typical broncho, and that any man who would ride him twice around the ring should have a ten dollar gold piece.

Instantly several parties from the audience bounded into the ring, saying that they would try him.

"All right," said Fred, "one at a time."

He pointed to one of them and told him that now was his chance, whereupon he sprang into the saddle.

The next moment he went flying over the broncho's head, landing on his own head in the sawdust.

Both the clowns laid down on the ground in convulsive laughter and began tantalizing the fellow.

"Say," said Terry, "you can't ride a goat."

"No, he can't ride a calf," said Dick.

The fellow was amazed at the rapidity with which he was thrown and asked for another chance.

"Go ahead," said Fred. "You can have all the chances you want. He is not a society horse, let me tell you. If he were, he would behave better."

The fellow took another chance, and as soon as he got into the saddle he locked his feet under the horse's stomach.

The broncho reared and plunged, and the fellow kept his seat for a while, but finally he was thrown clear over the ring.

Again the clowns amused the crowd by their taunts and their laughter.

Dick jumped on Terry's back and the latter went trotting around the ring with him, and then he threw up his heels, turning a complete somersault and landing on Dick's back.

Dick went trotting around as amiable as a well trained colt, but suddenly he kicked up and threw Terry. The crowd was highly entertained.

Several others came in and offered to try the horse, but all went down, amid the roars of the crowd.

Finally one of them, considerably exasperated, taunted the clown with:

"Say, Mr. Clown, I'll bet you five dollars that you can't ride him."

"I'll go you," said Terry, and Fred advanced the five dollars for the clown.

The challenger put up the same amount.

Terry then went to the broncho, sat down in front of him, pointed his finger at him, and began giving him a lecture.

"Now, remember, I am to ride you. You and I belong to a society of our own, don't we? Now, you deal fairly with me and I'll see that you get any extra amount of cuts for your supper. Remember, now," and he jumped on the broncho's back.

Around and around they went several times.

Just as he was ready to get down the broncho began kicking. Terry put his finger to his nose and said:

"Too late, old horse! I've won the bet," and the crowd laughed at the countryman who had made the bet.

The ringmaster made several other offers to tempt some of the audience to try him.

He finally offered twenty dollars, and he showed a twenty dollar gold piece, which he handed to the clown as stakeholder.

One man tried it and he was thrown three times.

Finally he said he would give it up.

"All right; just as I expected," and he turned to the clown and demanded his money.

The clown searched in his baggy suit for the twenty dollar gold piece, but couldn't find it.

The ringmaster cut him with the whip, and told him if he didn't produce that coin he would take it out of his hide.

Terry reached down in his pocket and began turning it inside out, and he kept turning until he had pulled out a pocket as big as the average empty pillow case.

The crowd fairly roared as the immense pocket came out.

"Here, you let me search for that coin," said the ringmaster.

He went up to him and tripped him till he fell on the ground. Then he stood him on his head and bounced him up and down by his heels until the coin dropped out into the sawdust.

There were other scenes performed which we have no space to describe here.

It was unanimously voted by the vast audience that the two clowns were the funniest ever seen in New Era.

The ringmaster then announced that the second performance would be on the following evening, when there would be quite a change in the programme.

The vast crowd was more than a half hour getting out from under the great canvas. On all sides the society ladies were heard guessing as to the identity of some of the performers.

A strong guard had been kept around the dressing room

to prevent intruders from entering or peeping under the canvas.

No outsider was allowed to get within eight feet of the canvas.

A great crowd of men and women stood around waiting to see the ladies come out, but every one of them managed to pass out under the main canvas, and they were mingling with the crowd before any one knew it.

Fred went to the office of the doorkeeper and asked him how many tickets he had taken in at the front door.

"Nearly five thousand," replied Bishop.

"Great Scott, but that is a big crowd! I'll be satisfied if we do half as well at the other performance."

Two burly men accompanied Bishop as a guard as he went home with the money.

He told Fred it was the biggest financial success he had ever seen.

There were fully two thousand tickets sold for the reserved seats, and they were two dollars apiece. All the rest were a dollar a head.

"Then you must have six or seven thousand dollars."

"All of that," said Bishop. "If you do as well on the other five nights you'll get the sum you need to build the schoolhouse."

"No, you are mistaken, old man. That schoolhouse will cost fifty thousand dollars."

"Well, you'll get it in two weeks instead of one."

"I hope so."

The next morning the population of the whole lake front were discussing the identity of the ladies who took part in the performance.

Some of them vowed they recognized certain ladies, and named them, but the ladies named flatly denied the accusation.

Quite a number of gentlemen declared that they recognized the lady who attempted to ride around the ring and fell to the ground.

Fred, Terry and the girls laughed softly to themselves, knowing her to be a first-class professional equestrienne.

About noon he and Terry declared that the whole crowd had been fooled, that not one of them had guessed right.

There were telegraphic descriptions of the performance in nearly a dozen large city papers, and a long string of ladies' names were published, but in every case the reporters frankly admitted that if any one had been recognized it had not reached their ears, although all sorts of guesses had been made and public curiosity aroused to the highest pitch.

Evelyn Olcott's performance was declared to be both daring and dangerous, though she never lost confidence either in herself or her horses.

Evelyn received congratulations from hundreds of her friends and felt very happy over her success.

Late in the afternoon of the day following the first performance many loaded trains came in from points east and west of New Era.

A chartered train of excursionists came from Cleveland, Ohio, Evelyn being well known in that city.

Another chartered train came from Buffalo and one from Rochester, both filled with society people, who wanted to see her daring performance with the grays.

That night at the second performance the crowd fully equaled that of the night before, and again there were many people outside clamoring for admittance.

The chief of police with a squad of officers had to stay there for an hour trying to keep the crowd quiet.

He explained to them that their tickets would be good any time, but that only a certain number could be admitted at once, and there would be trouble if too many got in.

"You who were late to-night can come early to-morrow night. The first who come have the choice of seats, and only those who are late have to stand up. If I could attend, I'd be the first to pass in to-morrow night."

"Well, suppose you couldn't be the first? Suppose you had something else to do?" a voice in the crowd inquired.

"Well, of course that is to be considered, but if you want to see it, you must come early. Don't wait till several thousand people get in ahead of you."

Two burly men, under the influence of strong drink, said they had tickets and were going in.

"You can't get in as long as whisky is smelled on your breath, no matter how many tickets you have."

The men offered fight, and it ended with their sleeping

in the station house that night and paying fines the next morning.

The chief told them it was well understood that no man under the influence of liquor would be admitted to the performance under any circumstances, as there were first-class society ladies taking part in it for a charitable object.

There were some changes made in the programme on the second night, but the great interest centered in Evelyn Olcott and her grays.

She wore no mask, but had on a different costume from that of the night before.

She wore a jacket with a great deal of gold lace on it that fitted her like a glove.

Her trim figure was shown off to perfection.

As soon as she appeared the uproar began, and she stood there for a while throwing kisses at the ladies in the grandstand.

Some rough fellows in the standing quarters called to her to throw some over that way. She turned smilingly and kissed her hand to them a dozen times.

Every one of the rough fellows took off his hat and threw kisses back at her.

Not one of them seemed to be disposed to impose on her good nature or her condescension.

It seemed that everybody loved her. Her face was one that commanded reverence and admiration.

The two horses came out without saddle or bridle, and she made both of them turn around and around facing in all directions, saying:

"Boys, all these are your friends. Now bow to them," and both horses bowed their heads low.

She wasn't a bit nervous, though she had been on the night before.

She had seen from her first reception that everybody wanted to be her friend, and it made her, if possible, more gracious.

Then she put the splendid animals through their paces and made them perform many very intelligent tricks.

Some of her friends had suggested that she have pads placed on them like circus horses so that she could ride standing up, but she shook her head, saying that she was not willing to risk it.

When the horses were running around the ring at the top of their speed she deliberately sat down in their tracks and had them jump over her head fully a dozen times.

Hundreds of men declared the next morning that they became so nervous that it made them sick for a while.

"Fer," said some of them, "had one of their big hoofs struck her head she would have been killed instantly. But she sat there smiling, and the animals seemed to leap fully two feet above her head."

The clowns sat by her after a while and the horses leaped higher.

Then they sat down on their haunches and ate sugar from her hand, and then they lay down at her command.

Then she rode them bare-backed at full speed, making them jump over hurdles.

When she finally left the ring they followed behind her with their chins on her shoulders, while she patted them.

She received a regular ovation, even greater applause than any other performer of the evening, but she declared that it was through the partiality of her friends, and said she felt grateful to them for it.

The receipts were a little larger than on the first night.

It was said that on the third night people had come five hundred miles to see her and those grays.

That night one of the professional equestriennes came out dressed precisely like Evelyn, with the gold lace jacket and with a mask on her face. This caused the people to suppose that it was Evelyn herself.

She rode one of the circus horses standing up. Nearly everybody insisted that it was Evelyn and fairly screamed their pleasure at seeing her.

Finally she fell to the ground, by design, of course, and a rush was made to render assistance, but she sprang to her feet, placed her foot in the ringmaster's hand and was seated on the horse's back again in a moment.

Her friends knew that she had plenty of nerve when it was necessary to display it.

They were puzzled. The similarity of dresses had puzzled all of them.

So the next morning scores of ladies called to congratu-

late her on her nerve in standing on a horse's back while it was running at full speed.

"Oh, that was not me. I would never dare do that even if I could."

"Why not?"

"Because in after life I would be accused of being a circus rider. I believe I could acquire the skill, but I wouldn't do it."

Notwithstanding her denial, many thought she did ~~ride~~ standing up.

"That's all right," said Fred to her. "She was a winning card last night. You are the only society lady who has appeared in the ring without a mask, and really it did me heart good to see how everybody admired you. It seemed that everybody under that canvas was dead in love with you. Really, I thought I could distinguish your voice when the singing equestriennes lined up across the ring, and I've heard others say so, too, particularly the ladies. It's amazing how sweet the singing was under such a large canvas."

On the fourth night there was quite a change in the programme, but Evelyn's performance was the same every time with but one exception, and that was a race around the ring in a Roman chariot, when she came out dressed as a Roman lady with her arms bared and her hair hanging down, and sent the horses running around the ring at breakneck speed.

The crowd rose to their feet and yelled through the entire race.

Afterwards Terry came into the ring wearing a regular dress swallow-tail coat over his clown dress.

The audience fairly went into convulsions when he insisted that he was a society man and wasn't ashamed of it.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW FRED PREVENTED A PANIC.

Every morning Bishop, who was acting both as treasurer and ticket-seller, deposited several thousand dollars in the bank to the credit of the New Era Company, that company being responsible for all the bills that were incurred.

When he told Fred and Terry what the receipts were after the fourth performance they were surprised.

"Well," said Fred, "I believe you were right, Bishop, when you said two weeks' performance would raise money sufficient for the building of the schoolhouse."

"I'm sure of it. There doesn't seem to be any diminution of interest, but the expenses have been so heavy in getting the thing started that you'll probably have to give two or three extra performances. But one of the strangest things to me is that I haven't heard of a single society lady who wants to leave the concern."

"No. They are every one enjoying it. It actually produces more fun than anything that ever came along, and a lot of money can be made out of it."

"Very true, but the society ladies can't be used for money-making purposes except for charitable objects. When the fund is sufficient to pay all expenses, we must make the fact known to them."

"That's right." At the end of the week Fred called a meeting of all the volunteer members of the company and read a report to them of the whole week.

"It is the most successful circus I have ever known," said Fred. "We have the most beautiful performers ever seen on this continent. I think that one more week will give us sufficient money for the building of the schoolhouse, and then two or three more performances will raise enough to cover all the expenses. Now, if you ladies wish to help out any other charitable object, the members of the New Era Company will be glad if you'll just name it and we will lend our services along with yours."

They all declared they didn't know of any institution that needed their assistance.

"Then," said Fred, "after we have finished up this work we will cover the ring with a splendid floor and have a great society ball and send out invitations to our friends. What do you all say to that?"

Every one of them voted unanimously for it, and also that it should be a masked ball.

They had friends enough to fill every seat in the vast canvas, and they decided that refreshments should be provided, but that no liquors or wines were to be served, and no invitations were to be sent out except to eligible people.

The ladies were highly delighted at the proposition.

They rested, of course, Sunday and Sunday night, but early on Monday morning they began preparations for the second week's performance.

The hotel people had been reaping a harvest. Hall's Hotel reported that in the dining-room, which was turned into a bedroom after eleven o'clock, they had one hundred people sleeping on cots.

The Markham House and other hotels reported the same condition of affairs.

The National Hotel beyond the dam was also crowded.

It was estimated that the average number of excursionists was about fifteen thousand a day, and that on Saturday, the last day of the week, it was thought that fully twenty thousand people came to the town, and at every performance there were hundreds of people turned away, unable to get in.

The management insisted that only so many as could be comfortably provided for should be admitted, as they wanted to avoid having any trouble from being overcrowded.

On the beginning of the second week Fred had another entrance made for those having tickets for reserved seats. That relieved the ticket-taker at the main entrance considerably, and it also relieved the society people from the crush of getting in at the main entrance.

On the first night of the second week, through some mistake or misunderstanding, several hundred people more than the number decided upon managed to get in.

Of course each one paid his fare, but there was a mistake in the count of the ticket-taker.

The result was that there was trouble.

They were crowded too close to the ring.

There happened to be several men among them who had bottles of liquor in their pockets, and some of them became quite boisterous.

Fred, as the ringmaster, stopped the performance and sent for the chief of police to come in with some of his officers and take the troublesome parties out.

The trouble was in pointing out the disorderly ones.

Fred pointed to one man and said:

"There is the most troublesome one of the lot."

The man instantly called him a liar, whereupon the chief of police grabbed him, but the prisoner very promptly knocked him down, and the other officers who tried to arrest him were served the same way.

Evidently he was a "bad man" from somewhere.

When they all crowded in together he drew a brace of revolvers and with one in each hand dared the police to arrest him.

When the revolvers appeared all those in his immediate vicinity made a rush to get out of his way.

In less than half a minute two or three hundred people rushed out into the ring.

There was great alarm among the ladies in the audience. Several of them fainted and great excitement ensued through the vast crowd.

The chief of police was a very determined man. He drew his own revolver and told his men to do likewise.

When they had done so he said to them:

"Now, arrest that man, and if he shoots, just fill him full of lead."

The bully backed out by saying:

"All right, chief. I'm willing to go with you if you don't lock me up."

"I'm going to lock you up and take you before the court to-morrow morning."

"Then I'll fight. The first man who steps in my direction I'll shoot dead. Of course there are enough of you to shoot me to pieces, but you can't kill me but once, and maybe I can kill two or three of you."

"Hold on, there, chief," said Fred. "Don't have any shooting here in the presence of these ladies."

"Well, I don't want to shoot anybody," said the bully, "but I've paid my money for my ticket and I'm not going to be put out because a lot of fellows around me were misbehaving. Put us all out together."

Just then Evelyn came out from the dressing tent.

She had heard everything that had passed.

She knew that Fred was determined to put the fellow out, and that he might be shot; so she walked up boldly to the chief and said:

"Mr. Chief, please don't allow any shooting here. I'll take the gentleman out," and turning to the bully, who was still standing defiantly confronting the police, she said:

"Sir, I don't know who you are, but you have the face of a gentleman. You evidently forget that there are thousands of ladies present. Now, do me the honor of accompanying me out through the entrance and your money shall be refunded to you."

He looked at her for nearly a minute without uttering a word, and then he said:

"Miss Olcott. I know you. You are worth all the police in this town. Just order the chief to agree to let me alone and I'll go out."

"My dear sir, I have no right to give orders to the chief of police."

"I know that very well, miss, but I'm quite sure if you'll request him to let the matter drop, that will be enough."

She turned to the chief and said:

"Mr. Chief, will you let me manage this matter?"

"Certainly! Certainly, Miss Olcott."

With that she turned to the bully, who immediately stuck the revolvers in his pocket and walked by her side to the entrance.

At the door she laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Let me exact a promise of you."

"All right, go ahead."

"That is that you won't drink any more while you are in New Era. I ask it in the name of all the ladies in this company."

"All right, Miss Olcott. The man who wouldn't comply with any request you make of him is a brute. So good-night and good health and long life to you."

With that the fellow bowed and disappeared.

Evelyn returned the next instant, and when the crowd caught sight of her she received an ovation.

"What did you do to him?" Terry asked.

"Not a thing. I just treated him kindly, and he promised me he would not drink another drop while he stayed in New Era."

Round after round of applause greeted her as she disappeared through the door of the dressing tent.

There she dropped into a chair, and for a few minutes trembled like a leaf from excess of excitement.

When Amalie came up and kissed her, Evelyn said:

"Dear, you ought to have done that. It was too great a strain on my nerves."

"Well, I would if you had told me you were going to do it," said the big blonde.

"Well, I was afraid there would be shooting if I didn't, and I forgot that you were in here with us. You could do it without your nerves being shocked."

"All right," she laughed. "I'll attend to the next one that makes any trouble."

Now, Amalie had refused to ride in the ring, as she knew that her stature would betray her, and that she would be recognized.

But she rendered valuable assistance in other ways.

Margie and Mary rode in the ring and wore masks. There were a lot of other fellows determined to make trouble, and the police took several of them out.

They dared not resist, for fear of the consequences.

They knew that the four members of the New Era Company were of the circus company, and of course they had no desire to come in violent contact with them.

While the police were gone to the station to lock up some disorderly characters, a burly fellow began expressing his opinion of the management in violent language.

Then Amalie marched out of the dressing tent, looked the fellow in the face a few moments, when he shut up, but that didn't save him. Amalie pointed to the entrance to the big tent, and said to him:

"You had better go home, sir."

"I will after the show."

She reached out, caught him by the collar of his coat and led him out.

She was half a head taller than he, though he was a big muscular fellow. He was satisfied from the way she pulled him that she could take him out bodily if she desired. He was doubtless a brave man in contending with one of his own sex, but he knew if he struck a woman he would be torn to pieces.

When Amalie returned she, too, received an ovation.

She kissed her hand to the crowd and then disappeared in the dressing tent.

Those inside crowded around her and asked her all sorts of questions, but she simply laughed and said:

"Oh, that was nothing. I could have thrashed him as easily as I could a ten-year-old boy, and he knew it. I've never seen the man I was afraid of. I've come in contact with all sorts of rough men on the ranch out West."

"Say, Mrs. Jencks," one of the ladies laughed, "do you treat your husband that way?"

"No, my husband is a gentleman, and never since we have been married have I had any fault to find with him."

"My, what a happy wife you must be!"

"That's so. I am."

The ringmaster then turned to the crowd who had sought refuge in the ring and told them that all danger had passed, and asked them to retire so that the performance might proceed.

While the performance was going on Evelyn managed to recover her self-possession, and when she was ready to lead the horses into the ring she was all right.

Of course she received an ovation from the great crowd. The horses behaved unusually well that night, and she made them do every trick she had taught them.

They leaped over her a dozen times. She fed them liberally with lumps of sugar, patted them and caressed them until they seemed unusually eager to obey her orders.

She ordered each of them to walk halfway around the ring on his hind feet with his head high in the air.

Then she had them limp around the ring on three feet.

Every order she gave they promptly obeyed.

She then mounted one of them barebacked, placing her foot in the clown's right hand in order to do so, and then went careering around the ring at almost railroad speed, after which they disappeared in the dressing-room.

She was followed by a roar of applause such as is rarely heard under a canvas.

By and by the audience was startled by several vivid flashes of lightning, and later on peals of thunder were heard.

Fred noticed the anxiety of the ladies, as several were starting to leave.

He raised his voice and said to them:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—A rainstorm is coming up, but let me assure you, you are in no more danger here than you would be in your own home. The canvas is entirely waterproof, and all the large poles have lightning rods on them. If the lightning should strike one, it would descend into the ground and do no harm."

But that did not quiet them as he wished, so he announced that Miss Olcott would lead several sweet singers out into the ring who would pit their voices against the thunder and lightning.

"Oh, my!" said Evelyn in the dressing-tent, "did you hear that announcement? Come on, ladies. If we show the ladies in the audience that we fear nothing, it will quiet them."

She led the way, but the others hesitated to follow. Amalie came a moment later, and then followed Margie, Mary and half a dozen other society ladies.

As they took their places in the ring, Fred instructed the band to accompany them, and a regular concert followed, while a heavy rain was falling.

Vivid flashes of lightning blazed over the grandstand. The ladies were seen to shrink with dread, notwithstanding Fred's assurance that the lightning rods would control every stroke of lightning that might come.

They sang three songs, by which time a great downpour of rain was heard rattling on the roof of the canvas, but not a drop beat through.

After about ten or fifteen minutes the great fall of rain ceased, and the dim flashes of lightning in the distance gradually grew fainter.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Fred, "you see how much self-possession is worth in a vast crowd like this. If those ladies hadn't come out here to sing, there would have been a panic among you, and probably hundreds would have been injured. Some might have been crushed to death. Never run from lightning, for if it gets after you, you can't outrun it. Of course, there is good sense in avoiding a shower of rain. There is no better shelter than under this tent. When it was ordered, it was ordered to be made thoroughly rainproof."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT SOCIETY MASKED BALL.

The great society circus had now become an established fact.

Society took it up and patronized it as "one of its own," and they came from every town and city within a radius of several hundred miles to see it.

Of course the society ladies who were participating in it improved rapidly in their performances.

It was like the great charity balls of the metropolis, in which all the bright lights of metropolitan society participate.

They enjoyed it so much that they all became very enthusiastic, and the exercise increased their strength and courage.

Of course the public press frequently burlesqued it, but notwithstanding this, the vast canvas was crowded six evenings in the week.

Some of the ladies owned well-trained horses, which they sent for during the second week in order to exhibit their splendid "horsemanship."

Then, too, the lady performers fell in love with Terry on account of his continuous flow of humor.

He made it a rule every evening to catch one of the society ladies and make love to her in the style of Sam Innes' famous proposal to his sweetheart in an apple orchard.

Probably no audience ever enjoyed anything so much.

Of course many of them had heard it before, but Sam had given him and Fearnot permission to use it themselves, but to no one else.

Terry garbled it a great deal without destroying any of its keen humor.

The lady herself had nothing to say, but she almost went into convulsions as she stood by letting him hold her hand and occasionally kissing it.

One evening he happened to catch Mary as the society ladies were performing in the ring.

He held onto her after they left.

Of course she had heard it many a time, but he kissed her more vigorously than he had dared to do with any of the other ladies.

So when he let go of her there was chalk all over her face from that he had used in whitening his own physiognomy. She went out, trying to wipe the chalk off of her face, to the intense amusement of the great audience, but there were very few present who recognized her.

When she passed away the clowns sang out:

"Heavens, but don't I love that gal!" He then went up to the ringmaster, threw his arms around his neck and rubbed chalk all over his face.

The ringmaster tried to fight him off, and his whip kept cracking, but he couldn't hit him in such close quarters.

When he did get away from him he kept cutting at him with the whip until he ran flying around the ring at a pace that would have done credit to one of the best sprinters of the day.

When the ringmaster went out to wipe the chalk from his face, Terry drew a little mirror from a pocket concealed somewhere in his vast expanse of dress and surveyed his reflection in it.

In some places his face was almost denuded of chalk. He said softly, as if speaking to himself:

"The rogue stole some of my paint," and then he went across the ring to the other clown and wanted to borrow some of his paint.

Dick told him he had none to spare, but Terry caught him around the neck and rubbed both sides of his face against Dick's and thus remedied the defect.

That brought on a sparring match, which the audience always enjoyed, and they kept it up for quite a while.

All of his comicalities were practically original, so far as the circus ring was concerned.

They were the best singing clowns ever seen in that county, their voices having been well cultivated. In fact, they could easily have become the whole show themselves, but the ringmaster had put a check on that.

One evening the society ladies rode out into the ring twenty strong and gave a regular concert on horseback.

Their costumes were dreams of beauty and marvels of the dressmakers' art.

No one else was in the ring except Terry and Dick. They stood by, listening, and occasionally would walk in among the horses with their hands behind their ears, as if trying to catch the notes of certain singers.

They both wore conical-shaped hats fully three feet in height.

When they started to leave the ring they sang "Home, Sweet Home."

The band was playing the air and it was a beautiful sight to behold.

The clowns stood looking after them until the last horse had disappeared.

The band still played the air, and Terry motioned to them to keep it up.

He then whispered in Dick's ear.

Dick nodded assent, when they both began singing, the band accompanying them, of course.

When about half through, Terry began to rub his eyes and blubber.

Dick kept singing for all he was worth. Finally Terry began to bellow like a lubberly schoolboy, and at the same time kept singing, which made it extremely ludicrous.

He fell down in the sawdust and rolled over and over, bellowing to such an extent that he couldn't sing any more.

He belted out:

"I want to go home! I want to go home! I want to see my ma!"

Dick had to sing the last verse alone, standing over him and looking down at his blubbering companion.

It was a tremendous hit, and the great audience kept applauding until they were compelled to come out and repeat it.

To make the matter more ludicrous, fully a hundred of the rough fellows who were standing up joined in the song.

The occupants of the grandstand almost went into convulsions.

When the song was finished Terry looked over at those who had spoiled it by singing the air with him, as though completely disgusted, and yelled out at them:

"What is the matter with you fellows?"

One man yelled out:

"Well, we want to go home, too."

"Well, who is keeping you from going?"

"You," said one. "We don't want to leave you behind."

"I'm not going to be left behind," he said. "You go to your home and I'll go to mine," and with that he made a streak for the dressing-room.

Then the artificial trick elephant came out, and Terry and Dick began cutting up capers around it.

Terry walked up behind it, and said he was going to stick pins in him to see if he was alive.

The hind foot flew out and hit him.

He turned a series of somersaults until he passed clear over the ring and got among those who were sitting on the lowest seats.

He went back into the ring and began feeling himself. He tested every joint of his entire anatomy in order to see if any bones had been broken, and the seriousness with which he did it sent the great crowd into roars of laughter.

He swore that he would get even with "that beast."

He went up to it, stood in front of it, and began sassing it, calling it all sorts of mean names.

He drew from one of his numerous pockets an instrument that resembled an immense bowie knife.

He said he was going to cut that elephant's trunk off, and rushed at it as if to do so.

The elephant raised his trunk, when a pair of hands proceeded from its mouth, seized Terry by the shoulders and dragged him inside of the beast.

He went in kicking and bellowing for all he was worth, and finally disappeared from sight.

Then the elephant seemed to be in trouble. He twisted and squirmed about and went trotting around the ring.

Of course the audience was roaring with merriment, while Dick, the other clown, went prancing around in a state of terror.

After about ten minutes the elephant stopped at the edge of the ring, made several strange sounds as if trying to cough, and out dropped Terry, who again began feeling himself all over and shaking his head.

Dick rushed at him and shook hands with him.

Terry looked at him and remarked:

"Say, old man, talk about Jonah and the whale, that's ladies in the audience that we fear nothing, it will quiet an old, old thing of the past. Now it is me and the elephant," and he kept the audience roaring with merriment at his descriptions of what he saw inside of the beast.

"Why," he said, "they have got negroes and Chinamen and Dutchmen in there, every one of them trying to get out." "How did you happen to get out?" Dick inquired.

"By tickling him and making him cough. That is the way Jonah played it on the whale."

The great audience never seemed to tire of the performance, and they continued to enjoy guessing at the identity of those in the ring.

The professional equestrienne, who rode a circus horse around the ring in long skirts apparently frightened half to death, still continued to deceive the society ladies. She did things while standing up on the pad on the horse's back that made them doubt that she was a society woman.

But, then, her awkwardness and her shrieks reassured them.

At every performance she managed to lose her footing and fall to the ground, but she was never hurt, though pretending to be.

Many tried to find out if any of the society ladies had been injured.

A number of gentlemen offered to bet that she was a professional, but the ladies recalled many things that convinced them that she was an amateur, and really a society lady.

Fred and Terry thought she was a splendid expert and praised her highly.

Once when she fell off Terry picked her up in his arms, set her up on his shoulder, and went trotting into the dressing-room with her, so that many in the audience thought she was really hurt.

The ringmaster cut Dick with his whip, and the latter pretended to be mad about it and went at him for a fight.

The other clown went to his help, and there the ringmaster was beset by both of them, with odds of two to one against him, and they were all three jabbering.

They were all talking in German, when suddenly a man in the audience sang out:

"Himmel, they are from Faderland!"

The jabber kept up for some time, while all three were sparring.

The ringmaster knocked both of them down two or three times, and really it looked like a genuine fight.

Then, to the great amusement of the audience, Amalie and Evelyn came running out of the dressing-tent.

Amalie seized both clowns by the trousers of their baggy suits and seemed to be dragging them out by main strength, while Evelyn seized the ringmaster, who unresistingly followed her.

The two clowns kept jumping and were seemingly trying to get loose.

The crowd was screaming with merriment. The clowns yelled for help, but the audience wouldn't respond to the call.

Thus there were changes in the performance every evening.

At the end of the second week the treasurer announced that fifty thousand dollars had been taken in during the two weeks.

He said that two more performances would pay all the expenses incurred by the New Era Company. All the ladies volunteered to give as many performances as necessary.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday they gave other performances, and as the announcement had been published that these would be the last, the crowd, if possible, was larger than ever.

Still there were several hundred that were unable to get in.

At the last performance the ringmaster announced that the society ladies who had participated in the show would have a great masked ball one week from that night in the tent, and that invitations would be sent out to all their friends.

The circus wound up with a great hullabaloo, the band playing and the people cheering.

Thousands of invitations were sent out the next day, under the name of the society circus management.

Nobody was to be admitted under any consideration without a ticket of invitation.

Everybody who was recognized as belonging to the society crowd received invitations, and they began making preparations to attend.

A host of carpenters were set to work to cover the immense ring with a solid, substantial flooring.

Hundreds of people sent to the cities for masks and disguises.

Some of them spent a good deal of money.

If possible, more interest was shown in that event than in the society circus.

There was still a noisy discussion going on as to the identity of the ladies who participated in the circus, and it was amazing how badly deceived many of them were.

It was the one great sensation of the season, not only at New Era, but in the surrounding cities.

Hundreds in New York City, in Albany, Utica, Rochester and Cleveland received invitations.

The hotels began filling up again, and on the night of the ball extra dressing-rooms had to be fitted up, one for the ladies and another for the gentlemen.

They all entered the dressing-rooms in cloaks so that or leaving their homes they could not be recognized by anybody.

The great canvas had been decorated with flowers collected from different places.

When they came marching out, the two sexes meeting at the edge of the ring, it was perhaps the most beautiful sight ever seen at any masked ball in that State. Many of both sexes wore gorgeous dresses and queer disguises.

Several ladies and gentlemen represented famous historical characters.

Evelyn and Mary were queens of night. Silver stars twinkled all over them, and as they passed about under the brilliant lights, they were dazzling to behold.

There were gypsy queens, and queens of almost every nationality in the world.

They marched around on the great platform several times to the strains of music.

Then the dancing began, and such dancing!

It was like a fairy scene.

Suddenly there was a panic among the dancers, for some one had discovered his Satanic Majesty on the platform.

It was Fred Fearnot in a full dress-suit, gotten up in immaculate style. His face was a dark bronze. He wore a slight mustache and goatee or chin whiskers.

On his head were a pair of blood-red horns four inches long, and there protruded from under the tails of his dress-coat the inevitable spear-pointed tail, which he invariably carried hanging over his arm.

Nobody but Terry, Evelyn, Mary and Margie knew who he was.

Of all the dancers, he was the most graceful.

No gentleman could make such a bow as he nor pay such compliments to the fair sex.

The ladies were frightened and drew back from him, for occasionally the odor of burning sulphur issued from his mouth.

When the thousands of spectators saw him they stared at him, and many shuddered.

"Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?" was heard on every side.

Many of the dancers drew away from him, and the ladies were afraid to dance with him.

Amalie accepted his invitation to dance, however, and all the others looked on.

Such graceful dancing was never before seen.

After Amalie, Evelyn danced with him.

After he had asked her to dance with him, and she went out on the platform, his Satanic Majesty stepped off a few paces and gazed at her.

She stood the inspection smilingly, and several times he bowed until his forehead almost touched the floor.

Then they danced, and a profound silence fell upon the entire throng.

When he returned her to her seat, he walked out into the center of the great platform, and there laid his hand on his heart, bowed all around to the dancers and to the vast audience, after which he stood up straight, when a hole about two feet square opened beneath him, and he went down two feet foremost out of sight, and the trap-door closed with a snap.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY THE SOCIETY SUCCESS.

As his Satanic Majesty shot downward through the trap-door an odor of burning sulphur was detected by thousands. Several of the ladies ran off the platform to get away from it.

Fred had been careful enough to let no one penetrate his disguise, and for some time after he disappeared, the question as to who he was continued to be the topic of conversation.

Everybody was guessing.

Some of them went to Amalie and to Evelyn and asked if they knew him.

"Yes," said they, "otherwise we wouldn't have danced with him."

"Then tell us who he was."

"Excuse me, please. We might be so unfortunate as to fall into his hands in the future, and we might receive extra punishment for betraying his identity."

"Oh, pshaw, that is all nonsense! Tell us who he was." But they remained firm and wouldn't tell them.

Many of the ladies admitted that they were badly frightened.

Said one:

"I thought nothing of it until he came close to me, when I smelled sulphur plainly, and then when his tail was hanging over his arm I saw it wriggling like a live snake. That was enough for me, and I ran off the platform."

Landlord Quinn, of course, was one of the invited guests. He looked well into Fred's face, as he was extremely anxious to find out if it was the same devil who had caused so much destruction in his place two or three years before. He got a good look at his face, but could no more recognize Fred than he could have recognized the man in the moon.

He was badly puzzled, and made a vain effort to find some one who could tell him who he was.

He asked both Amalie and Evelyn, as well as Margie and Mary.

"They all laughed and said:

"You know as much about him as we do."

"I don't know him, and I don't want to know him," said Quinn.

"Why, Mr. Quinn," said Margie, "do you really believe he is the old Bad Man?"

"Sure, and I don't know, and it's meself that will vote for him to stay ten thousand miles away from New Era."

It spoiled Quinn's fun for the whole evening, though he remained until the affair broke up, long after midnight. Although he wore a full dress-suit, with a great diamond stud in his shirt-front, he never danced any more.

Of course there were a full number of sets danced, and all the evening the band kept playing, and the patter of feet on the immense platform went on.

It was an immense success.

The volunteer society ladies were more than repaid for all the trouble they had been put to in the performance in the society circus.

The next day after the ball, all the participants spent the time reading reports of it in the various papers.

All of them remembered some incidents that had taken place the night before, and they laughed heartily over the reporter's description of it.

One of the big New York daily's report was written by a man of most vivid imagination, and many of the ladies kept copies of it.

Some of them were mentioned by name; others by initials, and it was food for gossip for at least a couple of weeks.

Fred visited all of the ladies in their homes and told them that he wanted to organize a society of the members of the great circus, with the understanding that they were to meet in the schoolhouse and dine together annually as long as they lived.

The ladies readily assented to it, and they met down at the boathouse on the lake to organize.

A well-known society lady was elected president of the association. After the business was finished they adjourned, to meet again one year later.

Each was pledged to remain a member for life, and that

no excuse, except that of illness, would be accepted for non-attendance.

A few evenings after that there was a fishing party down at the clubhouse. Ladies and gentlemen were provided with fishing tackle, and as fish had congregated there in large numbers to get the scraps of food thrown in the water by the waiters, there was no trouble in catching them.

There was a well-known wealthy clubman who had smuggled a bottle of champagne with him. This he emptied by frequently going into a private place and sticking a quill into it.

Naturally, this made him drowsy, and as he was sitting on the edge of the piazza with his hook dangling in the water, Terry managed to pull it in and attach a stout mackerel to it. Then somebody tapped his pole, not unlike a fish bite.

The man woke up with a start and jerked his pole, and feeling something on his hook, sprang up.

"By George, I've got one!" He drew the mackerel out, and gazed at it as it lay still and lifeless on the piazza floor.

The crowd screamed with laughter at his expense.

He looked sheepish and remarked:

"Well, I thought it was a sort of a dead bite, but that settles my career as a fisherman."

He dropped the rod and hook, went inside, bought a fine Havana cigar, lighted it, and went out, and that was the last they saw of him in the clubroom that evening. The next morning the local paper, the Eagle, had a very humorous article describing it.

By the first of September the new schoolhouse was ready and was properly dedicated by a vast assemblage of people.

When the school opened it had more pupils than ever before.

It was overcrowded before the fire. Now there was ample room. Seven or eight hundred pupils crowded into the new building, and the teachers all once more were busy and happy.

Miss O'Connell had made more money during her vacation than she had ever made teaching school, and she was indebted to Fred Fearnot's thoughtful provision and Evelyn's generosity.

She was an industrious young lady. She sent money to her aged parents, but wrote them that she was entirely too busy to go home that season.

School had been running about a month when it was set on fire again by an incendiary, but the millmen who were living nearest discovered it in time to put it out, but not until nearly a thousand dollars' worth of damage had been done.

"Terry," said Fred, "you remember what I said to you on the night of the first fire?"

"Yes, you remarked that it looked a good deal like an incendiary fire, and I agreed with you. Now here is that same fellow, or some one like him, who is trying to destroy this house. Fortunately, we placed forty thousand dollars insurance on it."

"Yes, it is fortunate. But why should any one want to burn down the schoolhouse?"

"That is too much for me, Fred. You'll have to ask the fellow who started the fire."

"Well, I'm afraid if we catch him the people around here would lynch him."

"Well, that is something that must never be allowed to take place at New Era, but if a fellow ever deserved lynching it is that fellow. Now, the town council must employ a guard, who must go on duty at sunset and not go off until sunrise. He must sleep all day and be around the schoolhouse all right. He must be well armed and a man of great courage. We must look out for such a guard. Then we must appeal to the city council and have them pay his salary; and it must pay him enough to give him a decent support for his family. We can't afford to have it burned down."

So at the next meeting of the town council Fred and Terry appeared before them and told of the second attempt to burn the schoolhouse, and asked that they pass an ordinance calling for the services of a first-class man to act as a guard.

There were members of the council who grumbled at imposing such a tax on the people.

"Now, gentlemen of the council," said Fred, "it was the

duty of the city to build that schoolhouse with public money, but to save the children and some of the teachers from the loss of a school year we undertook to raise it by public contribution through the medium of the society circus, but we will not and cannot repeat that. We worked very hard, neglecting our own interests, because we are willing and able to do our share, but there is a limit, and that has been reached. Put a good man on guard and give him instructions to shoot any man who tries to set it on fire."

Two of the councilmen opposed him, but Fred was the better speaker and won.

Then they kicked on the amount of salary they were to pay the man.

Fred said he wanted them to elect a man of nerve and judgment.

"A man who will work for two or three hundred dollars is not worth having. You ought to pay him as much as he can earn elsewhere."

The question then was to appoint the guard, and in due time the right sort of a man was found.

He was elected, and his salary was to be nine hundred dollars a year, or seventy-five dollars a month.

A lot of old fogies grumbled at what they called "the extravagance."

A little before Christmas, the night guard chased a man who was acting suspiciously, and finally caught him.

In his pockets were found a bottle of kerosene oil and a box of matches.

He had actually half emptied the bottle in a corner inside the schoolhouse, and the next morning that fact was discovered.

The fellow was placed in jail, and in due time brought to trial and convicted.

He made no excuse whatever, but denied every charge made against him.

He was indicted by the Grand Jury, and on trial was convicted.

A sentence of three years was imposed on him, but his lawyer appealed to a higher court.

Of course all that took time.

The higher court confirmed his conviction, and the fellow had to go to State prison.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

The season having passed, Fred and Terry had Evelyn's grays shipped back to Fredonia for her.

The train was delayed, like the majority of freight trains, and it stood all night in a train yard about halfway between New Era and Fredonia.

It was not thought necessary to send a guard down in the same car with them, but they went by passenger train.

The next morning the car was found broken open, and the two magnificent animals were gone.

The news was immediately wired to New Era and Fredonia.

Within twenty-four hours Fred had offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the horses and the arrest of the thieves with proof to convict.

Evelyn was inconsolable. She cried and cried and wrung her hands like one who had lost her dearest friend.

"Fred," said Terry, "you can just bet your life that the first thing the thieves do with those horses will be to dye

their hair a different color, and they will be quite difficult to identify."

"Yes; I've thought of that possibility," said Fred. "But such animals will show their remarkable traits of character and attract attention, and knowing they have been stolen, the whole country will be on the lookout for them. But let's you and I go down to the little town where they were stolen, disguise ourselves, buy a carload of horses and scour the whole country in quest of them."

"All right," said Terry. "I'm with you."

Terry escorted his sister home, while Fred got off at the place where the horses were stolen, and without asking any question of the natives, looked around and purchased a good, substantial horse for his use.

The next day Terry joined him, and he, too, bought a good saddle-horse.

Terry went northward on his horse, and Fred southward on his.

Fred rode about twenty-five miles southward, stopping at every place, inquiring of the residents if any stranger had been seen riding by on horseback within the past week.

Of course that was very vague.

Farmers and others he met couldn't remember anything of the kind.

They both traveled around a couple of weeks. Each had agreed to report to Evelyn every day, so that she could keep in communication with both of them.

They could not keep in communication with each other, as they were constantly on the move.

One night, after Fred had been on the search for two weeks, while sleeping in a hotel he woke out of a sound sleep, as he thought, and saw a light in his room.

He sprang up in the bed, and saw sitting at a little table in the center of the room a dark-skinned individual with a lighted candle on the table in front of him.

He was about to speak to the man when the latter looked up and said:

"Salaam, Sahib!"

Fred sprang out of the bed and rushed at him, saying: "My old friend from India! Truly, I'm glad to see you," and he extended his hand, and they exchanged the grip of the Knights of the Black Ring.

"Sahib," said Fred, "my big grays, the grandest horses in America, have been stolen. Tell me where they are?"

"Sahib, they are at the town where fast horses are raced, and they are no longer grays. They are a dark color."

"What's the name of the place, Sahib?"

The man seemed to fall into a deep sleep for several minutes, and then said:

"Sahib, I don't see the name of the place, but it is where fast horses are raced and there are great springs for people's health."

"That is all right. I know that place. I'll go there. You are my best friend. You are from India, where the best magicians thrive. I thank you. I thank you."

The next moment he awoke and found that he had been dreaming.

"Great Scott! Such a dream!" he exclaimed. He lay there awake until daylight thinking about it, and the next morning he despatched to Evelyn, saying:

"Wire to Terry to go to Saratoga, and wait there for me." After this he rode to the nearest train, put his horse in a livery stable and started at once to Saratoga by way of Fredonia.

He was so much impressed with that dream that he stopped over to tell Evelyn about it, and insisted that she

should go up to Saratoga with him, saying that she had several friends living up there who would be glad to entertain her.

Fred wired to the Grand Union Hotel and asked if Terry Olcott was stopping there.

An hour or so later a telegram came from Terry himself, saying that he was there waiting for him.

"I'll join you on the next train with Evelyn."

So when he arrived Terry was at the train waiting for him.

"Great Scott, Evelyn, what did you come up for?"

"I came up to identify the horses."

"Why do you think they are here?"

Fred then told him his dream.

So they went out to the race course and paid their admission.

As both Fred and Terry were disguised, Evelyn put on a thick veil.

They pretended they wanted to bet, and got the list of horses that were to run that day.

Two horses had been entered under names that they had never heard before.

They got permission to go to the stable and look at the horses.

There were jockeys all around.

Terry went on ahead, and after a while he saw a couple of horses standing in the stalls that looked precisely of the same proportions as the grays, and he beckoned to Evelyn.

She ran down to where he was, and as she looked at them she saw that they were of a dark color from hoof to nose.

Then she called to them:

"Boys, are you there?"

Instantly both horses raised up their heads and began whinnying at a fearful rate.

The stableman ran to the place to know what was the matter, and asked Fred and Terry if they had done anything to the horses.

"Not a thing," said Fred.

The horses began pulling at their halters and whinnying at a great rate.

"Who owns those horses?" Fred inquired of the stableman.

"Those two gentlemen out there talking to the jockeys," said the man. "One is Mr. Bowen and the other Mr. Judson."

In spite of the protest of the stableman, Evelyn went into the stalls and gave the horses some lumps of sugar.

While there she took out a pocket-knife and cut the halters that held them in their stalls, and said:

"Come on, boys! Come on with me!" and they backed out of the stalls and followed her.

The stableman tried to stop them.

"You had better let them alone. You will get hurt."

"But you are taking them away."

"They belong to me. They are the famous grays that were stolen last week."

Fred and Terry walked up to Judson and Bowen and asked if those were their names.

"We are the persons whose names you mention."

"You are my prisoner," said Fred to Judson.

"What for?"

"For stealing the two big grays belonging to Miss Olcott from the train two or three weeks ago. There she is now, and they are following her, and there isn't men enough on the grounds to stop them. This is Fred Fearnot in disguise, and this is Terry Olcott. You come on with us, or we will kill you. You know us well by reputation, if not personally."

The two men were nearly paralyzed.

One of them called to a policeman in sight, and he ran up and heard Judson's story.

He didn't know either of the men, and when Fred and Terry told him who they were, he said:

"Well, we will all go to the police station."

"Yes," said Fred. "There are plenty of citizens in Saratoga who will identify both of us. I'm going to push the law on these thieves. This is Miss Olcott, the owner of the horses. You see how they are following her. She can make them lie down, roll over and do a score of other things, and there are not men enough in this stable to stop them from following her."

The officer took them to the police station, and the chief of police knew Fred when he removed his disguise.

The men were locked up, and the horses were taken to the police stables, led by Evelyn.

It created an immense sensation. The prisoners sent for lawyers, and Fred did likewise.

The next morning, in the police court, they were remanded for the grand jury by the judge. Evelyn proved, out in the street, to the satisfaction of the judge that the horses were hers.

After several days the judges said that he would have an examination to see if the horses' coats had been dyed, and the test showed that they were originally gray. They were promptly awarded to her.

Next week's issue will contain "FRED FEARNOT'S WONDERFUL COURAGE; OR, THE MISTAKE OF THE TRAIN ROBBER."

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Dependence cannot be placed on monetary compensation in the form of a pension, for in the past the pension system has proved a distinct failure insofar as constructive ends are involved.

The only compensation of real value for physical disability is rehabilitation for self-support. Make a man again capable of earning his own living and the chief burden of his handicap drops away.

The disability of some crippled soldiers is no bar to returning to their former trade, but the injuries of many disqualify them from pursuing again their past occupation. The schools of training prepare these men for some work in which their physical handicap will not materially interfere with their production.

The one-armed soldier is equipped with working appliances which have supplanted the old familiar artificial limb. The new appliances are designed with a practical aim only in view; they vary according to the trade in which the individual is to engage. For example, the appliance for a machinist would be quite different from that with which a wood-turner would be provided. Some appliances have attached to the stump a chuck in which various tools or hooks can interchangeably be held. The wearer uses these devices only while at work; for evenings and holidays he is provided with a "dress arm," which is made in imitation of the lost natural member.

An important factor in the success of re-educational work is an early start, so that the disabled man shall have no chance to go out unemployed into the community. In even a short period of exposure to the sentimental sympathy of family and friends, his "will to work" is so broken down that it becomes difficult again to restore him to a stand of independence and ambition. For this reason, therefore, the plan for his future is made at as early a date as his physical condition admits, and training is actually under way before the patient is out of the hospital.

In the readjustment of the crippled soldier to civilian life, his placement in employment is a matter of the greatest moment. In this field the employer has a very definite responsibility.

But the employer's duty is not entirely obvious. It is, on the contrary, almost diametrically opposite to what one might superficially infer it to be. The duty is not to "take care of" from patriotic motives, a given number of disabled men, finding for them any odd jobs which are available, and putting the ex-soldiers in them without much regard to whether they can earn the wages paid or not.

Yet this method is all too common. A local committee of employers will deliberate about as follows: "Here are a dozen crippled soldiers for whom we must find jobs. Jones, you have a large factory; you should be able to take of six of them. Brown, can you not find places for four of them in your warehouse? And, Smith, you ought to place at least a couple in your store."

Such a procedure cannot have other than pernicious results. In the first years of war the spirit of patriotism runs high, but experience has shown that men placed on this basis alone find themselves out of a job after the war has been over several years, or, in fact, after it has been in progress for a considerable period of time.

A second weakness in this method is that a man who is

patronized by giving him a charity job, comes to expect as a right such semi-gratuitous support. Such a situation breaks down rather than builds up character, and makes the man progressively a weaker rather than a stronger member of the community. We must not do our returned men such injury.

The third difficulty is that such a system does not take into account the man's future. Casual placement means employment either in a make-shift job as watchman or elevator operator such as we should not offer our disabled men except as a last resort—or in a job beyond the man, one in which, on the cold-blooded considerations of product and wages, he cannot hold his own. Jobs of the first type have for the worker a future of monotony and discouragement. Jobs of the second type are frequently disastrous, for in them a man, instead of becoming steadily more competent and building up confidence in himself, stands still as regards improvement and loses confidence every day. When he is dropped or goes to some other employment, the job will have had for him no permanent benefit.

Twelve men sent to twelve jobs may all be seriously misplaced, while the same twelve placed with thought and wisdom and differently assigned to the same twelve jobs may be ideally located. If normal workers require expert and careful placement, crippled candidates for employment require it even more.

The positive aspect of the employer's duty is to find for the disabled man a constructive job which he can hold on the basis of competency alone. In such a job he can be self-respecting, be happy, and look forward to a future. This is the definite patriotic duty.

Thousands of cripples are now holding important jobs in the industrial world. But they are men of exceptional character and initiative and have, in general, made their way in spite of employers rather than because of them. Too many employers are ready to give the cripple alms, but not willing to expend the thought necessary to place him in a suitable job. This attitude has helped to make many cripples dependent. With our new responsibilities to the men disabled in fighting for us, the point of view must certainly be changed. What some cripples have done other cripples can do—if only given an even chance.

The industrial cripple should be considered as well as the military cripple, for in these days of national demand for the greatest possible output there should not be left idle any men who can be made into productive workers.

With thoughtful placement effort, many men can be employed directly on the basis of their past experience. With the disabled soldiers who profit by the training facilities the government will provide, the task should be easier.

This, then, constitutes the charge of patriotic duty upon the employer:

To study the jobs under his jurisdiction to determine what ones might be satisfactorily held by cripples. To give the cripples preference for these jobs. To consider thoughtfully the applications of disabled men for employment, bearing in mind the importance of utilizing to as great an extent as possible labor which would otherwise be unproductive. To do the returned soldier the honor of offering him real employment, rather than proffering him the ignominy of a charity job.

If the employer will do this, it will be a great factor in making the complete elimination of the dependent cripple a real and inspiring possibility.

OLD KING COTTON

—OR—

THE LUCK OF A BOY TRADER

By F. A. HARDY

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII.

THE DAUGHTER OF SIMS RADCLIFF.

Leaping wildly along the thoroughfare, the animal was keeping to the middle of the street, reckless and frightened.

Jack stepped off the sidewalk, into the street, and made a dash for the center, turning and running in the same direction as the runaway.

Quickly the horse caught up with the sprinting boy, and Jack reached out a hand for the bridle!

Like a chip in a wild rush of water, he was swept off his feet, into the air!

But he clung for even that moment, and a second later his feet touched the ground once again, only again to be tossed in the air as the frantic animal tried to free itself.

His clutch on the rein was almost loosened by this second plunge of the horse, but he managed to grip tightly enough to hold until he touched the ground again.

Like a flash Jack turned and gripped the rein with the other hand, thus throwing all his weight on the head of the animal.

At the same time other men from the sidewalk ran into the street, and a young man with some running capacity managed to grip the horse at the other side.

The horse was stilled after a moment or two, and Jack spoke quietly into its ear, bringing it to understand that friends were by.

Then he turned to see who it was in the buggy. It was she!

Jack's face went red as the brightest poppy—here she was again!

For the third time he had saved her life, or, at least, he had stepped into her life again in a crisis!

For the first time his courage came to him.

Smiling pleasantly, he walked to the buggy and put out a hand to lift her down from the vehicle.

Then, having been too excited previously, she recognized the face of the boy who was offering his hand.

"Why—why—how do you do?" she exclaimed, as a bright red suffused her face, and the prettiest smile he had ever seen came into her eyes.

She reached out and grasped the hand of the

young fellow, stepping to the ground, as another young man came running up.

"Helen! What's the matter? Are you hurt?" he asked, all out of breath, taking off his hat and bowing to her.

"No, thanks to this young man, I am all right. He stopped the horse and saved me from some damage, I think," she answered, turning to Jack and nodding to him.

Jack's courage was still with him, despite the fact that the smile was as pretty as before, the eyes that same deep blue.

"This is Mr. Burns, Mister—Mister——" and before she hesitated too long Jack supplied the name: "John Warren."

"Warren!" exclaimed the girl, swinging suddenly on the young man. "Are you Jack Warren, of New York?"

How did she know anything of Jack Warren? Where had she heard his name that she should be surprised?

"I am Jack Warren, and from New York," he replied.

"Do you work for Bolling & Company?" she asked quickly, turning her back on the other man and speaking straight to Jack.

Others of the crowd that had gathered were standing close beside, but this did not deter them.

"Yes," was Jack's easy response, and then, thinking of the crowd, he said: "Let us get to the sidewalk, and talk there."

Taking her arm he led her through the crowd, turning to the young man to say:

"Mr. Burns, we'll wait for you on the walk over here."

Burns went to his horse to see that everything was all right, while the couple reached the sidewalk.

"Are you really Jack Warren, of New York, and do you really work for Bolling & Company?" she asked again.

"All that is correct," replied Jack. "And may I be asking too much to know who Miss Helen is?"

The smile which had won for Jack so many friends wherever he went, that frank, open, pleasant smile that warmed the very cockles of the heart, now accompanied the question.

"Me, you mean? Don't you know me?" rather in surprise, and coquetry, too. "Why, I should have

thought after the way we've met that you would have tried to learn who I was, at least," and there was the slightest little feeling of injury in her voice and manner.

"Perhaps I haven't known where to learn," he responded, again smiling. "You are right when you think that I have wondered who you were and where I might see you again."

"But you are Jack Warren, and I have been wondering who Jack Warren was so much," she murmured.

"Why have you worried so about Jack Warren? Really, take my word for it, he isn't much to worry about."

"But I have worried about him. I have so wanted to see him. And now—I'm so glad you are Jack Warren—and I'm so glad to know you are he!"

Jack was plainly bothered by this mystery, and he asked her about it.

"Tell me why you've worried about him, and how you came to know anything about Jack Warren."

"I can't tell you very well right here, and Mr. Burns will want me to go with him in a few minutes," she replied. "But I am visiting here for a little while, and I'd like awfully well to see you. I have something to tell you that's awfully important—you don't know how important it is!"

Just then young Burns crossed to the sidewalk and spoke to them:

"Miss Helen, I'm mighty sorry that I'll not be able to take you driving. The shaft of the buggy is broken, and it will have to be repaired. I've sent it to the shop."

The young lady replied that it was all right, and she expressed her sorrow over the accident and the need for repairs.

"Do you wish to take a walk instead?" asked Burns.

Then a thought came to the young lady. It is peculiar how bold they will become at times, how domineering.

"Mr. Burns, if you don't really mind, want to talk a while with Mr. Warren. He is from New York, and I've heard of him so much through friends. I really want to talk with him, and he's only going to be here for a day. Would you mind if I walked to the house with him? You'll come out this evening, I'm sure, won't you?"

What was there for Burns to do? Could he refuse? And he did not. He accepted the situation in the true, gracious, Southern spirit, and replied that it certainly would be all right with him; that he must see about his buggy, and that he would call this evening.

"Now, won't you walk with me to the house of my aunt?" asked the young lady, turning to Jack.

Wouldn't he, though? Just wouldn't he?

"Now I'm ready to tell you how I came to know of Jack Warren," she started, as they moved up the street toward the main part of the business section.

Jack nodded his assent. He was anxious to know.

"It was on the train," she started the story, "be-

tween Asheville and Birmingham. Mamma and myself were coming South to visit Aunt Kate, and we came that way. Papa will be down next week, I think. But I'll not tell you all that."

She halted for a moment, and Jack waited for her to continue.

"There were two men sitting on the seat in front of us. Mamma fell to sleep, for the afternoon was warm, while I was trying to struggle through a story in a magazine."

Again she halted the story, and they walked several yards in silence.

"I heard one of the men call papa's name, and that made me take notice. I know they didn't think I could hear, or they would have stopped. I heard them talk about the cotton market and all that, and a plan for a corner or something of that kind, and of course I was interested."

Jack wondered why she was interested in a cotton market and a corner.

"One of the men said he had to be gotten out of the way, that he would spoil the whole thing. That was interesting, too, and I strained every nerve not to miss a thing."

"I should think so," smiled the young fellow.

"Then one of the men, the one who was doing all the talking, said that Jack Warren was Bolling's right-hand man, and they would have to get him out of the way as soon as they could. Then he told how he tried to catch him that morning, but missed him, because some brakeman stopped him."

Jack's mind immediately went to the run which the man had made for him at Asheville.

"He said Jack Warren was in Birmingham, and that they'd track him there and get him out of the way as soon as possible. That's all I could hear, but I know it's something bad," she turned to Jack.

"It certainly does sound like it, doesn't it?" he smiled at her.

"Aren't you afraid? Aren't you the Jack Warren?" she asked.

"I don't know. I might be. I'm a Jack Warren, and I'm the right-hand man of Bolling. That much is sure. But why do they want me out of the way?"

"I don't know," answered the girl. "Are you really the right-hand man of Bolling, of Wall Street?"

Jack blushed a little as he answered that he was, and they turned off the main street toward the residence section.

"What are you doing down South? Why should they want to get you out of the way?" she inquired.

"I'm down South on business connected with the firm, but I don't see why they should want to get me out of the way. What sort of looking man was he?"

"I couldn't get to see him well enough to give a description," she replied. "But I'd know him if I saw him again."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

HAS CROSS; HATES KAISER.

Otto Heyden, a bookkeeper for a coal company of Terre Haute, Ind., is a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War and is the possessor of a German Iron Cross. But, he despises the Kaiser and "the New Germany of the militarists," as he calls it. Heyden has bought \$1,000 worth of Third Liberty Loan bonds, and is one of the most patriotic native Germans in this part of the country.

GIRLS SUPPLANT MEN.

Four young women now are employed as depot operators on the Minnesota division of the Northwestern Railway, the headquarters of which are in Winona, Kans. They are taking the place of young men released to meet military needs.

These are the first women used in that branch of the railroad in history.

The female depot employees all are third track operators and are working nights. Officials say their work, in spite of the fact that they are beginners, has been highly satisfactory.

HOW TO SAVE SOAP.

When you hand the druggist a dime for your favorite cake of toilet soap and he announces that a brand has just gone up to fifteen cents, you naturally make up your mind to be just a little bit more sparing of soap. One way to do this is to buy a wire soap holder, if you do not already possess one, suggests the Illustrated World.

Nail this, or fasten it to the wall in the bathroom so that air will circulate around and beneath it. When the soap is put into the holder it dries very quickly. This will save a considerable amount of the bar, as against the loss occasioned by letting the soap rest in the wet, slimy holder. It is well to remember in buying toilet soap that oval cakes of soap waste less than those having square corners.

FINDS FOUR WOLVES.

Four wolves were discovered on the farm of Seymour Merriman, west of Fort Atkinson, Miss. The hired man noticed that the dog had tracked something to a haystack.

He went to see what it was and a large wolf ran out of the stack toward some marshy land. Upon hearing this story, one of the other men took a gun and went back to the stack with him, where the dog was still holding guard. Their efforts ousted three more of the wolves, all of which made off in the same direction.

The gun missed fire. The carcass of a cow, in a strip of woods, was doubtless the cause of the animals venturing so near civilization. It had been torn and partially eaten by the wolves.

MAKE MONEY BY BOARDING PETS.

A country boy or girl, if he or she loves to care for animals, may combine profit and pleasure by keeping some city child's pets during the family's summer vacation or while away on a trip, suggests the Farm Journal.

City people will pay well for good care given to prized pets during their absence. A Shetland pony, a canary, Angora cat or a fine-blooded dog will prove a pleasant companion for the boy or girl on the farm, and require little outlay for food.

If the animals are in first-class condition when the owner comes to claim them, he will recommend the keeper to his city friends.

FOLLOWS BOY TO JAIL.

Fourteen-year-old Lewis Foster of Ash Grove is in jail at Springfield, Mo., and "Gyp," his dog, is making the neighborhood of the prisoner untenable by his howls. The dog has taken up his stand beneath the boy's window.

This is the second time Lewis has been in trouble in a week. First he was brought up for stealing a horse, which he sold for \$3 to get money for a trip around the world. He was warned and released. Upon his return home young Lewis had a brass medallion about the size of a half-dollar. Ash Grove has a blind beggar. Lewis marched up to the indigent one and, throwing the medal into his tin cup, exclaimed:

"Here's a half-dollar; keep a nickel and give me 45 cents change." When brought here Lewis refused to come unless he could bring his dog. Now the dog refuses to move without Lewis.

NO PAY FOR WOODEN LEG.

A man who breaks his wooden leg is not entitled to compensation for the loss of a leg or the loss of a foot, it was held by the State Industrial Committee, Oklahoma City, Okla., in the case of A. H. Stewart against an oil company.

Thirty years ago Stewart lost a leg in a railroad wreck. She whittled out a wooden leg which he used for a leg up until last August when, while in the oil company's employ, he fell from a motor car and broke the pegleg and injured his knee.

Stewart took the splinters of his leg to A. A. McDonald, Chairman of the Industrial Commission, and filed a claim for 175 weeks' compensation, as is provided by State law for the loss of a leg. The commission decided that the injured man could not collect 175 weeks' compensation for the loss of a leg or for the loss of the foot thirty years ago.

He was entitled to some pay for the injury to the knee, however, it was decided, so he was given the difference between the loss of a leg and the loss of a foot, or compensation for twenty-five weeks.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HAD HIS MONUMENT READY.

Phineas Gardner Wright, aged eighty-nine, died in Putnam, Conn., May 2, from shock. Twelve years ago he ordered a monument for himself in Grove Street Cemetery. This was to be topped with a bust. The sculptor by mistake parted the flowing whiskers and Wright had another bust cut to make the likeness of himself correct.

Wright is believed to have had considerable means, though he was employed on the railroad and in local mills. For years, in summer, he went bare-foot because he thought that was a health measure.

TOBACCO MADE PART OF ARMY RATIONS.

Tobacco, which heretofore has been purchased by the soldiers or issued by the Red Cross and other agencies, will be made a part of the regular rations. On the recommendation of General Pershing, the War Department has decided upon this action. As soon as the new order goes into effect, which will be in a few days, there will be issued to each soldier of the American expeditionary forces daily four-tenths of an ounce of smoking tobacco and ten cigarette papers. Certain other articles may be substituted.

The manner in which this fraction of an ounce will be issued has not been determined, but the quartermaster is working out a plan.

ALL THEIR DOGS EATEN.

Knud Rasmussen, a Danish explorer, has reached Long's Firth with his Arctic expedition which left Denmark in April, 1916, and has charted all the firths of Northern Greenland.

He telegraphs that his progress was attended with the greatest difficulties and that two of the party, Hendrick Olsen and Dr. Wulff, perished.

After Olsen died the party started home and reached Cape Agassiz August 24 in a bad plight, without provisions, having eaten all the dogs.

Rasmussen says he and a companion walked to Etah, whence they sent provisions for the rest of the party, but the relief arrived too late to save Dr. Wulff, who had been unable to stand the last efforts.

WHY COLD IS BRACING.

The proper thing to do for that feeling of hopeless drowsiness which overcomes us so often when we are busy on an important job after lunch is to hurry off to a drug store. Choose, however, a drug store half a mile away and don't go in it; just make the round trip at your best speed. The brisk walk in the cold air will wake you up, and this is the reason why?

The nerves which control the brain are connected with several areas of the surface of the body, the palms of the hands, the feet, the face and the fore-

head, and if cold be applied to any of them the brain is stimulated. A walk on a cold day or washing the face and hands in cold water and then rubbing them vigorously will have this effect. Very hot water will also stimulate the brain, but the reaction is not so pleasant.

WHY HE WAS IN JAIL.

Fred Baker has been in the county jail in Muncie, Ind., so long that nearly everybody has forgotten why he was put there, that is, nearly everybody except Baker.

He complained that he thought it was too long a period for a man to be detained as a witness when he was not charged with any offense, but was held only because it was feared he might run away before the trial of Elmer Schell, charged with the theft of automobile tires.

Baker said that he did not wish to be mean about the thing, but that he really would like to get out of jail for a while, after being in for about nine months without having done anything wrong that he could recall. Schell himself was released under bond several months ago. Baker, on making the complaint, was released under a recognizance bond of \$300.

NEW THINGS.

Since the ruler of Afghanistan became the owner of an automobile he has ordered the construction of more than 10,000 miles of macadam roads.

The principle of the opaque post card projector has been utilized in a new machine for registering color printing plates on a printing press.

A Parisian has invented roller skates propelled by one-quarter horse-power gasoline motors, the fuel tank being carried on the wearer's belt.

To protect metal workers' hands from flying fragments a glove has been invented with a screen guard projecting from the side opposite the thumb.

After a controversy that lasted ten years French scientists have decided that the use of old corks in wine bottles is not detrimental to health.

The National Department of Health has refused to permit telephone operators in Argentina to work one hour daily more than their regular time.

Less expensive than the usual wax figures on which women's attire is displayed is a recently patented figure made of heavy cardboard, suitably colored and with jointed limbs.

To prevent spontaneous combustion in large coal piers British scientists have found that iron or earthenware pipes should be inserted to afford ventilation as the coal is piled.

The capacity of a flat top office desk recently patented can be increased by raising a set of pigeon holes at the back, the attachment being lowered for security when not in use.

FROM ALL POINTS

SHOES FOR SAMMIES.

Carrying a sign saying "Saving Shoe Leather for the Sammies," Letha May Owens, aged nine, the daughter of Clay Owens, of Terre Haute, Ind., led thirty barefooted pupils of Collett Park school in a parade in the north end of the city the other night. The parade gathered strength as it passed along until the total seemed a small army.

WHITE MICE FARM GOOD.

Pleasanton is perhaps the only town in Southwestern Texas that can claim a white mice farm. It is owned by E. H. Armand at this time. The Government is using many of these little animals for various purposes and every day's mail brings letters asking for from ten to fifty for private individuals. Mr. Armstrong says that considering the amount invested, raising white mice is more profitable than raising cattle.

WATER WILL NOT HARM NEW LEATHER SUBSTITUTES.

The extremely high price of leather has been a factor in producing a new substitute which is already being used substantially in making workmen's gloves and other articles, and is proving to be more durable than the split leather used for that purpose, it is claimed. The new material, says Popular Mechanics, has a base of strongly woven cotton fabric, on one side of which is a heavy nap that takes the place of a lining in a glove. The other side is finished with a pliable coating that is impervious to grease and dirt. Unlike leather, this substitute does not harden after being wet, but dries soft and pliable.

KITTEN RUNS AUTO.

An electric coupe, owned by J. P. Rice of No. 5231A Von Versen Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., traveled more than two blocks on Union Boulevard the other night with an Angora cat as its only occupant, the kitten apparently having started the machine while it was parked in front of the Cabanne library.

The coupe traveled south, ran into the rear of the automobile of Allen W. Clark of No. 5524 Maple Avenue and pushing it more than a block until Clark got out of his own car and climbed into the coupe, turning off the power in the latter. When he got in the kitten got out.

Rice told the police that the kitten was not his and must have crawled into the machine after he had left it. It is possible for a cat to start an electric if the switch is not thrown out. The only movement necessary is the pushing of a lever at the side of the driver's seat. A cat playing on the seat cushion might do this

GIVE UP CANDY.

Saguache, Cal., public school assays 100 per cent pure when it comes to patriotism.

The pupils of Saguache—there are two of them—come from the same home. It is a home of extreme poverty. The youngsters attend classes in their bare feet when the weather permits and their clothing has an appearance that might be associated with the present-day Belgian kiddies.

Yet, when the Junior Red Cross wave struck Saguache the two ragged little fellows shyly edged their way to the teacher's desk one morning and deposited thereon fifteen pennies with the query:

"Is that enough to make us members of the Red Cross?"

The teacher didn't have the heart to say "No." She knew the youngsters had sacrificed their winter's candy allowance, and she made up the 85 cents difference.

PNEUMATIC CAULKING GUN.

A pneumatic caulking machine which, it is said, will do the work of 10 men, has been tried out at the Vancouver yard of the G. M. Standifer Construction Corporation. The test is said to have been a complete success. James F. Clarkson, General Manager of the plant, declares the machine will prove to be a great labor-saving device. Thirty-one hundred feet of single thread oakum was driven home by the machine. A time test showed 35 feet of one seam on the deck of a vessel completed in three and one-half minutes.

The machine was demonstrated recently to Emergency Fleet Corporation representatives, including James O. Heyworth and James B. Bell, of the Division of Wood Ship Construction.

Like riveting "guns" the caulking machine is driven by air, fed through a hose from a compressor line. The "gun" is double action. The principle is similar to that of a sewing machine. The oakum used is received in a woven state and women are employed to arrange the material in hanks, which are fed into the machine on one side. The machine travels on three small wheels, and the oakum is twisted automatically as it is driven into the seams.

Mr. Clarkson said there were about 300 orders placed by Puget Sound builders. The machine now in operation is the first received on the coast, and several more are promised in the next few weeks.

A number of caulkers are working at the Vancouver and North Portland yards, and they will be given the machines, each caulker having a helper. Not only is the machine much speedier than hand caulking, says Mr. Clarkson, but the cost of caulking one of the big wooden hulls will be lowered to little more than one-tenth of what some hulls have represented.

INTERESTING TOPICS

STARVING RUSSIANS FOR SUICIDE CLUBS.

Advices from Russia show that Petrograd is afflicted with a desperate food shortage. Each citizen gets only 100 grams of bread daily. Social disorder is increasing steadily. Hundreds of "free love" societies and circles are being established in the rich quarters.

Among the poor suicides are increasing. Dozens of "suicide clubs" have been formed. The prospect of a Finnish-German march on the capital leaves the population of Petrograd indifferent.

EVIDENCE OF NEW COPPER FIELD IN CANADA.

Indications of the presence of copper deposits over a large district in Northern Canada have of late attracted attention. Study of specimens has given rise to the belief that the geological formation is similar to that of the Lake Superior region, renowned for its highly productive mines, says Popular Mechanics. The new area lies east of Great Bear Lake and seems to follow the course of the Copper Mine River, which discharges into Coronation Gulf. Reports of evidences of copper have come from points as far east as Bathurst Inlet, and also from Victoria Island. The possibility of there being a great copper field somewhere in the region seems strong.

SOME LIBERTY LOAN PURCHASES.

It is estimated that the Americans of foreign birth or extraction purchased \$350,000,000 of the Third Liberty Loan; the number of such bond buyers is estimated at over 5,000,000.

A consular telegram from Shanghai, China, states that subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan in Shanghai amounted to over \$600,000.

The American Embassy in Mexico states that the subscriptions in that city are more than \$384,000, more than double the quota set for the Americans living there.

The Shah of Persia purchased a \$10,000 Liberty Bond.

COLLEGE GIRLS PLANT.

More than fifty young women, who are students at the Western College for Women, Oxford, O., assisted in planting a twenty-acre field in potatoes on the college farm recently.

Dr. W. W. Boyd, President of the Institution, has announced that all of the young women who desire may remain after commencement on July 10 and work in the gardens. They will work eight hours a day and receive \$5 a week in addition to their board and room.

The students are showing much interest in the project, and many have enrolled for a period of four weeks.

DAYLIGHT SAVING NO WORRY THERE.

Daylight saving does not worry the people of Alaska, according to G. S. Cullen of Anchorage, who is here. "On June 21, last year, they started a baseball game at 9 o'clock in the evening," said Cullen. "Saving daylight is not a vital matter in the northern territory during the summer. A man can work sixteen hours a day if he wants to."

PORTO RICO CLOSED TO GERMAN AGENTS.

Porto Rico as a gateway for the passage of German agents from South America to New York has been closed. New regulations ordered by Commissioner of Immigration Evans have been put into effect, and it is no longer possible for the German agent to come from South America on a passport, destroy the passport and sail for New York on the simple assertion he was a Porto Rican.

Under the new regulations he will not be permitted to sail without a passport bearing his photograph.

CUNNING OF CROWS.

Travelers in the Orient have much to say about the Indian crow, a bird that for uncanny knowledge and prankish audacity has perhaps no equal.

Corvus splendens—thus have ornithologists labeled him; but a famous naturalist who knows the breed at first hand has called them "shreds of Satan, cinders from Tartarus." To give these impish creatures their due, however, it should be said that life in India is not a little enlivened by their presence. Here is a characteristic incident in this relation:

A small hawk had seized a little bird and perched on a leafless branch to devour his prey. The spectacle drew two crows to the spot. They hopped and flapped from branch to branch, noisily discussing the strategy of their intended raid.

Then one of them quietly slipped away through the surrounding foliage. At the same time his mate flew in front of the perching hawk, and hovering steadily within a foot of his beak maintained a bustling menace of snatching the titbit.

That effectively compelled the attention of the hawk. His prey grasped firmly beneath his feet, he angrily hissed and lunged at the hovering nuisance. So lively was the skirmish that the human onlooker forgot the existence of the second crow. But now that wily bird reappeared some distance in the rear of his destined victim.

With stealthy sidlings and short, noiseless flights he drew near. Then he made a swift dash, seized the hawk's long, barred tail by the tip, hung on with his full weight and toppled the luckless hawk in a complete back somersault from the branch. The released titbit was instantly seized by the first crow, and the clever pair bore off their booty with much triumphant cawing.

WORK AND WIN

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1918.

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will be in accordance with the recently adopted plans for intensive training for the classes now in the Academy and which will enter next month. The plan which was carried out in former years of organizing a special training fleet for the cruise will not be followed this year, as the ships are not available for this duty, and it is believed that the work with the regular fleet will be of greater advantage under present conditions. The midshipmen will go aboard the ships shortly after the graduation exercises have been held and will be returned to the Naval Academy early enough in the fall to permit a short leave before resuming their work there. The absence of the midshipmen on this cruise will enable the Navy Department to house at the Academy the students of the Training School for Reserve Officers and provide ample accommodations for the class of approximately 700, which started June 10.

GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

The United States Bureau of Standards has just issued a report on its tests of American-made glass for chemical use, which shows all the new American brands to be superior to the Kavalier and equal or superior to the Lena, both German glass that was almost universally used before the war.

An infantry regiment now consists of 2,755 officers and men, as follows: Officers, 103; headquarters and headquarters company, 203 men; three battalions of four rifle companies each, 3,078; one supply company, 110; one machine-gun company, 178; one medical detachment, 56. Each rifle company has a strength of 250 men and 6 officers.

The \$75,000,000 United States ordnance plant, giving America the biggest gun factory in the world, will be built in the Chicago steel district, east of the United States Steel Corporation's plant at Gary, on the lake front. Surveyors are already laying out the site. Negotiations for the land were completed the other day. Guy R. Cockley owned part of the site and the Consumers Company another big parcel.

Experiments with seaweed as a diet for horses, made by M. Adrian of the French Ministry of War, first upon sick horses and then upon strong cavalry mounts, demonstrated that not only would the animals eat the seaweed but that those fed upon it instead of oats grew heavier than those fed upon oats. M. Adrian says 75 pounds of seaweed equals 100 pounds of oats. The salt is extracted from the seaweed by a special process.

Arrangements have been completed for the summer practice cruise of the midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy, but no details are to be disclosed. It may, however, be stated that the midshipmen will receive their course of training during the cruise on battleships and armored cruisers and the course

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"I shall jump into the river, father, if Ella rejects me!" "Don't do it, Karl—you know so little about water."

Candidate for Employment (to foreman)—You want a character from my last employer? Why, he has been dead these twenty years.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

Enthusiastic Auditor (at the opera)—Didn't she do the aria divinely! Boarding-House Miss—Huh! You ought to hear that on our graphophone!

Mrs. Knicker—That little Jones boy has such beautiful table manners. Mrs. Borker—Yes, his mother always feeds him at home before he is invited out.

Mamma—Come now, Harry, it's past your time to get up! Harry—Never mind, mamma. I'll just stay in bed till my time comes around again.

She—I see an average of 800 persons are killed in the United States each year by lightning. He—Then, dear, that should be a warning to you not to make yourself too attractive.

It is claimed that printers are peculiarly liable to consumption, and those who doubt this should take a day off and watch the squad around Newspaper Row at lunch time any week-day.

Little Bella—Mr. Squire, do drink your tea. I am awfully anxious to see you drink. Mr. Squire—What makes you so anxious, dear? Little Bella—Oh, ma said you drink like a fish.

THE HAND OF DEATH

By Horace Appleton

The night was intensely dark. The old Hudson was foaming with waves. The vessels anchored in the New York harbor were plunging and tossing, threatening at every lunge to break away from their moorings, and either run ashore or be swept out to sea.

Intense darkness settled over the waters, save where now and then a vivid flash of lightning played upon the scene, lighting them up with a lurid glare.

Three men were in a boat pulling directly across from the Battery, inclining their boat just a little up the river. The beautiful Hudson seemed on this particular night to be in a rage. The waves leaped high about the prow of the small boat, threatening each moment to engulf its occupants.

Those dark mysterious waters that have concealed so much of the crimes of the great city seemed now to hiss and dance with fury as the boat leaped successfully from wave to wave.

Two men were at the oars, and another sat in the stern. The oarsmen were thirty-five and forty-five years of age. Both experienced boatmen, and had evidently made the river their occupation for years.

The man in the stern of the boat was not over twenty-two or three years of age. He had a boat cloak fastened about his neck, which fell off at the shoulders, leaving the arms free. His hat had blown off, and he was bareheaded.

His eyes were glaring wildly into the dark waters which hissed and foamed about them.

"Pull, men, pull!" he almost shrieked in order to be heard above the roaring storm.

"Ay, ay, my hearties!" responded the elder of the boatmen in a voice of thunder, that had long grown accustomed to the roar of the ocean. "But I tell ye, my friend, I don't think it's worth while."

"It is worth while!" shrieked the hatless young man in the stern of the boat. "We must find them before the fiendish deed is accomplished."

A flash of lightning now showed how strangely wild the face of the young man was in the boat. His hair was blown back from his forehead, and his eyes were wildly searching the darkness. His face, once the pride of thousands, had in one brief hour of horror grown appalling.

"We'll go wherever ye say," replied the elder of the boatmen, "but it seems to me as though we're on the wrong tack."

"No, no, we must be right, we shall be right," cried the young man in the stern, who was none other than Johnnie Collins, once the pride of song and dance men of America.

He and his brother Jimmie Collins were, a few years ago, the most promising stars of the stage. It was just at the time that their fame was becoming known. Just as they were emerging from ob-

curity into fame and fortune, we find Johnnie, the oldest of the Collins brothers, on the Hudson in this darkness, almost distracted, as we have seen.

"This is dark sailin'," said Jack Noel to his companion at the oar. "I am sure, Joe, it is the darkest night I ever dipped an oar in my life."

"I believe you, Jack," said his companion, Joe Johnson. "One can't see an oar's length, and we are liable to run into some ship's riggin' an' be dashed to pieces at any moment."

"Come, Joe, don't prove yourself a coward an' disgrace the name o' a salt."

Joe was silenced. The insinuation doubting his courage had effectually stopped his murmurs.

The boat dashed on amid the roaring waves. The eyes of Johnnie Collins were wildly staring over the dark waters, waiting to take in all that the vivid flash of lightning might reveal.

Heavy peals of thunder rolled along the horizon and shook the earth. The lightning leaped from wave to wave along the waters, or danced on the shore. There was one sharp peal more heavy than any that had preceded it. At the same moment the lurid glare of livid sheets of flame encompassed a noble brig that stood at anchor near.

Mast, shroud, and rigging were one living blaze of fire. The boat sheered off from the burning ship and soon passed beyond the circle of its light, into the impenetrable darkness.

"Pull, for the love of heaven, pull!" cried the excited actor, now standing up in the stern of the boat, and wildly urging the men onward.

His eyes had caught sight of a boat half a mile in the distance, pulling toward the pier.

The men redoubled their strokes, and the boat skimmed over the water like a storm-bird.

"Heaven grant we may be in time! Heaven spare him until I come to his assistance! The accursed villains! I have watched them for a week, and feared that they would yet overcome my poor brother. Oh, I felt it, and I feel it now, that when they induced him to go off with them to-day that his destruction would be the result. When I found that he had today given a check for all we both have made, I knew that he was ruined. When the detective told me that he had traced them to the boat-house on the river I had my fears realized."

The above soliloquy was loud enough for the keen ears of the boatmen to hear it. Old Jack Noel was so inquisitive that he again ventured to ask:

"Do you think the sharks has got some one?"

They have—they have! You could find no more appropriate name for them than sharks."

"Who is it, shipmate?"

"My brother."

"An' they've robbed him?"

"Yes—yes."

"An' goin' to drown him?"

"Yes, yes, unless we get to them in time," cried Johnnie, wild with fears. "Pull, men, pull, as you value your lives."

Another vivid flash of lightning, and Johnnie

Collins, who had again seated himself at the stern, started up with a cry.

"Sit down, shipmate—sit down!" yelled Jack Noel, with a loud stentorian voice. "You'll fall overboard ef ye don't keep yer seat."

The vivid flash of lightning had revealed a boat in the distance, with three or four occupants.

"Heavens, we move too slow!" cried the brother, almost distracted.

"We are goin' as fast as mortals kin drive the boat," answered Jack Noel.

A wild cry now arose over the water. The young actor in the stern of Jack Noel's boat again sprang to his feet.

"Sit down, young man, as yer value your lift—sit down!" cried old Jack.

Thus admonished Johnnie Collins took his seat. "It is his voice—it is Jimmie!" cried the young actor.

"Help, help!" came the gurgling cry, borne on the stormy winds to their ears.

"Keep yer seat, young man!" cried the old boatman. "We'll get there much sooner by yer remainin' still."

Another gurgling cry came in the darkness, this time not a dozen oars' lengths away.

The plunge of a heavy body in the waters immediately followed.

The rain had been falling in perfect torrents for the last five minutes.

"Hold, hold!" cried Johnnie Collins, as the boat came to the spot where the last gurgling cry and plunge had been heard. "He has been thrown overboard here somewhere. Look, look, for the love of Heaven!—look now with all your eyes when the next flash of lightning reveals the face of the waters."

It came.

A crack of thunder seemed to rend the sphere in twain, and a lurid glare of lightning lit up the entire scene for many rods around.

Johnnie Collins uttered a cry of horror.

"Back, back on your oars!" he shrieked.

Not half a cable's length in their wake was a hand—a single human hand—protruding above the dark waters.

Old Jack Noel saw it, and shuddered. It looked like the icy hand of death. Pushing back on their oars, the boat glided stern foremost toward the fearful object. Johnnie Collins sat in the stern of the boat, ready to grasp it.

The lightning's constant play revealed it. Nearer and nearer, until they were on the object. The young actor, bending forward, grasped it. Old Jack came to his assistance, and they dragged the body into the boat.

A single glance told Johnnie Collins that it was his brother, and that he had been slain for his money.

"Revenge—revenge!" shrieked the young actor, dropping the body of his dead brother and drawing his revolver. "Pull, pull after that boat!"

A flash of lightning revealed the boat, with only three men in it, not more than a dozen cable lengths away.

Crack!

A pistol shot whizzed above the boat.

"Let me in the bow," said Johnnie, in a cool, determined voice.

Clutching his heavy revolver, he took his position. He cocked his pistol, and awaited the next friendly blaze of lightning that was to reveal to him the murderers of his brother.

He held the pistol in a firm hand that was steadied by determination. He spoke no word; he hardly breathed. His hand was as steady as a rock.

The flash of lightning came.

Crack—crack! went two revolver shots. A bullet grazed the head of the young actor, and one of the oarsmen of the flying boat lay struggling in the bottom, a bullet through his body.

"Forward, faster!" cried Johnnie. "One of the demons has met a just retribution."

The oarsmen in both boats now rowed for life. Old Jack Noel and Joe Johnson had never found their equal, and were not to be outdone on this night. Their boat bounded over the waters, and as the next flash of lightning came they were fairly against the stern of the boat of the murderers.

Johnnie Collins, like an avenging Nemesis, sprang from his own boat into the one occupied by the murderers of his brother.

Crack! crack! crack! Bang! bang! bang! rang out the rapid report of firearms sharp and clear above the roaring of the storm. Bullets flew thick and fast.

The young actor, regardless of the shots that struck his body, pressed forward on his antagonists, and shot down first one and then the other.

All three of the murderers lay dead in the bottom of their boat just as old Jack and Joe Johnson, armed with their oars, sprang into the boat to aid the young avenger.

A vivid flash of lightning revealed the result of the battle.

"By the powers o' the deep, but, shipmate, ye've brought 'em all up standin' hain't ye?" cried old Jack.

"Are ye hurt?"

"Killed!" was the answer.

"Heavens, it's so!" cried the kind-hearted old sailor. "We must get these two boats in to shore at once, Joe," he added.

Johnnie Collins lived long enough after the shore was reached to give a full account of the murder at the police station. The money taken from his brother was found in the murderers' boat.

It amounted to nearly four thousand dollars.

Having no relatives, he willed it to the two faithful boatmen.

"We well earned it," said old Jack, after the two brothers were buried in one grave. "I wouldn't again look on that Hand of Death for twice that much money."

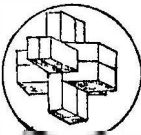
WILLARD-JOHNSON PRIZE-FIGHT PUZZLE.



Four strips of cardboard, each three inches by one and a half inches, showing Willard and Johnson in various absurd postures. The solution in the puzzle lies in so arranging the strips that they show Willard in the complete picture, the heavy weight champion. Price, 10c, by mail postpaid, with directions.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

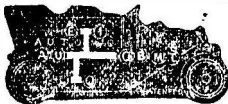
MIRAKO BLOCK PUZZLE.



Imported from Japan. This neat little puzzle consists of six strangely cut pieces of white wood unnumbered. The trick is to so assemble the blocks as to form a six point cross. Price 12c, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 163 Centre St., Bklyn., N. Y.

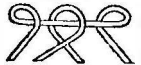
AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE.



This little steel puzzle is one of the most perplexing on the market, and yet when you master it a child could do it. It measures 1 1/2 by 4 inches. The trick is to spell out words as indicated on the cut. Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE TANTALIZER PUZZLE.



Consists of one horizontal and one perpendicular piece of bright polished metal bent in such a manner that when assembled it seems utterly impossible to get them apart, but by following the directions it is very easily accomplished. This one is a brain twister. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 63d St., New York City.

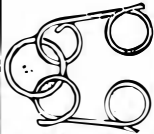
MARBLE VASE.



A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful embezzled turned wood vase. Price, 20c, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

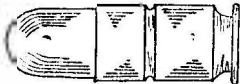
DEVIL'S LOCK PUZZLE.



Without exception, this is the hardest one of all. And yet, if you have the directions you can very easily do it. It consists of a ring passed through two links on shafts. The shanks of this puzzle are always in the way. Get one and learn how to take the ring off. Price, 15c, by mail, postpaid, with directions.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

DICE BULLET.



This Bullet and container will amuse you lots of "game." Not, however, the kind of game usually "got" with bullets. The illustration may suggest the idea. This little novelty consists of a real shell filled with a hollow "bullet," and contains two small bone dice. This will make a very acceptable gift to any of your soldier friends. Each 15 cents, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 63d St., New York City.

JITNEY BUS GAME.



A circular metal box with a glass top. Inside is a tiny garage fixed at one side and a loom traveling the Ford. It requires an expert to get the swiftly moving auto into the garage. This one grabs your interest, holds it, and almost makes you wild when you find after repeated trials how hard it is to do the trick. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

TWO-CARD MONTE.



This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

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The most comical fortune telling cards ever issued. Every one a joke that will arouse screams of laughter. They are shuffled, and one is drawn—red for ladies, white for gentlemen. On the drawn card is a mirth-provoking picture, and a few words revealing your fortune. Price, 5c, sent by mail, postpaid.

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HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD
BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

Now Has Prolific Hair and Will Give True Recipe Free;
It is Scientifically Verified

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at the age of 68, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an ointment that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret that he had. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable ride in exchange.

I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce the wonderful kotal-ko (which I call for short kotal-ko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has proved a empty proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through danger, fever,



Plenty of Hair Now.

excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.

The Secret Now Revealed

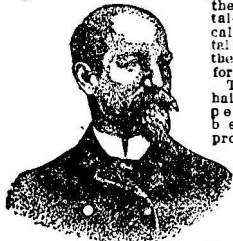
Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce kotal-ko, the Indian hair ointment. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that kotal-ko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply kotal-ko, according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

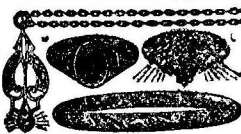
Recipe Given Free

The recipe I shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BG-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.

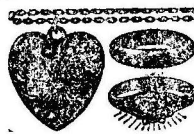


When I was Bald.

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To accelerate the growth of a Moustache use KOTALKO. A small box will be mailed for 25 cents; a large box, for \$1.00 Postpaid in plain package. Fine reports from many users. Send cash or stamps to John Hart Brittain, 159 East 32d St., (BC-103), New York, N. Y.

Who will write the SONG-HIT OF THE WAR?

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War" has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression here our best patented another "It's A Long Way To Tipperary" which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies." Instantly as several Commanders of our training contingents have pointed boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

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"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid, when old, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; and that it is found in every newborn babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT.

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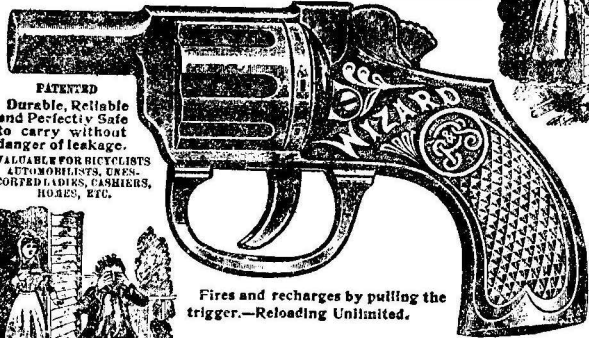
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Here is a *o* Just a tiny circle This is t |

So here is at | Here's k —

act } Spelled as pronounced cat (kat)

ng or ing } acting

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See the picture (from a photo) of Naval Radio Operator E. B. Scribner who is making rapid progress. To aid him in his career, he took up K. I. SHORTHAND and learned it in spare quarter hours when off duty at his wireless station. Soon he was able to take radio messages by stenography, accurately and with advantage in his position.

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