



Bradford 2371

# YOUTH

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## Hopper and Other Boys.

BY OLIVER T. OSWALD.

### CHAPTER IV.

Skewball was an old hand at jumping in the canal to avoid work and, as soon as he struck the water, he swam out around the bow of the boat, and made for the heel path. Reaching the sloping bank, he immediately climbed up; and after shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, he emitted several loud brays as if in defiance of our authority, and calmly started nibbling the short grass that grew on the canal bank.

When Hopper saw that he was about to be dragged down, he had presence of mind enough to keep clear of the mule. When he had disappeared in the water sufficient to give him a good ducking, he climbed up the bank, and, imitating Skewball, shook the water off his clothes as well as he could, and glancing at the fractious beast on the opposite bank, clenched his fist and vowed vengeance upon him. All this had happened in such a short space of time that we boys had been unable to render any aid; and now that we saw that Hopper was safe, we all broke into a merry laugh at his manner of "reasoning" with the mule.

"What are you fellows grinning at?" said Hopper, walking on board the boat. "You think I went into the canal with that old mule for fun?"

"No-o-o," drawled Zack. "Why didn't you reason with him?"

"Reason with a mule!" exclaimed Hopper in disgust. "I'd like to see the man that wrote that book. Don't believe he ever saw a mule. I can't stand around here in the cold. Some of you, fellows, light a fire in the cabin and don't stand grinning there like a pack of apes."

Zack immediately went in search of wood, and soon returned with an armful he had gathered from the canal bank. A fire was soon started, and Hopper proceeded to undress. After he had hung his clothes up to dry, he wrapped himself in a blanket and took a seat by the stove.

"You'll find some coffee and grub in that basket under the table," said Hopper, indicating a large basket with his finger. "Aunt Mary said we should probably get hungry before we reached home, and put up a lunch for us."

"Wonder if there's a pumpkin pie in that basket," said Zack, lifting up the cover and peering inside. "I ain't had a blessed thing to eat to-day. I don't want no more of that Elixir. When you fellows were eating all those good things this noon, I had to sit there like an old woman with nothing but tea and toast."

Zack's hopes were realized, for the first edibles he removed from the basket were two large pies of the pumpkin variety. The table was speedily spread, and we boys quickly

gathered around, Hopper wrapped in a horse blanket resembling an Indian chief.

Zack started in with a vim, making up for lost time. Cold beans, slices of bread, cake, pickles, pie, disappeared in rapid succession down his throat; and we, boys, knowing that he was hungry, allowed him more than his share of the contents of the basket.

"Suppose we'll have to catch that

"We're going to have a time with that old fellow," said Fred, as he saw Skewball's suggestive actions. "We'll never get near him as long as it's light. We'd better wait till dark, and then surround him."

Acting on Fred's suggestion, we seated ourselves on the bank, and waited for darkness.

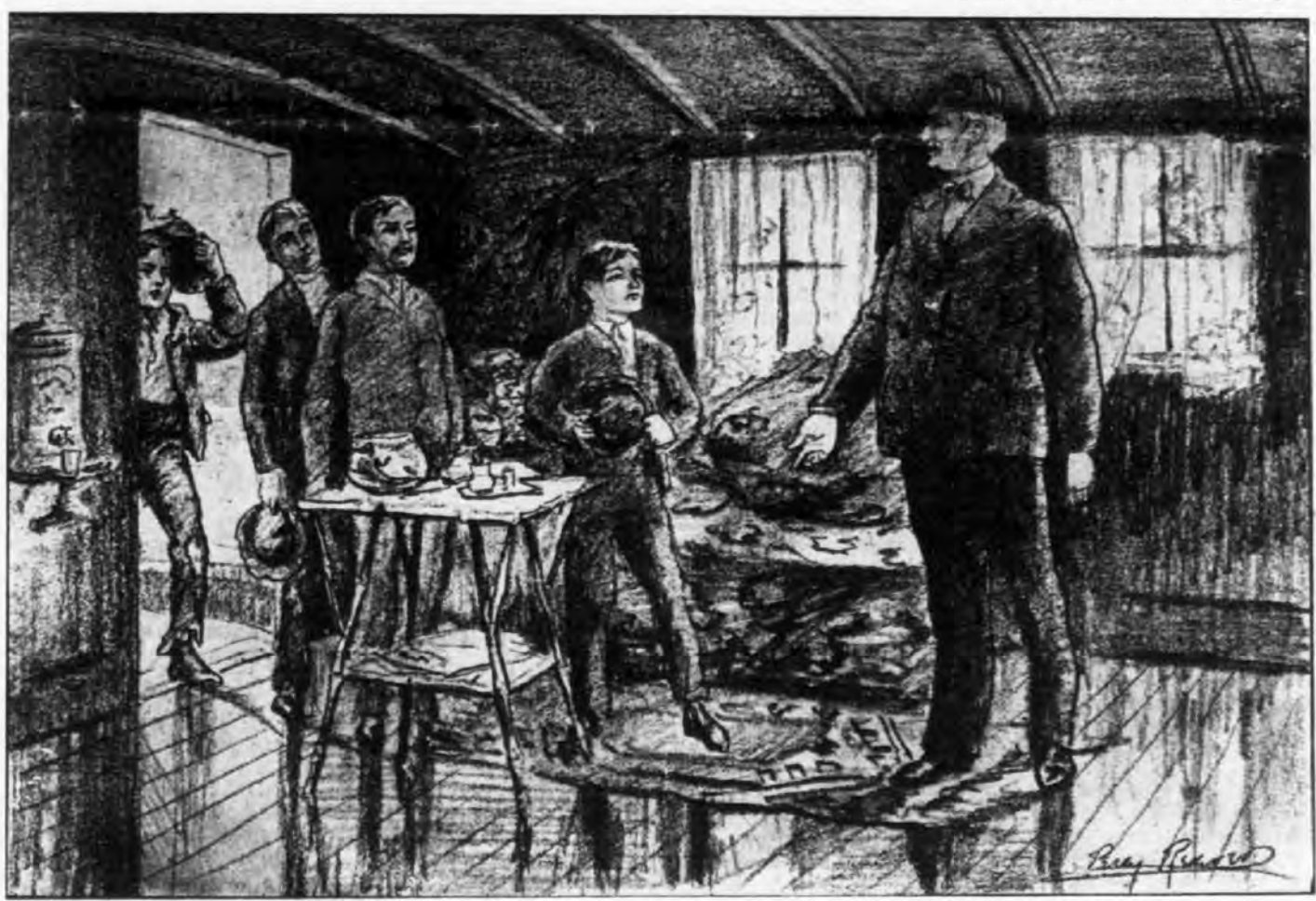
"We won't get down to Portchester to-night," Hopper said, dolefully. "Uncle Jim will be tearing mad. If he gets off that jury, he wants to start tomorrow morning early. I'm afraid our two dollars are gone up."

We did not reach Portchester that night, or the next day, as subsequent events will disclose. It was rather

Old Skewball, however, was not to be caught with such chaff. He shook his head, as though he were distinctly informing Hopper that he was not to be fooled in that way, and, just as Hopper was about to throw the rope, which he carried in his hand, around old Skewball's neck, the wily mule threw up his head, and, with a snort of defiance, wheeled around and galloped away in the darkness.

"Stop him, boys!" yelled Hopper; but we might just as well have tried to stop chain lightning as to attempt to catch old Skewball. "If you fellows had closed up there, we'd have had that old fellow," added Hopper, angrily.

"Don't catch me closing up on a



WE ALL FOUR, ON INVITATION OF THE HOUSE BOAT MAN, STEPPED ABOARD.

old mule to-night," said Hopper, with his mouth full of food. "If he should get away, Uncle Jim would skin us alive."

"He's out there yet," said Zack, glancing through the little cabin window. "As soon as your clothes are dry, Hopper, we'll all go round by the bridge and see if we can't catch him. My opinion is that we'll have to corner him, unless you want to reason with him again."

Hopper made no reply to this taunt. So, after finishing our repast, and finding that Hopper's clothes were dry, we all four walked up the tow-path to the bridge, which we crossed. Old Skewball seeing us coming, pricked up his ears and swished his tail.

cold sitting on the bank, and as soon as we thought it sufficiently dark, we spread out in circular formation and attempted to close in on old Skewball.

When we had arrived within a few yards of the beast we could see the dark outlines of his body. His head was up and his ears moving, and he presently began to snort as though he once more scented danger.

Hopper removed his hat and held it out temptingly in front of him, going in closer and closer until the animal's nose was within a few feet of it. The wary animal stuck out his nose, and, pricking up his ears, snuffed at the hat.

"Nice old Skewball," said Hopper, coaxingly. "Good old fellow, have some oats?"

mule in the dark," said Zack. "That old yellow mule of Doc Bemus's kicked me one night when I was going past his stall, and I'll never give another mule a chance to hit me."

"Well," said Hopper, throwing down the halter, "I suppose we'll have to chase around all night after that old sinner. If he should get away, I don't know what Uncle Jim would do to us."

We were about to set off in the direction taken by old Skewball when our attention was attracted by a sound which resembled a puffing of a small steamboat; and soon there appeared around the bend of the canal a strange-looking craft.

"It's the 'House Boat Man,'" said Fred, as the craft drew near.

The vessel in question was a small flat-bottom boat, propelled by a little engine of two-horse power. The cabin covered the entire area of the boat, and was fitted up with numerous windows and doors. This boat had made its appearance in Portchester some few months previous, and its owner, a stout, good-natured but somewhat eccentric individual, was a great friend of us boys. To us boys the "House Boat Man," as we called him, was a delightful character; but to older people he was a mystery. No one knew his name, where he came from, or what his business was. He had made his appearance in our little village, as I said before, some months previous, and we boys liked him for the stories he regaled us with, and the mystery that surrounded him.

The "House Boat Man" was probably not more than fifty-five or sixty years of age. He was about five feet eight inches high, but wherewithal very corpulent. He usually appeared in his shirt sleeves, with white linen trousers, and a skull cap on his head with a tassel. He perpetually traveled up and down the canal, with his pipe stuck in his mouth, and showing a plump, clean-shaven face that told at a glance of his good nature. At night time he could be seen often peeping out of one of the windows of his boat, and never failed to hail every one who passed along the towpath. Moreover, with all his eccentricities, he was evidently a man of good education, and was not easily tripped up in an argument. He lived very much like a hermit, and yet seemed to be ever on the alert. He made a point of forming friendships with the poorer people in the country, and boys were his special favorites.

The "House Boat Man" brought his boat alongside the Mary Jane, and, striking his head out of the rear door of his cabin, shouted out in nautical fashion: "Ahoy! on board the Mary Jane!"

"Here we are!" called out Hopper from the heel path. "Wait a minute and we'll come over."

"All right," returned the House Boat Man. "Who are you and what are you tied up here for?"

"I'm Hopper, and that's Uncle Jim's boat. We've lost our mule, and are out searching for him."

"Hopper, eh? Lost your mule, d'ye say? All right, boys. Wait, I'll come over to the heel path." Soon we heard the puffing of the little engine, and the house boat backed up. Then, clearing the Mary Jane, he reversed his engine, and the house boat started ahead, and was soon alongside of the heel path.

"Catch this rope!" said the House Boat Man, as he appeared in the doorway of his little cabin with a coil of rope in his hand.

Zack caught the rope, and after fastening it securely to a tree, we all four, on invitation of the House Boat Man, stepped aboard.

"Well, well, boys! I didn't expect to see you up here," said the House Boat Man, cheerily, his face wreathed in smiles. "Had trouble, eh? Lost your mule? Tell you a mule is a cantankerous animal. Makes me think of a little ditty. I'll recite it for you."

The jolly old fellow at once assumed a histrionic air, and with many gestures, began:

"Nor North, nor South, nor East, nor West

Can Fortune find another beast  
Cut out by such a cross-grained rule  
As marked the making of a mule.  
Two ears like hairy windmill sails;  
The most absurd of curious tails;  
A hoof to mark each lightning paw;  
A voice like the filing of a saw;  
An eye that seemeth calm and kind,  
That sees for half a mile behind,  
And never fails with glances quick  
To guide the well-directed kick,  
That lays the luckless driver low,  
And whelms him with its weight of woe.

He lives on thistles, weeds and sticks,  
With stubborn spells and tireless tricks.

Caught up in Nature's slyest school  
When mischief fills the faithful mule  
With nets that mock a human rule,  
They say these mules can never die,  
Are never hungry, never dry,  
Can live on sin and simple song,  
And spend their time the whole day long.

Contriving tricks, or skillful plan  
To grind with grief the soul of man,  
Nor do they mind how ill they fare,

So they but cheat his watchful care,  
And knock him over everywhere."

"That's good po'ty," said Zack, as the House Boat Man sat down.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Yes, that describes the mule exactly," said Hopper. "I never knew much about mules before, but I read the other night how you could reason with them, and according to this description of the ways of mules they were as gentle as lambs. That old Skewball is not very lamb-like though. I'm afraid our two dollars are gone. Besides, if we don't catch old Skewball, Uncle Jim will give us fits. I was going to put the two dollars with this fifty cents"—Here Hopper flipped a half a dollar in the air, which fell on the cabin floor and rolled at the feet of the House Boat man—"to buy chemicals with for the new electric battery I am putting together."

The House Boat Man picked up the half a dollar and examined it critically. "Who did you get this coin from?" he asked, looking sharply at Hopper.

"Got it last week from a fellow up in the country," replied Hopper, innocently. "Grandad sprained his ankle, and sent me out to the swamp after some bitter-sweet to make an ointment with. Wouldn't have anything but bitter-sweet, as he said that was the only thing good for a sprain. After I had dug the root, I started on my way home and met a man who asked me to mail some letters for him, handing me the fifty cents for my trouble. That was a pretty easy way to earn fifty cents."

"You will get into trouble if you try to pass that fifty cents," returned the House Boat Man, smiling.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked Hopper.

"Counterfeit!" the House Boat Man replied, laconically.

"Counterfeit?" gasped Hopper.

"Why, it looks good."

"Yes, it's a good counterfeit, and almost anybody would take it, but it's spurious just the same. This country is being flooded with counterfeit dollars and half dollars. There appears to be a gang 'showing the queer' around these parts."

"Well, said Hopper, "if we don't get our two dollars, and my half dollar being counterfeit, I'm broke. We can't stay here any longer—we'd better start after that old mule."

"We'll have to bring the boat over on the heel path side before we go," said Fred, "so that the other boats may have leeway."

"I'll pull the Mary Jane over," said the House Boat Man, "and stay here till you come back. I was going to tie up just below here any way."

We thanked the House Boat Man for his kindness, and after bidding him good-bye, we started off in the darkness once more in pursuit of old Skewball. It was a sort of wild goose chase, as it was now so dark that it was impossible to distinguish objects that came in our way; but, fortunately, after traveling for some distance, we heard the whinnying of horses. We started on a trot in the direction from which the sound came, and almost before we realized it, we stumbled on to old Skewball, who was holding a "confab" with some horses turned loose in a road side lot. But old Skewball scented us as quick as we had discovered him, and leaving his newly found friends, he trotted slowly down the road just fast enough to keep a few yards ahead of us.

"The dainged old rip!" exclaimed Zack, puffing. "I'd like to lay my hands on him. I wouldn't 'reason' with him. I'd take a club. We'll never catch him this way. I'm about beat out. I can't run much farther."

We all four were about winded, so we stopped and sat down by the roadside. As soon as we stopped, old Skewball stopped, and calmly went to eating grass.

"Just look at that old Tartar!" exclaimed Hopper, picking up a small stone. "I'm going to give him this just for luck." And he hurled the stone spitefully at Skewball. Hopper's aim was bad, and the stone passed harmlessly over the mule's head.

"You'll never catch him by stoning him," said Zack. "The only way I see is for us to drive him into some farmer's barnyard, and corner him. One

of us had better go in front of him to head him off, and the rest drive him down."

Fred agreed to take the lead, and, after making a circuitous route, arrived in front of old Skewball. We started the old mule up, and for half a mile or so everything progressed favorably; but when we arrived inside of a barn, old Skewball stopped suddenly, made two or three loud snorts, turned and jumped over the low fence and disappeared in the woods.

We started wildly after him, tearing our clothes and scratching our faces on the low limbs of the trees. We could hear the mule just in front of us, crashing through the underbrush. The hope that he would get tangled up in the brush spurred us on. To our dismay, however, the sounds made by the fleeing mule suddenly ceased, and we knew at once that old Skewball had got away clear once more.

"Say!" said Zack, stopping suddenly. "I ain't going this way any farther. We're pretty near the old Van Winkle mansion. That place is haunted. I don't care about meeting ghosts."

"O pshaw!" exclaimed Hopper. "There ain't no such thing as ghosts."

"I know different," replied Zack. "Dad and old 'Doc' Bemus seen a whole lot of 'em right in that old Van Winkle mansion. They'd been out cooning, and were coming back across lots one night, and passed by that old house. It was awful dark, and just as they got in front of the house they heard groans and screeches and wild laughter, and 'Doc' said he seed a lot of strange lights that flickered all over the house. I tell you they didn't stay there long. Dad, he was so scared that he didn't take a drink for days."

"They must ha' seen something terrible to make your dad stop drinking," I said. "He ought to meet those ghosts every day."

The Van Winkle mansion in question was a large, stone building that had been erected by an eccentric old character, who at first held high revelry within its walls. This Van Winkle would entertain in every specie of debauchery and dissipation all sorts of people he took a fancy to, and it soon gained the name of being a place where the carnival of sin was daily held. Midnight orgies were so common that for miles around people used to refer to it as "Mephisto's Earthly Palace." But after awhile, this revelry was heard no more; and from a wild life of sin, old Van Winkle lived the life of a hermit, and was never seen out of the house by mortal being but on one other occasion, when he was described as thin, gaunt and wrinkled, with long, white hair flowing down his back; his voice, harsh, grating and unnatural; his teeth all gone; his eyes, white and almost blind; his shoulders bent; and his general appearance that of a being belonging to the other world.

One day he was found dead by some hunters who called there for refreshment, not knowing the character of the place. He had evidently been dead a long time, for his body was in a bad state of decomposition. As nobody was found to claim his remains, arrangements were made by which his burial should take place close to the mansion. The house soon acquired the reputation of being haunted, and people avoided it from that time.

"I'd like to see that old place," said Hopper. "I never was here before by night. What d'ye say, boys?"

"I'm not afraid of ghosts," said Fred. "Are you?" he added, turning to me.

"No," I replied, doubtfully. I was anxious to catch a glimpse of the house, but had misgivings all the same.

"You don't catch me fooling around any haunted house," said Zack, his teeth chattering.

"Oh, just let's take one look," said Hopper. "Come on!"

We cautiously made our way through the brush, and soon the dark outlines of the Van Winkle mansion came into view in the dim moonlight.

"Gee! but it looks lonesome," exclaimed Hopper. "What's that?" he whispered, pointing towards the house, and clutching hold of my arm.

"O-o-oo!" groaned the thoroughly affrighted Zack. "I seed one o' them

ghosts right up in that window. He had green eyes."

We all four boys were now thoroughly scared, and we huddled together for mutual protection, expecting to be seized by some terrible apparition any moment.

"Look! Look!" exclaimed Hopper. "There's a green light in that window, for sure."

"There's a yellow one in the window below!" cried Fred.

"We're killed!" wailed Zack.

Just then there broke upon the deathful stillness the most unearthly sound that ever fell on mortal ears. We waited to see no more, but turned and fled back through the underbrush, Zack being so frightened that in running he outstripped us all.

(To be continued.)

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#### THE GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFF GRIFFITH.

In the smiling month of May we again saw the beautiful Kentucky River and visited the little city of Frankfort. One beautiful Saturday afternoon we sallied forth to ramble through the sacred "City of the Silent" that rests on the crest of the cliffs above the town. I gathered a spray of the famous blue grass and a knot of lovely violets as we passed up the cliff. We passed into a grassy meadow, and followed its winding foot-path to the gates of the burial ground. All over the treasured enclosure the pyrus japonica kindled its scarlet flames, the "pale sweet cowslip" starred the borders, white and purple and golden crocuses opened their graceful cups, and the lilac freighted the air with its path of fragrance. We followed the road leading in from the gates, and lingered some time before the beautiful monuments the State has erected in honor of her dead soldiers, and read the names with pride and emotion. Later we passed the sexton's cottage, and came at length to a secluded spot, shut in by logs and boulders instead of the iron traceries of man's cunning handicraft.

"Here it is," I said to my boy Charlie, "the GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE."

It was touching to see the boy's reverence. He advanced uncovered, and stood in silence before the rudely carved tomb of the great hunter of old Kentucky.

In 1845, when the remains of Boone and his wife were brought from Missouri (whither the old pioneer had gone "to get breathing room," he said; "the lawyers and the settlements were too thick in Kentucky"), they were buried here side by side, on the verge of the loftiest crag of the river, the wild and historic Kentucky, never seen by the eyes of a white woman until Rebecca Boone and her daughters looked down from its towering cliffs in 1776. Here they lie, shut out by cane and undergrowth from the rest of the cemetery in honor to their primitive fancies. A few years after their burial here, a monument was erected at the head of their graves. It is a plain oblong structure of the best Kentucky marble. On one face is a rude carving representing the old hunter in a contest with a bear; on the other, a log cabin, and a woman, perhaps intended for Rebecca Boone, milking a cow. At the time of our visit there were no signs of man's labor about the inclosure; the grass grew after its own will to the very base of the monument, and, sorry to say, irreverent hands had defaced the marble in some places. But art and loving skill may have now changed all this. With careful hands I gathered a white daffodil near the spot, and blades of grass below the old hunter's effigy—a souvenir from the grave of DANIEL BOONE.

The only portrait ever painted of the old hero hangs in the Capitol at Frankfort. It was painted by Chester Harding, in 1820; and it is related that when the artist visited Boone for the purpose of executing the work, he found the old hunter lying on a bunk in his rude Missouri cabin, roasting a piece of venison before the fire on the point of his ramrod!

# A MINISTER'S SON.

By CECIL LOGSDAIL,

Author of "What Will Become of Him?"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### RECONCILIATION.

With a dazed look Howland entered the drawing room, Mrs. Thurston closing the door after him, and proceeding after a few moments' pause towards the kitchen once more. (Shall I say that Howland's mother during these brief moments was guilty of listening at the keyhole from the outside?)

Howland's father had acted rightly. As he saw his nephew enter, Edwin Thurston gave a sudden start. The ruddy complexion came back to his cheeks again, and the quick fire to his eyes. Though he had aged dreadfully during the past few hours, he rose to his feet with a smile. There was no bitterness in his manner now. Like the general, who takes his defeat with the best grace possible, he held out his hand to Howland, and facing him enquired if he were much hurt.

"No, sir," replied Howland, cheerily. "I shall be all right by morning."

"Well, I declared that I would give half my fortune to the person who rescued Emily," said Uncle Edwin, "and I will be as good as my word. No Thurston yet was ever known to break his word, as your father well knows."

Howland's father was ready enough to acquiesce in this boast, seeing how stubborn and headstrong his son had been throughout the trial in refusing to give away the names of his associates after his solemn promise not to do so.

"I'm not so rich as I was, as you well know," said Howland's uncle. "That fire has destroyed more than I dare to tell you—more than I dare at present think of. But a promise is a promise."

"I do not want half your fortune," Howland replied, shading his eyes from the flicker of the lamp. "I want none of your money, Uncle Edwin. I did not go to Emily's rescue for any reward such as you had offered, but because I loved her, and because I thought of all she had done for me. If I had died, I should have died with her—that would have been happiness."

Edwin Thurston hesitated. Howland's noble speech and still more noble bearing touched him deeply.

"I have been a cur, a veritable cur," cried his uncle, hardly able to speak. "I came here to thank you and enquire after you. To-morrow I have a greater duty to perform. I must attend the court, and see that you are free. Brother David, reach my hat and cane. I am the most contemptible being living. I will not ask your forgiveness—I am too ashamed—but I will try to do for this lad what I would probably not do for mine. I have been mistaken. I acknowledge my fault, and I trust God who has thought fit to visit this affliction upon me, will have mercy on me and my child in my advancing years. God bless you, David, and your good wife, and your noble boy!"

He rose from his seat, and turned away to hide the hot, copious and gushing tears which welled into his eyes. "Pray reach me my hat and cane, please, Brother David," he said, tremulously. "You will not pain me more by overwhelming me with your hospitality."

"Edwin, for Howland's sake, I have one favor to grant," said the rector, intercepting him. "Will you grant it?"

"Ay, I will see him free—that's what you're going to say," Edwin Thurston replied. "I will talk to the judge to-morrow morning."

"No, no—not that," replied the Rev. David Thurston.

"Then what service can I do that will in the least seem to compensate Howland for his courageous deed?" asked his brother. "He shall have half my fortune that is left and more, but that will not repay him. Speak!"

"Well, I request that you remain here under this roof," the rector said, quietly, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Yes, papa," entreated Emily. "We shall be made welcome here, I know."

Reluctantly Edwin Thurston returned to his seat, and the Rev. David Thurston felt happy. And were not Howland and Emily happy too?

## CHAPTER XXII.

### HOWLAND'S UNCLE INTERCEDES.

The reconciliation between Edwin Thurston and the rector's family, brought about by Howland's heroic deed, was now complete; it was one of the miracles in the town of Orton's history. So that neither Edwin Thurston nor his daughter Emily wanted for a comfortable, hospitable home, everything being done to make them cheerful and as happy as possible under the circumstances.

But Edwin Thurston had changed greatly under this trying ordeal. His usually ruddy complexion forsook him, and his cheeks became pale and hollow; he began to wander in his speech; and a nervous trembling of the limbs was to be observed in his movements. He was not a man, however, to sit down and brood over his misfortune; for he had not been under his brother's roof an hour but, while the ruins of his mansion were still smouldering, he talked of immediately clearing away the debris and building afresh. He was still a comparatively wealthy man, despite the heavy loss he had sustained through the burglary, and now this most destructive fire, which he estimated at over a quarter of a million dollars.

But there was a more important matter to be attended to without delay. The following morning he was up bright and early, determined to see Judge Springhorn before he arrived at the court house. The poor, decrepit old man like a general bearing his defeat like a gentleman, bowed his head before the morning sunlight, and wandered off before the rector's family was awake. The word 'gentleman' is used advisedly; for what is it, my friends, to be a gentleman after all? To keep your honor virgin and your word above the least grounds of suspicion, to protect your family at all times, to have the love of your fire-side, to admit your faults and do everything in your power to put right that which you know is wrong through your own indiscretion, to make allowances for others and mistrust your own senses when interests clash and matters of great moment are at stake, to live with one strong hope and affection through life, no matter what reverses may come in the trend of events, to be pure and gentle in home life, courageous and patriotic in all matters that concern your country's welfare, clean and honest in all business relations, respecting at all times others' opinions, directing others' thoughts in support of the right, and always courteous to your fellow-man, be he prince or beggar?

Edwin Thurston went post haste to a neighboring village, and called at the judge's house. Judge Springhorn was still in bed when Mr. Thurston arrived. Apologizing for calling thus early, the latter informed the servant that he would wait as he desired to see his honor on very important business.

When Judge Springhorn appeared in his dressing-gown, he cordially invited Mr. Thurston to join him at breakfast, which the latter readily accepted.

"It is not usual, Brother Springhorn," Mr. Thurston began, "for anyone to discuss court matters out of court, but I have come all this way so early to confess to you that I have made a great blunder in causing the arrest of my nephew, Howland—"

"Do you mean, Brother Thurston," the judge interrupted, "that there has been a mistake? The evidence seemed very clear to me. In fact, I was wondering on what grounds the jury disagreed, unless it was out of sympathy for the boy's parents."

"It's all a mistake," Mr. Thurston said, solemnly shaking his head. "I am convinced now that my nephew was the dupe of others—that they led him into a trap—and that the boy was no party to the theft of the jewelry and plate. In fact, I know he quarreled with those lads when he saw them run away from the house with their pockets laden, and fought with them. I am now convinced that when arrested, the boy was actually on the point of handing back to my daughter the stolen picture."

Judge Springhorn stood with his hands behind his back, awaiting his breakfast, solemnly weighing Mr. Thurston's observations in his mind, and wondering at the sudden change in the latter's manner. "It seems to me that I have acted with a great deal of animus in this matter, and I have come all this way to make amends. I believe my nephew did everything in his power to compel the real criminals to restore the stolen property," Mr. Thurston went on. "His story is straightforward, and I have heard it from his own lips."

Judge Springhorn shook his head solemnly. "There is no doubt in my mind that he was present at the time keeping watch outside, while the other boys broke inside," said the judge, at length. "I am convinced also that he bought the revolver and pawned the watch. And it is my opinion the jury will take that view of the case."

"I am absolutely certain," persisted ex-Judge Thurston, "that the pawbroker identified the wrong lad."

"You seem to have changed your opinion very suddenly," said Judge Springhorn, as the servant brought in a steaming plate of ham and eggs, hot rolls and coffee. "Pray be seated, and let us discuss something more appetizing."

Mr. Thurston looked greatly disappointed, and determined to wait until Judge Springhorn would feel a little more good-humored.

"I observe that you are greatly worried," said Judge Springhorn at length. "I do not see what I can do in this young man's case, Brother Thurston, if they should find him guilty, but to send him to prison."

"Brother Springhorn," said Mr. Thurston, solemnly but with deep pathos, "my house was burnt down last night—"

"What?" exclaimed Judge Springhorn, amazed. "Your beautiful residence destroyed? You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted Mr. Thurston. "I should be homeless, and my daughter homeless, but for Brother David. I am ashamed to think how I have wronged him."

Judge Springhorn had dropped his knife and fork, and sat staring at Mr. Thurston, hardly able to realize the loss the latter had sustained. "Your beautiful house despoiled of its beautiful plate by burglars, and now a mass of ruins! Brother Thurston, you have my heartfelt sympathy. It is too bad, too bad."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Thurston went on, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, "and but for the bravery of my nephew, now undergoing trial, my daughter would have been certainly burned to death in this holocaust. That boy is no criminal, he is a hero. No expert fireman could have climbed up that tower as he did, with the flames all around him, reckless of danger. Yes, sir, to the very top window of the tower. When he fell to the ground exhausted, his clothes were all punctured with holes, and his arms, legs and body were a mass of scars."

"Ah!" ejaculated Judge Springhorn, with his mouth wide open. "That will make it hard for me to pass sentence. I hope the jury will disagree."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE END.

Shortly before 10 o'clock, the court room was packed with the same eager and excited throng, and as Howland appeared with his father, a mighty cheer arose from one end of the hall to the other—a cheer which startled the tired jurymen, who wondered what this demonstration could possibly mean. The rector looked immensely pleased, and Howland blushed deeply, as his eyes remained fixed on the ground. He had requested his mother to remove the bandages from his arm, remarking that he did not wish to appear as though appealing for sympathy, and though his wounds chafed him, he walked towards his seat without flinching.

Presently the district attorney appeared, and almost at the same moment, Lawyer Armstrong and Lawyer Swan. Lawyer Armstrong received a cheer as he took his place by Howland's side, and congratulated him on his heroism of the night before.

A bustle of excitement was now observed at the end of the court room close to the door. This was caused by the appearance of Clarence Bunting and Edgar Ball handcuffed together, with clothes and shoes all covered with dust and mud. They were quickly hustled through the hall and conducted to a cell, the heavy sound of the door banging after them plainly informing those in the court that these boys were in safe keeping. Of course, everybody now believed that those two and Dick Snivels were the real burglars.

"Court!" exclaimed the sheriff in loud tones, as Justice Springhorn took his seat, closely followed by Mr. Edwin Thurston, looking pale and haggard.

The jury had not yet agreed.

Justice Springhorn called the district attorney and Lawyer Armstrong to the bench, and an animated conversation ensued, the result of which could easily be foretold when Howland's lawyer was seen to return to his seat, with a sly wink.

"Have the jury brought in a verdict?" exclaimed Justice Springhorn, sitting back in his chair, and dangling with his glasses.

The jury, looking weary, filed in, one by one, and answered to their names.

"Gentlemen, are you all agreed?" asked the clerk of the court.

The foreman shook his head. Justice Springhorn leaned forward, and addressing the jury said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I shall not discharge you for an hour. If you think the defendant in this case is guilty of a lesser crime, and you can agree on this matter, you may find him guilty of the offense of receiving stolen property. It is not necessary for me to review the case afresh, but if there is any point on which I can enlighten you, pray say so."

The jury once more retired, and in a half an hour returned, bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" of the minor offense of receiving stolen property, according to Judge Springhorn's directions. A groan passed through the court room.

Then Howland was ordered to stand up, and after answering the usual questions as to his birth, nationality, age, re-

ligion, etc., Judge Springhorn, in slow but solemn tones, said: "Howland, the jury has found you guilty of the minor offense of obtaining stolen property well knowing it to be stolen. The verdict is a merciful one. Your uncle, Mr. Edwin Thurston, has pleaded very hard for you this morning, also your eminent lawyer. The district attorney has also added his entreaties to the others that I should take a lenient view of this case. I have come to the conclusion that you were not one of the ring-leaders in this conspiracy, but let this be a warning to you to keep out of bad company. Bad company has led you into dissolute habits, and these habits indulged in have placed you in the position in which you find yourself to-day. However, it has come to my ears how bravely last night you rescued your cousin from the burning embers of your uncle's mansion, which makes amends for the part you have taken in this crime, and shows you have a noble nature at the bottom. In view of this circumstance, I shall release you on suspended sentence, and trust that your future life will be a credit to your relatives and friends, and to your country."

A burst of applause followed Justice Springhorn's remarks, and Howland was congratulated on all sides, his Cousin Emily, with tears of gratitude and relief being the very first.

This was, indeed, a lesson to Howland, who, both at college and in business afterwards, became a manly, honorable and worthy citizen, respected by all with whom he came in contact. One of his most precious possessions is the portrait of his Cousin Emily, set in gold and precious stones, presented to him on the day of his release by his Uncle Edwin, who has treated him ever since as though he were his own son.

The three boys, Dick Snivels, Clarence Bunting and Edgar Ball were afterwards brought to trial and convicted. Dick Snivels on account of his previous bad record, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, the other two were sent to the reformatory on an indeterminate sentence. Thus, justice in the end prevailed, and all the boys received their proper punishment, including "THE MINISTER'S SON."

(The End.)

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## YOUTH.

YOUTH is an illustrated weekly paper for young people. Its subscription price is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payments for YOUTH when sent by mail should be made in a Postoffice money order, Bank draft, Express money order or Registered letter. Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Change of Address.—Subscribers changing their address must give the old address as well as the new.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

Advertisements.—A limited number of advertisements from first-class firms will be inserted; not catch penny or fraud advertisements will be inserted at any price. Electrotypes must be mounted upon metal bases. Rates upon application.

Letters should be addressed and drafts and money orders made payable to

S. W. ALLERTON,  
709 Mutual Life Bldg.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Entered at the Buffalo Postoffice as second-class matter.)

### OUR THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

The Thanksgiving edition of YOUTH, No. 24, should be perused by every boy and girl in the United States, for its excellent literary work, its admirable illustrations, and as a contribution to contemporary literature. It will be 16 pages in size, with a handsome cover in two colors, designed by a special artist to illustrate the occasion which every citizen celebrates. We especially commend to the attention of our many readers the sparkling stories with which this number will be replete, besides many interesting articles for boys and girls contributed by the best authors. This number will be worth preserving, and will doubtless contain much which will be read in years to come by thousands of thoughtful readers.

### OUT PRIZE STORY.

In drawing attention to the great number of stories sent to us by readers competing for the \$500 prize offered by Youth, we would state that the award will be made without regard to age or nationality, but strictly on the merits of the composition sent in. The boy or girl of sixteen has an equal chance with the adult of forty or sixty, and is just as likely to win; for it must be borne in mind that this is a periodical for the boys and girls of America, and that the stories will be judged from the standpoint of what would please them. We received a story during the week from a youth, evidently at school, which, from this standpoint, was so amusing as to make our usually severe editorial eyes water with laughter, though we are getting into years, and another from a girl, so pleasantly, poetically and pathetically written as to call forth the admiration of the judges selected to make the award. Both these stories were couched in the simplest language, but wherewithal were so vivid and forcible from start to finish that we have no hesitation in stating that they would have done honor to persons of maturer years. Remember that some of the greatest authors who have thrilled the world with literary productions, have found themselves dismal failures in attempting to interest boys and girls, and that the

story is just as likely to be awarded to a rollicking adventure or pathetic romance written by a youth as by an adult. The competition is open to every yearly subscriber, regardless of sex or nationality, and will be read by the most competent judges of juvenile literature.

One or two hints, however, may not be out of place. The two stories referred to are lacking only, so far as we have at present judged, in one or two essential features. The length of the story will not count, unless too short; but it must be less than the number of words prescribed, 1,000 words less preferred. True art will not admit of too much "padding," and the author must be invisible, leaving the characters themselves to unravel the plot. The moral must ever be good. Verbosity or high-sounding phrases are never so expressive as the simple Saxon English. Add to these suggestions, correct spelling and punctuation, and there is little need to say more, except that where two or three stories are deemed equal in literary merit, the award will be given to the neatest manuscript submitted.

### THE BOY IN POLITICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Paper VII.

In this paper it shall be my aim to dispose of a mistaken theory that true Socialism is the doctrine of demagogues. Socialism, as a matter of fact, is the sublime end of all good government; and the greatest socialist the world ever knew was Christ the Crucified. The sermon on the Mount contains the most beautiful system of ethics ever advanced. Socialism, in its highest sense, teaches the greatest of all human law that men are born brothers, and that each man is his brother's keeper, always aiming at the survival of the fittest. In its broadest sense, Socialism is but another word for Humanity—the doctrine as to how care best for the greatest number—how to use our best endeavors, each one of us, not only for the benefit of the few around us but for society as a whole. In a perfect state of society, socialism alone would exist. The teachings of Socrates and Christ, both socialists, all tend towards that perfect state; and socialism, properly understood, does not aim to destroy but to build up.

It is true that the socialists of today, as they style themselves, are largely composed of a dissatisfied class which aims to tear down the fabric of existing governments, instead of to build up. Anarchy is so nearly allied to this form of self-styled socialism as to be the most dangerous and viperous element in the world's destiny to-day. It aims at the overthrow of all authority. It recognizes neither empires, monarchies nor republics, but seeks to overthrow everything existing under the name of government—the controlling power. It slays a president of a republic, as well as the monarch of an empire; it recognizes no law, human or divine; it is perpetually and admittedly warring against God as well as human authority; it does not admit of the marriage relation, which alone keeps society together; it is, in fact, a hydra-like monster gotten of discontent, malice, envy and all uncharitableness.

We have not, however, yet reached a stage where socialism can be deemed

a successful factor in our governmental system. Every day the republican party and the democratic party in this country are adding more to the popular conception of government—legislating for the masses and not the few. But the boy to-day should study these matters out for himself, and help along this great socialist idea by which the human race may gradually veer towards a state of perfection. Because a boy's father is a Democrat, it is no reason that he should be a hide-bound Democrat; or vice versa. Conditions are constantly changing; new issues are constantly being fought out; all tending to the good or ill of society. For this reason every boy interested in humanity should study for himself the leading questions of the day, in order to bring about the highest form of Socialism—the love of one's neighbor.

## Correspondence.

In response to our \$5 prize offer which appeared in No. 17, we have received a number of letters. They are all of such length, however, that it will be impossible to publish more than one at a time, and we will be unable to award the prize before the 15th of November.

Kenton, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1901.

S. W. Allerton, Pub., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—With this letter you will receive one dollar (\$1) for a year's subscription to Youth. Having taken advantage of your six weeks' offer, I have been receiving your magazine for three weeks and so far it has proved highly satisfactory and pleasing.

Your suggestion under correspondence attracted my attention, and now it is my earnest endeavor to win your approval and your prize.

At this time of year what a task it is to remain indoors! I am extremely fond of outdoor sports, so much so in fact that my friends have often-times suggested that I have developed into an outdoor sport myself.

It certainly is a crime against nature to ignore her beauty at its best, and when is it better than in early fall? Perhaps I am a little partial to the months of the wailing winds because I was born then. However the unsullied beauty of an autumn landscape, where all the silent things of earth breathe the deep beauty of the world; the garniture of the fields, the last bit of green before winter, and as the last the best; the pomp of the groves where all its voices whisper of the great transcendence, wild, vast and magnificent, never fail to resuscitate me and make me feel as did the Prodigal Son who "was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Life and its many blessings become my appreciation, unerring nature, the true test of art, my delight and wonderment; then, too, all my selfishness, too often dominant, suffers an ostracism and departs.

There is but one thing to mar the tranquility, and that is my lessons. I must confess that at this time I would most emphatically prefer the school of life to the life of school. When I would play golf or tennis, an awful looking specter of rigid perpendicularity confronts me. His piercing eyes fall upon me and bisect my very

thoughts. His veteran locks, the product of centuries, fall down upon his square adjacent shoulders. It needs not this to tell me that we have met before, myself and geometry—this plain and solid friend.

Many others of like hideousness haunt me sleeping and waking. There is one that comes with dagger dipped in blood to draw upon my imagination an awful picture, telling me how his wife did urge him to the murder. Then she appears with hands of his color looking for a little water to clean her of the dead. Fortunately Macbeth cries, "Out, out, brief candle!" The vision fades and all is dark.

There is also an unwieldy German, mein freund, who tells me that his many fables are not to adorn pages, but to fill the mind. His "Buch" I receive with much reluctance.

Then another appears most irregular in construction. "Monsieur," whom I can greet with a more indulging smile.

These and many others made up the goodly company that daily sit at the desk of the school-girl. Yet that person still lives who persistently states that school days are the happiest. In years to come I wonder if I can find it in my heart to conscientiously make that remark to the coming generation? Perhaps the studies do become so completely amalgamated with youth and happiness pertaining thereto that the grind and drudgery now paramount in our minds is in time wholly obliterated.

Some one has remarked that an anonymous letter is like a creed in that it never says all it intends. Quantity is certainly within the capabilities of the least of us, but equality is a matter of grave consideration.

Whether or not my good intentions have so manifested themselves or become synonymous with the all-destructible quality is for you to decide. However, I trust that I have not wearied you with my effort.

Very truly yours,

EDNA DOUGLAS SULLIVAN.

## YOUTH'S \$500.00 PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

We offer \$500.00 in Gold for the best original SHORT STORY, not exceeding 4,000 words, sent to us before January 1, 1902.

This offer is open to all yearly subscribers to YOUTH.

### CONDITIONS.

First.—All manuscript must be written in a clear, legible handwriting—typewritten preferred—upon one side of the sheet, each page to be consecutively numbered. All who intend to compete for the prize, are requested to send in their manuscript at the earliest possible moment.

Second.—We will choose the best one hundred stories submitted, and have them read by a committee of business men of Buffalo, who are in no way connected with YOUTH. They will select the story considered best, and the announcement of the winner will be published in the issue of January 18, 1902.

Third.—Stories that do not win the prize, that we can use in our columns, will be paid for at the usual rates when published.

Fourth.—If you want your manuscript returned, you must enclose sufficient stamps to pay return postage, otherwise the unused manuscript will be destroyed.

Address all manuscripts:

"PRIZE STORY CONTEST,"

S. W. ALLERTON, Publisher,

709 Mutual Life Bldg.,

Buffalo, N. Y.

WINTER READING.

By E. D. M.

When the winter day is over  
And darkness settles down,  
I love to draw the curtains  
And shut away the town.  
And while the happy fire-light  
Makes all the room aglow,  
I revel in communion  
With some good friends I know.  
What care I for the hardships  
That filled the day just past;  
What for the dreary rain-fall,  
What for the biting blast?  
However cold the world is,  
How lone the day may be,  
The night will bring the fire-light  
And my book—friends to me.

YONKERS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET

It was a warm October afternoon. Occasionally a light breeze swept along the country road; but the breeze was even worse than the heat, for it was always accompanied by a cloud of blinding dust. The wild apple trees and the shrubs, and the green briars hedging the highway, were covered with it. Even the low stone walls looked as though they had been painted a soft gray.

On one side of the road the woods were broken by huckleberry pastures and half-grown thickets of white birch. On the other was a succession of low, irris-colored swales and rocky fields. The former furnished the neighborhood with wild cranberries and sweet flag; the latter gave scanty nourishment to Farmer Shippee's cattle and sheep.

Off in a far corner of one of the pastures could be seen some of the cattle, grazing among the clumps of laurel and blackberry. Here and there were small groups of sheep, scarcely to be distinguished from the gray, moss-grown rock they wandered among.

Near the wall which separated one of the fields from the road a big dun bull walked back and forth uneasily. Now and then he pawed the ground and bellowed angrily. Once he made a frantic dash forward, but paused as he reached the wall.

Just beyond the hedge of dust-painted briars a small boy was watching him sharply. In one hand he held a branch covered with red berries. As the bull paused he shook it derisively.

"Why don't you come over?" he called, mockingly. "A chicken could jump that wall. Yer haven't got the spunk of a museum monkey. Too much beller's what's the matter with you. Here, take it, if you want to."

With a quick motion of his arm, the boy hurled the branch. The aim was true, and it struck the bull full in the face.

It was too much! The animal gave an angry snort and plunged forward. There was a crashing sound of falling rocks and breaking branches. But the boy did not wait. When the bull reached the middle of the road, he was half way up one of the apple trees.

"Whew!" he muttered, as he drew himself rapidly from limb to limb. "That was the time I fetched him. But I didn't s'pect his mad was comin' up quite so lively. Wonder if he can climb?"

Reaching the top of the tree, the boy gazed down critically.

"Looks like he'd eat a fellow if he got hold of him," he said, dubiously. "He's bigger'n the lions an' tigers in the park, an' they eat folks. I've read so. Wish 't I hadn't been so fresh."

But as the bull made no attempt to climb the tree, he grew more confident. Then another thought came to him. He had enticed the animal from the pasture, and he must get him back.

"If any small kids should come along he'd be sure to do 'em harm 'fore they'd git away," he muttered, anxiously. "I've jest got ter git him back, an' that's all there is 'bout it."

But he could do nothing so long as the bull remained at the foot of the tree. Perhaps, if he did not tease him any more, he would go back into the pasture on his own accord.

But half an hour passed before the animal showed any disposition to leave. Then he moved slowly down

the road. The boy waited until he was several rods away before he descended to the ground. He had barely touched it when there was an angry bellow and a quick rush of feet. But when the bull reached the foot of the tree the boy was back in his old position.

Another half hour passed, and again the bull wandered away from the tree. Save for an occasional backward glance one might have thought that he had forgotten the existence of the enemy. But the boy had learned caution. Not until the animal was hidden by a bend in the road did he make a movement.

Then he descended swiftly and hurried across the road. From his position in the tree he had seen a gate in the wall, a few rods below, and the sight had given him an idea. Perhaps the very means which had lured the bull from the pasture could be used to draw him back.

But first he repaired the damage made by the animal in his mad rush from the field. This took him but a few moments, as only the top stones had been misplaced. Then he moved along the pasture side of the wall until he reached the gate. This he opened cautiously. He could hear the bull pawing the ground beyond the brush.

He had picked up the branch of red berries. With this in his hand he walked into the road. The bull was

Oh, you needn't groan!" as his ankle gave a sudden twinge. "It's your own doin' an' I shan't give you no favor. 'Steard of a nice barn for a hotel you're likely to have a bed of green briars—an' serve you right, I say."

Limping to the side of the road he began to search among the briars and leaves. At last he found a piece of root which was strong enough for a cane. With this he resumed his journey.

But with each step his ankle grew more painful. By the time he had reached the top of a long hill his limp had become a hobble.

"Guess it's goin' to be green briars an' no supper," he said, dismally, as he sat down on a stone. "Wish 't I'd saved one of them doughnuts the old lady gin me for sawin' wood."

It was rapidly growing dark. Overhead he could hear the distant hok of wild geese on their way south. From the valley came the low tinkle of a cow-bell.

The boy rose to his feet. As he did so he saw a cluster of faint lights in the valley below. Then his gaze wandered away to the far horizon. It looked strange. He had never seen it like that before. For some time he gazed at it in silence; then his look of perplexity gave place to one of pleasure.

"I guess it's the ocean," he said, in a hushed voice; "but ain't it big? I

"Can I git a drink of water?" he asked.

"Of course. Come right in," and she moved aside to let him pass.

"I'm awful dusty," he said, hastily, "an' I don't wan ter bother. If you'll jest tell me where the well is, I'll git it."

"Being dusty ain't no matter," she answered, pleasantly. "I've had boys, an' know how it is. As for a well, there ain't none. I get water from a spring down at the foot of the garden. It ain't easy for a stranger to find after dark. You'd better come in and rest awhile. You look tired."

There was something in her voice and manner which overcame the boy's hesitation. He took off his brimless hat and wiped his feet carefully on the grass; then he limped into the room.

"Why, you poor child," cried the old woman, compassionately, "you're lame! Sit right down by the stove till I get supper on the table. I was just wishing I had somebody to eat with me. It's real lonesome for an old woman to be alone. How did you get lame?"

While she was bustling about the stove and putting the supper on the table, the boy told her of his city life and his longing to be a sailor; of his long tramp through the country and the wonderful things he had seen.

The old woman listened attentively,



WAVING THE BRANCH ABOVE HIS HEAD, THE BOY GAVE A LOUD YELL OF DEFIANCE.

but a short distance away.

Waving the branch above his head, the boy gave a loud yell of defiance and sprang for the gate.

As he passed through, his feet became entangled in a briar and he fell at full length. Almost at the same instant he felt the rush of a great body passing over him. In a second he was on his feet, and before the bull could turn for another charge the gate was closed and fastened.

The boy did not wait to enjoy his triumph. He had seen enough. As the foliage closed in between him and the bull, he drew a long breath of relief.

"I ain't shakin' any more branches," he said, as he hurried along. "I wouldn't go through that ag'in—not for the Brooklyn Bridge."

He had not gone far when he felt a sharp pain in one of his ankles. At first he gave it little heed, but as the pain increased he stopped with a long whistle of dismay.

"Now what did you go on' do that for? Couldn't you tumble over a few stones without makin' a hospital of yourself?"

He looked around impatiently. There was neither barn nor haystack in sight, only the briars and wild apple trees, and beyond them the rocky pastures and the woods.

"Just like your foolishness," he continued, contemptuously. "Couldn't wait till you caught up with a hotel.

hope I can find a ship all ready ter sail." His gaze wandered back to the lights. "I s'pose that's the fact'ry the old lady told me 'bout. She said the ocean wasn't fur beyond. It must be terrible ter work in a place like that, when there's an ocean clost by an' ships a-sailin' off ter sea. If I was rich I'd have ships so that everybody could go ter sea."

In his eagerness the boy had forgotten his sprained ankle. A sudden step brought a sharp reminder. He looked down, scornfully.

"If 't wan't for your foolishness, we'd a'keep' right on an' got there by mornin'. Now you're bein' paid. I'll drag you a little furdur, an' then, if we don't find a hotel, we'll go inter camp."

It was growing chilly, and he turned up the collar of his ragged jacket.

Then he sought the middle of the road. The deep dust felt warmer to his bare feet.

Near the foot of the hill he came to a little white house, with a tiny porch. Beyond it was a barn.

The sight made him quicken his steps; but when he came opposite the house he paused, doubtfully. He was very thirsty, and perhaps there would be no water at the barn. After a moment he opened a gate and walked up the narrow, shell-bordered path. And old woman opened the door in answer to his knock.

and now and then interrupted him with, "Never had no folks!" "For the land sake!" "First time you ever saw the country!" "Well, now!"

When he told about his encounter with the bull, she raised her hands in astonishment.

"And you got that cross animal back into the pasture? Why, he's full of savage tricks. All the men folks around here 's afraid of him. But come; supper is ready. You'll find water in the sink there to wash with."

While they were eating, she kept up a running fire of questions and comments.

"So you've lived in the city streets, and slept in boxes and barrels," she said, as she helped him to another piece of pie. "Land, land! who'd a thought it? I've read of such things, but it never seemed like it was really so. And you learned to read in the mission schools, and never have known what it was to have a home and a good bed to sleep in. Dear! dear!"

"I ain't slep' in boxes an' barrels for mos' three years," the boy interposed, with a slight flush creeping into his cheeks—"not since I was 'leven an' could earn money. One year I sold papers an' had a bed at the Home. Since then, I've mos'ly worked for a hot-house gard'ner an' been board-ed."

"But how came you to hanker for the sea? My boys were raised clost

to it, and had a natural liking that way from their father and grandfather. But you say that to-day is the first time you ever saw the ocean."

"I've read 'bout it," answered the boy, eagerly. "I used ter buy papers off'n the news-stand almos' soon's I could spell out words. I wa'n't big 'nough then ter be a sailor; but I begun savin' money for the sea, an' have kep' it up ever s'nce. Las' month I was fourteen, an' I drewed my money an' started."

"But you don't need money to go to sea," said the old woman, kindly. "The vessel furnishes everything you want, and pays you wages besides."

"I ain't goin' ter be a common sailor," was the quick reply. "'Fore-the-mast sailors can't go on shore an' see things like officers can. I'm goin' ter be an officer, an' go after whales, an' inter the Chiny Sea an' up ter the Artic Ocean. 'Course not all ter once," he added, with a flush, as he noticed the twinkle in the old woman's eyes. "I'll have ter go one trip ter find out things. But when a feller has spunk, he's all right. All the boys I've read 'bout got ter be officers 'fore they come home. Soon's I find a ship, I'm goin' ter buy a uniform an' sword. Mebbe I won't need 'em for a while," the flush deepening on his cheeks, "but they'd come in handy if I should git ter be an officer while I was off ter sea."

"Just like a boy—always hoping and planning," said the old woman, musingly. "My boys were that way."

"Is your boys gone ter sea?"

The old woman did not answer for a moment, and he noticed that her hand trembled as she replaced her cup on the table.

"My boys were lost off Cape Horn," she said, at last, in a low voice, "more than twenty years ago. I've lived alone ever since. It's been a hard row, working in the mill and a-paying rent, and often not knowing as one was going to meet the other. But you ain't done yet?" she added, briskly, as she saw him about to rise. "You haven't tried my cookies."

The boy laughed as he reached for his hat.

"I'm ever so much obliged," he said, "but I couldn't eat a bit more. Your wittles were awful good. I'll be roun' in the mornin' an' saw some wood or do sompin' ter pay for 'em. I wou'd ter night, but my ankle hurts considerable."

"Where are you going to sleep?"

He hesitated for a moment, but something in the kind old eyes made him stammer, apologetically:

"I had—kinder—fixed on your barn or—wood-shed."

"H'm! Well, you won't do anything of the kind. Just set yourself back in that chair by the stove, and stay there till I get these dishes washed. Then I'm going to look after that ankle. It's my opinion you won't saw any wood to-morrow, nor for a week at least. I've seen sprained ankles before now."

The room was small and scantily furnished. A stove, the table, a few chairs and a what-not loaded with shells. On the walls were three or four prints and bright-colored specimens of the old woman's needlework.

Most of the chairs were provided with cushions and had coverings of cheap calico. In one of them a kitten was dozing contentedly.

The boy settled back in his chair with a feeling of satisfaction. Everything was so cozy and comfortable that he realized for the first time in his life how pleasant it must be to have a house of one's own. He had never seen one before. The market gardener he had been working for during the past two years was a young man who was bent on making money. He lived in a little room in the end of one of his greenhouses and did all his cooking on an oil stove. This room he had shared with the boy. And the Newsboys' Home had not been much better. It was merely a great lodging-house, where hundreds of street boys ate and slept.

But this was different, and his gaze wandered curiously from one object to another. They were all strange to him, from the miniature Hindoo idol to the rainbow-tinted shells, which had been picked up on some far-away beach.

At last his gaze returned to the old woman, who was smiling at him from

the sink, where she was washing the supper dishes.

"It's mighty pleasant," he said. "I think so. I've lived in the house nearly forty years, and have'n't got tired of it yet. Most folks tell me it's too small—only two rooms and an attic—but it suits me. I never cared for big rooms. But you haven't told me your name yet?"

"Yonkers."

"Yonkers! That's queer. And what else?"

"Nothin'. Jest Yonkers."

The old woman wrung the water from her dish-cloth and hung it on a line behind the stove. Then she brought a basin of warm water and placed it on the floor beside him.

"Well, Yonkers," she said, "I don't know but your name is as good as any. It ain't names that makes folks. Now you just bathe your ankle in this water while I get some liniment and bandages. I'm going to fix you up here on the lounge to-night. After your ankle gets better you can go up stairs to sleep."

He looked up quickly.

"But I'll be goin' ter-morrer."

The old woman shook her head.

"Not unless you go in a wagon," she replied. "That ankle's got to have a resting spell."

A little later she brought in a pan of apples and her knitting work. They talked until the clock struck eight, then she arranged comfortably on the lounge, and went into the next room.

Yonkers was very tired, but he could not sleep. He listened to the clock ticking and to the soft purring of the kitten. Presently the kitten left its chair and came over to the lounge. Yonkers had never cared much for cats, but he liked to feel this one nestling close to him. At length his ankle grew less painful, and he fell asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by the mill bell. It was still dark and he could hear rain beating against the windows. Soon after the old woman entered.

"I overslept," she said, "and didn't wake till the bell rung; but I think I can get around. It lacks forty minutes till mill time."

A fire was quickly started and the tea kettle placed on the front part of the stove. While it was heating, the old woman bustled back and forth between the pantry and table.

Yonkers attempted to rise, but found that his ankle had grown much worse during the night. He could not move it without pain.

"It's like I thought it would be," said the old woman, reassuringly. "You'll have to keep quiet a few days, and then it will grow better. Now lean on me, and I'll help you over to the big chair. You must not stir around much to-day. Just get something to eat when it's noon and keep up the ore. I'll leave some wood handy."

It took but a few minutes for the water to boil, and by that time breakfast was ready. After they had eaten, the old woman put some of the toast and a few cookies in a tin pail.

"That's for my dinner," she said. "Now I must be going. It's time for the last bell to ring, so I'll leave the table till I get back. The burling-room lets out early."

Yonkers listened to her as she hurried down the steps. The rain was now beating furiously against the windows. As soon as it grew light he blew out the lamp and set it on the shelf. Then, with the aid of a broom handle, he hobbled about until he had washed the dishes and swept the floor. After that he returned to his chair.

It was still raining when the old woman returned at night. Yonkers noticed that she moved very slowly.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, just my old rheumatism got back! I was hoping it wouldn't bother me this winter, but likely I gave it an invitation by getting wet. Anyhow, it can't be helped now. Perhaps it will be all right by to-morrow."

But the next day found it worse instead of better. She managed to do her housework, and even to hobble out as far as the woodshed. But it was impossible for her to walk to the factory.

"I'm afraid it's settled on me," she

said to Yonkers, at the end of a week. "It seems to stay just so, no better and no worse. I would not mind so much if it wasn't for my rent coming due and not much ahead for winter. I counted on the next two months' work paying the quarter's rent. But there! I oughtn't to be complaining," she added, cheerfully. "I've lived here forty years, and ain't never had to miss a rent day yet."

"Mebbe you'll be gettin' better soon," he suggested, hopefully. "My ankle's most well."

"Sprains and rheumatism acts different," she rejoined, with a smile. "But we won't borrow trouble. I'm glad you got well so quick." A shadow crossed her face as she added, slowly, "I suppose you'll be goin' soon? You've been real good company, and I shall miss you. Don't seem like I've only known you a week."

"I ain't goin' till you get better," he answered, quietly. "My goin' ter sea can wait a few weeks longer."

The next day she sent Yonkers to the store for some groceries. He had not been away from the house before, and, for the first time he learned the name of the old woman.

"Most everybody inquired 'bout you, Mrs. Sparks," he said, as he placed the bundles on the table.

The old woman laughed.

"I guess it was partly to have a talk with you," Mrs. Sparks answered, as she rose painfully from her chair. "Folks are curious sometimes. But I wish you wouldn't call me Mrs. Sparks. Just say 'Granny.' I like that best."

During the weeks which followed, the old woman improved very slowly. Yonkers sawed the wood, and piled it in the wood-shed. Then he mended the broken fences and cleaned out the cellar.

As the end of December approached, Mrs. Sparks grew restless. Yonkers often found her gazing anxiously from the window. One day she sent for the doctor. After he left she went into her bedroom and remained for a long time. When she came out, Yonkers saw that she had been crying.

"It ain't any use to put it off longer," she said, with a faint attempt to smile. "The rent is due next week, and I can't pay it. I've been hoping I'd get to work, but the doctor says I ain't likely to this winter. I might as well give up the house."

"Mebbe the man would wait," ventured Yonkers.

"I suppose he would, but what's the use? I'd only be getting more behind. Next April there'd be another quarter's rent due. I'd rather give up the house now than to get in debt and then give it up."

"Where can you go?"

"'Poorhouse."

Yonkers drummed on the window a moment. Then he went out, and the kitten followed. Back of the house a narrow footpath led up to the highest part of the hill. He took this. When he reached the top, he sat down upon a rock which he had often visited before. The ocean looked very calm and blue, and he gazed at it longingly. It had never seemed so alluring as now.

A plaintive "mew" recalled him. He reached down and took the kitten in his arms. Then he descended the hill. But he did not stop at the house. Leaving the kitten on the door step, he hurried on to the village. When he returned, he placed a folded paper in the old woman's hand. She opened it slowly and a ten-dollar bill fell out. "Why," she said, wonderingly, "this paper's a receipt for six months' rent."

"Yes," replied Yonkers, as he reached down and began to play with the kitten. "I paid it. There was ten dollars left."

"But where—"

"It's my ocean money," he interrupted, quietly. "I ain't goin' ter sea. I stopped down ter the fact'ry, an' the boss said he'd give me a job in the spinnin' room at two dollars a week. If I'm smart, he says he'll make it three. Next spring I'm goin' ter try gardenin'. I think I can make it pay. That is, if you're willin'."

The old woman did not answer. When he looked up she was crying softly.

## OUR PUZZLES.

Note: All our yearly subscribers are cordially welcome, and are respectfully invited to send solutions, and also to contribute Original Puzzles to this department.

Any questions you may submit will be answered in my weekly talks.

Prizes: The Publisher of YOUTH will award, each week, a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the best list of answers; to the one sending next best list, one year's subscription to YOUTH, in the name of one of your friends, not already a subscriber.

All communications should be addressed:

"KNAVE'S INK,"  
Wilmington, N. C.

1. Anagram—  
H. "THE PRESIDENT OF OUR NATION IS DEAD." ASASS'NAT."  
"A. C. E. WING."

NAVESINK, N. J.

2. DIAMOND—

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      O
    O O O
  O O O O O
O O O O O O O
  O O O O O
    O O O
      O
  
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1, C; 2, Pres. indic. plur of he; 3, A place of contest; 4, A Beacon; 5, To follow; 6, An Easter Eve (initials); 7, T.

"JAY HAICH."

NAVESINK, N. J.

3. Numerical Enigma—  
Whole of 9 letters is a small dagger; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is on the quiet; 5, 6, 7, is to permit, or allow; 8, 9, is a preposition opposed to from.

"JAY HAICH."

4. Hour Glass—

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O O O O O O O
  O O O O O
    O O O
      O
    O O O
  O O O O O
O O O O O O O
  
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1, The followers of Brigham Young; 2, To alarm; 3, pres. ind. pl of he; 4, R; A young of the swine; 6, Fastness or rapidity of motion; 7, Structures spanning a brook or river, to enable pedestrians or vehicles to cross from one side to the other. Central Down: The state of a couple after their marriage.

"I NOAH THINGERTO."

Problems:

5. Find the interest on \$348.00 for 38 days at 6 per cent.  
6. Find the interest on \$672.85 for 71 days at 9 per cent.  
7. What is the square root of 45796?  
8. What is the square root of 2773529?

Answers to puzzles in YOUTH no. 15:

1:

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      F
    DUB
  SORED
DOG CART
FURCATION
BEATING
DRINK
  TOG
    N
  
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2: Ash, cedar, oak, pear.

3:

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      ACHE
    CLAD
  HARD
  EDDY
  
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4: Hidden Trees.

5: 12 ft.

TALK.

The winners of prizes offered for solutions of puzzles in No. 14 have been awarded as follows:

1st prize, \$1.00, to "Jay Haich," and 2nd prize, YOUTH for 1 year, to "A. C. E. Wing." I only received answers for three puzzles. What is the matter with the rest of you?

Will Tommy Whipple and Anxious send in solutions and original puzzles. I would be pleased to hear from others of YOUTH'S readers, too. "I. Noah Thingerto" was the third to send answers. All were "completers."

"KNAVE'S INK."

# A Southern Cadet, OR TOM HAMILTON AT SCHOOL.

By Charles Kingsley.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Now this mean and contemptible trick of Tweedles had to be played to a finish, of course. The throwing of the paper wrappers under Tom Hamilton's bed was only the first play he had to make to extricate himself from his dilemma. After he had carefully watched Tom enter his room and close the door after him before dressing for "Guard Mount"—Tweedles having found that Tom had been detailed off this morning for that duty—he began to reflect how best he should bruit this story of the robbery about the academy. There was not much time to lose, he well knew. He had to make it appear he had been robbed without further delay, and also to report the matter to the major and the doctor, in order that he might not be accused of trumping-up a false story. He must, of course, pretend to have no evidence against anybody, especially Tom. He knew that he had to feel greatly worried, and to be constantly telling everybody that he was positive no cadet could possibly be guilty of such a crime. In a word, he had to persuade himself that he knew how to be as great a liar as the worst criminal that ever entered the dock, and be all the time like the gentleman he never was; or, in other words, he had to act a part, which though dramatic, would call up all the cunning of his nature to save him from utter ruin.

His first false step, however, in his hurry was in rushing into the rooms of those cadets to whom he had bragged about his father's liberality after he had won the Busch medal, and to whom he had shown the four thousand dollars his father had given him to hand over to the foreman of the gang of laborers working for him, representing that amount as a gift to himself from the "gub'nor, you know."

"Say, fellows, you remember that wad I showed you which the old man gave me," he said to one after the other. "Well, I've lost it. I had it in my pocket just before going to breakfast, after I had reported to the officer of the day when I came back to duty this morning. I laid it on my dresser, and it's gone—it's gone!"

"What's gone?" asked one. "Do you mean to say some one has stolen it?"

"There are no thieves in this academy," said another. "Tweedles, you're mistaken."

"I wish you would remember, Tweedles, that this academy is the resort of gentlemen and not criminals," said a third.

"That sum of money was so frightfully large that you have been hiding it in all manner of places, and you forget where you placed it last, Tweedles," said a fourth, sarcastically.

"Your old man don't care about a few thousand dollars, Tweedles," a fifth exclaimed, in derision. "Perhaps some one has taken it away from you for fear you might spend it foolishly."

The cadets made light of the matter at first, but Billy Tweedles became so serious and rushed from one place to the other with such alarming misery on his face and such positive assurances that he had lost his money, that the cadets began slowly to form in groups and discuss the situation with a gravity that boded no good to the culprit who had committed the unheard of crime, if crime had been committed. Having worked the cadets up to a state of frenzy, Billy Tweedles' next move was to report the matter to the major instantly, and afterwards to Dr. Wilson. To both he knew that it was necessary to tell the same story.

"Sir," he said to the major saluting, after entering his office, "I have an unusual report to make." He was, naturally, very much excited.

"Cadet Tweedles, what is the matter, pray?" asked the major, noticing the abrupt, and almost impertinent demeanor of Billy Tweedles. "Is the academy besieged?"

"Yes, sir," replied Billy. "I mean, that this academy is the resort of"—he hesitated—

"Resort of what?" asked the major, turning round in his chair and looking Billy squarely in the face.

"It ought to be the resort of gentlemen, sir," said Billy, drawing himself up to his full height with the fine military air he had displayed a few hours before when competing for the Busch medal.

The major at first thought Billy had been drinking, he looked so careworn and wretched.

"I hope this academy is the resort of gentlemen," replied the major, quietly. "What do you mean, Cadet Tweedles?"

"I mean, sir, that there is some thief or thieves around this institution," said Tweedles, defiantly.

"Indeed," interrupted the major. "Take care, Tweedles, what you say. Be honest yourself, and let me know what you mean."

Tweedles became momentarily frightened. Then he said in an injured tone: "My father gave me over four thousand dollars before he left here yesterday for me to hand over to his foreman last night."

"For what purpose?" asked the major. "To pay off the Italians working for him on the railroad," replied Tweedles.

"And this has been stolen in this institution?" asked the major, now thoroughly worked up.

"Yes, sir. I had it in my pocket an hour ago, and laid the money on my dresser," replied Tweedles. "If this is the resort of gentlemen—"

"Cadet Tweedles, you are over excited. Go to your room," said the major. "The cadets are probably enjoying a joke at your expense, that's all. I will look into the matter at once."

The major, however, as he dismissed Tweedles was very uneasy. He wandered from one room to the other stealthily, catching up all he could possibly hear in the corridors without seeming so to do; for the major, a strict disciplinarian, could never allow such a charge as this to go uninvestigated. He still fancied some of the cadets had been playing a joke with Tweedles, and, although he hated a sneak, he had to appear one himself in this instance for the honor of the institution.

"Four thousand dollars is rather a big sum," he said to himself. "No cadet of this academy could have stolen that amount. However, I'll do my best to find out the truth of Tweedles' story."

Thus he went around the academy, peeping here and there, listening unobserved, and watching the actions of the cadets as they sauntered from one place to the other in pursuit of their regular duties.

Tom was dressing for guard mount with the usual precision he always displayed, and Lieutenant Moxley was in his room chatting when the major peeped in, and said quietly: "All right, boys?"

"No, everything is not all right, major," replied Lieut. Moxley.

"Well, lieutenant, come down to the office," said the major, aghast.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Billy Tweedle's accusation of theft had made the cadets very wroth, and a majority of them had already met in secret to discuss the vile blot cast on the Academy's escutcheon. It was plain to everybody that nobody but a cadet could have stolen Billy's money, if theft there had been committed. They had seen the Major prowling here and there, and had also seen Lieutenant Moxley follow him down to his office, speaking in language very unusual for a cadet of Poughkeepsie Academy before the commanding officer. Indeed, Moxley had been distinctly heard to say that he would not remain in the Academy another day with this accusation held over the heads of the students, and that his father would not blame him if he went directly home. The Major had replied—"Tut, tut, Lieutenant Moxley! This matter shall soon be cleared up. Say no more. I will consult with Doctor Wilson."

The Academy almost resembled a place of mutiny when the drums sounded first call for "Guard Mount," and cadets were rushing into Tom Hamilton's room, one after the other, to learn what Lieutenant Moxley meant, as he passed through the hall with the Major; for they well knew he had issued from Tom's room.

"I don't know what it means," said Tom, holding up the wrappers that had been thrown under his bed. "I found these lying there, but I swear I never placed them there and don't know anything about Tweedles' money. I don't believe he ever had four thousand dollars, or that his father would ever trust him with such a sum."

"Oh, yes, he had!" exclaimed a half a dozen cadets at the same time. "Billy Tweedles showed us the money. We'll have Tweedles here."

"Yes. Go for him!" cried one after the other.

Tweedles, white with excitement, and his eyes glittering unnaturally, came obedient to the summons.

"What are these wrappers doing in my room?" asked Tom, threateningly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tweedles, examining them. "Those are the wrappers sure enough. I don't know how they got there, Hamilton. I'm not accusing you, but there's something mighty suspicious about the whole business."

Tom took up his rifle hastily, and in his mad rage, exclaimed: "Cadet Tweedles, if you accuse me of robbing you, I'll run the butt end of this rifle down your throat!"

"No you won't!" exclaimed a half a dozen cadets, stepping in between Tom and Billy Tweedles, and forcibly restraining him.

By this time Lieutenant Moxley had returned, looking pale and excited. "Brother cadets," he said, in a loud voice, "if this matter is not cleared up before night, I vote we all resign and go home. I will not associate with eads or robbers—Poughkeepsie cadets are not eads. I do not believe Cadet Hamilton stole this money or knows anything about it. Probably," he added, with the words hissing through his teeth, "Mr. Micas' gambling den can tell the whole tale. I do know Tom Hamilton never left the Academy last night, and I know also that Cadet Tweedles was not only on pass but came to his room this morning under the influence of liquor. I believe in my heart he was robbed of his money in that gambling den and"—he hesitated.

"Who threw those wrappers into Cadet Hamilton's room to make him a thief?" asked the Major, stepping suddenly into the room.

The cadets, taken by surprise, came to "attention" in an instant.

"Do you mean to say, Lieutenant Moxley, that Cadet Tweedles was the one who led Cadet Hamilton into that gambling den up town?" asked the Major, usually so self-possessed but now losing his control.

"Brother cadets, shall I answer?" asked Lieutenant Moxley, looking around for approval.

"Yes!" shouted everybody but Tom Hamilton and Billy Tweedles.

"Cadet Tweedles, shall I answer?" asked Lieutenant Moxley, turning to that individual, now cowed with fear. Tweedles did not reply.

"Cadet Hamilton—my friend, Tom—shall I answer?" asked Lieutenant Moxley, placing his arm on Tom's shoulder in defiance of all military regulations.

Tom did not reply.

"Silence gives consent," said Moxley, facing the Major. "I know, Major Terrill, for a positive fact that Cadet Tweedles enticed Cadet Hamilton into those gambling parlors, and I know also that he threatened to report me for running the guard if I gave him away. That is probably where his money's gone."

Major Terrill looked first at Tweedles, and then at Tom. Both appeared to be entirely oblivious of their surroundings. Then the Major glanced into the faces of the cadets around with a face the expression of which was unspeakably sad, and said quickly: "This is the worst cut I ever received during my residence here."

Hitherto Tom had not spoken a word since Lieutenant Moxley had returned from the office. Now he said, drawing himself up and saluting:

"Sir, if I am guilty of theft, you should have me arrested by the civic authorities and locked up. My father, Colonel Hamilton, will not allow me, sir, to remain in Poughkeepsie Academy under this suspicion. And he, sir, who has tried to throw the guilt of robbery on my shoulders is not fit for a Southerner like me to associate with."

Major Terrill was on the point of ordering Tom's arrest, but these manly words withheld him. Looking admiringly into Tom's face, he said: "Cadet Hamilton, attend to your duties. Guard Mount is overdue. Orderly, have the drum call sound to fall in."

Just then, the sentry not yet relieved came rushing to the drill hall and frantically exclaiming: "Major Terrill, come quick! We are besieged by Italians clamoring for 'Tweedles!'"

(To be continued.)

SEND 10 CENTS FOR SIX WEEKS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUTH. SEE OUR PREMIUM LIST ON PAGE 8.

### Amateur Photography.

Edited by FRED FELL.

The majority of amateurs in photography persist in using the fastest plates obtainable for all kinds and under all conditions of work. This is a great mistake, except in cases where short exposures are imperative. Cady Harris Saint has an admirable article in the Philatelic West and Camera News on this subject as follows:

The exactness of the exposure demanded by these rapid emulsions causes a large proportion of our unsatisfactory results in the shape of thin, weak, washed-out looking negatives on the one hand; and the harsh, soot-and-whitewash kind on the other. From either kind it is impossible to produce a satisfactory print, yet how common they are amongst the negatives of the ordinary amateur.

The use of a fast plate on a landscape full of delicate gradation, where there is no movement to prevent the giving of a time exposure, is as ill-advised as would be the harnessing of a high-bred race horse to a heavy farm wagon. Each has its own field in which it excels; in any other sphere it is at a disadvantage. The extra rapidity of the fast plate will not produce the richness and depth of detail that may be so easily obtained with the slower plate, any more than will the speed of the race horse enable him to satisfactorily perform the work of the heavy draught animal. Permitting as it does of more latitude in exposure, the slow plate has the additional advantage of being more under control in development. Time exposures are to be preferred to those made with a shutter if the best possible printing qualities are desired in one's negatives. Time exposures on slow plates would develop into negatives that would be a revelation to many an amateur that has never used anything but the most rapid emulsions and a quick shutter. His percentage of failures would decrease and the improvement of his work would be as gratifying as would be his satisfaction at having found the method by which the better negatives could be secured without the constant search for some new and wonder-working developer.

The novice, in his fear of over-exposure, caused by sad experience with the fast plates, rushes to the other extreme; producing almost invariably the harsh, unnatural results that are so objectionable. Gradation, tone, texture and softness are all sacrificed at the altar of the small stop, quick shutter, and fast plate. A large diaphragm, a slow plate, and an exposure that is generous, will result in negatives with the delicate half-tones reproduced in all their beauty of full gradations from dense high lights to clear transparency in the deepest shadows. The opposite method will result, unless the exact exposure be given, in an entirely different kind of negative.



**PATRIOTISM.**

By REV. J. A. WATERMAN.

I have touched on a great many questions in my advice to the boys and girls of America, but a suggestion comes to my mind through reading the able papers by the editor entitled, "The Boy in Politics."—that is, on the duty of Patriotism. No matter who is elected President of this country, or even Superintendent of Schools in your district, that man is entitled to the highest respect because the popular voice has said so. We must respect authority all of us, every man, woman and child, no matter whether the elected man be Republican or Democrat.

Patriotism is the love of country—obedience to the authorities placed over us, in school, college, or elsewhere. It is especially essential that the youth of to-day should remember this at this hour. The man who is President of the United States to-day has an awful responsibility on his shoulders. The ancient civilizations were destroyed by barbarians from without, but the modern civilizations are menaced by a mustering of barbarians from within; and so it happened on one recent dreadful day that the evil hand of anarchy struck what was meant to be a deadly blow at the very heart of our precious and costly social good. The death of President McKinley awakened that noble patriotism which burns to-day in every good man's and boy's heart. It seemed in our bewilderment of grief and terror and rage, that evil was fatally stronger than good, and had triumphed. But our social structure did not even stagger at the blow—Democrats and Republicans united in their horror at the dastardly act—and Patriotism was victorious. The whole nation trembled with grief and indignation, but not with weakness; the stroke of evil was a failure. The patriotism of the entire world was aroused.

Evil killed the President unquestionably, but in his death was triumph. Most men die ingloriously in their beds. But the shot that killed William McKinley gave him an opportunity to die nobly, and he so nobly took it that it has multiplied his life a millionfold here on the earth, and translated him to the uplands of the universe where he walks with Washington and Lincoln and Garfield and the rest, serving the interests of the universe in higher ways than the highest ways of earth. That common sorrow we all felt not only melted and fused the nation's soul completely together, but it raised a great resolve on the part of the people, in an appeal to their patriotism, to make the shot of the assassin the suicide of anarchy. Education and religion and patriotism, are the only permanent cures for anarchism. No man, loyal to God and believing in His success, can ever be an anarchist; no patriot will ever use the knife against bad government, so long as he has reason and the ballot box at his disposal.

Cherish, therefore, young men of America, that noble spirit of patriotism engendered in you on the same principle that you love your mother. Study for yourselves the issues of the day, but bow at all times to authority. Good is intrinsically stronger than evil; human society can never at any time be anything but the product of human character and culture; but at the fact of the great structure of all human society erected for the development of the human specie lies—Patriotism. The boy who is patriotic in his school studies and his games—loyal to all authority—has in him the true essence of manhood.

Patriotism not only wins battles, but it makes good sons and daughters—the highest citizenship of the world.

**Philatelic Department.**  
Edited by BENJ. F. BURCH,  
Wymore, Neb.

The collector who collects in fits and starts, spending every cent he gets for stamps one month and not looking at his collection for the next six or eight months is not likely to gather a very large or valuable collection. Collectors should remember that the great majority of stamps as they come to hand after service in the mails are only in average condition and he satisfied if their collection consists of such copies. Avoid paying a high price for a stamp for condition.

The best method of computing the value of a stamp that has yet been discovered is to take into account the number issued and brought into circulation. This is one of the best methods discovered yet, and through it the real value of a stamp has often been determined. Thus, if 50,000 copies of a stamp have been issued, then each specimen of these is worth \$1, and if one copy has been issued this copy is worth \$50. Below is a list showing the number issued of each denomination:

- One-half mill, 2,500,000.
- One mill, 1,800,000.
- Two mill, 250,000.
- Three mill, 150,000.
- Four mill, 100,000.
- Eight mill, 100,000.

These figures are the numbers issued of each value of the 1894 and 1896 issues, separately.

Now, considering the foregoing basis for valuation, each of the above stamps would be worth as follows: One-half m., about 2c.; 1 m., about 3c.; 2 m., 18c.; 3 m., 37c.; 4 m., 50c.; and 8 m., 50c. Therefore a complete set would be worth about \$1.50. They are catalogued at about 25c. per set unused. Used copies are rarely seen. In view of the above facts a rise in price of these two issues can be looked for at any time, and if indications are correct it must come soon.

I recently saw a note in a philatelic paper where a collector had two varieties in color of the 1c. Canada Jubilee, one copy being in the correct yellow shade, while the other one was brown in color. In regard to this, I have heard that the yellow easily changes to brown, or brownish-yellow, if long exposed to the sunlight, or moist air.

How to detect counterfeits is not so difficult to answer as it may seem. The best method of doing this is to measure the word crazie which is 9 m. on the genuine 60c, and 10 1/4 in. on the genuine 9c. Therefore, those 60c. stamps that have crazies 9 m. in length are genuine, while those stamps with this value in which the word measures 10 1/4 m. are forgeries. This is practically the only way to detect them. The 2c. Pan-American has been printed with the engine inverted—upside down. A block of four of these inverts have been sold for \$10. Business men and newspapers are everywhere talking about the extraordinary price paid for these errors. This is well, for the outside world is thus given an insight into the values of stamps.

One of the interesting exhibits in connection with the postal display at the "Pan-Am" is an electric cancelling machine upon which souvenirs given to visitors are cancelled. The card used is ordinary postal card stock upon which is the inscription in four lines:

Post Office Department Exhibit  
—U. S. Government Building—  
Pan-American Exposition.—

Buffalo, N. Y., and in parenthesis in small letters in lower sinister corner "Unavailable." The cancellation used is Buffalo, N. Y.—1901, with date and hour in centre and seven lines with "P. O. Dep't Ex" between third and fifth in centre.

A recent list of an eastern dealer gives two quotations which cannot fail to interest those who are interested in Uncle Sam's adhesives. The first is for a paper proof of the August type

**CHEAP AT \$20** **FREE** **DON'T COST YOU A CENT**  
Ladies' or Gent's Size.  
Thousands are Accepting this **WONDERFUL OFFER!!**

This is an elegant Solid Gold Filled Case, beautifully engraved, Guaranteed to wear a lifetime, and contains a Genuine Elgin Movement, 17 ruby jewels, adjusted to temperature, quick train, elegant hairspring, micrometric regulator, shock resistant, dust proof and Fully Guaranteed for 25 Years. You'll be amazed at our Wonderful Offer. If you'll send only 12 boxes of Beecher's Pills for us at 25 cents per box, send us the \$3.00 that you get for the same, and of our option we will positively mail you the beautiful watch described above, or one of your own selection from our large premium list, or if you prefer, you can select Jewelry, Knives, Razors, Shaving Sets or Silverware, in either event, to the amount of sale. Take your choice from our premium list. Beecher's Pills have no equal for the speedy cure of Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Torpid and Diseased Liver, Fever and Ague, Throat and Stomach troubles. Our boxes are Large and Plump Pills. No trouble to swallow. We now propose to Actually Give Away Thousands of Dollars' worth of elegant premiums, in order to get one Wonderful Cure as quickly introduced into new neighborhoods. We want 100,000 more new agents at once, hence this unheard of offer. What we lose in the offer we will make back on future sales, and much more. This is the greatest offer ever made to honest people by an honest firm. This Golden Opportunity is for Men, Women, Boys, Girls. If you don't mean business, don't reply. We've no time for triflers. Write today for 12 boxes. Send no money. We trust you. Return what you can't sell. We Mean Just What We Say. Address exactly as below.

**BEECHER PILL CO., Box 411, Congress Park, Ill.**  
**NOTICE**—The Beecher Pill Co. are thoroughly reliable and will do exactly as they agree. J. B. JACKSON, Postmaster Congress Park.

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To prove the correctness of my unerring Astrological System I will send you a personal type-written Astrological Reading or Horoscope (FREE!) of your life if you will send me your state of birth, sex and 2c. return postage. My readings persons for life, and you will not regret it if you write to me. Write at once. All letters held confidential. PROF. H. EDISON, Y. BINGHAMTON, N. Y. —THEY CALL ME THE WONDERFUL ASTROLOGER.

of the 3c. 1861 offered for \$1.00 and the other an imperforated pair of 1890 2 centers at \$3.50.

The continued scarcity of used copies of the \$30 revenues keeps the price well up. I have noted but two offers recently being made, one at \$12.50 and the other at \$10.50. It does not seem that a price of over a third of face could be maintained yet there is no indication of any weakening in the market. Either the stamps have not reached the dealers or else the fact of purchase by them is being carefully concealed.

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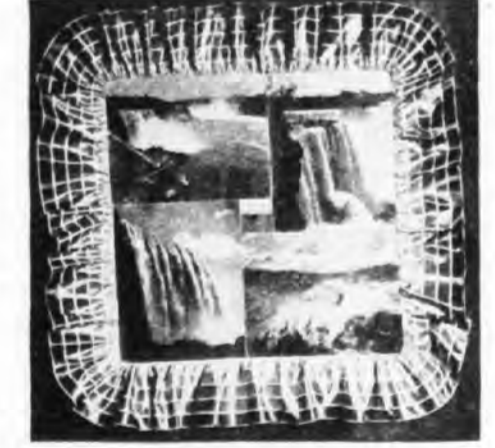
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# YOUTH

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## Hopper and Other Boys.

BY OLIVER T. OSWALD.

### CHAPTER VIII.

As the House Boat Man, his face wreathed in smiles, pointed to old Skewball as our "ghost," we all four began to wonder. He repeated the observation three or four times until finally re-assured we crept forward towards the mansion.

"That was old Skewball who made that unearthly sound, for sure," said Hopper, knowingly. "I told you before there were no ghosts. Who ever heard of ghosts making noises like mules? Pshaw!"

"All right, Hopper," Zack answered. "You fancied ghosts made such noises yourself, and I don't believe old Skewball made that noise we heard. If old Doc Bemus was here now, he'd tell you all about it."

"I do believe," said Fred, nudging my arm as we approached the House Boat Man. "It was that old mule we heard; don't you?"

"I think so," I replied, whispering: "but what was that House Boat Man doing around here all night?"

"Why he was chasing them ghosts," said Zack. "Don't you see he's covered all over with mud and dust. You can't fool me worth a cent. Just look at him!"

"Ghosts, your grandmother!" exclaimed Hopper, displaying as usual his wonted courage; "I don't believe a word of that yarn about Doc Bemus. He had a 'skate' on, that's all."

The House Boat Man had, in the meantime, deliberately walked into the Van Winkle mansion, and we could see him prying first into one room and then the other, looking about him—as Zack said—as though he were in pursuit of the greatest ghost of all.

"He's after his brother," whispered Zack, as we saw the House Boat Man run down the back stairs with something like a soldering iron in his hand.

That there was something strangely mysterious about the House Boat Man's movements even Hopper had to allow; and we stood there in front of the mansion watching him bob from one room into the other, dragging first one indescribable thing and then another after him in utter astonishment.

"He's got him!" said Zack, at length. "Look at him pulling, there! That's his brother, sure."

After probably a half an hour had elapsed, the House Boat Man came out of the Van Winkle mansion and said, as he dusted his coat: "Boys, you'd better go back to your boat and leave me here. I may be here all day. I can't exactly tell. I've tumbled upon what I've been looking after for a long time."

The House Boat Man spoke seriously, and his manner was so grave and hesitating that Zack tugged at my

sleeve, and whispered: "He's got him. I told you so. He's found his brother's ghost, for sure!" Soon the House Boat Man's gravity turned to indescribable mirth and benevolence, and, as if nothing at all had happened, he said, laughing: "You'd better take your ghost along with you. I guess the mule is ready now. Old Skewball is ready to listen to reason." So saying, he walked towards old Skewball, who pricked up his ears and

ly along, seeming to say—"All right, boys, I'll not fool with you any longer."

"Why does that old mule obey you so?" asked Zack, wondering, as the House Boat Man brought him to us.

"Because he's open to reason," laughed the House Boat Man. "Now you get your boat along, and I may overtake you before you reach Portchester." So he left us.

Old Skewball after this needed no urging, but walked ahead of us as mildly as a lamb, appearing to be quite as anxious as we were to reach the boat. And to our astonishment we harnessed him and started him on the towpath without further trouble. In fact, the old mule seemed to be de-

said Hopper at length, walking up and down the deck like a regular skipper dressed in authority.

"No, sir'ee," replied Zack, shaking his head. "Guess that elixir would make the ghosts walk at daytime as well as the night. Maybe it would be good for old Skewball, but I ain't goin' to be cheated out of pumpkin pie by any more elixir."

"Guess I'll sell it when we land at Bentry," said Hopper, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "My literary work on the Palladium ought to be turned into cash by this time. There's a drug store in Bentry. I'll sell at a discount for cash."

"It's mighty powerful stuff," said Zack, "and ought to fetch a good price. That elixir of life is a good thing, if you only take enough of it. It's good for people whose stomachs are empty—they won't need much food for a long time after taking it. Doc Bemus used to have a patent medicine much like this elixir which he said was a grand thing for everybody but himself."

"Why wasn't it good for himself?" asked Hopper, smiling.

"Because he said it didn't mix well with the other ingredients of his stomach," replied Zack, "and spoilt the effect of what his stomach contained."

We three laughed at Zack's simplicity.

"What did old Doc Bemus call this medicine?" asked Fred.

"The Rejuvenator," replied Zack. "I asked the minister of the Baptist Church what it meant, and he said it meant to be born over again. Old 'Doc' needs to be born over again, perhaps, but he'd never take any of that 'Rejuvenator,' I noticed. No, sir'ee! You couldn't get him to take it after he'd seen them ghosts."

"Why, no!" exclaimed Hopper, in his usual tone of wisdom. "The Rejuvenator would, certainly, spoil the effect."

Finally we reached the little town of Bentry, and Hopper went below for the box of elixir, remarking to us, bantering in his fashion, that the canal boat would travel just as fast without this "never-to-be-forgotten remedy for all diseases incidental to humanity." We saw him return with the box on his shoulder, and as we moored to the tow-path, he cried out: "Elixir forever! Literature and medicine are both good for the human system. In 'The Palladium' office I exchanged my literary abilities for the medicinal—now I'll get the cold cash for both."

Just as Hopper sprang ashore, a man stepped in front of him, whom we immediately recognized as Mr. Johnson.

"What are you doing with my box?" asked Mr. Johnson, threateningly.

"Your box?" exclaimed Hopper. "This isn't your box. I guess this box belongs to me. Your box is where you left it last night, Mr. Johnson."

"I tell you that's my box," cried Mr.



"GEE! BUT WE'RE RICH!" EXCLAIMED ZACK.

switched his tail as though he recognized an old acquaintance.

"Look at him! Look at him!" exclaimed Zack, watching how quietly the mule followed the House Boat Man. "He's a wizard, that House Boat Man."

"Come, Skewball!" exclaimed the House Boat Man, walking by the mule's side. "No more of your antics. You've had enough fun out of these boys for once."

Skewball looked at us and thrust out his ears as he walked calm-

ly that he had been given the job.

I noticed in among the trees as the Mary Jane moved along a dark figure appear at intervals and disappear again, as though in pursuit of somebody or something on board. The individual was evidently desirous of hiding himself from all possibility of identification, though I imagined at times he was the mysterious stranger who had boarded the House Boat and deposited a box on the Mary Jane bound for Portchester.

"Zack, have a little more elixir!"

Johnson, seizing Hopper by the throat. "How dare you!"

A scuffle, lasting only a few seconds, ensued. We, boys, rushed to the forward part of the boat. "Bring that box back!" shouted Hopper, frantically, rushing after Mr. Johnson. "Thief! Thief!"

Mr. Johnson ran as fast as his legs would carry him, and we finally had the satisfaction of seeing Hopper return, but without the box. "Well, there goes my elixir!" exclaimed Hopper in dismay, as he boarded the boat afresh. "I'll see now who's got the best of the trade. Come along, boys! Let's look into his box." So saying Hopper picked up a hammer, and without the least compunction began to pry open the box which Mr. Johnson had placed on the deck of the Mary Jane the night before.

We boys gathered around, anxious to see the contents of Mr. Johnson's box. Imagine our surprise, therefore, when the cover was removed from the box to see Hopper pick up a handful of bright, shining coins as though they had come fresh from the mint.

"Gee! But we're rich!" exclaimed Zack, as Hopper let the coins dribble out of his hand into the box. "There must be thousands of them half dollars, there. Guess them's better than your elixir."

#### CHAPTER IX.

We stood amazed at the contents of this box which Mr. Johnson had left behind. Zack's eyes gleamed in their sockets as Hopper continued to scoop up the half dollars into his hand and let them fall back again into the box.

"They look all right," said Hopper, shaking his head. "Guess I've got the best of the bargain, eh? That Mr. Johnson may take my blamed old elixir. We must have four or five hundred dollars, for sure."

"But how does Mr. Johnson come to have all this silver?" asked Fred, wonderingly. "There's no mint around here."

"Perhaps, they're counterfeit," said Zack, in dismay. "All that money—and—and then—"

"Then what?" asked Hopper, addressing Zack.

"We might pass 'em," he whispered. "Yes, Hopper, we might pass 'em as well as this Mr. Johnson."

There was a pause. It was curious how this observation of poor Zack's had set us all a-thinking.

"Maybe that House Boat Man knows something about this," said Fred, at length. "I wouldn't wonder if—"

"If what?" I asked, looking at the coins as Hopper still continued to turn them over, while we looked on. "Do you think the House Boat Man made those coins?"

"Wouldn't be surprised," said Zack, seriously. "He wasn't chasing them ghosts all night for nothing."

"It's a sure thing," said Hopper at length, sitting on Mr. Johnson's box. "That I've got the best of the bargain. If these coins are half dollars, I have the best of this Mr. Johnson anyhow; if they're spurious coins, I'll hang on to them until we reach Uncle Jim or the House Boat Man again. There's no mint around here, that's sure. These coins are either counterfeit, or they're genuine. I believe they're counterfeit, and"—he added mysteriously, after a pause—"I believe the House Boat Man is the counterfeiter."

"Do you mean that those coins were made in the Van Winkle mansion?" I asked, wonderingly.

"It may be," replied Hopper, thoughtfully. "Don't you remember how quickly the House Boat Man discovered that half a dollar I threw in the air when we went on his boat to be spurious? It looked exactly like these coins."

"It's certain to me he's after this box," I said, pointing to Mr. Johnson's box. "This House Boat Man always was a mystery, and we never knew how he made his money. I guess we've got him at last!"

"I think so, too," put in Fred, at length. "He wasn't all covered with dust and mud chasing ghosts last night. And what did this Mr. Johnson mean by coming aboard the House Boat Man's boat as he did last night?"

"I tell you," said Zack, finally. "what's got to be, s'got to be. He

found his brother's ghost. I don't believe he knows what's in that box any more nor than old Harry. That House Boat Man is unearthing what Doc. Bemus said would always come to light some day."

"What was this Mr. Johnson doing on the tow-path a little while ago, boys, and what did he mean by taking away the box?" asked Hopper. "If there wasn't something he was afraid of in that box, why did he ask me to say nothing about it to the House Boat Man?"

"I believe that Mr. Johnson was the man we have seen dodging in and out through the trees on the heel-path," I said.

"Well, I think the best thing we can do is to get home as quickly as possible, and ask father or Uncle Jim what to do with this box," returned Hopper. So Zack, accustomed to the tow-path, and only too glad to get as far away as possible from the Van Winkle mansion, sprang behind old Skewball and his mate, and urging them on, the Mary Jane resumed her course towards Portchester.

When we were about four miles from Portchester we encountered a loaded boat that had run aground, swung across the canal, and we were thus delayed until morning. Hopper, on our arrival, seemed to be afraid of meeting Uncle Jim; so he came to our house for breakfast, where we learned at once that the jury in the horse-stealing case, of which Uncle Jim was foreman, had not yet brought in a verdict. This fact not only was a great relief to Hopper, but to all of us, and we ate our pancakes with relish.

"We've a silver mine on board that Mary Jane," said Hopper finally, addressing father. "I believe Doc. Bemus' ghosts made all kinds of money in that old Van Winkle mansion. We've got a box full of silver half dollars or counterfeits—I don't know which."

Father thought Hopper was exaggerating, or playing some joke on him, but after breakfast we persuaded him to go down and have a look at the contents of Mr. Johnson's box, at the same time relating all the adventures we had incurred in pursuit of old Skewball, and the strange and mysterious movements of the House Boat Man.

"Well," said father, at length. "I'll look at the contents of this box. It's just possible that the old Van Winkle mansion was the place where these counterfeit coins, which have been flooding the country for so long, were made."

Father went down to the canal with us and boarded the Mary Jane. He examined the coins, shook his head doubtfully, and walked away without saying another word. In a few minutes he returned, with a whole crowd of people from the village, anxious to examine the coins, and asking us all manner of questions.

Old Doc. Bemus finally sauntered along, in a state of semi-inebriation, bringing with him several other persons from the only saloon in the village, more or less intoxicated like himself. Zack, cowed with fear, sat by Mr. Johnson's box listening to the observations of the people assembled, and vowing for all he was worth—and that he declared was not much—that "he'd seed ghosts for sure in that Van Winkle mansion."

"I guess them ghosts made that kind of elixir right enough," said Doc. Bemus, after hearing Zack's story. "Them's no counterfeits. Only spirits know how to mix elixir, and make half dollars out of it."

Zack's father—old Spangle, as he was called—was looking on while Doc. Bemus was examining the coins, and taking one into his hands, looked at it, and sounded it on the deck of the boat three or four times. "Seems all right," said old Spangle, at length. "There's a good ring to it. But there's no telling. I'll go and see if Bill Williams will take this for a drink. If Bill says it's all right, I'll soon get rid of 'em."

Old Spangle immediately walked away, followed by Doc. Bemus examining another of the coins.

"This will buy some elixir, Doc.," whispered old Spangle.

"You bet," replied Doc. Bemus. "If Bill will take this half dollar, we'll take the whole box off the boys' hands

and allow 'em face value for all it contains."

Hopper now came running towards the boat with Uncle Jim, who had just been relieved from his duties on the jury. "Stand back!" exclaimed Uncle Jim, brushing the people away. "If there's a silver mine on board the Mary Jane, I want to know about it!"

Just then we heard a noise like the pulling of a steam-boat approaching from the far distance, and looking up the canal, we saw the House Boat veering towards us, coming at full speed. The House Boat Man was peering out of the window of the cabin, with one hand on the tiller, and the other frantically waving in the air. As he drew alongside the Mary Jane, the House Boat Man called out in a commanding tone, as he espied Hopper—"Come over here, Hopper! I want to see you at once."

(To be continued.)

#### THE HORNET'S NEST.

BY LESLIE MANCHESTER.

"Salinda, wife, I've rumatiz!"  
Said Abram, holding on to his  
Left leg, as though 'twould get away.  
'I've suffered torture all the day  
A streaking down from hip to toe,  
But don't advise the same that Joe  
Jest said was certain sure to ease,  
Blue-jackets, wasps and bumble bees  
Put on as fast as they can come—  
A remedy that's sure to hum  
And have a mighty quick effect;  
Don't mention it for I object."

"No need to caution me!" I said;  
"That remedy would kill you dead."  
"Some camfire is the thing to use!"  
"Joe's not a doctor, so excuse  
Him on the grounds of ignorance;  
He's young and if he wants to dance  
To music that blue-jackets make,  
Jest let him for his pain or ache!"

"I'd like to see him!" Abram said;  
"I know a nest big as your head,  
Built to the fence just down the lane,  
Check full of hornets! Jest a cane  
Thumped at their door would let you see  
How nifty it works, Joe's remedy!"  
"And, O Jimmie! wouldn't I  
Jest like to laugh until I'd cry  
To see him tamper with the nest—  
I'd burst the buttons off my vest!"

And not long after—that same day—  
Was Abram overheard to say:  
"Joe, there's a nest of sassy bees  
Down in the lane; and, if you please,  
Dislodge it from beneath the rail;  
For safety you can take leg-bail!"  
"The cattle surely will be stung  
If that nest stays where it is hung."

"I'll do it, Abram!" Joe replied.  
"I'll do it now and off he hied  
To hunt for jest the proper pole,  
When Abram scouted, "Hess my soul!  
Jest like an old fox for his den,  
And make the lane while you count ten  
And climbed a maple standing there,  
So close the nest that I declare  
Your ears could catch the steady din  
Of hornets flying out and in."

And when Joe came upon the scene  
The battle only on the green,  
The nest alone beneath the rail  
Which he was planning to assail  
Against a sure and swift defence  
Seemed the sole things of consequence;  
For Abe was in the maple top,  
Full twenty feet in one straight drop!

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, the heroes come!"  
"The conquering heroes with their hum!"  
And sounding as a flash of light,  
The nest glued on, so sure and tight,  
Sped through the air with one bold curve,  
When, land of living! Abram's nerve  
Jest withered, for the blamed thing fell  
Beneath the tree with broken shell;  
And out came hornets, bubbling o'er,  
Mad as they never were before!

Then, true to Abram's good advice,  
Joe vanished in about a trice;  
So, first of all the hornets saw  
Abe in the tree with drooping jaw,  
His eyes jest staring from his head  
As if his senses all had fled.

Then as they rose a sudden swarm,  
Abe felt the atmosphere grow warm,  
One on his ear, one on his nose,  
Some in his boots, some in his clothes,  
The hornets, making best of time,  
Made Abram shout and claw and climb,  
And fight as n'er before he'd fought,  
And use words deacons never ought  
In beating back the swelling tide  
Of bees that came from ev'ry side,  
Each on a common mission bent  
Of paying Abe a compliment.

But what to them was sore regret,  
Abe took a sudden summerset—  
Heels over head—and down he went;  
Not stopping in his swift descent,  
Till, crashing on from bough to bough,  
He landed on a brindle cow,  
That sniffling lightly o'er the ground  
Until the hornets' nest she found,  
Jest shook her head, threw up her heels  
And Abram took across the fields,  
For fences never stopping once;  
And at a rear-crow, like a dunce,  
Abe shouted as he rode away:  
"Sal, stop this critter! Sal, I say!"

Well, Abram lives yet in Goose Hollow,  
And ready, too, the chap to collar,  
Who speaks of bees for rumatiz,  
Though I declare they clean cured his!

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of YOUTH:

I have read with a good deal of interest your series of papers entitled "The Boy in Politics," also a good deal of interesting reading by the Rev. J. A. Waterman, all breathing the true spirit of patriotism. It seems to me to be right that young men should study for themselves the leading questions of the day that they may become better citizens, and in order that they may exert their influence in after years in the cause of right, justice and the nation's greatness.

The want of proper study of these questions often leads a youth to become the tool of demagogues, mere ranters and self-seeking hypocrites. It is high time our political system was rescued from bossism and corruption, and the country was rid for all time of these dastardly cowards who tempt boys by their evil writings of murder, sin and shame. The failure of a citizen of a republican government to do his duty in the endeavor to elect honest and true men to the offices of that government is the earliest political manifestation of a pernicious life. The citizen who first selfishly refuses his civic duty, and then in natural descent along the easy path becomes the giver or receiver of bribes and corruptor of his fellows, is himself degraded more and more in the process, and the bottom is found when civic rights and civic righteousness are alike forgotten.

The sooner the young man stands up for political honesty and freedom before the corrupt elements obtain the upper hand, the better it will be for himself and our beloved country. Your warning is timely, and it is one that every citizen and youth who is concerned for the welfare and perpetuity of the republic and our democratic institutions should heed.

The preservation of order and decency should be taught every young man at school and college, and he should be gradually trained to take his proper part in the political world, not as though he were going to be contaminated by the study, but remembering always it is a necessary part of his training.

I am very glad, indeed, Mr. Editor, that you are urging this study, and that you are so ably assisted by a minister. We must continue to fight the bosses and ward-healers until our political life is clean, and not a reproach to our professions as a nation.

WILLIAM L. SCOTT,  
Fourth St., Detroit, Mich.

## Exchange Column.

This column is open to yearly subscribers ONLY.

We will publish exchange offers in this column, not exceeding five lines in length, FREE.

We do not guarantee the reliability of any offer made.

Frank Harris, Maple Grove, Tenn.—Two hundred and twenty-three all different foreign stamps (more than half of them from approval sheets) for best offer in Pan-American stamps of any denomination; those above the two-cent value preferred.

L. E. Moore, Moorefield, Ark.—A brand new graphophone and a 4x5 camera, also as good as new, for best offers; stamps preferred.

Edward Lack, 5833 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.—Hand-power dynamo, telegraph instruments and electric railway vulcanizer, for camera, tripod, sundries or books.

John W. Bond, 2823 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Exchange stamps and postmarks for postmarks.

# Amateur Photography.

Edited by FRED FELL.

A negative you wish to keep should be thoroughly fixed; a second fresh hypo both after clearing is advisable, well washed, carefully dried away from dust, and then varnished. Do not place several of them close together in a negative rack to dry, or they will dry unevenly and show the effects of having done so.

Silver stains can be removed from negatives by toning them in a solution made by dissolving 4 ounces of hypo, 10 grains sodium phosphate, 1-2 ounce lead nitrate in 12 ounces of water, and adding 1-2 ounce ground alum.



THE STOLEN DINNER.

Here is a formula for retouching bromide prints: The only preparation necessary is to rub the surface with powdered pumice. Ordinary crayons may be used, but there are special retouching crayons sold for the purpose. They usually come in cases containing several shades of black, grey and white.

Why do bromide prints crease and warp? They crease because the paper expands by damping after you have placed it on the mount. You should first damp the print thoroughly, and allow it to become quite limp with moisture, then apply paste thinly, and place it on the mount; cover with a sheet of blotting paper and rub down firmly in all directions. In this way the print will expand evenly before mounting, and will contract while drying, until it is as smooth and free from wrinkles as a drum-head.



FISHING.

As to the effect of air on chemicals, it is worthy of note that sodium carbonate loses the greater part of its crystallization when it effloresces in a dry atmosphere, but it is in no way damaged by this change. One part of this thoroughly effloresced carbonate is equal to two parts of the ordinary crystallized salt. Sodium sulphite suffers oxidation, and any sample that has altered considerably

in appearance by efflorescence should be rejected as the surface crust will consist of sulphate. "Hypo" does not effloresce, but may become oxidised and acid, it is so cheap that risk should be avoided by using only that which is fresh.

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To get warm tones on developing paper, I read that a correspondent in Iowa has been getting pink tones on one brand of paper by giving long exposures and developing with a weak hydroquinone developer, but trying to get warm tones on another and faster brand of paper by the same method, he has failed. His failure was due to the fact that the rapid paper is coated with an all bromide emulsion, while the slower ones generally contain a large proportion of chloride. With very long exposure and restrained developer, paper whose emulsion contains chloride will yield very warm tones by simple development. This is the reason why the quicker brands are more reliable in the matter of good blacks of a pleasing tone.

well for what he wants, and then suddenly unload a large quantity of the same stamps at ridiculously low prices and causes the value of the collector's holdings to fade considerably. It is this class which turns true philatelists away from many stamps which would have afforded much interesting study had they not 'gone to the dogs.'

"Then there is the class who collect, not for a pastime, not for speculation, but for the purpose of making their 'bits of waste paper' a history of each country, not represented by an elegant binding of fine paper and neat printing besides a few dollars in the publishers' pocket, but documents, documents, documents! the truest and best historical records."

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The sacrilegious forger has not hesitated to counterfeit that sombre emblem, the Finland mourning stamp.

\*\*\*

The largest stamps ever issued are the U. S. periodical stamps, issued in 1865. They measure roughly nine square inches each.

\*\*\*

Remember that the stamps you prize highest in winter, can be bought the cheaper in summer. I find that some dealers are offering a large discount from catalogue on old war revenues of the U. S. at present. This certainly will not be the case in the coming fall, as these stamps enjoyed a healthy boom last season which put them up several notches on the ladder of value, and I don't think I'll be contradicted by many when I state that they will probably take another boost shortly, so fill up your empty spaces now.

\*\*\*

Referring to the stamps of the Continental Bank Note Co. with the grill, the American Journal of Philately says:

"For many years it has been held by philatelists that, of all the companies having contracts for the manufacture of our postage stamps, the National Bank Note Co., was the only one to use the grill. It will be remembered that in June, 1876, a stamp cleaning case was tried in the courts. It was attended by the usual flurry among officials and a revival of the discussion of preventatives of such frauds. The Continental Bank Note Co., who then held the contract for the manufacture of postage stamps, suggested putting the grill into use once more. They were instructed to prepare 1,000 copies of each value current. As they had not the requisite machinery for making the grill roller, they intrusted that work to Campbell & Watt, a firm of machinists of New York City. To this we may attribute the small differences between this grill and those of the National Bank Note Co. The order was duly executed and perhaps slightly excelled, since it included the 2, 7, 12 and 24 cents of the 1873 series, which has ceased to be issued to the public. The grilled stamps were forwarded to Washington and put into circulation; but the Continental Bank Note Co. did not receive any further orders to apply the patent."

These grilled stamps being, therefore, prepared on proper authorization and duly issued, are worthy of a place in any collection of United States stamps.

### A FEW LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Hardin, Ill., Nov. 2, 1901.  
S. W. Allerton, 1726 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Inclosed find one dollar (\$1.00) for one year's subscription to "YOUTH." I have been a six-week trial subscriber to your paper and I find it so nice that I have decided to become a yearly subscriber. Wishing you success, I am,

Yours respectfully,  
MINA ATHY.

Jordan, Ia., Oct. 29, 1901.  
S. W. Allerton, 1726 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I received a sample copy of YOUTH a short time ago and was well pleased with it, and I enclose 10 cents for a trial subscription of six

weeks, to commence with Oct. 16th. Send paper to

A. LEE BOYD,  
Jordan,  
Boone Co., Iowa.

Onaga, Kan., Nov. 4, 1901.  
S. W. Allerton, 709 Mutual Life Building, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am anxious to continue a subscriber to the YOUTH. Inclosed find order for one year's subscription. It is an excellent paper.

Yours respectfully,  
ANNA O'MEARA.

Roslindale, Mass., Oct. 27, 1901.  
15 Metropolitan Avenue.

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find money order for one year's subscription for YOUTH. I think it is a nice instructive paper for my boys. They like it very much.

Yours respectfully,  
R. K. THAYER.

Great Barrington, Mass.,

R. F. D. No. 1,  
Oct. 27, 1901.

Mr. S. W. Allerton, Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.:

My two boys, Elton and Ray, 13 and 11 years of age respectively, are so well pleased with YOUTH that I have concluded to send for one year's subscription in accordance with your offer recently mailed me by you. Please send paper to Elton and Ray Holmes, Gt. Barrington, Mass., R. F. D. No. 1

M. S. HOLMES.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates Twenty Cents per Line.



**AGENTS WANTED.** For McKinley Memorial same as above showing splendid lifelike portrait of our late president, his birthplace at Niles, O., home at Canton, Capitol, Temple of Music and Milburn house, 2x11 on photo mount. Price 25c. Send 6c for sample and terms to agents, Niagara Engraving Co., 201 Seneca St., Buffalo.

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100 " " " ..... 10 cts.  
200 " " " ..... 25 cts.  
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1000 " " " ..... 4.50  
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CONSOLIDATED STAMP CO.  
B. F. BURCH, Manager,  
WYMORE, NEB

\*\*\*In answering advertisements please mention YOUTH.

## YOUTH.

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Payments for YOUTH when sent by mail should be made in a Postoffice money order, Bank draft, Express money order or Registered letter. Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Change of Address.—Subscribers changing their address must give the old address as well as the new.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

Advertisements.—A limited number of advertisements from first-class firms will be inserted; no catch-penny or fraud advertisements will be inserted at any price. Electrotypes must be mounted upon metal bases. Rates upon application.

Letters should be addressed and drafts and money orders made payable to

S. W. ALLERTON,  
709 Mutual Life Bldg.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Entered at the Buffalo Postoffice as second-class matter.)

### THE SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.

REV. J. A. WATERMAN.

I pointed out in my last article one or two remarkable passages from a manuscript placed in my hands. Here is another: "It was during the litany, Mr. Gladstone, the great statesman, had read the lessons from the day in his favorite home church, close to Hawarden Castle. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, was his guest and was seated in the family pew beside Mrs. Gladstone when the litany was being read. The Archbishop was on his knees, and exactly when the petition for the good of the church was reached, he fell over and passed away. His work was done—his life ended with prayer."

A little later on, I read:

"Almost at the same time a Southern general passed away in this country. Surrounded by old comrades, he had urged into the din and smoke of battle, accepting his defeat like a true hero, General — sat in his pew listening to the repetition of the 51st Psalm, with bowed head and in reverential silence. He was no longer commanding vast battalions, but, with the simplicity of a child, knew that he was now in the great command, soon to be brought to 'Attention!' by the great Captain. There was no austerity in his manner—he considered himself only the equal of the humblest. He was carried home from church, and as they placed him in his chair, he turned to those around him and quietly said: 'The battle is over.'"

It is reported how Haydn, the great musician, died in the presence of his pupil, Mozart. Propped up with cushions, he bade his pupil play for him. Mozart started at once to play the master's great oratorio, "The Creation." Haydn appeared to be sleeping, and ever and anon Mozart looked wistfully on the features of the dying master. When he reached that marvelous passage recording the dawn of day, "And there was Light," Haydn sprang up and exclaimed: "Did I compose that?" Thus he passed away.

Almost on the last page of this remarkable book of reminiscences I read this about President Roosevelt:

"He is one of the most approachable men living, and in his private life one of the simplest. He is courageous and strong. I know his high ideals, his fearless purpose, his spotless honor. The bitterest critics of his administration of the police in New York know now, if they were capable of learning, that his practical wisdom in dealing with that task was as great as his unhesitating courage. That task was to rescue the police from its partnership with corruption, and with unerring instinct he struck at the slough in which the corruption grew. In no man's hands that lives and owns American citizenship today are the country's honor and welfare safer than in Theodore Roosevelt's. When he makes up his mind on the right, no one can dissuade him from his purpose. Above all, he does nothing hastily, but of deliberate purpose, most carefully weighed and thought out. He has given his life to the patient study of the problems upon which some politicians jump with such headlong haste, anxious only to prevent 'trouble.' He has ever appealed to the moral forces of the community, to the forces making for decency and order, and it is their support that is his backing. The direct way to do a thing is always his. A just man and a fair; a man of duty and principle, never, by any chance, of expediency, political or personal; a reverent man of few public professions, but of practice, private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. In fact, I know of no one who typifies better the Christian gentleman, or better qualified to step into the shoes of our late beloved President, as the chief of a great nation."

### CONCERNING TURTLES.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

"Och! That I should be after coming to America to see a snuff-box crawling!" said a son of the Emerald Isle when he first beheld a turtle.

"Turtles," the country boys call the little hard shells of New England, and though this name is said to be a sort of corruption of their more regular title, I like it. It is really their old-fashioned cognomen, and will be found duly set down in old English literature. I suppose nice discriminators of language claim that only marine "turtles" should be called turtles, and that the title tortoise belong to the fresh water animal, which so abound in our ponds and rivers.

During the past summer a lady might have been seen almost any fine morning in the business sections of Washington, D. C., on a shopping expedition. Attached to a bangle at her wrist by a long, slender silver chain was a diminutive turtle—a Virginian tortoise, to be exact, which, if it had no other accomplishment, was an expert in the matter of climbing, for its favorite resting place seemed to be on her shoulder. When the owner of this strange pet alighted from the carriage to chat with a friend before entering one of the stores, the turtle was carefully placed upon the pavement, where it crawled about at the end of the silver chain, greatly to the delight of the small boys of the neighborhood. At the approach of the winter the turtle was abandoned for the superior charms of a lovely Skye dog. Such are the vagaries of fashion.

Turtles are usually regarded as low in the scale of intelligence, if one judges by their looks; but notwithstanding this they have their full share of sagacity. Audubon, the naturalist, says that at certain places on the coast of Florida, sea turtles, those huge, stolid-looking fellows on which aldermen are fed at the expense of tax-payers, possess an extraordinary faculty for finding places. Working their way up out of reach of tide water with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated, in which a batch of eggs are deposited, and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they not infrequently swim three hundred miles out at sea, foraging for appropriate food. When another batch of eggs is developed, after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before. They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays, will break the shell, and are promptly on the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out, the mother turtle leads them down the bank, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

The land tortoise is as fond as the native Indian of his old "hunting-ground." The story of the knowing turtle, which found its way back to its old home over seven miles of a swamp and meadow, reminded me of another old turtle which came back every summer for twenty-two years to the farm of a friend, who lives on the banks of the Raritan, in New Jersey. One of the boys marked his shell with his initials, "W. S.," also the year in which he found him, and then left him to pursue his travels.

Having no fear of ghosts, he made his home in a hollow, in an old colored burying-ground near by. The sod had hardly been broken since the old days when Jersey was a slave State, so he was not likely to be molested.

In the cool of the evening he would sally out and make his way to the garden, and there they could hear him munching away at the tender cucumbers, which were the only things he disturbed. It became a custom to look out for the old turtle as regularly as the season came around. But one year he failed to come. The next season he appeared, making what pace he could on three legs. He gave no account as to what bit off the fourth one, but it was thought likely he had got into a trap and had been forced to lie by in hospital.

If his whereabouts had been known there was not a child in the house but would have taken him the best cucumbers in the garden to comfort him. He was given the freedom of the patch that year with a hearty good will. Twenty-two years he had come and gone, and there had been many changes under that old roof-tree, which used to hum like a hive with merry child voices.

There were some to watch for the limping old turtle on the twenty-third summer, but he never came again.

Cats are said to have "nine lives," and turtles are a close second in this respect. Recently George White, manager of a cafe in New Haven, Conn., purchased a green turtle weighing forty-nine pounds. The head of this reptile was cut off in the customary way by the first cook, assisted by his mates. About an hour afterward Ameda Cledes, one of the employees, began looking at the head, the jaws being open. He inserted the thumb of his right hand and the forefinger

of his left, running the digits incautiously about an inch into the mouth of the animal. Almost instantly the jaws closed together, imprisoning the finger and thumb between the teeth.

Cledes cried out with pain and called to his assistance the first cook and one or two others present. The digits between the jaws prevented them from closing tightly together and gave opportunity for the insertion of a steel instrument used in pulling nails from packages, and with this the jaws were pried apart far enough to allow other iron implements to be inserted, through the aid of which the jaws were finally forced apart and Cledes' thumb and finger released.

The grip of the jaws was such that the teeth nearly severed the thumb and badly lacerated the forefinger. The head of the animal had been severed from the body fully an hour before the occurrence, but competent authorities on the actions of turtles allege that such animals will show signs of life from six to twelve hours after the head has been severed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the jaws to open and close for a period of six hours.

A gentleman once had a number of singular pets in the guise of loggerhead turtles. He had led an expedition to capture them on Loggerhead Key, about seventy miles from Cuba, a locality somewhat remarkable for the animals, and gradually they had accumulated until nearly a dozen were living in an inclosure about sixty feet wide and an eighth of a mile long, into which the sea water flowed freely. It was desirable to learn whether the turtles were susceptible to the taming process, so a system of education was begun that was fruitful of some exciting episodes. The turtles, when not feeding, lay at the bottom, in water eight or ten feet deep, their huge bodies plainly outlined against the sand. Here they undoubtedly slept or dozed, and it was comparatively an easy matter to swim down and grasp them from behind by the back of the shell just over the head. The moment the turtle felt the grasp it bounded to the surface and took a long breath, then dived again, dragging the rider along at a rapid pace, now under water, again at the surface, endeavoring in vain to shake off by desperate plunges, the enemy, who, like the old man of the sea, clung closely to its back. If the turtle had been left to its own devices it would soon have escaped, but by placing the knees upon its back enough resistance was brought into play to force it to the surface, and after a number of rushes up and down the inclosure it was reduced to submission.

This experiment was tried many times with a view to domesticating the huge loggerheads, who finally apparently submitted with some degree of grace to the daily exercise, and would gather at one end of the inclosure to be fed.

The strength of these reptiles was marvelous. Not only could one of the largest size tow a man through the water and beneath it, but when two were fastened in a rude canvass harness and attached to a flat boat, they towed it around for an indefinite period, and when the first fright was overcome they swam along nonchalantly, as though they rather enjoyed it.

Turtle eggs are an acquired taste with most people. They have a round, yellow yolk and a white like any other eggs, but you can cook them for a year and the white part will remain liquid. In the South they are sold mostly to colored folks. Notice the curious dimple in the side of each one. If you squeeze it out the dimple appears on the other side, and you can never get hold of a turtle's egg which hasn't got a dimple in it.

What does the reader think of a turtle that weighs a ton! Such a fellow was captured by one, Antonio Betling, off Pigeon Point, and was the largest turtle ever caught on the Pacific coast. The captor pursued it from sunrise till noon, and attempted to land it with one boat, which was nearly swamped. It finally required two boats and the assistance of eight fishermen to take the prisoner to the wharf. I would have liked his shell for my cabinet of curiosities!

# Teddy Raglan's Housekeeping

BY WALTER PALMER.

The season at Narragansett Pier was ended. A few hacks still straggled down to the station at train time in hopes of a stray fare—some sportsman down for a few days fishing or snipe shooting on the flats, or, perhaps, a summer resident who wished to see that his cottage was all tight and snug for the winter. But even the hackmen lounged about the station more from force of habit than because they expected to be rewarded. The railroad had gone on its winter schedule, the steamer had disappeared for the winter, the hotels were closed, and all the great army of waiters and purveyors had vanished as utterly as though they had not been.

Exchange Place wore an air of desolation and the beach, from the bathing houses to Narrow River, was completely deserted. All the booths and bazaars and stands, the gay tents and bright photograph wagons, the newsboys and flower vendors and itinerant musicians, the bright children and merry bathers were but memories of the summer. A few stores were still kept open and the proprietors walked mechanically about, dusting their counters or gazing abstractedly into the street. Along Ocean Road and under the casino arch the wind whistled sharp and strong, and pedestrians were glad to get past the corner or into some of the side streets.

But here and there a pitiful fragment of the gay summer still remained. Crouched on a timber at the extreme end of the wharf at the lower pier was one of them. He was a little fellow, whose figure would not have suggested more than ten or twelve years. But when he stood up and one caught sight of the shrewd, hard little face, the probable age would quickly be advanced to fourteen or fifteen. On his head was a summer hat which might have belonged to either a boy or girl, and from which most of the ribbon had been torn. It was held in place by a piece of rope, which was securely knotted under his chin. A flaming "blazer," which was many sizes too large, answered him for a jacket and made him look like a tropical bird perched on the end of the wharf.

His position was fully exposed to the bitter wind, and occasionally a shower of spray rose into the air and fell around him. But he did not seem to mind either the wind or the spray. His eyes were fixed on a float which was bobbing about on the water beneath the end of a long fishing pole. The other end of the pole was wedged between the timbers at his feet.

At length the float disappeared with a splash, and a moment later a large flounder was struggling on the wharf beside several of his mates. The boy wound up his line and carefully placed the fish in a broken handled basket which he brought from somewhere behind the timbers.

"I guess them'll do for dinner an' breakfas'," he said, aloud, "an' I can fix up a supper out of apples, baked an' stewed an' raw."

With the pole over one shoulder and the basket on the other, he hurried across the wharf and up toward the village. As he approached the first hotel he saw another fragment which the gay summer had left behind. She was walking very slowly and painfully and carried a large market basket. Probably the boy would not have noticed her had it not been for a big loutish fellow who came lumbering down the hill with a wheelbarrow. His head was down and he did not appear to see the figure before him. There was a sudden cry and fall and the market basket went rolling down toward the railroad track. The fellow stopped with a sheepish, amused grin and gazed at the old woman undecidedly.

"Ye hadn't oughter git in a feller's way," he grumbled in a half angry, half apologetic tone. "Folks oughter be keerful"—then, with a quick glance around to see if anybody was looking,

he grasped the handles of his wheelbarrow and hurried away. But he did not go far. Before he reached the railroad a small, angry figure sprang at him and a pair of strong, determined fists were hammering away at his head.

"You—you miser'ble duffer!" a shrill voice screamed, "what'd you run into that old woman for?"

"I ain't done nothin'," expostulated the big fellow, half blinded by the furious onslaught. "Lemme go! lemme go, I say," as another succession of quick blows rained into his face. By a sudden effort he freed himself and darted across the road. Then, for the first time, he had a good look at his assailant.

"Why—you little scamp!" he stormed, furiously, "I'll pound the life—"

"Oh, you will, will ye?" and the boy made another rush at him.

But the big fellow seemed to think discretion the better part of valor, for he turned suddenly and ran down the railroad track.

"I'll fix ye sometime; see if I don't," he called back, threateningly.

The boy sniffed contemptuously. Going to the old woman, he offered to help her to rise.

"Are you hurt much?" he asked, solicitously.

"N—no, I think not," she replied, doubtfully. "My ankle hurts some, but I guess it ain't nothin' very bad.

down here this summer was 'count of my helpin' myself an' the street gettin' too hot for me. But I guess I'll be goin'. It's time I was fixin' grub."

She looked at him wistfully. "I wish I could ask you to stay to dinner," she said, "but I can't. I ain't been able to get out lately, an' everything's eat up. I was going down to market when I—fell."

Her face looked very white and appealing, and the mocking smile disappeared from the boy's face.

"Why didn't some of your family go?" he demanded indignantly. "What's the use of havin' folks if they can't take care of a feller?"

"I haven't any folks," she answered; "I'm all alone—like you."

"An' ain't there nobody in the house to look arter you an' get your vittles?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Then I'll go an' hunt up somebody," he said, decidedly. "You ain't able to be alone."

As he moved toward the door, the old woman looked up in quick alarm.

"I wish you wouldn't," she said, a slight flush creeping into her faded cheeks; "I'd rather not have anybody. I'll be all right soon's I get rested." Then, seeing the doubtful expression on his face, she added, with a nervous little laugh, "I—I can't afford to pay for help just now."

cook you a bang up dinner. The fellers say I'm great on cookin'."

At the end of half an hour he returned with a bag of apples slung over his shoulder.

"Now I'll get out the taters an' have 'em in bakin'," he said, briskly, as he dropped the bag upon the floor and opened the closet door; "then I'll clean the fish an' put 'em on to fry, an' arter that I'll fix some apples for stewin'. That'll make 'em all get done to once. Stewed apples is 'way up with fish," he explained appreciatively to the old lady, who was watching him with an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes, I know," she replied, gravely. In a few moments he had the potatoes in the oven; then he went outside to clean the fish. He seemed to understand what he was about, and the old lady made no comments. After he had cleaned and salted the fish to his satisfaction, and put them on the stove, he selected a dozen of the handsomest apples and began to pare and slice them.

"Tain't best to stew many to once," he explained, oracularly. "Cooked vittles ain't apt to be so good arter they're cold. I always take pains not to get much grub ahead."

"Do you like to cook?" she asked.

"Well, yes," he replied, deliberately. "I've been at it ever since I fixed up a place under Wharf 12 an' cribbed an



"GRUB'S 'BOUT READY," HE ANNOUNCED.

I've been havin' rheumatiz so lately I can hardly get around."

With some difficulty she was helped to her feet, and then the boy went after the market basket.

"I don't believe I can walk much," the old woman said, tremulously, as he returned. "Could—could you help me get home?"

"Of course, I aint nothin' to do. You can lean on me jest as hard's ever you're a mind to—I'm strong."

But it was slow work up the hill. Every moment the old woman's step grew more slow and feeble. When they reached her home she was almost a dead weight upon the boy's shoulder.

"You've been real good," she said, gratefully, as she sank into an easy chair; "I don't believe I could have got here alone. I guess you have nice folks at home, you know how to be so handy an' helpin'."

The boy stared at her a moment, and then broke into a derisive laugh.

"Me handy an' helpin'," he grinned, "an' got nice folks to home! My stars! wouldn't the boys hoot if they heard that! Why, ol' lady, I ain't never had a home, nor a folks, nor any of them fixin's. An' as to my helpin'—whew!" His grin broadened into a mocking laugh. "I don't believe it's the kind that folks gen'rally takes to. 'T any rate, the perlice puts arter me on sight. My comin'

He gave a long whistle, which expressed both wonder and perplexity.

"I thought folks was all right when they had a house an' fixin's like this," glancing around the comfortably furnished room.

"They are not mine. I rent them."

The boy walked across the room undecidedly and gazed out of the window.

"Well, what ye goin' to do, anyhow?" he demanded, as he faced about abruptly. "Nothin' in the house to eat, an' don't want nobody to help, an' can't do nothin' yourself. Sort o' bad ain't it?"

The old woman laughed.

"It does seem rather bad when you put it that way," she admitted; "but I guess it'll come out all right. It always has, so far. I shall be able to hobble about again soon's my ankle gets better, an' there's plenty of potatoes in the closet. If you wouldn't mind puttin' a few in the oven an' pushin' my chair up so I can tend to 'em, I'll be ever so much obliged. I'll be all right, then."

But instead of doing as she asked, the boy made a movement toward the door. In his face was a look of sudden determination.

"Where are you going?" she asked, curiously.

"Down to my house arter apples," he replied. "I've got a whole boot box full. I'll be back in a jiffy an'

old stone outen a coal barge. But the perlice got onto the smoke an' took the stove. Arter I got out I waited round till I had a chance at an oil stove. You better b'lieve my fingers froze to that. There wasn't no more smoke for the perlice to smell out."

"You—don't mean that you stole it?"

"No'm," gravely, "jest took it to keep till the owner called for it. An' 't was a mighty good thing I did for the feller I was pardnerin with got his leg broke 'bout that time. He was dodgin' the perlice an' dasn't be took to the hospital, 'cause they'd be sure to spot him. Me an' the fellers got him under the wharf, an' I took keer on him for most three months. An' 't was a mighty stiff ol' three months," he added, with a grimace. "Bizness wa'n't good, an' I had to hustle round to get 'nough to feed Pete. I didn't get over bein' hungry the whole time. An' if it hadn't been for the stove I don't b'lieve we'd a pulled through, anyhow."

"An' did Pete get well?" asked the old woman, with a flush of interest on her face.

"Arter a fashion. He's limpin' round the Bowery now, sellin' papers. If he'd had a doctor, I don't s'pose he'd ha' had to limp, but he was 'fraid to let me fetch one. I tied up his leg well's I could, but of course I couldn't do it like a reg'lar physic." He reached

across the stove and examined the apples critically, then he took a fork and turned the fish; after that he opened the oven door and stuck the fork into several of the potatoes.

"Grub's 'bout ready," he announced. "Now I'll push the table up 'gainst your cheer an' put on some plates an' knives, an' by that time things'll be ready for eatin'. Don't you stir," as the old woman attempted to rise; "I'm doin' this."

"Very well," she answered, as she sank back with a low cry of pain; "I don't believe I could do much. There's the table cloth on the stand behind you."

He took it up dubiously. "You ain't goin' to put this on," he expostulated; "it's too nice an' pretty. S'posen I should spill something on it? I ain't eat off one of these things in all my life. Better let me put the grub right on the table. I can wash that arterwards."

"No, put the cloth on. If it gets soiled it can be washed. But you haven't told me your name yet. What shall I call you?"

"Seems like I oughter be Teddy Raglan, now," he answered, with a grin; "but when I'm with the fellers I'm Ragged Teddy."

"Well, Teddy," she said, a little later, as she helped herself to a second piece of fish. "You are certainly a good cook. I couldn't have done better myself."

"Yes, I'm an old hand at it," he replied, graciously. "I cook fish for breakfast an' dinner every day, an' have apples for supper; stewed apples first, an' then baked apples, an' raw apples for dessert. In the summer when I made lots of money, I had other things; but lately I've had jest fish an' apples. An' they're bang up good when a feller's hungry."

"But apples are very high this year," suggested the old lady. "I should think you would find potatoes and such things cheaper."

Teddy looked at her with a curious expression on his hard little face.

"You mean store apples," he said, disdainfully; "they're always high. I get mine out of orchards. Folks don't charge boys, not smart boys, for orchard apples."

The old lady's eyes twinkled, but her face remained grave.

"Where do you stay at, Teddy?" she asked, after a short silence.

"Down back the bathin' houses. I hire a room in one of the shanties for a dollar a week. 'Tain't very big, but it does for me." Then with the air of one who wishes to disclose an accomplishment, he added, modestly: "I made stacks of money last summer, but I couldn't keep it. I gamble."

"You—what?"

"Gamble," emphatically. "I know places where they keep at it all night. Boys ain't generally let in, but they know I'm safe. An' they sell me all the drink I want, jest like I was a man," a flush of pride creeping into his face. "'Tain't many boys can get drink at them places."

The old lady caught her breath sharply. What kind of a boy was this she had taken into her house? But a look into his clear, earnest eyes dispelled her sudden doubt. Surely a boy with such eyes could not be as bad as his words seemed to imply.

Long after she went to bed she lay awake thinking of the strange fate which had brought them together. Both of them were strangers in the place, both were alone in the world, and both were living from hand to mouth. But here the similarity ended. The boy was a thief and gambler by his own confession.

Then she thought of the chivalrous manner in which he had come to her rescue; of the strong, gentle hands which had pushed her chair into the bedroom; of his smiling admonition not to worry, accompanied by the assurance that he was "going to be cook an' bottle washer" till she got well.

Outside, she could hear his soft breathing as he slept on the lounge. He might be a bad boy, but, somehow, she had a stronger feeling of security than she had had since being ill.

"His badness is all on the surface," she said to herself; "it don't reach his heart."

In the morning she was unable to leave her bed. She could hear Teddy

bustling about the stove. At last the door opened softly.

"Breakfast ready."

"You'll have to bring me something, Teddy," she called. "I've got to stay in bed to-day to make up for yesterday."

When he came to remove the dishes she watched him closely.

"The breakfast was real good," she said, approvingly; "now what can you get for dinner?"

"I'm stavin' on bean soup," he replied, hesitatingly; "an' it comes cheap. But I'm dead broke."

She laughed pleasantly.

"Never mind, Teddy," she said; "I've got a little. Now go to the top bureau drawer an' take out my pocketbook. There's twenty dollars in it, all the money I've got in the world. You can take a dollar an' get some beans an' such things as you know how to cook, an' that don't come too high."

Teddy went to the bureau, but instead of taking a dollar he selected a fifty-cent piece and returned to the bed.

"This'll do for now," he said, "an' by to-morrow I'll get a job sawin' wood. I'll do it by the cord so I can leave off an' look arter the vittles an' things."

"But I thought there wasn't any work now?" looking at him curiously. "You said you'd been idle ever since the season closed."

Teddy laughed good-naturedly.

"I don't s'pose I've keered much for work," he confessed. "I can generally pick up vittles without that. I've jest been hangin' roun', sorter waitin' like, 'cause I felt dubus 'bout goin' back to New York, on 'count the perlice. A man was arter me yes'day to saw wood an' I said 'no'. But things are diffrunt now, an' I guess I'll go an' see him soon's chores are done."

The next day he went to work. When the wood was finished, he got a temporary job in the lumber yard. After that he helped a man clean his lawn. It was surprising how many jobs there were now that he had begun to look for them. Most of the time he had two or three ahead. And every time he received any money he carried it directly to the old woman.

"You'd better keep it," he told her one day, with a grin. "I might get a gamblin' fit, an' then the money 'd be no 'count."

As the days went by the old woman gradually recovered from her lameness, but it was many weeks before she was able to do her work. And all these weeks Teddy cooked the "vittles" and picked up such jobs as he could about the village. When he found that his services were no longer needed, he spoke of leaving; but the old woman objected. She wanted somebody to bring her wood and water, she said. And Teddy was more than content to relinquish his cold little room behind the bathing houses for this comfortable place.

One day he came from the postoffice with a strange-looking letter for the old woman. She opened it with trembling fingers, and after a brief glance at its contents began to cry softly.

Teddy watched her sympathetically. "Is it very bad?" he asked.

"No, no," smiling through her tears; "it is very good, an' means that I can end my days in comfort. It brings me a check for back pension, an' tells me that I will have fifteen dollars every month as long as I live." Then, seeing the wondering look on his face, she added:

"My husband was killed in the war, and soon after I opened a boardin' house in Washington. But there were always so many poor people who couldn't pay an' who needed help, that I gradually lost what little I had. Last year I applied for a pension, but there was some trouble about witnesses, an' I had given up all hopes of ever receiving anything. This spring I came to Narragansett Pier an' opened a boardin' house. But the season was too short for it to pay. Now I can return to Washington."

Teddy drew a long breath.

"Well, you're all right, now," he declared, beamingly; "an' I guess I'll go back with you far 's New York. I'll chance the perlice."

"But I want you to stay with me," she said, earnestly.

"No, marm!" emphatically; "I ain't goin' to live offen your money."

"But I am gettin' old, Teddy. You will soon be a man an' can take care of me."

He looked at her keenly.

"Yes, I s'pose I will," he said, slowly. "Well—I guess I'll go long. But mind, it's goin' to be on the lay o' lookin' out for ye."

## GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY CARRIE A. MERRICK.

"Grandfather, Mary made a perfect simpleton of herself at school this afternoon; indeed, I was ashamed she was my sister." With this remark, Robert Nelson, Jr., threw his books upon the table with a crash. "Why, Robbie, what can Mary have done to raise such a tempest?" inquired Grandfather Nelson from his armchair by the fireside. "Well, Grandpa, I'll just tell you all about it: Prof. Chaplain, the examiner, visited our school today and Miss Harcastle called on Mary to read a verse from Lowell's poem, 'The First Snowfall.' She commenced all right, but just about midway burst out crying and sat down because she could not pronounce Carrara. Now the proper way for her to have done was to read the poem silently first, and if there was a word she could not pronounce, ask her teacher. That's the way we are taught to read, but instead of that, she must act just like a baby before the whole school. Prof. Chaplain to boot. Don't you think she behaved very silly, Grandfather?"

"Well, Robbie, I'll answer your question in a story while mother is baking the cakes for tea," said Grandpa, kindly.

"Hurrah!" cried Robert, "cakes for tea and one of grandfather's stories to sharpen a fellow's appetite. Come Mary, take this stool at Grandfather's knee and I'll sit in this chair. I'm sure the lesson will be for you this time. They're most always for me, but not this time, I guess. Now Grandfather, we're all ready."

"Well, children, fifty years or more ago, when I was about nineteen years of age, and just home from college, my brother John, long since dead, asked me to teach school for him a day, during his absence on a business trip to a neighboring town. I readily acquiesced, for my brother was very dear to me, and though I had laid other plans for the day, I was glad to do John a favor, and agreed to help him at the first word. My first and last attempt at school-teaching was made in a little white-washed school-house in Talbot County, Maryland. I remember the day as well as if it had been but yesterday. 'Twas perfect weather, late in autumn, a kind of hazy stillness in the air; just the kind of a day when mother Nature seems in the act of donning her night-robe for her long winter's nap.—Indian summer, we call it. All day I had been chafing at the restraint of the school-room, while every soft breath and bright sunbeam seemed whispering and shining a welcome outside. There had been one little girl that had, by her halting speech and timid manner, particularly exasperated me, and a few minutes before closing school for the day, she was before me for her reading lesson. When told to read a certain paragraph, she uttered a few words in a trembling tone, then stopped. I pronounced the word for her, but still she kept silent. Again I told her the word, asking her to repeat it after me. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes appealingly to my face and said not a word. Thinking it but stubborn resistance, I sternly rebuked her and sent her to her seat with the injunction to remain after school and read. When school was dismissed, a noble-looking boy approached my desk and respectfully asked permission to say a few words. In granting his request, he said: 'Oh, sir! Polly tried to read, but couldn't. She has an impediment in her speech and cannot utter a word beginning with T unless reminded to place her tongue in a certain position, and when confused or frightened she is much worse. She had no trouble when mother could help her with her lessons, but—' and here a great sob shook the boy's frame—'she died a

month ago and I cannot help her like mother could; but, please let me stand by while she reads and help her over the hard places and I'm sure you will see that she can read quite well,' and the little hero's voice fairly shook with eagerness. By this time I was becoming interested in my young charges, and readily granted the desired privilege. Sure enough, with the patient help of her loving brother, Polly read fluently and clearly the very passage where she had before so signally failed. Children, that little Polly was the dear Grandmother we laid to rest last Christmastide. Our little Mary was named for her, and has the same tender, loving heart which needs only a helping, cheering word to call forth the courage there. "My hero, as I have always called him, fell bravely fighting for a noble cause at Gettysburg. Come, my dears, mother is calling us to come to tea."

## OUR PUZZLES.

N. 11.

Note: All our yearly subscribers are cordially welcome, and are respectfully invited to send solutions, and also to contribute Original Puzzles to this department.

Any questions you may submit will be answered in my weekly talks.

Prizes: The Publisher of YOUTH will award, each week, a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the best list of answers; to the one sending next best list, one year's subscription to YOUTH, in the name of one of your friends, not already a subscriber.

All communications should be addressed:

"KNAVE'S INK,"

Wilmington, N. C.

### 1.—Anagram—

SINGING THANKS I AVER.

"Ace Wing."

\* \* \*

### 2.—Enigmatical States—

- An article used in writing; part of a window; a weather-cock, and the Dutch affirmative.
- Sick; within; and an uproar.
- A numeral; an optic, and its use.
- An ocean, and a vowel.
- A male name and a vowel.

"Jay Haich."

\* \* \*

3.—Problem—Find four numbers in arithmetical progression, such that the sum of the first and third is 22, and the sum of the second and fourth 36.

\* \* \*

Answers to Puzzles in YOUTH No. 16.

1.—Shamrock II.

2.—RAIL      3.—ODOR      4.—BARE  
ACRE      DANE      AREA  
IRIS      ONCE      REAR  
LESS      REEL      EARS

5.—\$1.35.      6.—112 sq. yds.

\* \* \*

TALK.

I am glad to note that I have received several lists of answers to the puzzles in No. 16. Next week I will announce the winners and publish a list of solvers.

As Thanksgiving is near, "Ace Wing" had no need of an explanatory line.

If a sufficient number of readers are interested in the next three months, we may be able to form a "Puzzlers' Association." I would like to hear from all on this subject. Write me a letter giving your ideas as to how you would like it formed, also how you would have officers elected, as to meetings, branch clubs of the association, etc. Write.

"KNAVE'S INK."



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# A Southern Cadet, OR TOM HAMILTON AT SCHOOL.

By Charles Kingsley.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Tom was treated with great kindness by the doctor's family now driven to take refuge in a hotel, and he felt happy to be thrown so much into Ethel's company, who gave him several little keepsakes to remember her by, and also asked him to constantly write to her, no matter where he happened to be. That the whole of the doctor's family admired Tom's manly bearing under trial, it is not necessary to add; this proud carriage, fine courtesy and the light manner in which he accepted the inevitable, never once referring to Billy Tweedles or attempting to convict him, made the doctor proud that he had had such a magnificent specimen of manhood under his tuition. In fact, he had already won all hearts, not the least precious of which to him was the unmistakable devotion of Ethel Wilson, who was destined in after years to influence greatly his future career.

Mr. Tweedles, Sr., having been telegraphed for, arrived the following morning at the hotel where Dr. Wilson was staying, in company with the foreman still laboring under intense excitement. Billy's father looked very careworn, but he avoided for the present any intercourse with the Italians, who continued to hang about in groups, angrily appealing to the citizens. In fact, Mr. Tweedles drove up to the hotel in a closed carriage, and would not register for fear his whereabouts should be discovered.

In the office a detective met Mr. Tweedles, and together with the foreman, they repaired to a private room. A hurried conversation took place, lasting for upwards of a half an hour, after which Mr. Tweedles sent up word to Dr. Wilson that he would like to see him, either in his own room or wherever the doctor might designate.

The position both of Mr. Tweedles and Dr. Wilson was a trying one. Both looked very haggard, but Mr. Tweedles, being the younger man, accepted the situation more from a business standpoint than that of sentiment or benevolence; and it was clear from his darkened brow and firmly compressed lips that he was determined to act with promptness in his own interests and that of justice.

"Please inform Mr. Tweedles that I will step down to him instantly," said Dr. Wilson, addressing the bell boy.

The bell boy promptly disappeared with the message.

Then the doctor began to array himself in a black suit of clothes, throwing off his dressing gown with haste, and attending very carefully to his toilet. This done, without further delay, he stepped to the next flight of stairs, and knocked at the number of the room indicated. The door was suddenly opened, and, as Dr. Wilson entered, the foreman rose and placed a chair at his disposal. Mr. Tweedles and Dr. Wilson shook hands in silence, and, after a pause, the latter said quietly: "I should be obliged if these gentlemen would wait outside until I have learnt your wishes, Mr. Tweedles."

Mr. Tweedles, tapping his fingers on the dresser, nodded to the detective and the foreman to retire, which they promptly did.

The reader is well aware of all the facts connected with this dark crime, which were fully gone into by the two gentlemen from entirely different standpoints, both conversing gravely and cautiously, and with considerable hesitancy of manner. Then there was a long pause, almost painful in its prolongation.

"The situation is a very grave one for both of us," said Dr. Wilson, at length, "and especially to me."

"Do you hold me liable for the damage done to your institution, sir?" asked Mr. Tweedles.

"Well, I don't see why the institution should be made to suffer through a set of rowdies and ruffians bent on murder, employed by you," replied the doctor, frankly. "Clearly they were not in my employ, nor was I responsible for their pay."

"But it appears that this fellow, Hamilton, committed the theft, and in your institution at that," quietly rejoined Mr. Tweedles. "This Hamilton was under your care, and a cadet in your institution, which has been wrecked owing to his crime."

Dr. Wilson, for the moment, hesitated. "But if your own son lost the money elsewhere when on pass, or had it stolen from him"—he was proceeding to say.

"Ah, there!" interrupted Mr. Tweedles, cynically. "I should clearly be liable, and though it ruined me, I would pay up every cent until everybody was satisfied. But if this were lost by my son or stolen from him outside the institution, how does it occur that bank wrappers were found in Hamilton's room, right in your institution?"

"That I admit looks, on the face of it, very black against Hamilton," said Dr. Wilson, after a pause, fighting hard for poor Tom. "Yet, might it not also happen that those wrappers were thrown under Hamilton's bed by the real thief to avert suspicion?"

"How could a civilian rob my son uptown, and find his way into your institution, passing the guard without being challenged, and enter this Hamilton's room without anybody observing him? What use would your institution be as an academy for military training if such a state of things could exist? It is too thin, Dr. Wilson,—altogether too thin. The thief, who stole that money, was inside your institution, a cadet of your Academy, depend upon that!"

There was another pause; then Dr. Wilson said, quietly: "Suppose your son lost this money, and then returned to this Academy, knowing the scrape he had got himself into, and then tried to lay the blame on Cadet Hamilton? May not that be feasible? I have no more right, as founder of the Academy, to believe that Hamilton stole the money than I have to imagine that theory. Both cadets were supposed to be the sons of gentlemen when they entered the Academy, or I would not have admitted them for one moment. And if one of the two was placed under my protection more than the other, it should surely be because this young man Hamilton is a Southerner, the son of an old Virginia Colonel, living hundreds of miles away. I owe a special compliment to this gallant Southern officer in sending his son to me, and I watched him closely because he stood alone among all the cadets from the moment he entered Poughkeepsie Academy."

"Ah, a Southerner, eh?" gasped Mr. Tweedles, scornfully. "That accounts for it. You have said enough, Doctor Wilson, I have heard quite enough," he added excitedly. "I feel more convinced than ever that this fellow robbed my son, and caused all this frightful mischief. I shall swear out a warrant for him, and let him clear himself in court. Your Southern Colonel may pay your debts, and build up your Academy afresh." Then he rose to signify that the interview had come to a close.

"One word, Mr. Tweedles," pleaded the doctor, anxiously. "I wired Colonel Hamilton to come at once. He will be here to-night. Do not take any further steps, I beg you, until you have seen him. Promise me that!"

"All right," replied Mr. Tweedles, "and if I have done his son an injury, and you can show me that my son Billy perpetrated this offense, I'll cut him off without a penny—I'll disown him forever! I'll pay off my men, and reimburse you for your loss."

"That is satisfactory," said Dr. Wilson, glad that the matter was staved off a little longer; and praying that all things would come right in the end.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

During the interview between Dr. Wilson and Mr. Tweedles it is worthy of note that the latter, as he shook hands with the doctor, never enquired after Mrs. Wilson and the family. He had made up his mind that Tom Hamilton was the thief, and was now extremely angry to find that the doctor was actually protecting the Southern Cadet, instead of allowing the law to take its course.

Mr. Tweedles mused for a few moments alone after the doctor had gone from his room, and tried to reason in every possible way why this frightful load should be thrust on his innocent shoulders, endeavoring to find out the truth of the whole mystery. He did not wish to act precipitately for fear he should do an injustice. He told himself that he must not show any spirit of revenge, though his feelings were now worked up to a frightful pitch.

"I left Billy at the depot happy, honored and contented," he said to himself. "His record at the Academy had been attested to as most exemplary. He had progressed wonderfully in his studies, and had carried away the medal for being the best-drilled cadet in that institution. Billy made a bad mistake once and had fully atoned for it by his future conduct. On the other hand, here is a Southerner come to the Academy, doubtless envious because Billy had beaten him in the prize drill contest, and determined to ruin him. He steals into Billy's room while the cadets are at breakfast, robs him of the money I had given him to hand over to the foreman who arrived too late the night before, and is caught in his own room by another cadet before Hamilton has time to destroy the wrappers. Billy tells of his loss immediately he discovers it, and goes direct to the Major and the doctor with a plain, straightforward story. No one has questioned the fact that Billy had the money, for he showed it to several cadets, no doubt being a little boastful at being entrusted with so much money. The laborers go rushing up to the Academy as soon as the foreman tells them that Billy has got the money—for the foreman, coming in that morning, instead of last night, knew no different—and threaten to murder Billy. Afraid of their threats, Billy disappears. Thinking I might accuse him of doing as he once did before, he was afraid to go home. Hamilton is the thief!"

In a very angry and unsettled frame of mind, Mr. Tweedles sallied forth from his room, and meeting the foreman, said: "Come with me, Dribble, I will obtain sufficient money for you to pay off these men, and set them to work again. The work must not longer be delayed." Then turning to the detective, he said: "You stay here and watch your man!"

A number of Italians had gathered around the hotel, and, as they saw Mr. Tweedles emerge, stood wondering for a moment, as if inviting him to speak.

"Aren," said Mr. Tweedles, addressing them, "you will all receive your pay in an hour or so from now. Get together again at the old place. This work has to be finished."

Mr. Tweedles was allowed to pass along unmolested, but, as he walked briskly up the street with the foreman by his side, the Italians held a hurried meeting in the open thoroughfare. Then shouldering their shovels and pickaxes, they marched silently and in a body to the tunnel to wait for their money.

"We get our men, but we no work no more!" said the leader of the gang to a bystander, shaking his head.

Colonel Hamilton arrived from his old Virginia home in due course. Depositing his valise in the hallway of the hotel, he registered and immediately sent up his card to Dr. Wilson to notify him of his arrival. The doctor at once came downstairs to greet him, and begging to speak with him in private, the Colonel suggested that they should go together into the room which the clerk had just as-

signed him, remarking: "I would like to know what all this trouble is before I see my son."

"Yes, Colonel, that is why I made the request," replied Dr. Wilson.

Probably an hour had elapsed, when the Colonel opened the door for Dr. Wilson to pass out, looking like the war-horse that he was, but every inch a soldier and a gentleman. "Please send Tom down to me, Dr. Wilson," he said gallantly. "I am too much upset to pay my respects to Mrs. Wilson and your family at the present time. Be good enough to apologize for me."

Tom, in obedience to the paternal summons, promptly responded. The scene between father and son was a most affecting one, and, though the old Colonel had fought in many bloody battles, no such grief stirred him as this.

"I believe you are innocent, my son," he said, wiping his eyes. "Your mother must never know anything about this, or she would die of a broken heart. I will request this Mr. Tweedles to see me without further delay."

There was fire in his eye as he rang the bell once more, and sent his card to Mr. Tweedles with the remark that "Colonel Hamilton was at his service."

## CHAPTER XXV.

Tom stood at "Attention!" as Mr. Tweedles somewhat brusquely stepped into Colonel Hamilton's room. There were no tears in Tom's eyes, and none lingering in those of the old Virginian now; both were prepared for the worst.

"Tom, be seated!" said his father, quickly. "This is my room for the present." Then fixing his eye steadily on Mr. Tweedles' face, as he begged him to be seated, he said: "So, Mr. Tweedles, you are bent on having my son arrested?"

"Yes, Colonel Hamilton," replied Mr. Tweedles, somewhat pale and embarrassed.—"That is, unless—"

"Unless what, sir?" asked Colonel Hamilton, noticing his hesitation.

"Unless you are willing to pay the four thousand two hundred dollars he has stolen from my son" promptly responded Mr. Tweedles.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Tweedles, I would ever pay that sum, or any other sum of money, to compound a felony?" demanded Colonel Hamilton, with hauteur. "Do you suppose, if I believed my son guilty, that I would ever cover his crime by the payment of money? I am no such scoundrel—much less would I pay it under threat, or in the form of blackmail. If my son can be proven guilty, he shall go to jail."

It was now Mr. Tweedles' turn to retort. "If you presume to address me in this manner, after all I have suffered, Colonel Hamilton, I'll not waste another minute with you," replied Mr. Tweedles, hotly. "I care nothing for your Southern blood. I'm a New Yorker. You come from a nigger state."

"I think I come from a state where there is for its size as much honor as in any part of the country, Mr. Tweedles," responded the Colonel. "I think, too, we have learnt that code from bitter experience as well as you have. But I am not here to boast of my Southern blood—that is merely an accident of birth. Give me any good proof that my son, Tom Hamilton, robbed your son of this money, and I will not raise a finger to save him, whether you put him on trial or not. But if you cause his arrest, after I know for a positive fact there is not a single cadet recently associated with him—no, not even your own son—believes him guilty, and he should be arrested falsely, you shall be made to suffer the consequences, Mr. Tweedles."

The Colonel had risen as he spoke, and Mr. Tweedles boldly confronted him. It looked as though the two men, both advanced in years, though the Colonel was the older, might come to blows.

"Look here, Colonel Hamilton, I'm as good as you are—" Mr. Tweedles shouted, pointing his finger in the other's face.

"I never said you weren't," interrupted the Colonel. "I will not dispute your assertion. Until you give me good proof of my son's guilt, I will stand by him."



Then Mr. Tweedles went over the facts of the case in an excited, threatening way, finally ending up half in tears, but still with much noise and rage: "Shall I stand by and lose this money for an upstart like this boy, and have my son accused into the bargain? Shall I, sir, shall I? No, I want no parley with you, unless you agree to pay me what has been stolen."

"Never, Mr. Tweedles," exclaimed the Colonel, defiantly. "Do your worst. Tom will stand his trial without flinching. Bring up your officer, if you dare! My son will not run away."

Mr. Tweedles seemed to be cowed by the Colonel's supremely haughty manner. His hand was on the door, and his rage took away from him the power of speech altogether. Then he stepped into the corridor, where forty or fifty guests had assembled, attracted by the noise. The detective was in readiness among the number.

"Officer, arrest that lad in yonder!" exclaimed Mr. Tweedles. "I will stand no more of this!"

"Are you Mr. Tweedles?" asked Lieutenant Moxley, fairly bounding up the stairway quite breathless. "Well, I know what became of the money. Tom Hamilton had nothing to do with it."

(To be continued.)

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# YOUTH

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## Hopper and Other Boys.

BY OLIVER T. OSWALD.

### CHAPTER XVII.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the House Boat Man in The Palladium office arose, not from any curiosity on the part of the shrewd and jolly-hearted detective to see Hopper and the boys at work, but to interview Doc. Bemus and old Spangle, whom he had driven to bay. These two cronies had started on a run from the public inn as soon as they heard the House Boat Man accuse Billy Williams of passing counterfeit coin, and, having no other place of shelter at this hour of the night, they took refuge in The Palladium office, where they fancied they were safe. Zack followed the House Boat Man all through the adventures about to be recorded, and related to us what he had seen.

There was still a good deal of this spurious metal in circulation, even after the counterfeiters had been convicted, and The House Boat Man had been deputed by the government to remain in this district, and promptly arrest any offender guilty of carrying or circulating counterfeit coin. The House Boat Man had gone into the grocery store in an easy, off-hand manner as the most natural place to find these spurious half dollars, and was civilly received by the proprietor, who at once turned over his cash drawer to the detective.

"I refused to accept any more half dollars in payment for goods after I heard there was so many bad ones in circulation," said the proprietor. "For the life of me I cannot tell whether any of them half dollars is bad or not."

The House Boat Man examined all the half dollars handed to him, and sounded them on the counter, especially those which looked new. Finally, picking out a half a dozen, he said: "These are bad. Where did you get 'em from?"

"Why," replied the grocer, alarmed. "I believe all of 'em come from Billy Williams. I remarked it at the time, but he assured me they was all O. K. I wouldn't ha' taken them if I'd ha' known, an' I've never passed any of 'em, that I knows of. I can't afford to lose that money—there's little profit in running a store if one's to be robbed by customers who—"

"You shall not be robbed," interposed the House Boat Man, kindly. "I do not think you've done anything wrong. Merely a victim. They're such clever counterfeiters that I should possibly have been deceived myself, if I had not been forewarned."

Then the House Boat Man left, and feeling in his hip pocket to assure himself that his revolver was there, primed and loaded, he went direct to the public inn.

"Billy Williams," he said, "on the government service I wish to see you without further delay." The House Boat Man spoke with a tone of authority, as though the matter brooked no delay.

The innkeeper looked puzzled and anxious, but he replied: "All right, Mr. House Boat detective."

The two went into an inner room, the House Boat Man closing the door after him. At first, they appeared to be conversing in under tones; then the rough, burly voice of the House Boat Man could be heard to threaten, only to be answered with words of defiance by the

big, red-faced innkeeper. The latter then began to abuse the House Boat Man as a paid spy, interlarding his language with oaths, which the detective instantly stopped by drawing his revolver.

"I'll arrest you, Billy Williams," exclaimed the House Boat Man, hotly, "if you use this language to me, and make you prove your innocence. Now, sir," he added, throwing open the door, "turn over your cash drawer to me."

Billy Williams was on the point of an-

swering to the innkeeper's taunts, but proceeded to sound and examine the coins. Finally he said: "You seem to have palmed them off pretty cleverly, but Winkler, over at the store yonder, says you palmed several off on him."

"I never palmed off any bad coins on him, Mr. Detective," replied Billy Williams, threateningly, "and don't think you can bluff me. Young Hopper had a whole box full of them coins."

"I know all about that," the House Boat Man retorted, placing the money back in the drawer, and moving from behind the bar.

He appeared to hesitate for a moment. He could not arrest this man without being able to show that Billy Williams had got rid of these coins, knowing them to be counterfeit.

keeper saw his revolver knocked out of his hand, and himself sprawling in a half-fainting fit at the House Boat Man's feet.

It was at this point that Doc. Bemus and old Spangle, always on hand when there was excitement, came rushing in.

"Now tell me where you got those spurious half dollars from that the grocer says you passed in his store!" cried the House Boat Man, covering the innkeeper with his revolver.

"From those two fellows there!" replied the innkeeper.

"Where?" asked the House Boat Man, looking around; for, in the excitement, he had not seen the two cronies enter. The latter, seeing their danger, and taking in the situation at a glance, wasted no time in making their way outside with



THE RESULT OF HOPPER'S EDITORIAL WORK.

swearing with words of defiance, but before he could say another word, the House Boat Man sprang behind the bar, and took possession of the drawer containing the cash.

Billy Williams folded his arms, and gazed at the House Boat Man in bewilderment, as he began to test the coins, one by one, with the revolver laying close by him on the bar, ready for any emergency. Then the innkeeper broke into a sarcastic laugh.

"Don't steal anything," said Billy Williams. "If you want to borrow a quarter, I'll loan it to you. This is a clear case of hold-up, and when you get through, maybe I'll ransack your old House Boat for you in the same way."

The House Boat Man paid no attention

"You're one of these smart Alecks!" retorted Billy Williams, sneering, and resuming his place behind the bar. "You want to make out a case, with your fine airs and—"

"Hold on, Billy Williams!" exclaimed the House Boat Man, as his eye fell on two or three barrels reared up on blocks in a dark corner. "You may not wilfully have palmed off counterfeit half dollars, but you are dealing in an illicit trade. I see you are making your own whiskey. This is a clear case for the revenue department."

Billy Williams uttered an oath. Then quickly drawing out a revolver, he fired three shots in rapid succession, to which the House Boat Man replied, closing in on him as he did so. Finally, the inn-

keeper's nimbleness of feet than they had been known to exhibit for many a long day.

Running madly up the street, the old fogies had got a good lead of the House Boat Man, who hotly pursued, until finally they managed to rush into the Palladium office, as recorded in the last chapter, with the House Boat Man's coat and hat pierced by bullet wounds after his adventure in the inn, from which he had had a narrow escape.

The House Boat Man, excited and distressed by his recent encounter and hot chase, sank breathless and exhausted into a chair. He pointed at Doc. Bemus and old Spangle, but was unable to utter a word, as Hopper ran for a tin cup of water.

Doc. Bemus nudged his comrade. "Let's get!" he exclaimed. "The House Boat Man can't budge another inch."

Old Spangle, with a frightened expression of countenance, glanced sheepishly at the House Boat Man, and then the two slid out, crept through a dark alley, sprang over two or three gates as they passed between the houses, and across the fields, only stopping from sheer exhaustion when they had traveled a couple of miles, after floundering in the darkness, and splashing through pools and ditches for about three-quarters of an hour.

When the House Boat Man came to, he proceeded to relate to us boys all that had happened, and later we heard from Doc. Bemus and old Spangle their many adventures while being pursued.

"Hang it, Hopper!" said the House Boat Man: "I wish you could have held on to those old fellows as well as you did that counterfeit near the Van Winkle mansion. They've been passing off some of those counterfeit coins. Must have got them out of the box some way while on the Mary Jane."

"They're sly old cronies," replied Hopper, laughing. "I wouldn't wonder they did. They were on the boat examining them soon after I pried open the lid—that is, after Mr. Johnson had got off with my box of Elixir."

"And passed them off on the innkeeper," added the House Boat Man, ruefully.

"It'll make a capital story for *The Palladium*," said Hopper, clapping his hands. "This will make the sensation of the year. I must spread on this. It will make better reading than a novel by Jules Verne. Couldn't have happened at a more opportune moment. We will inform our readers that, owing to extraordinary and exciting events in the town, our first issue will unavoidably be laid over for a week. Capital! Capital! I have a chance here to make a name for myself."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Poor Zack burst into crying when he heard the House Boat Man declare that he would pursue and arrest his father and Doc. Bemus on the serious charge of passing counterfeit money; for, though old Spangle had neglected the lad and passed his time in dissipation, the filial instinct was still strong, and Zack was honest. However, it was several minutes before the House Boat Man recovered, and by this time the old cronies had got a good start, and the detective was unaware of the direction they had taken.

The firm of Hopper & Co. were not very well pleased with their experience thus far, Fred remarking to me as Hopper locked the doors of the office, after taking voluminous notes from the House Boat Man, that he was inclined to think that *The Palladium* would eventually "go up in smoke."

Our confidence was restored, however, the following day when Hopper went to interview Billy Williams and the grocer with the intention of publishing their version of the affair. "The House Boat Man told me that Billy Williams was selling whiskey made by himself out of corn, and was thus evading the revenue duties," said Hopper. "There's a sensation for you. And Jake Winkler, the grocer, has taken in several counterfeit half dollars recently. This story, with the shooing, will make the most sensational reading that ever appeared in the columns of *The Palladium*."

So for the next few days Hopper requested not to be disturbed, and gave every available moment of his time to writing up his sensational story, the facts of which every one in the town and county had heard of and read long before we were ready to go to press. However, when it appeared in print, it was truly a hair-raising and hair-splitting account! Apart from many ridiculous errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and type upside down, Hopper came out boldly with this assertion: "We are sorry, indeed, to learn that Mr. Jake Winkler, who runs the well-known grocery store on Main street, was found with several of the counterfeit half dollars in his possession, which his customers refused to take in change when handed to them over the counter. He was caught red-handed by the famous detective, known as the House Boat Man, and could only excuse himself on the plea"—(it appeared "bea" in print)—"that Billy Williams had passed them over to him. Of course, that does not exonerate him, and we may expect serious developments—(this last word was spelt 'devilments')—later. Mr. Winkler has always

been regarded as a model citizen, and we are deeply pained to find him placed in this awkward predicament (predicament).

His reference to Billy Williams, the innkeeper, was as follows: "The notorious Billy Williams, who makes his livelihood (livelihood) by selling vile liquor of his own making and thus cheats the Revenue Department, might be standing in the pock (dock) on a charge of murder but for the bravery of the House Boat Man. He was not only guilty of selling his deadly whiskey to two well-known characters, from whom he took the spurious half collars (dollars), but dishonestly and of malice and aforethought, with intent to cheat and defraud, did palm them off for potatoes (potatoes) and gutter (butter) at Winkler's grocery store. This murderous scoundrel, who does so much to destroy the happiness of homes, will doubtless (doubtless) be punished with the utmost severity of the paw (law). It would probably have been for the comfort of many homes, if one of the House Boat Man's pullets (bullets) had taken effect. We denounce all these gin-pills (mills), and shall do our utmost to turn out the pascals (rascals) who pun (run) and frequent them."

Both the grocer and Billy Williams considered all the errors in spelling and punctuation were done for the purpose of evading the law of libel, and thus Hopper got the credit for being a better printer than he really was. Billy Williams was extremely wroth at being termed the "notorious Billy" and "a murderous scoundrel," and Mr. Winkler, the grocer, at first inclined to take no notice of the attack on the plea that they were mere boys and nobody would pay any attention to what they said, changed his mind and went across the way for a strong whip when he found himself subject to a good deal of ridicule on the part of his customers.

"Those boys must be running a comic paper by the way they spell," the blacksmith remarked, as he glanced at the first issue of *The Palladium* under Hopper's editorship, and began to read "Startling Sensation." As he read down the first column he finally came to the paragraph referring to Mr. Winkler. "Well, if any of those boys should write that about me, I'd trounce 'em well," said the blacksmith. "That paper will get all over the county, holding you up as a dishonest man passing off spurious money. It's liable to put yo' out o' business."

Mr. Winkler knit his brow, put on his coat, took down his hat, and grasping the whip, went hurriedly towards *The Palladium* office. He seemed to be terribly worked up, and the townsfolk noticed his rage, as they stood around laughing at *The Palladium's* first issue, with its quaint type and ridiculous spelling. They told me afterwards that he was heard to say he would break every bone in Hopper's body.

Fred and I watched Mr. Winkler enter our establishment with blood in his eye, and we hid ourselves behind the press. "I'll show him to slander me!" exclaimed he, as he tried to force an entrance into Hopper's sanctum.

Hopper had locked the door, being engaged in confidential conversation with a farmer who had just driven into town, and who had come to renew his yearly subscription. "All I can gie yo' to send the paper by mail to Bentry is three bottles o' this yere Elixir of Life," said the farmer, producing three bottles from his overcoat. "It's a fine medicine fer almost every ailment that may happen you. I bought six bottles, an' have taken two. Its effects is simply wainful. Cured my ole woman wi' two doses—she had rheumatiz an' lumbago mixed. It also cured my boss o' the glanders, an' relieved me of bronchitis."

"Let me in" shouted the infuriated grocer.

"I'm engaged," Hopper exclaimed, opening the little window about a half an inch, and quickly shutting it again.

"You young rascal!" cried Mr. Winkler, shaking the whip in front of the window. "I'll teach you to run down my character."

Fred and I thought it high time to clear out, as the saying is; but we could see no way of passing through the door without being observed by Mr. Winkler. Of course we had nothing to do with the writing of this sensational story which had given so much offense, but the grocer knew that we were in partnership with

Hopper; so we both thought it discreet to hide behind the press.

"What's that fellar a-blatherin' about?" said the farmer, interrupted in his discourse on the merits of the never-to-be-forgotten Elixir. "Now this Elixir—"

"I'll take the three bottles of Elixir as a year's subscription," said Hopper, resuming his seat, "on two conditions. The first is, if you'll tell me where you bought it?"

"I got it from one o' them chaps as made spurious half dollars," replied the farmer, laughing. "I was on that same jury as found 'em guilty. The fellar sold me the bottles two days before he was arrested, an' the rest i' the box he sold to Brown as keeps the drug store at Bentry."

"That elixir belonged to me," said Hopper, peeping through the window. "I earned it for literary work on this paper."

"Well, what's your other condition?" asked the farmer.

"That you'll stop in here—stop in here"—Hopper stuttered—"stop in here till that fellow outside, Mr. Winkler, goes away. He's been passing off counterfeit coins, and I showed him up in the paper."

"I haven't seen the paper," the farmer remarked, "but I aint goin' to be mixed up in no row." So saying, he turned the key, and had the door partly open before Hopper could spring from his chair to prevent him.

Mr. Winkler immediately sprang inside the editorial sanctum, and Fred and I leapt from behind the press and out of the "office" into the street.

"It seems to me that Hopper deserves all he gets," said Fred, as we heard the swish of the whip and his cries for mercy. "It was a cowardly and a mean thing to blacken the character of an honorable man like old Winkler."

"If that's literary genius," I added, "I'd rather stay on a farm."

Hopper was still crying out "Help! Murder! Mercy! Please don't thrash me any more!" when Billy Williams passed us in his shirt sleeves, followed by three or four boys. He entered the office just as the grocer came out.

We heard more angry words, followed by more squealing. Then we saw the innkeeper dragging Hopper out by the hair of his head, his face as pale as a ghost. On and on Billy Williams led him through the middle of the street, a crowd gathering as he proceeded, until finally he reached the yard of the inn. Here was placed a large water tank, and into it Hopper went with all his clothes on. Every few seconds that Hopper drew his head out, Billy Williams ducked it in again, until the lad was actually in danger of drowning. Then splashing and spluttering, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd who considered the ducking well deserved, Hopper, gasping for breath, sneaked off homeward like a drowned rat.

To our great surprise, instead of Hopper's father taking his son's part, and going over to Mr. Winkler and the innkeeper to demand satisfaction, he quietly remarked: "You have no one to blame but yourself. Men's characters are not to be blackened, my son, without cause. It's shameful what you wrote about that good, honest old Winkler. I've dealt with him for forty years an' never saw him rob a man of a penny."

"You don't understand literary work, father," said Hopper, as he proceeded to dry his clothes. "You don't realize how necessary it is in these days to cater to the public taste. Sensationalism is what the public want."

"How would you like any one to blacken my character like that?" interrupted his father, sternly, even angrily. "If that was said of me, I'd kill the man."

"It's good newspaper work all the same," persisted Hopper.

"Why, your paper is ridiculous," replied his father. "I haven't had the schooling you have, but I could spell better than that myself. You had better turn over the key to me, and get off. If Fred and Os want to run the concern, let them. I insist that you sell out at once."

Fred and I, of course, were unable to edit the paper, so this was the first and only issue of *The Palladium* with Hopper as editor-in-chief, and ourselves as members of the firm of Hopper & Co. For several weeks Portchester was without a newspaper—weeks of sore trial to Hopper, whose life was rendered miserable at school through the jeers and

taunts of the pupils, who addressed him as "Mr. Editor" and enquired how he liked his licking and ducking. Nor would Hopper ever again go for his mother's groceries at Mr. Winkler's store.

About three months after, a sort of tramp printer agreed to open the office and pay us on the installment plan nearly all the money we had spent in the purchase and fixing-up of *The Palladium* office, and in course of time we recovered about one hundred dollars from him, which we divided proportionately, Hopper receiving one-half, and Fred and I the remainder between us.

That single issue of *The Palladium* is kept in many Portchester homes to-day as a valuable relic, though not altogether as a credit to Hopper's undoubted genius.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE VERY BEST.

BY WALTER PALMER.

Brave soldiers are by no means confined to battlefields; they may be found on the farm, in the workshop, among the fishermen, in the schoolroom—in every place where humanity strives together and struggles upward. The soldier in this case did not know he was brave, or even that he was more than a machine to grind out work between meal and meal, or meal and sleep. Until a darker shade began to show upon his lip and chin he did not know the meaning of wages, and he never knew the number of his own years.

But he was a good workman, and not as the horses and oxen, because he was driven, but because his dim brain had somehow grasped the grand secret of success that a master's business is one's own. His mind was too slow to plan out work, work, but once started he could be depended upon to perform it faithfully and well. And it did not matter whether some one were with him or he worked alone, the task was sure to be done thoroughly in either case.

Until he was nearly grown he was the farm fool, considered incapable of judging for himself. Then one day a man had come into the country to spend his vacation, a man whose life had been devoted to brightening intellects considered hopeless. From the first the strong-limbed, vacant-eyed boy had interested him, and he had sought him during leisure hours and tried to win his friendship. The fact of the boy's faithfulness to his work argued well; and, besides, he liked the broad forehead and square mouth, even though the lips showed weak and vacillating. But for a time progress was slow. Besides being dull, the boy's isolation had made him shy and easily frightened. Sympathy and friendship were unknown to him, and at first the man's advances met with more wonder than response.

But little by little the skillful, sympathetic educator developed the germ he found. The boy was made to feel that he was of some use in the world, that he was responsible for what he did and what he left undone, and that there were persons who would care for him and his work; in short, made to comprehend there was progress he could make and must make.

And the man did not mistake his material. Gradually the vacillating lips closed together more firmly, and a wistful, speculative look began to usurp the vacant stare. When he returned to his work the man left the nucleus of an ambition, and a purpose that would grow strong with the awakening intellect.

But how strong he did not know until several years later, when the boy—now a man grown, with strong, powerful limbs—came to him.

"I'm here to ask what I must do next," the man said, simply. "You said I was holden for everything I could do if I tried hard, an' I have tried hard. That's what you said Christ wanted. Soon's you left I asked the farmer for my wages, like the other men had, an' he give 'em to me. He said he liked my work. I've saved it all up, four hundred dollars. Now what shall I do next, an' how spend it?"

The educator looked at him in puzzled doubt. The man was in earnest, terribly so. And there was no vacillating about

the lips now, or vacancy in the steady gaze.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

"Anything that 'll be the best, like Christ would want," the man answered calmly. "You know I'm holden for my best, an' it didn't seem like it could be back on the farm, jest workin' an' savin' up money. I knowed you could tell me, so I asked your place an' come here. If you say it's the farm, I'll go back. But I want it to be the best, the very best, an' no mistake. An' I don't know."

The educator looked yet more uncertain. He did not like the responsibility this man was putting upon him. Should he send him back to the farm? Was that the very best? It would seem so, and yet—

Once more his gaze went over the firm, massive limbs; to the hands, as strong as a giant's, and yet which he knew were as gentle as a woman's; to the eyes, as steady and unwavering as his own, perhaps because they were utterly unconscious of self. The man might be uneducated, simple; but was the furrow and hayfield the very best place for such a combination of strength and gentleness and purpose?

A letter lay upon the table beside him, and he picked it up mechanically. He had read it several times already; but its touch now seemed to inspire him with a new idea, for he opened and read it through slowly.

"Dear brother," the letter began, "Conditions have grown worse since my note of last week. Almost the entire town is down now, and what the end will be God alone knows. Besides myself, there are only two physicians left. One died last week, and three nurses. We have appealed for help, but it is slow coming. Can you not send us a nurse or two—not weak ones with nerves, but strong, resolute men who can fight with us day and night and face death without a tremor? God bless you if you do not hear from me again.

"As ever,  
"P. S.—Do not think of coming yourself, as was hinted in last letter. You are needed there with your patients."

The educator frowned a little at this postscript, then raised his eyes to the man who was standing before him, waiting calmly for an answer.

"You want the very best," he asked, steadily, "without regard to hard work, danger, and very likely death?"

"The very best," the man answered, just as steadily. "That's what I'm holden for."

"Very well."  
He sat down and wrote a short note, which he folded and handed to the man. "Take that to the agent in the office at the foot of the street," he said. "He will fit you out all right and make arrangements for your journey. No, hold on," rising suddenly, "I will go down with you myself."

Taking his hat from its peg above the desk he joined the man, and they went out together.

A few weeks later he was standing in the same room, reading another letter from his brother which the postman had just left. Half way down the page he stopped suddenly at the end of a paragraph, and then went back and read it through the second time.

"That nurse you sent me was a treasure," the paragraph read. "He worked steadily, day and night, without seeming to feel the need for rest. Patients grew to look for him, and depended upon him even more than upon us. I will not say how many lives he saved, for it is uncertain; but he was equal to the best three nurses we had. There seemed to be no limit to his strength—or to his gentleness, for that matter. We all felt it a personal loss when he succumbed. I am glad to say the worst is over."

"I am glad to say the worst is over." The educator folded the letter almost reverently.

"Yes, it was the best," he said aloud, "the very best."

Learning is a better heritage than house and land.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

BY FRANCIS PEABODY.

As I was seated one day in Prospect Park, watching Niagara Falls from the American side tumble headlong on its course, lazily enjoying the sound of the rushing cataract, there stepped up somewhat stealthily and suddenly a young man not much younger than myself, who begged of me the favor of a cigar wherewith to light the stub of a cigar sticking in a corner of his mouth.

As I handed him the light asked for, he said with a show of evident satisfaction, "I'll have one more smoke, anyhow"; and he sat down on the bench by my side, and gazed wistfully at the mad, rushing waters on this wonderful summer day fast dipping into night.

I observed that the young man, probably about twenty-three or four years of age, was well dressed, and, despite a troubled and anxious look which occasionally stole over his face, that his features were not void of refinement. Now and again the stranger would glance furtively at me, and shuffle uneasily on the bench as he puffed away at his cigar, and then would mutter something incoherently under his breath in a half-grumbling, half-threatening sort of way.

Finally he said: "How long are you going to sit here?"

"I don't know," I replied, laughing at this curious question, and wondering why it should be any of his business.

"Well, I want to know," he returned, his eyes becoming wilder. "You will please favor me by moving as soon as possible. You are too near the edge of the water to suit me."

"I don't think I'm liable to fall in," I retorted, crossing my legs and allowing my head to fall on the back of the bench lazily. "I am greatly obliged to you for your concern."

"Umph!" he muttered, drawing from his pocket a letter. "Will you kindly mail that letter for me? I haven't the price of a postage stamp, and I'd like her to get it as soon as possible."

It dawned on me of a sudden that this young man was bent on self-destruction, and, as I took the letter from him, I perceived that it was addressed in bold, hurried handwriting to some woman, probably the young man's mother, or wife, or, it might be, his sweetheart. What possessed me to agree to the stranger's request I could not tell; but, as soon as I had placed it in my own pocket, he thanked me politely, again anxiously asking if I should remain there much longer.

Seeing that I was not disposed to move, he grew suddenly angry and cried out: "Young man, if you don't soon clear out, I'll pitch you into the falls. I'm a pretty, strong fellow."

At this I became genuinely alarmed, believing that I was in the presence of a madman, who would not hesitate to carry out his threats. Thoughts of home came into my head, as I slowly rose to move away; for I was afraid even now he would make a rush at me. Then it occurred to me that, if the young fellow was bent on self-destruction, I ought to do everything in my power to save him.

Of a sudden, his tone and manner changed, and turning to me, he said: "Don't go away. Don't leave me so abruptly. I must have been out of my mind. There is something about you, now that I see your face which tells me you are not unsympathetic."

I immediately sat down again, for evidently softer influences were at work in the young man's brain.

"You think my manner strangely abrupt, I know," he began, in a more rational, apologetic way.

"Well, I must say you puzzle me," I replied. "I don't know what to make of you."

"Well, sir, I'm a crook," he retorted candidly. "Don't be afraid of me. I won't harm you. You see this crop"—here he took off his straw hat and revealed his closely-shaven head—"Just came out of prison, sir. Served two years for grand larceny. Robbed the bank. Now I'm broke—not a copper to my name. Absolutely dead broke. No place to sleep, no funds, nothing."

"I am sorry for you," I put in with genuine sorrow for the stranger.

"Got married six weeks before I was arrested," he went on, in disjointed sentences. "Baby born while I was serving my time—"

"Your condition is surely a pitiable one," I interrupted as I noticed the tears roll down his cheeks; "but it is not as bad after all, perhaps, if you will just think for awhile, and trust in Him Who has created this wonderful cataract, to help and redeem you."

At the mention of the word "cataract" the young man gave a sudden start, and for the moment a wild look came into his eyes.

"I know what's passing through your mind," I went on. "You think by throwing yourself over there, that will end it all. Are you quite sure? Think again—what will become of your wife, who is probably now awaiting your return, and the little cherub you have caused to be brought into this world?"

"I don't know what impelled me to talk in this way, but my words had evidently touched the stranger's heart.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow," I continued, seeing that I had sensibly awakened in his heart a better impulse.

"She loves me, I know, in spite of all," he replied, pathetically. "Mary has never failed to visit me in prison, and bring little Dorothy along with her. But if I go back to her, I have no way of supporting her. My father is rich, but he will never help me after I have disgraced him, and I am afraid I shall only be tempted back into my old ways. Even when I called you back, it was only because—because—I thought I might rob you, and get back home with your money. Just at that moment, as you were moving away, I made up my mind not to drown myself if only I could steal enough from you. It is hard to give up bad habits. Here, sir, is your watch and chain, and your purse. Forgive me!"

To my intense surprise, I discovered this crook had actually unbeknown to me, robbed me of all I had on my person, and here he was offering them back to me! I laughed heartily at the situation. Bent on suicide one minute, tempted to steal the next.

"Sir, I will help you to get back to your wife," I said, taking back my money and placing the watch in my vest pocket. "Does it really pay to steal? Is the penitentiary the kind of home you would like to spend the rest of your days in? You were born, my friend, for something better. And surely you are not insane enough to stand the chances of the next world by burying yourself in those tumbling waters with such a record as you have?"

The stranger at first did not reply. Then he said: "I was brought up by good parents. In my boyhood I had everything that heart could wish for, but I got in with a bad set and, after marrying against my father's wishes, was left to my own resources. I had no trade, and my wife had either to return to her parents, or I had to obtain money somehow. This is how I came to steal. Nothing but a life of crime now stares me in the face, for who would employ a convict?"

It dawned on me that this poor, dejected, wretched young man might be saved to the world yet for higher purposes than theft; so I continued to reason with him long and earnestly, until the moon sailed overhead and sparkled on the rushing river. Then, to my surprise, I saw his lips move in prayer, and a calmer expression settled on his not unhandsome features.

Discovering that he had eaten nothing that day, I invited him to join me at supper in a nearby hotel, and that same night I sent him by train in a happier frame of mind to his anxious wife and child. Happening to have a friend in business in the city of Pittsburg, where he resided, I caused that gentleman unbeknown to my newly-formed acquaintance to call on him.

A few weeks later I received a letter, beautifully worded, and replete with the most eloquent expressions of gratitude and even affection, telling me how he, my friend of Prospect Park, was earning an honest living, how happy he was with his wife and child, and how his father even had forgiven his waywardness. And I was especially glad to know that my friend had come to the conclusion that honesty is after all the best policy.

DID MAMMA PAY?

A little 4-year-old girl walked into one of the hardware stores some time ago and had a bolt put in her little express wagon. When the job was completed she asked the clerk what the charges were. The clerk informed her that a kiss would pay the bill, and the little lady said: "All right, mamma will pay you."

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice and falsehood passing from words to things.—South.

Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like the placing of a bunch of violets and mignonette in the button-hole, where their perfume may be deliciously perceptible all day.

Amateur  
Photography.  
Edited by FRED FELL.

Blocking out for the purpose of removing portions of a negative so that no printing can take place from such parts is done by covering the parts that are not desired with opaque paint or paper. It is resorted to when the sky is of bad quality, when parts are wanted out. This is most easily accomplished by first making an aristo print and cutting out nearly but not quite the portion desired blocked out, and after sunning this till it is bronzed gluing it into the back of the negative. This being done, it only remains to join the edge of the horizon or garment or head—whatever is to remain—to the paper backing with photographic opaque which is red water-color that sticks to glass and dries quickly. For fine work it is always applied to the face of the negative. If we desire to block a poor sky we could do it all with the opaque, but a piece of black paper over the main part or a bronzed aristo print cut out nearly to the horizon line will save a tedious waste of paint and will be more permanent, as the opaque often flecks off or gets scratched. At the very juncture of the tree line to the sky, if the branches are delicate, the work must be done under a reading glass, with a very fine brush on the gelatine side. If the lines of buildings are to be followed, see that the paint does not encroach upon them. Having thus blocked out a sky be sure to use a suitable cloud negative afterwards, or else gray the sky a trifle by sunning. If we desire a black background we merely cut the outline with the etching knife and work up to that with a sharp chisel, leaving clear glass all around. Blocking out faces or figures from a group is similarly accomplished, and if carefully done is usually a success. Wherever a touch of blocking is done the print will be white. I have seen some excellent snow scenes which were made from pictures taken in the fall and in whose foreground were disagreeable features. By blocking out the foreground right up to the foot of each tree and shrub, save a few holes left for tracks, the dead leaves and a poorly defined path, or branches, on the ground were turned into smooth, white, snow. A layer of opaque along the top of the branches gave the same genuine snow-laden appearance, and the whole, as I say, was turned from an uninteresting scene to an interesting one.

For local reduction or even the entire elimination of heavy white printing portions of the negative may use the etching knife or chisel in preference to chemicals. It is part of the regular course in retouching, and those who some day become interested enough in photography to learn retouching will be given more practical examples to work out with their own hands than theory or rules.

N. Grun recommends the use of a small quantity of hydrogen peroxide in the wash water when making blue prints, as it will greatly intensify the depth of the blue. A few drops to the pint undoubtedly would be a good enough scheme, though quite unnecessary if one can leave the unfinished prints to dry in strong sunlight, which, after all, is the very best practice.

# YOUTH.

YOUTH is an illustrated weekly paper for young people. Its subscription price is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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## THE BOY IN POLITICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### PAPER XI.

President Roosevelt, in his interesting and academic message to Congress, shows, at any rate, that he has the courage of his opinions. I do not propose to review here all he had to say on the leading questions of the day, but I would advise all literary and debating clubs, and all boys sufficiently advanced in our schools and colleges to ponder over his weighty language with the view of schooling themselves on the present political situation. On some matters, the President is somewhat vague and uncertain. For instance, while opposed to any general Tariff revision, he favors Reciprocity in the indefinite manner in which everybody favors it, and asks attention to the pending Reciprocity treaties without urging especially that they be ratified. His remarks on this subject are far from reaching the firm standard of President McKinley's last speech which, coming from a Republican Chief Executive, hitherto in favor of a high Protective tariff, startled the nation, and especially the Democratic party. It is certainly a mistake and grossly unfair to discriminate in all manufactured and agricultural goods against foreign countries, while they open their markets free on many articles to us. An equitable trade agreement with foreign countries could surely be reached—concessions made on all sides—in which the United States would have everything to gain, and nothing to fear; that is, if we believe ourselves capable of producing almost every article of manufacture and common use, natural and artificial, and of more than holding our own, on the score of cheapness and excellence, in competition with the other great nations of the world.

President Roosevelt writes more firmly in condemnation of the trusts, and denounces them on exactly the same grounds as I did in a former article in

this paper. He is the more to be commended for his language in this respect, inasmuch as the Republican party has been widely accused of obtaining their campaign funds largely from this source, showing at once that the President has the courage of his convictions and will not be made a tool of. These abuses are declared to be: Misrepresentation or concealment regarding material facts connected with the organization of an enterprise; the evils connected with unscrupulous competition; overcapitalization; unfair competition, resulting in crushing out of competitors who themselves do not act improperly; raising of prices above fair competition rates; the wielding of increased power over the wage-earners.

That the nation must possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations which are its creatures, especially those which derive their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency, is self-evident, if we are to avoid the long-threatened war between Capital and Labor, and prevent repetitions of the disastrous strikes of recent years. Public gifts from multi-millionaires will not satisfy the great army of bread-winners, and men with limited capital will not much longer suffer themselves to be driven into bankruptcy by vast combinations underselling at a loss until they force all competitors out of the field, and gain absolute control of the markets. An amendment to the corporation laws is urgently needed.

President Roosevelt, in view of his past utterances, might have been more specific in suggesting remedies for the present state of affairs. He recommends that a Secretary of Commerce and Industry be added to the Cabinet, the official to have control over both commercial and labor matters. This does not go far enough, though it might have the tendency of enforcing that "publicity" as to all matters appertaining to Capital and Labor, which the President considers is required before further action can be taken. A member of the Cabinet, who would have control over both commercial and labor matters, would certainly be placed in a most unenviable position, liable to offend at all times either the capitalists or wage-earners, or to be accused of unduly favoring the one against the other in all matters of grave dispute. Indeed such a position would not only be the most trying but, at the same time, most responsible and powerful portfolio in the cabinet, which few men would care to accept, except the unscrupulous politician for the emolument.

The message further recommends the restriction of immigration to exclude those who "represent a standard of living so depressed that they can undersell our men in the labor market." The President will have need to revise this opinion, since that would have applied to every class of immigrants that ever came here, and would be a strange satire on our boasted freedom. The President means specifically the exclusion of the Chinese, and educational and property tests for other immigrants. The chief matter to be attended to is the strict enforcement of the law against those who, for a consideration, induce impoverished laborers from foreign countries to come out here under false promises, and making false inducements, and especially those who have been turned adrift as desperate convicts and criminals, and men of anarchical opinions.

These are only a few of the points

touched on the President's otherwise admirable message, which should be read and carefully studied by every boy imbued with the love of country, and the knowledge that he will soon be called upon to exercise the right of franchise.

## ON POLITENESS.

REV. J. A. WATERMAN.

The old-fashioned politeness such as one reads of in the works of authors who walked this earthly stage little more than a century ago, seems to have given way under the pressure of our rapid, go-ahead, tread-on-others'-toes methods of business; but, though we may not have time or ability "to pen sonnets to our mistress' eyebrows," and to appear charmingly at our ease on all occasions, there is no reason why men should lose their deference for the softer sex, or boys know how to behave respectfully to their parents, their sisters, and their employers. Politeness is really easy and graceful, whether acquired by an aged person, or a boy or girl, the most charming of all the attributes of good conversation and manners; and the more natural such politeness is, the more it resembles the natural flower. But better a forced, hot-house flower than the noxious weeds that grow up around us, in the form of rude and uncultivated manners.

The other day I observed a boy enter an office where I happened to be privately conversing with a friend. He banged through the outer door, spat on the floor, and, without removing his hat, passed three or four clerks; and entering the proprietor's private room, he glanced over his shoulder to see what he was writing, and then deposited on his desk a package, exclaiming "Letter-heads from Brown's." Then he passed out into the clerks' office, and putting a cigarette in his mouth, shouted "Say there! Give us a match." There were two young ladies in that office, but the lad never thought to remove his hat, but brushed past them as soon as he had seized two or three matches that lay on one of the clerks' desk, and moved towards the outer door. The proprietor called him back, and sizing him up, asked him if that were his usual habit of entering gentlemen's offices. The lad puffed away at his cigarette, and replied: "Is them letter-heads all right? 'Coz if they are, I'll be off. My boss engages me to run errands, and I ain't goin' to waste any words with an old dumb-head like you."

Not many minutes afterwards a messenger boy, with cap in hand, knocked at the door. "I have a message for you, sir," he said, as soon as the door was opened. "Please wait a moment," replied the proprietor tearing open the envelope and reading: "There is an answer to this." While my friend was writing the reply, the boy stood respectfully at attention, until invited to be seated. On receiving the reply, the lad walked quietly out, closed the door softly after him, and disappeared without another word. His manner was business-like, active and courteous. What a contrast between those two boys!

A well-known banker in the city in which I reside pointed with pleasure at a boy who raised his hat to him in the street. "That boy brings me my newspapers every day in the week, except Sunday, at my office," said the banker. "He is there punctually at four o'clock, and has been my newsboy now for three years. He has never missed once. He stands at my door and knocks just as the

clock strikes, and I always know whom he is. If I happen to be out of town, he is instructed to leave the papers with the cashier just the same. If he sees that I am busy he stands there and waits, cap in hand, until I am disengaged, and he never says a word unless he is addressed, and then always replies in the most polite and direct way. He will make his mark some day." What a contrast these two boys with the first!

I read in the Philadelphia Record not many days ago of a boy who had a message to deliver at the office of the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, about "as tough a looking specimen as you could find in a day's journey." His cap was placed at a perilous angle on his frowsy head, tobacco stains lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he was puffing a cigarette stump. "Sign dat," demanded the boy, expectorating copiously on the floor. "I'll have you put out of here if you don't know how to behave," said the clerk, severely. "Aw, don't git icy wid me, or I'll slide all over youse!" exclaimed the boy, and he sauntered out whistling "Go Away Back and Sit Down." Here was a chicken for you! Of course, he was soon afterwards discharged.

All of which goes to show, my young friends, what polish and politeness will do for you, and how nice and pleasant to the eye and ear is a well-behaved boy, clean and tidy in his person, respectful in his conversation, always ready to look after his master's interests and never intruding himself on other persons' affairs! The same boy is always respectful and deferential to his parents and his elders, no matter where he may be, and has the best chance of success in the world. He is sought after as much by employers as in home circles where refinement at all exists, and is so far removed from the tough that the latter secretly envies and admires him, though he is ready to insult him, if he dare.

Politeness costs nothing, but wins a great deal—the admiration and respect of others. One of the sharpest rebuffs given by a lady to a supposed gentleman who had been guilty of coarse misconduct, was—"If you were not born a gentleman, you might at least try to act one."

Girls, however, are never such offenders against the common rules of politeness as boys are, though we occasionally find them lounging about street corners talking music-hall slang, and answering back the small boy puffing his cigarette and "swearing like a trooper," without any regard to the modesty of their sex. I have observed, too, girls in their homes occupy the softest chairs in the house and leave their mothers to nurse their weary limbs in the back kitchen. Not infrequently you will see daughters flop down into comfortable seats in the crowded street cars, and leave their mothers standing. They take up the entire conversation in the parlor and the dining-room, no matter who may be present, and contradict their parents and elders on every possible occasion, as though the latter were too slow and out-of-date to be worthy of much attention. Yet, one of the most beautiful passages to my mind in all Shakespeare's writings, is that in which the aged King Lear took his dead daughter Cordelia in his arms, and said touchingly "Her voice was ever soft gentle, an excellent thing in woman."

Many of the older school of ladies deplore the fact that, in the street cars today, men do not rise to offer them seats as old Sir Roger de Coverley would have done, raising his hat with a graceful bow. In these times young girls have thought fit to invade business, often to avoid domestic duties they deem irksome, and have brought themselves into competition with the male creation. I suppose they must suffer the consequences. Men are usually worn out with their daily labors by the time they return home at night, while most girls and women have either been seated comfortably all day at a desk or shopping at the department stores. This is a matter-of-fact age, and the men are probably not to blame. At the same time, I would like to see young men rise, at any rate, and make way for elderly women on all occasions.

But as I have already used more space than is allotted to me, I must leave this subject to future consideration.

WASH.

BY LESTER WILLIAMS.

He was christened George Washington Napoleon Bonaparte Clay Hubbell French, but his people and friends called him "Wash." He was a fat, black, good natured, little fellow, some sixteen years of age, a general favorite with everybody but lazy—oh, so lazy! Mammy French declared "dat Wash din't hab de ambition ob a good live snail, an' 'sides eatin' an' sleepin' he wah good fo' nuffin'. Ef he only had his poke chops ebry day," she went on, with emphasis, "he didn't keer ef his ole pap an' mammy wo'ked de'rselves to def."

It was a warm day in early spring, and Wash was seated on a bench in front of the cabin reading; for, despite the boy's laziness, he was bright and intelligent, and better educated by far than the average colored boy of that age in the city of Washington. The past winter had been a hard one for the French family to struggle through. Uncle Dan had been laid up with rheumatism, unable to carry on his vocation as a cartman, and on account of a change in the Administration, "Mammy" had lost a good many of her patrons whom she had done washing for. Wash had been urged by both his father and mother to seek some kind of employment, but he had refused to comply with their request.

"I ain't gwine to take no low-down job," he declared; "ef I only had a little capital, I'd su'prise yo' all wif de money I could make. I se a financ'er, I is!"

While Mammy French and Uncle Dan had great confidence in Wash's ability, they were not possessed of the capital to assist him in his ambition. So matters had gone from bad to worse, and on this bright spring morning they had reached the lowest ebb in their fortunes. In fact, a solitary quarter of a dollar was the extent of their wealth at this time.

"Now yo' look'ee here, yo' Wash!" said Mammy French, stepping into the doorway, and looking out at the young hopeful sprawling across a bench in the sun. "Yo' done 'low yo's a financ'er, an' only needs capital to do bus'ness. Yo' take dis quartah an' get a hustle on yo' self. Pap's all out o' medicine, an' we habn't got nuffin' to eat in de house but a bit o' bacon."

Wash took the proffered quarter, and, after stretching himself and gaping two or three times, he walked lazily along the sidewalk and down the street. As he sauntered along, he continually turned the quarter over in his hand, and gazed at it fondly. He finally reached Pennsylvania Avenue.

On this beautiful morning, the sun appeared in all its majesty, glistening on the dome of the Capitol and the windows of the magnificent buildings. The trees were just putting on their summer verdure, and everything breathed health, repose and grandeur. Even the people on the streets moved about in a quiet, listless way as though they were scenting the sweet odors of this spring morning, and had not a thought or care in the wide world but in the enjoyment of the present.

Just around the corner from the market, there is a street containing several auction marts where auction sales take place daily of second-hand furniture, junk, and all kinds of rubbish, which are piled up on the sidewalks and across the street. Here you can purchase anything from a dilapidated picture of George Washington, surrounded by dirty, broken frames, and covered with mud and dust, to a broken-down bedstead which the auctioneer will solemnly declare was occupied by Henry Clay on the first night of his arrival in Washington. These auction sales are chiefly attended by the colored population, and one sees almost the same faces anxiously watching the fall of the hammer every day.

Towards this street Wash lazily made his way, and on arriving in front of one of these second-hand stores, he threw himself drowsily on a box, where he sat swinging his bare feet backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock, glancing now and then at the quarter which he held in his hand.

After being seated there a short time, he was offered a dime to assist in loading a wagon, but indignantly scouted the idea as being beneath his lofty ideas of "financ'ring."

The people, as they followed the auctioneer from one part of the street to the other—from one lot to another—jostled Wash on all sides, but he sat there oblivious to his surroundings. The auctioneer, a small, wizened old man, with a stubby beard that had not been trimmed for weeks and which was covered all over with tobacco juice, wearing a collar that looked to have remained on his neck sleeping and awake for many a long day, a shirt equally as dirty and tobacco-stained, without tie or ornament of any kind except an old brass chain dangling across his vest, concealing a watch of doubtful value, and high water pants exposing a pair of dirty socks—bustled about, and finally mounted a box directly in front of that on which Wash was lolling.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the

invariably started the bidding on the various articles for "wan cint."

"Wan cint!" cried the Irishwoman, keeping up her usual custom.

"One cent I'm offered," said the auctioneer. "Who'll give two?" Just then he glanced at Wash, who sat dozing opposite, and whose head nodded at this moment.

Mistaking this slumberous motion of Wash's head for a bid, the man of the hammer exclaimed: "Two—two—two I'm offered."

"Free cents!" cried a negro.

Wash's head nodded again.

"Four cents!" said the auctioneer. "Four I'm bid—four—four!"

"Foive," boldly shouted the Irishwoman, almost daring the other competitors to freeze her out. By the way the box was wrapped around with cord, she really fancied there might be a small gold mine among its contents.

The bidding became more and more spirited—why, nobody exactly could tell, unless it was a fact that some one had

and muttering to himself as he walked along, he left the street disgusted, the crowd jeering at him as he went.

"Wherefo' dat robbah should make dis pore niggah pay fo' dis ole box? I neber bid, I sw'ar," he muttered to himself. "Fo' de Lawd's saks, what shall dis black boy do? Dog-on-it! Thar's pap down wid rheumatiz, an' not a blamed bite in de house. Dis is rar' financ'er-in'."

He sat down on a bench near the Capitol, bemoaning his fate, and wondering sorrowfully what mammy would say to him concerning his brilliant financ'ring, occasionally wiping his tear-stained face with his sleeve. Many times he flung the box down in his rage and kicked it. "Twenty-free cents fo' dat ole fing!" he would repeat. "I done 'llow dat ole auction'year am a swindlah to cheat a pore niggah like I is."

After kicking the box several times, he picked it up and flung it across the street where it lodged in the gutter.

"This is no place for you to throw your



"DAT'S MAH OLE PASSA'S POSSESSIONS!" CRIED UNCLE DAN.

auctioneer, possessed like the fraternity with the gift of gab, as he pointed to a number of broken pitchers, wash basins and other unmentionable commodities, all more or less the worse for wear, "these articles are relics of one of the oldest families in Washington. They have been consigned here for sale and I propose to dispose of them as quickly as possible to the highest bidder. If you wish to possess these useful and ornamental household effects, bid up and bid lively! What am I offered for this elaborately decorated looking-glass?" And he held up a mirror, cracked and broken, surrounded by a rickety frame, which was held together at the corners by pieces of rope.

"Wan cint!" cried an old Irishwoman. "Ah'll gib two!" exclaimed a negro.

And so the bidding went on, the mirror being finally knocked down to the Irishwoman. Piece after piece were quickly disposed of, none bringing more than a quarter. There was wrangling among the bidders, and much smart repartee on the part of the wily auctioneer. Through all this commotion, Wash sat listlessly, sunning himself like a turtle, his eyes half closed, and his head nodding at intervals.

After awhile, the auctioneer put up an old wooden box tied with woolen string, which was wrapped around and around until there was little of the box visible.

"How much for this box, which contains treasures of untold value?" exclaimed the auctioneer, looking patronizingly at the old Irishwoman, who had already been a large purchaser, and who

discovered there were sundry valuables therein. Wash continued to nod at intervals, and the auctioneer took these as signals of a point higher in the bidding. Finally just as twenty cents was reached, Wash partly opened his eyes, gaped, put up his arms to stretch himself, and nodded his head again.

"Going—going—gone!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Knocked down to the colored gentleman seated on the box."

Wash had fallen sound asleep again, and when the auctioneer's assistant walked up to him, and shook him, the crowd broke into merry laughter. Slowly Wash opened his eyes, and stared vacantly at the man standing before him with the box.

"Twenty-one cents, and two cents for commission fees," exclaimed the auctioneer's assistant, still shaking Wash. "Cough up, young man!"

"I neber bid," said Wash, opening his eyes wide. "Yo' want my quartah! I'll not gib dat quartah fo' dat ole box."

"Yes, you will," cried the other, threateningly. "You need not think the auctioneer is here to be fooled with."

"I'm not yere to be fooled wif neither," replied Wash, saucily.

Several spectators declared emphatically they had seen Wash nod his head at intervals while the bidding was going on.

"Young man," cried the auctioneer, stepping up, "you'll pay that twenty-three cents, or I'll give you over to the police. Police! Police!"

Wash now became really frightened, and handed over the quarter, receiving two cents in change. Then blubbering

rubbish, young man," said a police officer, pausing in front of him.

Wash turned his eyes towards the officer, their orbs shining darkly in his fright. Then he walked across the avenue, and picked up his treasure once more, moving on towards the cabin where pap and mammy were anxiously awaiting him.

Just before he reached the threshold, he bethought himself he would look inside that old box just out of curiosity.

"Mebbe de blamed ole miniatuah coff'n hab sumfin wuff habin, an' mebbe not. It's wuff lookin' in, I done 'llow. Costs nuffin ter peep. De niggah paid fer it." So he began to unwind the woolen cord, and read "Colonel Abner's possessions."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, proceeding to pry open the lid with a rusty knife he extracted from his pocket.

He was now sitting tailor-fashion on the grass within sight of his home, and as he peeped inside, he saw at first nothing but a heap of tissue paper. Below that was a newspaper describing many battles during the civil war. Then he stumbled across three medals presented to someone, evidently the owner of the box, for meritorious service in the field. His coal-black eyes sparkled, and his hands trembled.

"Dem's valu'ble," he muttered, as he gazed upon the medals. "Dis is a great find fo' Wash, de financ'er. Ha! Ha!"

But if his eyes had gleamed, and his hands trembled hitherto, how shall I describe the rapture of the lad when he picked out, one after the other, twenty

\$20 gold-pieces, their intrinsic value, of course, being \$400.

"Open de doah! Open de doah!" cried Wash, after he had gathered up the valuables, and placed them back in the box. "De financ'er hab arrove. Hurrah fo' de financ'er!"

Mammy, hearing his cries, quickly unbolted the cabin door. "Mammy, I hab made yo' a millionaire. Look at dem!"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake!" exclaimed mammy, throwing up her hands in amazement. "An' all fo' dat quartah! Whar—oh whar!—yo' fin' dat yere treas'ah? Gole pieces by de scoah! Wash, yo' a credit to yo' mammy. Come along wif me an' let's show yo' pap."

When the contents were taken to the bed-ridden Uncle Dan, he forgot all about his rheumatism and fairly jumped in the air with delight.

"Ah tole yo', papa, I'se er financ'er," Wash remarked proudly, striking his bosom with his clenched fist.

Uncle Dan did not heed this last remark, but was busily engaged in perusing the account of the various battles in which Colonel Abner had taken part, and a bundle of letters tied together with red tape. He cried and laughed by turns as he did so, until mammy thought he was going out of his senses.

"Dat's mah ole massa's possessions!" cried Uncle Dan at length, scratching his white curls. "Dar neber libed a finah gemmen dan Colonel Abner. How came yo' by dat box? How came yo', Wash, ter buy dat fo' a quartah?"

Wash proceeded to state that his instinct for "financ'erin'" had told him the very moment he saw it on the street among the other furniture to be sold by auction, he knew it contained valuables, and so he bid up for it.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Dan. "Ha! Ha!" laughed Mammy. "Wash, yo' are a cleber niggah."

"Yo' go to de auction man an' find out whar he got dis box from," said Uncle Dan, at length. "Dis is not our property if de Colonel or his wife be 'live. This ole niggah, wif one foot in de grave, would neber rob de good Colonel Abner for lubb no' money."

It transpired, on enquiry that Colonel Abner was killed just before the close of the war. He paid a hurried visit to the old Virginia plantation immediately before he died, and packed up this box which he stored away in an old cupboard for safe keeping. At his death, and when peace was proclaimed, the Colonel's widow removed to Washington, where she eked out a livelihood for some years by taking in boarders. She died in penurious circumstances owing several months' rent, and, as the landlord held a chattel mortgage, the furniture, such as it was, was sent to the auction room for sale.

Uncle Dan made many enquiries respecting Col. Abner's family, but could find no relatives living. So the box, with its valuables, became the property of George Washington Napoleon Bonaparte Clay Hubbell French, or, in short, Wash the Financier.

## SOME QUEER THINGS EXPLAINED

BY GEORGE BANCROFF GRIFFITH

Popular customs are long-lived. Usages whose origin is hid in the mists of antiquity, and whose primitive meaning has long been lost, are still practiced by force of habit among the populations of Europe and East to the far West by that irresistible Westward drift of the peoples which has now been going on for thousands of years.

A quaint old custom, called "beating the bounds," has lately been performed in several English parishes. It originated before the days of civil engineers, and is carried on by a procession of boys with willow wands beating the owner of a carriage who is found on the boundary of a parish. In very early times boys were whipped on the village confines as an aid to memory.

It is not long since the church of Kingston-upon-Thames gave up the cracking of nuts during the service on the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's Day. Till recently that Sunday was called "Crack-nut Sunday." The custom was not restrained or confined to the younger branches of the congregation,

but it was practised alike by young and old; and it is on record that the noise caused by the cracking was often so loud and so powerful as to oblige the minister to break off for a time his reading or his sermon until silence was restored. The custom is believed to have been connected in some way or other with the choosing of bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas Day, and with the usual feast which attended that proceeding.

There are many amusing illustrations of the English conviction that whatever has been is probably right. In the old times, when a knowledge of "the three r's" was less common than it is now, it was customary to require the new Sheriff to prove that he could count up to sixty-one by performing that marvellous feat in the presence of witnesses. Also to prove his physical strength, of which there was need in those days, by cutting a bundle of sticks with his knife. In spite of all efforts to do away with them, these customs are still followed, and the very knife of the fathers is preserved for the ceremony, but, in consideration of modern muscular degeneracy, a bundle of matches is made to do duty for sticks.

One of the most picturesque of these survivals is the costume of the boys educated at the famous school of Christ's Hospital—a blue gown with long skirts, a red leather girdle, yellow stockings, and bands at the neck. This is made more picturesque, though hardly more comfortable, by the absence of a hat. One informant has said that this was because the prescribed hat was not wearable, and therefore the boys go bare-headed in rain and shine—even in winter. The costume is like that of the citizens of London in the time of Edward VI., the school's founder, and it is very picturesque indeed when seen in a crowded London street, in a sea of chimney-pot hats and common-place modern clothes. Among the old privileges of the school still exercised, is that of paying a visit to the Lord Mayor every Easter Tuesday, at the Mansion House, when each scholar is given a bright new shilling, just from the mint.

The rule still holds, as a condition of a gift which makes its continuance obligatory, that the student at the Inns of Court must take his dinner in the dining-hall of the Inn which he is attending four times each term. There are four terms each year, and this must be continued during the full student course of three years. If he misses one of the prescribed number of dinners in any term the young law student loses that term altogether, and is so much further away from his barrister's wig. But no one need waste any sympathy on the students subjected to this rigorous rule. The amount of hardship involved is not great. If the student be enrolled in the Middle Temple he dines in the magnificent dining-hall so glowingly described by Hawthorne in his "English Note-Books," in which the play of "Twelfth Night" had one of its first nights. It is doubtless the only building now standing in which the men and women of Shakespeare's own day saw one of his plays performed. This splendid hall, with its dark oaken roof, and its rich stained glass windows, has a hundred historical associations.

The sight of a rooster perched on the top of a church steeple to serve as a weather-vane is such a familiar one that doubtless but few persons ever stop to speculate about the origin of the custom. Light may be thrown on the matter by stating that through a Papal enactment, made in the middle of the ninth century, the figure of a cock was set up on every church steeple as the emblem of St. Peter, in allusion to his denial of Christ thrice before the cock crew twice.

It is not generally known that the custom of keeping birthdays is many thousands of years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

There are several strange survivals of antiquity in this country, rendered stranger by our usual lack of reverence for antiquity. The appearance of the judges of the Court of Appeals in robes is one such survival; the marshal of the Mayor of New York City, who carries the Mayor's flag on certain public occasions, is another.

In New Jersey, where they had a king long after the rest of this country had

sent its king to the right about, they have some strange survivals. For instance, the two companies of adventurers that founded colonies in New Jersey as far back as the time of Charles II. of England, still maintain a legal existence, hold annual meetings, the East Jersey company at Perth Amboy, the West Jersey company at Burlington, divide some decreasing funds among the proprietors, and generally comport themselves as if much more life was in them than really is.

The people of Dayton, Ohio, have one pretty custom, and a modern one, for Fourth of July, in the shape of a babies' procession. It originated with a bright little nurse maid, who, with a few companions some years ago, trimmed their carriages with flags and streamers on Independence Day and marched around the block. The sight attracted so much attention that the custom has now become quite general. In the cool of the afternoon the procession starts off, each carriage gay with flags and flowers, gilt stars and emblems. A small boy, as guard of honor, accompanies each equipage, carrying a wand to charm away stray fire crackers and torpedoes. Friends crowd the windows and balconies along the route, and the babies crow with delight.

We call the Chinese heathen, and yet they have some customs that would do credit to a Christian people. On every New Year's morning, each man and boy, from the Emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present varying in value according to his station, thanks her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor another year. They are wisely taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through life.

Speaking of modern customs induces us to say that none of them more vividly recalls to our fathers and grandfathers the days of their youth than the ringing of the school-bell to announce on stormy days that there will be no school. What would the children of to-day think if they could be transported back to the days of their grandfathers and great grandfathers? The mile that intervenes between their home and the school-house was always a long one, and it is a wonder that the children did not perish on their way. Perhaps it had snowed all night, and the snow was piled high over the road in exposed places. The winds blew cold, benumbing the little hands, and chilling the little bodies through garments that never covered flannels. Within the old-fashioned school-house was little comfort except in the open space where the stove stood. The cracks in the floor were large enough to be a standing temptation to knives and pencils. To many old people the remembrance of these early school-days is precious; and these frozen winters of their youth are as bright to-day as when the sun and moon illuminated them.

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In answering advertisements please mention YOUTH.

## HENRY KEYES.

By JOSEPHINE CLELAND.

## PART III.

Henry's heart sank with him, as his friend and benefactor was finally laid away, and he felt a void at the heart which well nigh drove him to madness; but, to his surprise, he found warm friends in his new home in the person of Tenah, the cook, and her son, Junio. Tenah was a strong, squarely-built negress, with eyes as black as coal, and tight, curling wool on her head, without any speck of gray. She had lived with Mr. Marshall Mandeville many years, and the latter had always liked Tenah and her boy, and they had loved and revered him. No one could look into Tenah's face without warming towards her. In this poor, illiterate colored woman, Henry had first beheld illustrated the beauty of Christian religion and Christian resignation. From the first Henry became a great pet of this wrinkled, old negress, and often said she was irresistible. While her face was seamed with old age, they were all kindly wrinkles. Great, indeed, was her sorrow with Henry one day, at her solicitation, told the story of his past life, in alternating emotions.

"Dat wuz too bad, honey, dat wuz, but yer mustn't blame de gude Lawd, 'cause yer fodder wuz too harsh wid yer. De Lawd lubb all of his good chillun, an' He lubb yo' too, He does, an' Tenah knows it. Ole Tenah has not lived all of dese yere yeabs wif'out knowin' dat de Lawd is ours, an' belongs to us all."

Henry sat brooding.

"Ma'ss Henry, what fer makes yer set dat way sighin' like yer heart wuz breakin'? Seems breakin' right in two now, honey. Yer make the ole woman feel bad, yer does, sure. Yo' didn't ought ter feel dat way. Yer look so fine an' smart, an' got lots ob school larnin', yo' ought to be to'able happy, honey, dat's sure. An' I knows it, an' de Lawd knows it too."

"It isn't that, Tenah," said Henry. "It's worse than that."

"What can it be, honey? De gude Lawd fo'gibs dem dat 'pents o' dar sins, an' I knows yo' 'pents. I know yer duz."

Henry shook his head. "It's no use, Tenah. You're a Christian, and I am not," said Henry. "I wish to God I were. You don't know how lonesome I feel, for I am such a sinner. It's my father I'm thinking about, and how I've troubled him and made him so unhappy." The lad took all the blame upon himself, and would not even now acknowledge his father's cruelty towards him, but deemed it well deserved. "Oh, for one touch of my wronged father's hand," he went on. "Oh, Tenah, if I had known you, I would not have hated my father. I long to throw myself at my father's feet, and hear him forgive me, and take me into his arms again."

"An' dede, an' why don't yer goes, chile?" quavered Tenah, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Law' bless yer, honey! I knows yer fodder'd jes' jump up an' down—mebbe, jump right out ob his skin he'd be so glad yer'd come back, an' he'd cry out—'Dis, ma son, wuz dead, an' is 'live agin, wuz loss an' is found'. 'Bress de gude Lawd fer all His great gudeness 'an marcy over yo', ma boy, ma Henry! I wouldn't wait 'nuther minnit, chile. I'd go by to-morrer, chile, I would. Ole Tenah knows how she lubb her only son, Guino, an' bress yer sweet soul! I'd die if him should go an' leaves his mammy, I lub him so. S'pose yer fodder has been out leanin' on the gate post fur days an' days till it's got to be ye'rs, an' him mus' be tired of this yere long lookin' an' watchin' an' yo' niver comin'. Oh go, chile, an' make yer ole fodder smile in his last days."

Do as he would, think as he might, Henry Keyes could not persuade himself, even though he blamed himself, that his father had not been cruel and altogether too exacting. A sort of cynical smile passed over his face as the negress spoke of him waiting at the gate day after day for his return with outstretched arms ready to receive him, and he said to himself: "Ay, I have no doubt he has been waiting for me with a rawhide." And yet he knew his father was his father, and felt somehow that he was subject to

his correction. He tried to blame himself, but the revolting pictures of his father's cruelty would constantly come up before him to eradicate all filial love and respect, and these threw him into terrible agony of body and mind. Even so young, with a tender heart that clung to all passionate attachments, he was beginning to doubt everybody—even God Himself. There seemed to be no flower in his path but a serpent was hidden under it, and every moment of comfort and happiness was dimmed by the dark clouds which overshadowed his whole life, and especially the remembrance of his early surroundings.

"I'll pack yer duds, sure, fer yo', lad," continued Tenah, "only I tell yo' it makes my eyes grow wet when I thinks yo'll go an' leave me, it do. Mebbe I might neber see yo' moab, but de precious Lawd knows best, an' we'll trust Him wif all our hearts an' souls."

"But see here, Tenah!" interrupted Henry, at length. "Now look at me. When I came here I said I would never go back, and my cousin said, 'Henry, this is your home, and here you may stay as long as you like, the longer the better.' But when he died"—and tears came unbidden into the lad's eyes—"I knew that I must make a shift for myself, and I felt that I wanted my father's blessing. But first, I must go to work and earn some money, for now I feel dependent on my own exertions."

"Wherefo' yo' wait anudder day?" interrupted Tenah, smiling. "Ma'ss Henry, I've been tinkin' over in ma own mind as how we's free an' happy now, us pore black chillun ob de Lawd; but dar wuz a time when me an' ma ole man saved some money to buy our freed' with. We are free, chile, now, an' happy, bress de Lawd! an' right yere, back ob me, is dis yere ole stockin' I've held onto fer yeabs an' yeabs, an' it's full ob money, an' it's boddered me mos' to def to know what to do wif it. I would be so glad to see yo' go an' fall down at yer fodder's feet an' tell him ole Tenah sent yer home, honey."

This falling at father's feet reminded the lad once more of the rawhide—he could not help it; but he sat writhing with painful emotion, and only shook his head.

"What?" cried Tenah, drying her eyes on her apron. "Yo' won't go, chile? Now dat's yer pride, honey, sure dat's yer pride, an' I tho't it was all gone with yo' penitence. If yer is too proud fo' to take de nigger's money, de Lawd forgib yer!"

In heartbroken accents Henry thanked the negress for her goodness, and for the religion that had given him new life. In short, he yielded—took the money with humble, grateful thanks—and bade good-bye to the household, saying that some day the money should be returned with interest by a wiser and better man.

So it happened that a tall, slender youth got off at Monticello station one pleasant summer day, and looked about him with a strange interest, on the old scenes familiar in his childhood, and which he had left nearly a dozen years before. He walked slowly up the street carrying his satchel, hardly recognizing the changed streets. Here was a hill in times a-gone, on which he had coasted with the boys and girls, only to receive a severe castigation when he returned home with a broken leg. This was Hibbard hill; but where was it now? The whole scene in this brief space of time seemed to have been leveled down. New buildings greeted Henry everywhere. The old lane had risen to the dignity of a street. His cheek flushed at sight of his father's brick mansion, once the pride of the street, but now overshadowed by many finer residences. How fast his heart beat as he laid his hand on the familiar gate! It was still light out of doors but the curtains of his father's home were drawn, and the lamp light shone through, just as it used to do when he was little.

As he stood there looking about him, a young woman came by pushing a little carriage before her, in which a baby lay sleeping. She looked at the young man—hesitated—stepped forward—and pronounced his name in a wondering tone.

"Do you know me?" asked Henry Keyes, wistfully.

"Are you truly Henry Keyes?" she asked, slightly coloring.

"What is left of me," he replied, smiling; "but tell me whom you are, please?" He raised his hat as he asked the question, and seemed confused.

"Have you forgotten May Burrows?" she said.

"Well, well—" Henry began, stupefied. "I am Mrs. Walton now," she went on, interrupting him. "You must come and see me. I am sure Mr. Walton will be glad to know you. I live in Berkeley street."

Henry was completely taken back. How tall and buxom she had grown, and how happy she seemed! He watched her out of sight, and fell to musing. Her manner helped to cheer him. Then he followed the old familiar walk around his father's house and rapped at the side door. The door opened. He found his father and mother at tea, the picture as unchanged as if he had left it the night before.

"We have nothing for you," said Mrs. Keyes, holding by the latch of the door, and about to close it.

"Stop!" said Mr. Keyes. "Who is it? Hannah, tell him to walk in, and give him a chair." As Henry stepped inside he remarked: "What can I do for you, my friend?"

"Oh, father, don't you know me?" said Henry, moaning.

"Who dares to call me 'father'?" exclaimed Mr. Keyes, turning pale. "Your own son, father," pleaded Henry. "I have come to beg for your forgiveness."

There was a moment of painful silence, in which father and son gazed upon each other. Henry had grown too big and strong for the rawhide now, though I believe he would have borne the castigation as meekly as he did before, until the last final onslaught, when his father flayed him just after his recovery from a broken leg; for the lad had his mother's, not his father's, heart.

Mr. Keyes, Sr., knitted his brow. Then these harsh, cruel, stern words fell from his lips, infinitely more wicked because they were measured, and not as though in the heat of passion: "Where have you been? How dare you come to me after years of wickedness—to me whom you have wronged so basely! I have no words to waste upon you. You are no son of mine. I did not hope to look upon your face again, nor did I care to. You have thrust yourself in here unbidden. You are no son of mine, and the sooner you leave my home the better. Take to the streets, where you belong. You have earned your punishment. I care nothing what you do or what becomes of you."

"Oh, father!"—once more pleaded the boy.

"Go! Go! Go—and at once!" exclaimed Mr. Keyes, pointing to the door. "May I never look upon your face again in this world—or the next!"

"Oh, father, please listen to me. I want to tell you I'm not so bad as you think me," Henry went on.

"Begone, ungrateful, wretched young man!" exclaimed his father, now rising with a threatening gesture, and still pointing to the door, his face becoming livid with concentrated rage and defeat. "Go into the dark world, and out of my presence forever! Out of my sight, viper,—begone! When the thunder peals, think it is a curse on your wickedness, and when the lightning flashes, remember God's swift retribution!"

Struck, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, Henry retraced his steps, crawling rather than walking. In his sorrow he cried out for Tenah, the good, faithful nurse, and then lifted his eyes to the dark sky overhead as if he were asking his mother to direct his footsteps. Warily he walked along the street, with its long avenue of trees. Whither should he go?

What a vivid picture was that which suddenly crowded upon his brain,—of the still deep waters of the river rolling in darkness under the long bridge he was about to cross. He could fling himself in there, perhaps, and rest for ever. But no! He who made the sun, the moon, the stars, earth and Heaven, had surely created him for something better than suicide, and the clouds would soon roll away, leaving him the better and stranger for his bitter experience—ay, and how much more the happier. So he still hoped on.

The old bakery stood open. How invitingly it looked as he saw the long rows of white, soft bread on the shelves. He walked inside, and bought a loaf of bread. "Where are you going, comrade? You seem a stranger, and yet I declare it seems as though I had seen you before. Don't go off that way. Let a fellow look at you!" exclaimed the baker, in his jolly fashion.

Henry turned towards the baker, and, in a few moments, the two were telling their experiences confidentially. Henry, however, was naturally very reserved, until he began to feel the touch of sympathy in his newly-formed acquaintance's early career. "I am a Wisconsin man," said he, "and I think I've a heart as big as an ox. Most people fool me though, and I am always getting into trouble with my wife for helping others out, who turn round and abuse me. She's got a big heart herself, but she's not such a fool as I am. She's a way of reading people that I haven't got. Not long ago she told me of a young lad who went to school with her, and broke his leg while coasting."

Henry started, but the baker did not perceive it. He was looking out of the window. "After he'd broken his leg, and got better, his father gave him a wailing, and the boy ran away," continued the baker. "He was a nice kind of a father, wasn't he? Well, I sometimes think my wife used to be a little sweet on this lad when she was at school," he added, "but what's the difference? However, I was going to say that I came here last spring, bought this place, and got married to the nicest girl in the whole town. My wife was here just a few minutes ago with the little fellow in the carriage. I'd like to introduce you to her."

Henry's heart was too full for words. He pressed the baker's hand with a warmth that spoke volumes, while tears crept into his eyes. The baker took him to his happy home. A cosy, white, painted cottage it was, and Joseph Walton walked inside with the air of a proprietor. The latter left Henry in the parlor and went out to tell his wife that they had got a visitor.

"Who is it, Joey?" said a sweet-voiced woman, as she rocked and sang a lullaby.

"Well, he's been traveling all day and night, and wants some lunch. He hasn't had any supper or dinner either, I guess," replied Mr. Walton. "I'll take him to the upper chamber, if it's ready."

As soon as Henry had washed and combed, Mr. Walton took him downstairs. "My wife—Mr. Keyes."

"Well, Emma!" exclaimed Henry. "What does this mean?"

"O, so you know each other?" said Mr. Walton, smiling, and without the least twinge of jealousy.

"We were children together," answered the little woman, giving her husband a look he was hardly able to comprehend. "What should Henry be doing here when his father lives just around the corner?" asked Mr. Walton, kindly.

Emma now shed tears on her own private account, and relieves herself by kissing the baby, who lies asleep in the cradle.

The purest, warmest and most honorable friendship at once springs up between Mr. Walton and poor Henry from that moment. All the kindest, noblest, and purest emotions are instantly awakened in the young wanderer's breast, and the child when he opens his eyes in the cradle laughs as if out of dreamland at the sight of the new face before her.

Jealousy, did you say? Why, Henry was far "older" than the baker and his wife, though many years their "junior" in point of years. He studied the Bible and all sacred books from this point in his career, and from this comfortable home in which he was dearly loved. He found peace and restfulness in the home of Mr. Walton, and played with the little ones as though they were his own. Some years later, he studied for the ministry, and is to-day (I believe) preaching the gospel of Christ, lovingly and tenderly, ever holding up to his hearers the beautiful image of Love and Charity, and never representing God, in Whom at last he gained comfort for his afflicted soul, as a cruel tyrant, ever ready to punish and to torture.

I wish, in conclusion, that I could say that Henry's father was possessed of a contrite heart, and that he extended the hand of forgiveness to his son before he died. I wish, indeed, that he could have been shown here to have been possessed of one-half of the magnanimity displayed by Mr. Walton, or even old Tenah, the negress, who was repaid one hundredfold for her kindness towards Henry. But I suppose we cannot change our natures, only by hard fought battles; and if we do not know "ourselves" sufficiently, but must be constantly persuading ourselves that God is cruel and revengeful—maybe He will take us at our word, finally. It



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(The End.)

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On the 20th of July, 1775, the American Congress assumed control over post-offices and reappointed Franklin to his former post.

When Franklin was sent to France as ambassador, his son-in-law, Richard Bache, was made Postmaster-General in November, 1775.

In 1798 the number of postoffices in the U. S. was 75; in 1800, 903; in 1825, 3577; in 1875, 35,734, and in 1884, 50,017.

In 1780 the gross revenues of postal service was \$30,000; in 1800, \$280,804; in 1860, \$8,518,067; in 1875, \$26,671,218; and in 1884 they amounted to \$43,338,127.08.

In 1860 the rates of postage were based upon the distances over which the mails were conveyed.

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# YOUTH

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## TALKATIVE TOMMY AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

BY FRANK PALMER.

Tommy Greggs was his real name, but the nickname of "Talkative Tommy" fastened on our hero at a very early age. It was first of all given to him by his father in childhood, because Tommy when awake had a strange habit of constantly addressing Tommy—that was himself—telling him of all the good things he liked to eat and wear, and what great things he would do when he grew older. Tommy, however, was nearly always asleep, and when he woke up to talk to himself, he usually talked himself to sleep again with a profound sense of satisfaction that Tommy was the whole thing. On his way to school, not more than a quarter of a mile away, he had been known to rest on a doorstep about half way, grin to himself over some fine prediction he had made for Tommy relative to plum pudding and custard pie for his stomach, and then fall asleep only to wake up and find himself a half an hour late for school. This was such a fine joke on Tommy's part that he declared it was worth a half holiday, and so he awarded the same to himself without further scruple. Before he was fourteen years of age he weighed about two hundred pounds, though he was by no means tall for his age, and resembled a prime beast fattened for a Christmas show. His fat cheeks closing in two dreamy eyes always ready to compose themselves to sleep at the slightest notice from Tommy, and squeezing in a small nose that tip-tilted seemed to be constantly turned up in communication with his eyes; his thick, voluptuous lips and double-chin that bounced together like india-rubber when he laughed; his corpulent stomach, and fat legs;—all these made Tommy a unique character in our midst.

Every new boy who came to our school got in time used to the "school organ," which never failed to create merriment. It would break out from the back seat of the class room where Tommy was located without the least warning, and we heard it frequently in the play ground when Tommy would be found squatted in some corner, with his arms folded, eyes closed, and mouth wide open snoring in a deep, rich, bass tone, always turning into a kind of nasal twang before he woke up. Scarcely a day passed but the teacher would have to shake Tommy out of a sleep he treated himself with, without giving the least warning, and then he would look around at us boys with such a comical grin as to send us all into a fit of laughing.

"Learn your lesson, Tommy Gregg."

the teacher would say, sometimes angrily and at other times unable to control her laughter, after rousing him from his slumbers.

"Yes, Tommy, learn your lesson," Tommy would reply, applying himself to his study; and then we would probably hear him going through the multiplication table aloud to himself, or informing Tommy from his geography

a delivery wagon; and as one person after another walked up to the parcel, some stealthily and others boldly, Tommy would shake his fat sides with laughter as though he had invented a sort of burlesque where he could enjoy all the fun to himself for nothing. One of the worst jokes he perpetrated was on a female leader of a certain order who, while marching backwards on the

made up his mind to take a course in shorthand, too; and as he came in with his books and pads, grinning as usual like a Cheshire cat as though he were perpetrating a great joke on us, we warned him that he had better keep still, or we'd kick him downstairs.

Tommy said nothing but took his seat. In a few minutes we heard him instructing Tommy aloud how to make



"LET'S PITCH HIM DOWN THE REGISTER!"

the capitals of the various countries in the world.

Yet if there were any tricks to be played or devilry to be performed, Talkative Tommy was usually to be found in the swim; and for his own amusement when alone, he would be constantly scaring the neighbors or people of the town with some of his antics, such as allowing mice to run near women's petticoats and pulling them back with a string, tying kettles to dogs' tails, and so forth. I caught him one day seated on a doorstep watching a parcel he had securely fastened to a man-hole in the street, and which he had stuffed with all kinds of rubbish and labeled as coming from a well-known dry goods store, the whole made to appear as though let fall from

street and beating time to the rest of the procession, suddenly found herself fall backwards into a bucket of water, which Tommy had hurriedly dragged into the middle of the road.

But Tommy got so soundly thrashed for this latter episode that he decided to turn over a new leaf. "Tommy, I shall try to teach you better sense for the future," he said to himself. "You must stop all these pranks, and think of making a man of yourself."

Several of us, boys, decided one day to learn shorthand, and to do this the more effectually, we resolved to shut ourselves in an upper room of the school-house, where we should be free to pursue our studies in silence. To our great disgust, however, one day we discovered that Talkative Tommy had

the various lines, curves and vowel sounds; and remonstrated with him. Tommy only laughed and renewed his studies, drawing on his pad all sorts of ridiculous lines, which he pretended were shorthand for "Mary had a little lamb," and "The boy stood on the burning deck," which he recited aloud for the benefit of Tommy.

"Talkative Tommy, if you don't shut up your trap, we'll shove you down the register," exclaimed Eddie Bryant, furiously. "What did you want to come up here for?"

"Study," replied Tommy, proceeding to get mixed up in "The Village Blacksmith," which he pretended he had struck off correctly in the most approved form of shorthand.

In an instant Eddie Bryant jumped

from his seat, and tearing up the lid of the register, exclaimed: "Come on, boys! Let's pitch him down the register."

Four of us immediately seized Talkative Tommy, who laughed aloud as we dragged him to the register, and dropped him down as though it was a joke worthy of himself. To our intense dismay, instead of hanging on to the top, Tommy's laughter weakened him, and we heard him slip down, inch by inch, until he became lodged about half way between the two floors.

"Help! Help!" exclaimed Tommy, spluttering. "I'm suffocating. I shall die sure. I'm stuck here tighter than a mummy. Help! Help!"

Then we grew positively alarmed. We had no means of extricating him from his dilemma, and it was certain that he would suffocate there if help were not soon forthcoming.

Eddie Bryant rushed into the street in his anxiety, and began to yell—"Fire! Fire!" This was soon taken up by people on the street, and in a little while the fire engine and apparatus came dashing up.

"Where's the fire, boy?" asked a bystander, addressing Eddie. "You called 'Fire!'"

"There, in the school-house on the third floor," replied Eddie, quivering with fear. "Down the—down the register!"

The word was passed to the firemen. Ladders were quickly reared against the walls, and the firemen with hatchets and hose were busily at work battering in the roof. The rest of the boys studying shorthand, had left their books and fled in alarm, leaving poor Tommy to his fate.

Seeing the lid of the register off, and lying on the floor, a fireman immediately began to turn the hose down the opening on Talkative Tommy's head.

"Hold on! Hold on!" cried Tommy, in his agony. "Do you wish to drown me as well as suffocate me?"

Luckily the firemen heard the lad's exclamations, and then the teacher, hearing below the cause of the trouble, ran up and explained the situation. But how to get Talkative Tommy out of his dilemma was a poser. A thick rope was finally let down and Tommy clung to it for dear life, while the firemen pulled and jerked to extricate him.

"I feel as though you're tearing my legs off my body," cried Tommy, "and as if my stomach was coming apart."

After a little while, Tommy felt himself loosened and gradually being drawn up. "Hold on to the rope!" cried one of the firemen. Talkative Tommy held on for dear life until he had nearly reached the top, puffing and panting; and then he let go and slipped back again to the place from whence he had come, lodging exactly in the same spot.

After a minute or two had elapsed, another attempt was made, and this time successfully. As Tommy's head peered out from the top of the register, and one of the firemen stooped to lift him out, he presented such a comical appearance that, despite the dangerous position from which he had been extracted, they could not refrain from laughing. His fat face, fuming and puffing, was all begrimed, and his hair resembled a huge mop.

"Darn those fellows to treat Tommy this way!" he exclaimed, still grinning at his own picture in the looking-glass. "Tommy'll get even with 'em yet." And he proceeded to sing "The Village Blacksmith," as though nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity.

Tommy did get even with us the next day. When we were bathing in the river, he stole along the bank and walked off with our clothes, and we had to creep naked and ashamed for more than a mile to the nearest barn and hide ourselves until a fat, good-natured farmer came in from the fields and discovered us. We could not tell him of our dilemma, however, before he had thrown several buckets of water over us, and then we had to walk home in his huge, baggy clothes, Tommy having gathered all the boys in the town to give us a reception.

## IN DIXIE FAR AWAY.

BY LESLIE MANCHESTER.

A summer gloaming had fallen over golden Dixie. The air was sweet and still. The lustrous southern stars were coming forth one by one.

Uncle Van sat on his rose-twined porch in front of his quaint little cabin, his kindly dark face bent over a treasured violin, while his dusky fingers drew the bow across the silver-toned strings.

He loved it next best to Chloe, whom he had lost long years before; not by death, alas! Poor Uncle Van!

His eyes grew soft and dreamy, as the music stirred the night birds among the roses took him back into the sunshine of Chloe's love; from the hour she put her dark palm into his clasp and vowed enduring love and trust, to the time she had gone from him forever.

Under the roof of this rose-bowered cabin they had begun their married life, bright with the promise of peaceful days. Their master was a kind-hearted man, who had the welfare of his slaves at heart.

If Uncle Van had been to freedom born, he would still have clung to the old plantation. Fidelity to Mr. Weldon was the first law of his nature. They had played together as children, and with friendly relations unchanged, together had passed into manhood.

No sacrifice on Uncle Van's part seemed too great an evidence of his love. Even life, as the greatest test, he believed himself willing to place in the scales that he might not be found wanting. But that which was dearer to him than life, dearer than the breath of the orange groves, snowy with bloom or golden with fruitage, came to him at length demanding sacrifice.

It was upon Chloe that fell the sacrificial hand; and in the sacrifice both life and love were the mingled incense.

One sombre evening, when returning home late from his work, Uncle Van was startled by the voices of men, planning to rob the safe in Mr. Weldon's mansion. The discussion of the plan being so intense, the presence of Uncle Van was not detected. Howley, the overseer of the estate, was the author of the proposed robbery. His directions were to be carried out, while he remained in waiting.

Before Uncle Van could fully grasp the gravity of the situation, the men were gone on their mission, and Howley became apprised of the presence of Uncle Van. Made desperate by detection, he sought to bribe Uncle Van into silence; but failing threatened him with speedy revenge. This he outlined unfeelingly and with telling effect, Uncle Van's face growing grave and sad. Every moment was fraught with danger for Mr. Weldon. He could be warned none too soon. To give the alarm in season, time would not allow Uncle Van first to see Chloe. This fact alone would permit Howley to accomplish his revenge.

Uncle Van's late absence from home would even then be prompting Chloe to mistrust that some accident had befallen her husband. Howley would proceed to confirm her fears by deceiving her into the belief that Uncle Van had met with an accident and needed her at once. He would offer to take her to her husband, and thus her abduction to a distant plantation would be the accomplishment of his revenge in full, unless Uncle Van should reveal the truth, then her blood would pay for his folly.

Howley could not see in the pale starlight the anguish on his companion's face, as Uncle Van struggled between love and duty. For a moment the cords of love were drawing him toward silence; but with the next, duty prevailed, and with a wild appeal to Heaven he turned his face toward Weldon Mansion.

Never had the distance seemed so long, but it was overcome at last, and wild in countenance and half incoherent in speech, Uncle Van repeated the story of the proposed robbery. He staggered toward the door, but before reaching it fell unconscious into Mr. Weldon's arms.

The plot was timely revealed, for the thieves were even then at work in the basement. Their capture was effected, and in gratitude Mr. Weldon gave Uncle Van his freedom; but it was many a day ere Uncle Van realized the great boon that once he would have greeted with such delight. Fever followed, and when at length he came back to consciousness the loss of Chloe so far outweighed the

gift of Mr. Weldon that some of his fellows thought him unappreciative.

In anguish of heart, Uncle Van went back to his desolate home, guarding well for Chloe's safety the secret of her disappearance. He longed to search far and wide till he should find her, but this he could not do without revealing his mission.

It was possible that Chloe might be released and at such an event he must remain to welcome her. This hope glimmered in his soul, though twenty years passed without its fulfillment.

The frosts of time whitened Uncle Van's jetty locks, and bowed his frame. Mr. Weldon died and his only son came into possession of the vast estate.

Howley, who, while Mr. Weldon lived, had not revealed himself for fear of prosecution, one day suddenly appeared at Uncle Van's cottage. Time had only fossilized the cruel propensities of old days.

Uncle Van wept and supplicated in behalf of Chloe, whom he was told still lived, contrary to the fact. Chloe had long slept in a lone and neglected grave beneath the smile of southern skies.

Words and tears alike were unavailing. Howley declared that Chloe had passed from his possession and that a large sum of money would alone secure her ransom.

Uncle Van did not suspect that Howley was planning to rob him as he had planned to rob Mr. Weldon. Eager in the new-born hope, Uncle Van delivered to the last cent the earnings of a life of toil.

Howley was to notify Uncle Van by letter as soon as Chloe's release had been secured. The date of her home-coming would also be mentioned.

Uncle Van waited for the letter as the culminating joy of his life. The gates of Heaven seemed to be ajar, and the light of the celestial courts to illuminate his countenance.

That night in beautiful June, he played his violin and dreamed longer than his usual wont. His heart seemed bursting with an untold sweetness.

The present faded into the past, like the gray of night into the glory of the dawn, when

"Light as the down of the thistle,

Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,

The summers of long ago."

A beautiful white kitten lay at his feet dreaming with the music. Uncle Van put away his instrument, and taking her in his arms, caressed her while he whispered softly: "Yes, Snow-Flake, we're going to get de letter to-night; a message from Chloe. Soon we will all be so happy together. Chloe will love you like she did ebery thing, an'-an'-"

Tears rolled blindingly down the old man's cheek, while the kitten brushed them coquettishly away.

"Good-night, Snow-Flake. 'Less that letter comes to-night, I don't want to come back here no mo'. De good Lord be kind! Dis is mighty lonesome wifout 'Chloe!'"

Carressing the kitten, he put her from him, and went down the garden path, brushing the golden-hearted roses that fell at his feet.

A pale, sweet night was filling the sleeping southern land with beauty. A full moon looked down, and the distant stars that never pale with death, smiled as in the by-gone years.

Uncle Van unlatched the little gate and went down the village road.

Reaching the postoffice, he asked, as many times he had asked before, if his letter at length had come.

The post-master looked at the old man pityingly. "Not to-night, Uncle Van. It seems as if the letter were pledged to disappoint you."

Poor Uncle Van! Would the letter that he longed for never come? His money was gone, his heart was broken, his life lay cold and cheerless.

He went feebly out of the door, almost falling as he did so. "It is all growing dark, afore my eyes," he said slowly. "I guess it's 'cause Chloe's letter didn't come."

Then gropingly he tottered homeward, but soon he stopped, panting for breath. How weary he had grown!

Yonder stood his little cottage, where Chloe and he had been so happy! He was nearly there now, yet he could not reach it. His limbs seemed to stiffen under his weight.

"If Chloe was with me!" he breathed. "I feel dre'ful strange! Lord, help me!

I can't see! It grows dark and darker!

O, Chloe! is dat you? I am so glad! I hear your voice and lots of others! O Chloe! Chloe!"

The sad voice went out in the hush of the summer night. Uncle Van swayed slowly forward and fell, reaching for hands as he did so, that would clasp his never again.

Silent he lay amid the white drapery of the daisy bloom, and the story of his waiting was over. The chord that bound his heart and life together was broken, and the letter that he longed for never came.

## WASHINGTON AND THE BOYS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Washington's stately presence and the influence it exerted upon ordinary minds are graphically exhibited by an incident, in which a boy of fourteen was one of the actors. He received a gentle rebuke from the "Father of His Country," which he never forgot. That the great hero of the Revolution could at times condescend to be even playful with young people is shown by further incidents that are strictly reliable.

Pierre Van Cortlandt, a few months after the breaking out of the Revolution, was sent to college at New Brunswick, N. J. His father gave him a letter of introduction to Washington, who was then in that State.

Young Pierre presented the letter. But such was his trepidation when in the General's stately presence, that he could only stammer out, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," in reply to the great man's remarks. Washington invited him to dinner the next day, and Pierre faintly said:

"Yes, sir."

At the dinner-hour he summoned up courage enough to march towards the headquarters. But on reaching it, his courage oozed away, and he ran home. The next morning he accidentally met Washington. Before he could turn and run, he heard him say:

"Master Van Cortlandt, where were you yesterday? Mrs. Washington and myself expected you at dinner. We waited a few moments for you; you inconvenienced my family by failing to keep your word. You are a young lad, and let me advise you; hereafter, when you make a promise never fail to keep it. Good-morning, Master Van Cortlandt." And the boy turned shamefacedly away, but remembered the lesson during his life.

Isaac Hopper, of the Society of Friends, when a youngster, used to visit the family of his brother in Philadelphia; they lived in a house formerly occupied by William Penn, at the corner of Second street and Norris alley. In one of L. Maria Child's works we are told that this uncle of the good Quaker frequently cut and made garments for General Washington, Benjamin Franklin and other distinguished men. Nothing pleased Isaac better than a visit to this city relative; and when there his boyish mind was much occupied with watching for the famous men, of whom he had heard so much talk.

Once, when General Washington came there to order some garments, he followed him a long distance from the shop. The General had observed his wonder and veneration, and was amused by it. Coming to a corner of the street, he turned round suddenly, touched his hat, and made a very low bow. This unexpected and playful condescension so completely confused his juvenile admirer, that he stood blushing and bewildered for an instant, then walked hastily away without remembering to return the handsome salutation.

It is well known that there was no officer in the whole Continental army whose friendship was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic Colonel Pickering of Massachusetts. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him, with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confidant in the army. Whenever he was stationed within

such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the Colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures, and delighting in his reciprocated friendship. Washington was, therefore, often brought into contact with the servant of Col. Pickering, a lively and very respectable young negro, named Primus Hall.

An opportunity rare and pleasing was afforded the humble colored lad to note the great General, under circumstances very different from those in which he is usually brought before the public, and which possess, therefore, a striking charm. An anecdote, vouched for by the Rev. H. F. Harrington, is so peculiar as to be replete with interest.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quarters and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus, "I am greatly in need of exercise. You must help me to get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's directions, the young negro busied himself in some simple preparations. A stake was driven into the ground about breast high, a rope was tied to it, and then Primus was desired to stand at some distance and hold it horizontally extended. The boys the country over are familiar with this plan of getting sport. With true boyish zest, Washington ran forwards and backwards for some time, jumping over the rope like a school urchin, exercising his muscles and bringing a fine glow into his handsome and noble countenance.

The jocular and simple young negro never forgot the unusual and pleasing incident, and often referred to it with pride in his old age. Our young readers will be glad to know that Primus afterwards lived in Boston, and became the possessor of considerable property. He was ever free and communicative and delighted to sit down with an interested listener and pour out those stories of absorbing and exciting war anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

I have been glad to recount these little reminiscences, as we know really but meagre facts of Washington in those humbler hours when he threw off the cares of state and generalship, and talked, and acted, and laughed, and sported as other men. There are many, I do not doubt, into whose minds it never entered that he could smile and have his hours of gaiety.

Always remember that nowhere on earth is cleanliness more essential than in the dark room, and when you have drilled that idea into your head, then proceed to select your room and fit it up to best advantage.

In this article we wish to give hints that will be beneficial to all, for the beginner may gain many ideas from it, and the more advanced may find a few points which will help them along. It will also be our aim to bear in mind the advantages and disadvantages that are to be met, and as all cannot do just as they would wish at all times, let us be considerate. We will therefore presume still further that the beginner has his own home, and can have a room at his disposal. Now just because it must be a dark room, do not select the innermost room of the house, but rather take one that has a window in it, and can be readily ventilated, for it is bad enough to lock oneself into a room for a couple of hours which can be ventilated, without going into some out of the way corner, which never admits of fresh air. If a special room cannot be had, then the bath-room is an ideal spot, for this has running water. But if the bath-room be used, be reminded again that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and do not expect your mother, wife or sister to clean up after you, and do not slop developers and hypo over everything, but use care, which will be to your own advantage as we shall see later.

The first thing to do is to secure the room against all light and make it in reality a dark room, so dark in fact that when closed you cannot see your hand before your face. To darken the window, build a frame of light material so that it will just fit the casing after you have tacked a felt padding all around it; then cover with some opaque material, either cloth or paper, and leave an opening about 10x12 inches for your ruby light, even if you do use a lamp; the ruby light in this screen will help to illuminate the room, and when developing in the daytime it suffices for all necessary light.

Let us assume now that we have a room that can be retained exclusively for photographic purposes, and then we will draw comparisons for a room that can only be used temporarily. Now arrange to have shelving that will be convenient; a good position for this shelving is just across the room from the window so that it will be easy to see everything that the shelves contain. Now have the zink and water tap near the window, and if practicable just under the window; if this arrangement can be made it will be very convenient for developing. Have a small shelf at the side of the zink that has a slight slant to it with five or six grooves; this can be used to rest the developing tray or fixing bath, and in case of any of the solutions being spilled, they will run down the grooves into the zink. Under the zink have partitions for trays.

Some of the requirements of a dark room to make it thoroughly convenient, are a fixing box in which the hypo bath can be stored as well as used. These are on sale in all supply houses, but an amateur with a little ingenuity can make one of wood by building a box with the sides grooved so that the plates will slide in easily, and of just the right width so that the plates will not fall out of the grooves; also remember when building the box to allow for the swelling of the wood. This box can be made to hold several sizes of plates also, by using forethought in building; crossways it can be made to hold 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or 4 1/4 x 6 1/2, and in length it can be made to accommodate 4x5, 5x7 or 5x8.

A washing box is another convenience. If the amateur does not wish to purchase a good zink box—the cheap ones are always to be shunned as worthless—then let him build this also of wood, grooved like the hypo box with a hole at the bottom to admit of a hose for the water to enter, and a lip for the overflow. This box can also be used where running water is not to be had, by pumping the water into it.

Have plenty of bottles, preferably

the glass stoppered kind, for developers and all other solutions used, being sure to have each one properly labeled to avoid trouble. A good way to label bottles is to make a varnish of one-half ounce of brown gum shellac to one pint of wood alcohol; have your label ready, then put a coat of varnish on the bottle just the size of the label, which will adhere to the varnish, and then give the label another coat of varnish. This varnish will prevent the action of the solutions on the labels, and keep your bottles always looking neat. When made a little thick it will also answer admirably for coating home made trays and the fixing and washing boxes above referred to.

Have all your material so arranged on your shelves that solutions will never be directly above dry plates or negatives, for one can never tell what may happen, and should a bottle break, it might mean the destruction of several boxes of plates, not to say anything about the woe of seeing one's treasures a hopeless mass of ruin, and thereby have the work of years, perhaps, destroyed in a few moments. Have your shelving so divided to have dry goods on one-half, and wet goods on the other.

In preference to describing the many useful chemicals and solutions of a dark room in this number, we will allow the beginner and also advanced amateur to gather them from time to time from the many formulas which will appear weekly.

We have given ideas for those that can have a room set aside for no other purpose than the dark room. But now let us say that the exclusive dark room is not at all essential, and for those who cannot acquire this luxury, let them use any room in the house that is convenient, and if there is none, then go down into the cellar, where there is plenty of room; as a rule, and where you will usually find a more even temperature all the year round than in any other part of the house. But no matter what room you use for developing, and any room can be made dark after sun down, always keep it clean and tidy, and if you are compelled to store your chemicals in one room, and do your developing in another, be careful to never leave any solutions, chemicals or utensils in the room which has been granted to you for developing, as it might prove detrimental either to you or some other member of the household.

If necessary to load plates during the day, and no other dark corner can be found, go to your bedroom, close the windows against strong lights, then turn down the bed covers, place your holders and plates in readiness, and then draw the covers over yourself and plates, and by the sense of touch you can easily load your holders.

YOUTHFUL PANTHEISM.

Stanley Gorsuch, the little 3-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Gorsuch, of Churchville, Md., has reached the point in his career where his life has resolved itself into one big interrogation point. His relatives are besieged from morning to night with questions—and not easy, simple things. A few days ago he asked, "Where is God?"

"God is everywhere."  
The general answer failed to satisfy the small questioner.  
"Here; in this room?"  
"Yes, Stanley."  
"Out on the porch?"  
"Yes, Stanley."  
"Down in the barn?"  
"Yes."  
"Whereabouts in the barn?"  
"Oh, everywhere."  
"In Tom's milk cans down in the barn?"  
"Oh, yes, Stanley; everywhere. Now, run away and play."  
"Well, is He in Frank Winckler's house, too?"  
"Yes, yes."  
"In their cellar under the house?"  
"Yes, yes."  
"No, He ain't. Winckler's house hasn't got a cellar."

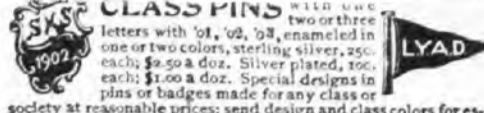
BETRAYING HIS IGNORANCE.

"I am always putting my foot in it," said Mr. Cumrox, sadly.  
"What's the trouble?"  
"I am always displaying the fact that I have no taste or refinement. Mrs. C. asked me which of two gowns I preferred and I immediately betrayed my ignorance. I admired the one which cost at least \$75 less than the other."

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THE DARK ROOM.

Perhaps our presumption that a few words on the Dark Room and its appointments will not be amiss is too far-fetched. However, none of us are too wise to learn by the experience of others; the writer is with you in this respect, is always ready to listen to the ideas of others on this subject.

How little attention is paid to the dark room, that part of the photographic outfit which should receive first care and attention, for it is next to impossible to turn out good work without a good dark room. It is to be sincerely hoped that our readers will not jump at the conclusion, after reading the foregoing, that we would advise them to rig up like a professional, for no amateur that respects his standing in his own sphere will ever think of imitating the man who follows photography for a living only, and does not have the time or opportunity to study the art in all its branches, as does the simon pure amateur.

Nor is it our aim to criticize the professional in his ways or methods, but simply to taboo the idea of amateurs following in the foot-prints of the professionals.

How little the amateurs would accomplish if they kept their dark rooms in the same untidy condition that can be found in the work-shop of the man who is doing it for what there is in it.

## YOUTH.

YOUTH is an illustrated weekly paper for young people. Its subscription price is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

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(Entered at the Buffalo Postoffice as second-class matter.)

### ERRATA.

In our last issue, under the heading "Prize Story Contest," we stated that a \$100 prize would be given for the best story barred out of the original competition owing to length, and that the competition would close Jan. 1, 1903. This was an error in the date, and should have been "Jan. 1, 1902," instead of "Jan. 1, 1903."

### SHUTTING OUT THE AFFECTIONS.

Strangely enough there is about the young man of to-day a certain false pride which is extremely injurious to his welfare. To be considered tender and affectionate the boy considers "girlish" and effeminate, and he fancies he is being criticised when he dares to express himself affectionately; yet in moments of trouble or anger he never forgets to give vent to his feelings. Our affections, the flowers of our happiness, are surely never meant to be chained in prison, whether in youth or in advanced years, but to blossom and beautify for our own pleasure as well as others. It is sometimes said that undemonstrative persons love more strongly than others, but common sense teaches us different; for the affections, like the mind, grow by exercise. Of course we may exercise the heart in a wrong direction, in giving loose to the worst passions; but if properly nursed in acts of sympathy and tenderness, the heart is made the sun of our existence, giving life, warmth and beauty.

The boy who thinks it manly to be cold, stiff, and apparently unfeeling, and has kept his affections stunted and deformed, is like a tree bereft of its nourishment of rain and sunshine, and will neither make a good husband, father, brother or friend. After all, I have noticed the most sympathetic boy is always the most popular with other boys, because he draws others to him like a magnet. It is not girlish or effeminate to love one's parents, relatives or friends, nor should a boy be ashamed to confess the same. On the contrary, let him give his heart full play and make all around him the better by his brightening influence.

Here was a foolish boy, who complained because his mother addressed him in a letter as "My dear boy." He thought he was too big to be called a boy. And this is what she wrote in reply:

"You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if manhood and maternal love are transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother-love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

### SCOFFING AT SACRED MATTERS.

REV. J. A. WATERMAN.

I was surprised a few days ago at listening to a gang of boys on a public thoroughfare scoffing at their playmates going to church to celebrate Christmas festivities. These boys ranged probably from sixteen to eighteen or nineteen years of age. Their language bearing on sacred subjects was interlarded with the vilest swearing and slang, when one of the boys said: "Suppose we go to church to-night, and get some of the presents they give away. I haven't been inside the blamed old building since this time last year, but I remember we had a high old time then."

Now I do not often touch on religious topics, but another of these boys began to ridicule the churches and all sacred things as though he imagined he was, indeed, a great fellow, when he finally wound up with the remark: "I tell you, boys, I'm going to have all the fun out of this life I can get. Depend upon it, when we're buried, that's the last of us." Some drunken man, overhearing this observation, turned to the speaker and said: "That's right, my lad. We shall be a long time dead. Get all the fun you can while you're living." And this is the kind of talk one hears from all sides, of men and boys who never give a thought to sacred subjects from one year's end to the other except to display the most presumptive ignorance. They listen to no argument, have no argument, never study the all-absorbing questions of life and its purposes, and yet dare to scramble up to God's judgment seat to share it with Him, declaring emphatically what the wisest and greatest of all men have never dared even to discuss, let alone doubt.

And I have heard grown-up men discuss these sacred questions on public platforms, trying to rob thousands of persons of their only consolation and hope, and, at the same time, displaying the most lamentable ignorance of what the Bible teaches.

But here, for the benefit of the poor, misguided boys like those above referred to, is an argument which I would ask them to answer when they presume to be more righteous than God: "It is a law of all nature that nothing was ever created that was ever destroyed—in other words, that Nature recuperates and supplies herself with the food for her own energies. Who made the sun, moon, stars, the earth and the Heavens, the day and the night? Look at the glorious sunset, and ask yourselves if He who made that gorgeous panorama at the close of day, created man to suffer and die, and pass away forever—some maimed, some blind, some deaf, and others dumb from their birth? Are the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, the just and the unjust, the selfish and the unselfish, to crowd each other on a meaningless pilgrimage that ends with the dread silence of the tomb? Our hearts give the answer. Nobility is worth preserving. Man is greater than his opportunities. The life beyond is the explanation of the incom-

parability between human aspiration and human opportunity here.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul."

Our higher human sentiments confirm this hope of the Christian. Earthly love is a broken light of the love of Christ. True human affection looks forward. We have more in heaven than we have on earth. What wise people value most is not upon this side, but upon the other. The most sincere people long for the curtain to lift that they may recover the loved ones who have passed over. It is love that bridges the gulf of death. Love is greater than its earthly environment.

"Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress  
trees!

Who, helpless, lays his dead away,

Nor look to see the breaking day

Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of  
faith,

The truth to flesh and sense un-  
known,

That Life is ever lord of Death,

And Love can never lose its own!"

What a sorry business life is, what mockery all our hopes for our little ones, what a dream is heroic self-devotion, except that all these things have value by and by, that not one thought or effort is wasted, and that in the realms of the blest we shall meet again all that we have valued most on this side—all that had added depth and richness to our troubled earthly experience.

### TIGERS TRAPPED BY BIRD LIME.

BY H. LONG.

Were you handed a piece of meat, a bundle of leaves and a pot of bird-lime, you would scarcely feel yourself a match for a Bengal tiger, the fiercest of all of the feline specie. But the little Bengalis are particularly successful in catching Mr. Stripes with these crude implements.

The meat is first of all tied to the bough of a tree, some 12 feet from the ground. The leaves, which are the size of large plane leaves, are next smeared with bird-lime, and thickly strewn, sticky, side uppermost, beneath the bough. Mr. Stripes perambulating past, smells the bait and makes a leap for it. He misses, for the very good reason that it has been purposely placed a couple of feet higher than he can reach. Again and again he springs for it, and each time he alights upon a fresh lot of leaves, which stick fast to his huge feet.

Now he notices them, and starts to try to lick them off, with the result that he transfers them from his claws to his face. He gets impatient, the lime gets into his eyes and makes them smart, and he redoubles his efforts, only to redouble the number of leaves. Finally, he loses his temper, and half blinded with rage, fear, and bird lime, rolls over and over until he looks like a Jack-in-the-green. Then, when he is no longer capable of rational resistance, the wily native emerges and jabs him in some vital part.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Stripes is destined for Hagenbeck's, Forepaugh's, or some other great menagerie. Then the procedure is different. He is first of all trapped by an ingenious arrangement of weights and springs, which convert an innocent-looking cowshed into a four-sided wooden cell the moment he passes the threshold. His removal thence is ingenious.

A tube of string matting, measuring some 12 feet in length by about 18 inches diameter and strongly fortified with rattans and bamboo, is suddenly introduced lengthways into the darkened cell. Mr. Stripes, who has meanwhile been stirred up by countless unseen hands, sees the welcome daylight, and leaps madly for it. But, although he has sprung into the narrow tunnel, it is only to find the end safely barred.

Before he can say "Jack Robinson," deft fingers have barred his exit from behind, and he is sprawling powerless in a straight jacket, which fits him like the skin of a sausage. His subsequent transport is merely a question of weight lifting.

### DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Some time ago the advantages of debating clubs and societies were set forth in these columns, and now the winter has set in, it is with some degree of satisfaction that one reads of the formation of these clubs all over the country. While oratory is unquestionably a gift, and a very valuable one, the polish and embellishment of speech is not easily acquired by even the most naturally fluent. Perfection in debate is the result of the cultivation and development of natural faculties rather than the acquisition of new ones; and one often deplores in public addresses, a studied or assumed rhetoric, in which there is a decided lack of harmony between the speech and the speaker. While it is well to study the manners, the language, and the gestures of famous speakers, avoid imitation as much as possible; for it is surprising what different effects are produced by identical words uttered in the same manner, and with the same gestures by persons of different appearances. All language and expression, as well as sentiment, should be in harmony with a man's appearance and his voice; and even the character of his address should be selected with a view to its adaptation to his peculiarities in form and appearance and the strength, pitch and resonance of his voice. Individuality should be the soul of all oratory; and a sling in the skilled hand of a David may be more effective than the sword of a Goliath.

Avoid, also, too many gestures. The emotions are also more powerful and more easily worked upon than the motions. The motions, in fact, should follow the emotions. The would-be orator or debater should intensify the feelings, and in the grasp of vivid imagination, unconsciously and without effort, will every motion and gesture respond and add expression to every sentiment. To interest others, a person should enter into the heart of his hearer, and make him live in his subject, letting the mind grow with him as he proceeds with his discourse.

In next week's issue I will pursue this subject further, at the request of many subscribers, who have evidently taken up a former hint.

### BOYS' CLOTHES.

The mother who wishes her sons to be successful in the business world should be very careful to give them the proper training. His health must be good and his education, manners and clothing carefully looked after. Teach the little boys to be neat. Many of them will soon seek positions as clerks or errand boys in stores and offices, and this lesson will help them to secure and keep good positions. He should learn to keep his shoes polished and his clothes brushed. See that his face and hands are clean, his stockings drawn up and fastened securely, his shoes laced as they were meant to be and a clean handkerchief in his pocket before he starts to school. Children are anxious to get to the play ground as soon as possible, and are apt to start with their clothes thrown on any way if we do not watch them, and careless habits once formed are very hard to break.

**OUT IN THE WORLD**  
OR  
**BOB ARCHER'S LUCK.**

By **LESTER WILLIAMS,**  
Author of "Poverty Flat Boys."

[Owing to a typographical error in last issue there appeared two Chapter V's. The numbering has been rectified in this issue, and the story is continuous.]

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Bob had found a true friend in Joseph Stickler, who, on the train, did everything in his power to make the lad feel happy and comfortable, looking to his wants as only a father would, and regaling him with stories of adventure he had passed through, which made our hero wonder, and wondering, speculate as to his future. Already the journey had every element of romance.

Arrived at St. Louis, a sudden thought struck Bob. "I left my letter in the hotel," he said.

"What letter, my lad?" asked Mr. Stickler.

"My letter home," Bob replied, anxiously.

"Well, what did you write?" asked Mr. Stickler. "Perhaps," he added, "that letter were best not sent."

"That's so," replied Bob. "Now I remember writing to mother and father of what a good friend I had found in Mr. Childs, and how they need not worry about me."

"I thought so," said the ranch owner, smiling kindly. "It is just as well your father and mother never got the letter. I'll horsewhip that scoundrel if ever I cast eyes on him. Now, Bob, I shall write to your father myself and tell him where you are, as soon as we reach San Angelo. I guess it will surprise your friends to hear that you are in Texas, instead of Chicago, but they will be glad to know you are in good hands."

"Yes, sir. I only wish—I only wish—you would write now before we go any further," pleaded Bob.

"Well, Bob, I'll do so," replied Mr. Stickler. "We have two or three hours to wait here, so we'll go over to the hotel, get a bite to eat, and I'll write your people what a scamp I've got with me." And he laughed heartily.

Joseph Stickler did as he agreed, and Bob enclosed a letter with that of his benefactor; but, strangely enough, after addressing the letter "Breezes' Corners," Mr. Stickler put "Ohio" beneath it, and Bob mailed it without recognizing the error. So David Archer never heard from his son for many weeks.

We will pass over the rest of the journey until Ballinger, Texas, is reached. Between this little town and San Angelo is a distance of nearly fifty miles of prairie land, and, at this time, there was no railroad connecting the two places. An old stage coach passed between these little towns, which was usually held up about twice a week, especially if the passengers were known to have money. The driver of the stage coach was believed to be in collusion with the gang who conveniently stopped it and demanded possession of such valuables as the occupants had about their person.

"Good mornin', Joe Stickler!" cried the driver, as Mr. Stickler and Bob sprang inside the conveyance.

"Good mornin', yerself," replied the ranch owner, taking from his hip pocket a revolver. "Guess you'll have no more company this time."

Bob looked aghast, as the stage coach started off through the dry, dreary, uninhabitable waste. "What do you hold that revolver for, sir?" he asked, alarmed.

"So as I won't be taken unawares," Mr. Stickler replied. "You'll see in about two hours, p'raps. There's a spot about sixteen miles from here where the stage coach is sometimes halted. It's the only place in the prairie that we pass where there is water and brushwood."

The constant jogging of the stage coach, and the view from all points of the compass of nothing but dreary waste, made Bob sigh for his old farm life. I have heard of persons going to sea for the first time, and seeing nothing but the blue expanse wherever the eye may rest, feeling an intense horror of absolute desolation; but on land, to see nothing for hours but a barren, dreary stretch of unyielding earth, and no sound to cheer the stillness, is the most horrible of all.

Finally Bob fell asleep, and old Stickler looked down on him and, with tears in his eyes, seemed to thank some one that he had with him a boy so bright and manly and innocent. The intense heat had probably made Bob drowsy. He slept on for many hours, dreaming of home, and

"Yes, sir."

"Well, those are prairie wolves. See them dart away!"

Bob felt very lonely and desolate. Many times he shed tears, as he reflected on the little village of Breezes' Corners, now thousands of miles away. Soon he heard a bugle call.

"What's that, sir?"

"That's Fort Concho—a cavalry post of the United States Army. And over the Concho river yonder is San Angelo. I shall find lots of cowboys, there to see us home."

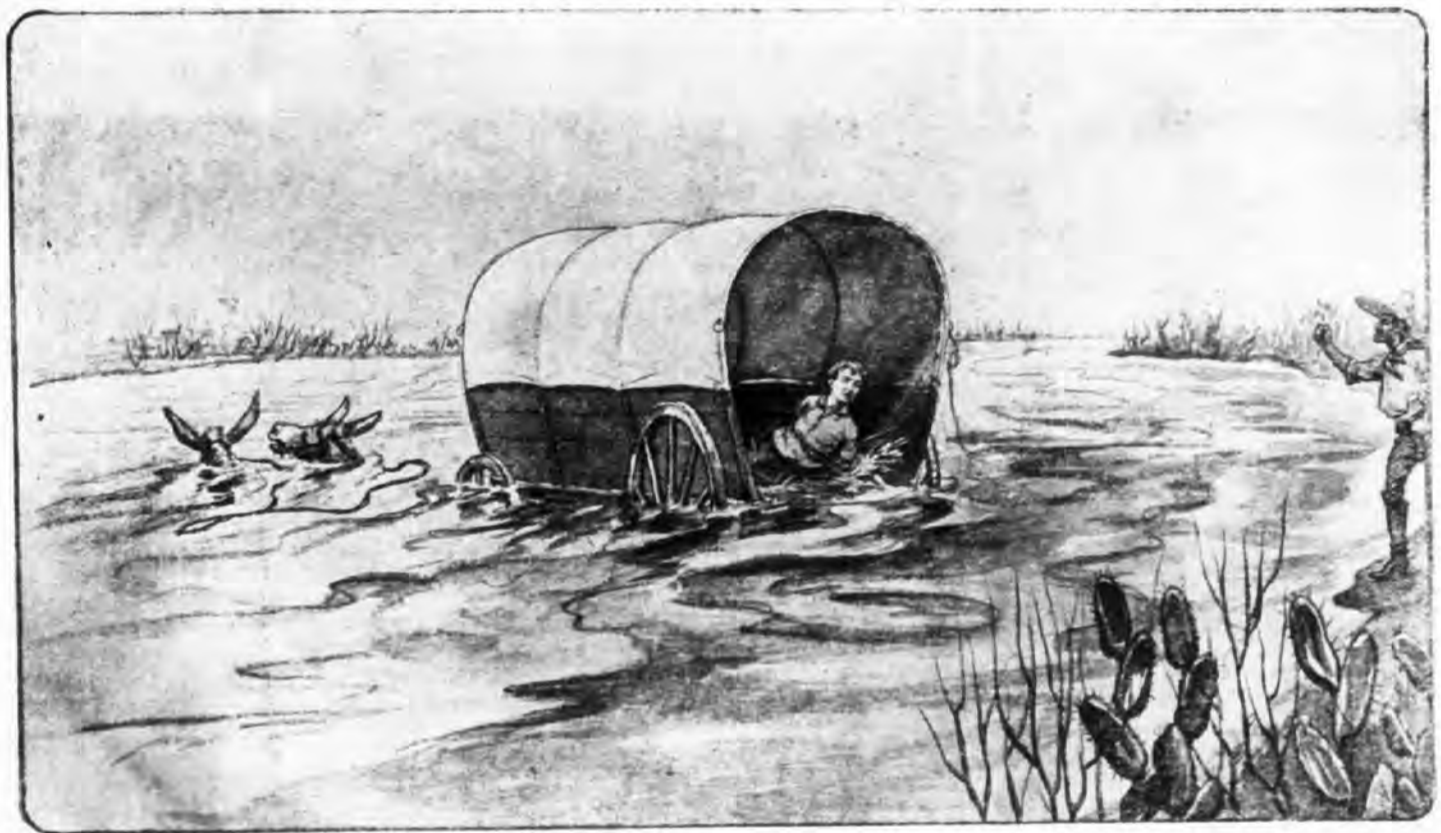
Soon the jingle of cowboys shouting, the shuffle of feet from a dance hall, the tones of fiddle and violin playing a waltz, Mexicans and negroes and white men disputing together, shots being fired at intervals, and a general go-as-you-please state of society, shocked poor Bob's sensitive ears, as the stage coach finally halted in front of the Grey Mule.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Stickler, as he stepped outside, and a dozen cowboys with huge sombreros, whips and spurs, shook hands with him, "this is Bob Archer. I want you to treat the

dollars at the monte card tables, and drank and smoked, Bob thought these good-natured, devil-may-care fellows had once had a good home like him, and were now merely wanderers and adventurers because they couldn't help themselves. He liked them in a sort of a way, and they liked him because he appeared so young and fresh and innocent.

Finally, Joseph Stickler came out of the White Elephant, and joined Bob. Two bronchos were quickly at their disposal, and Bob sprang into the saddle, his horse rearing and shying in all directions, to the great amusement of the boys assembled, until he was thrown to the ground. In an instant, a cowboy picked him up and shouted, "Whoop-la!" at the same time placing Bob squarely on the saddle, and fixing the spurs to his shoes.

It was strange how that broncho knew the ground on which he was treading, Mr. Stickler riding behind for fear of harm. The animal waded quickly across the Concho river, and then galloped furiously across country in the light of the moon almost



"OF A SUDDEN THE POLE OF THE OLD MEXICAN VEHICLE SNAPPED;—"

finally roused himself suddenly, covered all over with perspiration. It was night.

And now a scene presented itself, the like of which he was never destined to see again. From all points animals were scampering in horror towards the water—the only place in the prairie where water was to be had. The coyotes howling in flocks, wild horses, wild cats, skunks, herds of antelope—even bears—galloped in mad haste for the water, and were as quiet as lambs together. A prairie fire had started, licking up for miles around all the brush to be found; and even the prairie dogs were no more to be seen. A rattler, every once in a while, would come out, and give warning as the old stage trundled along, the driver now whipping up his team for dear life; for the heat was suffocating, and the fire was closing in. Over the prairie an intense scarlet hue was approaching, and the horses attached to the coach, knowing their danger, galloped furiously towards San Angelo.

"Fire is a warm friend, but a dangerous enemy, Bob," said Mr. Stickler, at length. "Take off all your clothes but your trousers and shirt."

"We're not far from San Angelo now, are we?" asked Bob. "I can see lights in the distance."

"Not far, my lad," replied Mr. Stickler. "But do you see those green lights yonder?"

lad well. He's the image of poor Joe."

"Sure! Sure!" cried a dozen voices in unison. "Bob, my boy, we'll stand by you, come what will. What Joe Stickler says—goes. Come in and have a drink."

Bob declared that he never drank; at which the boys laughed. "Well, darn yer! have a smoke?" suggested one of the gang.

"I never smoke, sir," replied Bob, wishing for all the world he was back at Breezes' Corners.

"What's Joe brought us?" exclaimed a cowboy, sneering.

"I tell you, boys," said Joe Stickler, seriously, "that I want you to behave yourselves in company with Bob. He's a good lad, and I won't stand any abusing of him—in fact, he's a lad after my own heart."

"That's enough, Joe," shouted one of the cowboys. "After your own heart is enough. He's got a heart like an ox then."

And the boys crowded around Bob, as though he were some hero, buying all manner of strange things for him from the few stores around, regardless of expense, and warning every person in the town to treat the lad right, or there would be trouble in San Angelo, Texas, without a doubt. The cowboys then introduced Bob to all the saloons and storekeepers, and while they danced with the girls all powdered and painted, and flung their

as bright as day. Several times Bob looked back to see if Mr. Stickler was with him, and received in reply from that cheery voice—"Go ahead, Robert! The horse will land you safely."

Finally the horse stopped and refused to budge. Bob, aghast, looked around him. Suddenly wheeling around in a sort of semi-circle, Mr. Stickler rode up.

"Juanita!" he shouted; but there was no response. He dismounted, opened the gate, and led his horse to what seemed to Bob like a magnificent mansion. Then he opened the front door, and cried again "Juanita!" There was no reply; the house was in darkness.

Mr. Stickler uttered an oath, as Bob dismounted. "That Muguera has been here, and kidnapped my Juanita, Bob. We'll scour the country to-morrow. If I can find the treacherous scoundrel, I'll hang him on that tree head downwards." And as he said so, he pointed in the light of the moon to a tall cotton wood tree, and taking Bob's horse and his own, led them into the stable. And then Bob saw in that full light of the moon the big-hearted ranch-owner shedding the most bitter tears as he led him to his bedroom.

**CHAPTER IX.**

The anxiety of the Archer family concerning Bob's whereabouts soon

changed to positive alarm, especially when Mr. Archer received word, at last, that Mr. Eugene Blair was on an extended journey in the south and west on business. Exactly how Mr. Archer was going to find Bob he did not know, but he somehow thought it was his duty to travel to Chicago in search of him. Either Bob had been taken seriously ill immediately after leaving home, or he had been robbed of all his money by unscrupulous scoundrels who had wormed themselves into his confidence, or, it might be, falsely arrested—all these thoughts came into the heads of Bob's father, mother and Frank. They hardly dared to think—or to express another thought uppermost in their minds for fear of wounding each other's feelings—that Bob had died suddenly, or perhaps been murdered for his money. The wildest play is naturally given to the imagination at periods of sore distress like this; for Bob was such a true, faithful and honorable son that they were convinced some dire calamity had prevented him from writing home. Mr. Archer now began to upbraid himself for allowing Robert to strike out into the world for himself, though his wife comforted him by declaring that she knew he meant it all for the best. Somehow it seemed as if a pall had settled over that hitherto happy little family.

"As much as I hate to do 't, my dear," said Mr. Archer at length, unable longer to bear the strain, "I think I ought to go to Chicago and hunt up Bob. I s'pose Squire Breeze will lend me the money—only be too glad to. I hate to get into his clutches, but I don't see any hope for 't. It's like buying money to go to him, and I think I'd rather cut off my right hand than face him on such an errand. But what can I do?"

Mrs. Archer shook her head. "My dear, I don't see how you can do anything else?" she said. "It's your duty to try and find Bob. It is a bitter trial to be robbed of that money at this time, and to be left in dread, too, concerning poor Robert."

"While I'm about it, I'll ask for three hundred dollars," Mr. Archer replied, putting on his coat. "I shall need money to tide us over this hard season."

It was with a heavy heart that David Archer made his way towards Squire Breeze's. On his way, one or two farmers enquired if he had received any news from Bob, or discovered the thief or thieves who had stolen his money; to which Mr. Archer sadly shook his head, as though he would be obliged if these well-meaning people would refrain from asking him questions.

Arrived at the Squire's residence, Mr. Archer rang the bell, and a servant came to the door. The Squire had seen him approach, and rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction.

"If the Squire is at home, and disengaged, tell him I'd like to see him," said Mr. Archer.

"Come in, Archer," exclaimed the Squire; and the maid ushered the farmer into the library or office where the Squire usually transacted his business.

"Well, Archer, what can I do for you?" said the Squire, blandly.

"Why, Squire, I want the favor of a loan," replied David Archer, coming at once to the point.

"You want a loan," answered the Squire, hypocritically whistling as though surprised. Then he added: "Why, I thought you had such luck with your wheat?"

"So I did," said Mr. Archer, sighing, "but little good it seems to have done me. You knew I had sent Bob away, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave him three hundred dollars to start him out in life, an' we have not heard from him. My wife

thinks I should go and hunt him up."

Squire Breeze shook his head. "And the other three hundred?" he asked, like one playing with his victim before pouncing upon him.

"Was stolen by some burglar while we were away at Farmer Dicksee's last Tuesday night."

"Last Tuesday," murmured Squire Breeze, thoughtfully. "And when did your son go away?"

"The week before," replied Mr. Archer.

"Are you sure your money was in the house after your son went away?"

This contemptible insinuation at once aroused the honest farmer. "What makes you ask that question? I am quite sure the money was in the house ten minutes before we went over to Farmer Dicksee's, and that it was stolen while we were away. The footprints where the burglar had crept through the parlor window were on the carpet when we reached home, and moreover the drawers of the sideboard had been ransacked, many of the contents being scattered on the floor."

"And you don't think your son had come back and been watching your movements?" suggested Squire Breeze. "Now it seems to me a burglar to have stolen that money must have been close to your family to have known all about where it was hidden."

This cruel thrust caused Mr. Archer to turn pale with anger. "Look 'ee here, Squire!" he exclaimed, throwing out his hand, "I came here to transact a little business, and not to be insulted. Bob is not that kind of a lad. Above all things else he is honest. My boys are both brought up to respect the commandments, sir—let me tell you that! How would you like it," he added, "if I were to hint under such circumstances that your boy had been guilty of such a crime?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Squire Breeze. "I should simply laugh at you, as I am doing now. Orlando Breeze, sir, belongs to different stock than Robert Archer. And why think you," he added tauntingly—"why does not your son write and let you know of his whereabouts, pray?"

This was a poser. "There is some good reason, depend upon it," replied Mr. Archer, hotly, "but not theft committed by him on his poor father."

"Well, that's what most of the people seem to think around here," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders, "and I don't think I should waste any more money in looking him up. He'll write when he's good and ready, and come home when his money gives out."

"And he shall always be made welcome on the old homestead," retorted David Archer. "But let's to business. I want three hundred dollars. If you'll lend it to me, say so; if not, I'll go over to Billings and try to effect it there."

This threat immediately put the Squire on his mettle. "You know my terms?" he said.

"I s'pose the same easy terms as those upon which you've advanced money to others around here," replied David Archer, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

Squire Breeze hesitated. His avarice, however, caused him to swallow this last remark of the farmer's, and being a notary public, he proceeded to draw up the necessary papers.

Not long afterwards Mr. Archer, feeling as though he would like to have treated Squire Breeze to a sound thrashing for his insults concerning Robert, was slowly and moodily wending his way homeward, with the necessary funds in his possession. In passing through the gate he encountered Orlando with his dog. Orlando's face turned scarlet.

"That dog's got the same kind of hair," murmured the farmer to himself, reflecting on the scattered hairs which Frank had picked up around the yard at the old homestead; but he thrust the thought away as unworthy of him. He refused to harbor any uncharitable thought respecting Squire Breeze's son,

though the Squire had wounded him to the quick by base and unwarranted insinuations concerning Robert.

"Heard from Bob yet, Mr. Archer?" asked Orlando, feeling in some way compelled to say something.

"No."

"And don't know where he is?"

"No."

"Well, I expect to leave home myself in a day or two. I may run across him."

"Where?"

"Don't know. I haven't decided yet where I shall go."

Though Mr. Archer was sorely anxious to hear of Bob's movements, he somehow hoped that Orlando might not have the luck to run against his son; for, to tell the truth, he had no great opinion of Orlando's ability and industry.

Mr. Archer arrived home and told his wife of the interview he had had with Squire Breeze. She shed indignant tears at the bitter insinuations of this merciless and miserable mogul of Breezes' Corners, and then, to her son Frank's surprise, said suddenly: "I believe that Orlando Breeze stole the money." Whether it was a mere impulse that caused her to make that remark owing to the cruel utterances of the Squire, or a woman's instinct, or from any circumstantial evidence, I cannot tell; but David Archer gave a sudden start when he heard his wife openly convict the Squire's son, and regarded her with mingled feelings of curiosity, pity and tenderness.

"Why do you think so, mother?" asked Frank. "I didn't like to mention it, but I thought the same thing the very night we came home from Farmer Dicksee's."

"Unless you have positive proof, you must not talk in that way," Mr. Archer remarked. "We are liable to get ourselves into serious trouble, especially now that I have borrowed money from the Squire."

"I think it all the same, David, and I can't help saying it," cried Mrs. Archer, indignantly stamping her foot as she wiped away hysterical tears.

"Well, those dog's hairs you picked up in the yard were the exact color of Orlando's dog," said Mr. Archer; "but that—that—". He hesitated.

"What, father?" exclaimed Frank. "That's just what struck me the moment you said thieves had broken into the house."

"Hush! We musn't talk so loud," Mr. Archer said, significantly. "It hardly seems possible and it's poor evidence. And because it's poor evidence, it's very uncharitable."

## CHAPTER X.

Now Bob from his window in the clear moonlight of a large Texan ranch, looked long and wonderingly over the bright landscape after Mr. Stickler had placed him in his room and said: "Robert, stand by me! Here are acres and acres of land, and thousands of head of cattle belonging to me, and I am worth many thousands of dollars. You must stand by me, and you shall never be forgotten. I would start to-night tired as I am after Juanita, but I can't leave you like this, and I must see my foreman. To-morrow I must go in search of this murderous scoundrel." And as Bob gazed out towards the horizon before retiring for the night, he said to himself: "This ranch-owner has a big heart and I have a great opportunity. I heard one of the cowboys say he was worth millions of money, and that his heart was as big as that of an ox. Surely he has treated me as such. He came up and stood by me when I was robbed of everything at the Hollenden Hotel, and he has treated me and defended me as only a father would or could. It all seems strange—strange to find myself here in a ranch which seems to be quite in another world, and my father will be expecting that I am in Chicago." And as he continued to gaze out upon the moon shedding its brilliant light over the landscape, and heard the cowboys galloping homeward with their loud shouts of mirth and laughter, he thought how

wonderful it all was, and how suddenly he had shifted from a simple, country life to one of strangest romance and excitement. Then he laid down on his soft bed, and gazed about the walls of the room, and knew that this room had been prepared by loving hands and reserved for some unexpected guest as a sort of fairy chamber.

It seemed to him that he had hardly got to sleep when he heard a sound below of horses, and men noisily springing to their saddles; and jumping out of bed, he saw the beautiful sun creeping up in the east, and below Joseph Stickler giving directions to about two scores of cowboys, some bent on the herding of cattle, and others on wilder business still. With their pistols on their holsters they leapt into their saddles one after the other, some carrying lariats, and separating in all directions they galloped away; and Bob wondered when they slept. Then he saw the old ranch owner step into the house, and soon he was knocking at his bedroom door.

"Bob?"

"Yes, sir."

Bob opened the door. "My lad, we always rise early here, but you had better sleep for an hour or two longer," said the ranch owner, sitting on the edge of the bed, and placing the coverlets around the lad as tenderly as a mother. "Then I will call you. I am going after my daughter, if it keeps me away for a month. But you will be taken care of here, and the boys will be delighted with your society. They will treat you white, and you mustn't mind their rough ways."

"Very well, sir," replied Bob. "You won't mind me leaving you, will you? And you won't feel lonely? I hate to go away from you, but you know what it all means to me."

Bob interrupted him by asking plaintively: "Sir, you have been good to me. May I not go away with you, and look for your daughter? Should I be in the way?"

Mr. Stickler's eyes gleamed with satisfaction and delight. "He's the true color," he thought to himself; but he only said: "Yes, Bob, if you wish, and if you're not afraid."

"I'm not afraid, sir, with you," replied Bob; "I shall never be afraid to go anywhere with you, Mr. Stickler."

"Suppose you call me 'pap,' Bob?" suggested Mr. Stickler, rising to go out. "It will sound more familiar, and then you know, Bob, when you need a little pap"—producing a roll of bills—"you will always know whom to go to for it. Well, sleep a little longer, my lad, and—". His brow darkened ominously—"we'll go in search of Juanita and that treacherous murderer and scoundrel, Muguerza."

Bob tossed and rolled on his pillow for some time dreaming of the romantic search in store for him, and then he prayed long and fervently for his parents and Frank. Finally, he fell asleep. When he woke up, Mr. Stickler was seated on the bedside watching him, all booted and spurred. He had just given directions to his foreman, the king of the cowboys, to have fresh horses in readiness for him and Bob, as they were going on a long journey.

"Are you rested now?" said the ranch owner, kindly. "I have got a wholesome breakfast of ham and eggs and some good milk, or you can have some venison, or black bear."

Bob leapt out of bed, dressed himself quickly, and was soon accompanying Mr. Stickler downstairs. "I've got to cook for you myself, Bob, since Juanita's gone. Sit down there at the head of the table, and don't be afraid to ask for anything there is around."

Bob had soon regaled himself with a good, hearty breakfast, and then putting on his hat, followed Mr. Stickler into the stable. "This is to be your broncho, Bob," said Mr. Stickler. "It was my son's favorite, and there are your whip and spurs—they used to be his. The horse's name is 'Juan,' pronounced 'Wan.' He's a faithful beast, and will carry you hundreds of miles without complaining. And when he gets used to you, you'll find what a friend you've got."

"Thank you, pap," replied Bob.

"That's right, my lad," said the

ranch owner, clapping Bob on the shoulder. "I ain't such a bad kind of pap after all, eh?"

"No, sir," replied Bob, a stray tear coming into his eyes as he thought of his father far away.

Soon Mr. Stickler and Bob were on their way across the fields. Ever and anon a cowboy in the distance would hail the ranch-owner as they proceeded; and Mr. Stickler would point out hundreds of head of cattle all branded with the letter "S" as showing Bob they were his property.

They traveled miles and miles until night set in, stopping only to get dinner when they reached a small town about thirty miles away. Then they put up at a little inn for the night, and proceeded again under the powerful sunlight, exactly in the same way. A third day passed thus, and then Mr. Stickler said mysteriously: "Bob, we're on their trail."

"Muguerza, pap?"

"Yes, my lad. I see the marks of the prairie schooner, and I noticed in that last inn we stopped at a Mexican woman who told me that she had been left behind by a Mexican traitor from El Paso, who answered the description of this Muguerza, and that he had a very beautiful girl along with him named 'Juanita.' See, Bob,—see?"

"Yes, pap." Bob was becoming excited.

They traveled on and on, and, in the dreary, murky air, night set in unusually early.

"We shall have rain," said Mr. Stickler, alarmed.

"I guess so," answered a voice, springing to the road-side, and reining in suddenly between Mr. Stickler and Bob. "I guess so—a rain of bullets."

In an instant, Mr. Stickler had wheeled about, and before Bob could reconcile himself to the situation, or understand what had happened, rapid shots were fired from all sides of him, two other men having come up in a hurry and taken part in the encounter.

Now Bob, though he had killed a few wild rabbits perhaps, and was by no means afraid of that class of game, could not realize what was going on, until he found himself quietly seized around the waist, his horse galloping and snorting in the distance, his benefactor lying on the ground as though dead, and three men laughing triumphantly as they bore him away, gibbering Spanish.

When Bob realized where he was after this, he saw a pretty girl seated by his side in an old prairie schooner.

"Where am I?" asked Bob. "Where's pap?"

"Who he padre?" whispered Juanita. "Padre Stickler, mean you? Condescend to tell Juanita—your Juanita."

Bob, shivering from fever produced by the excitement, answered—"Juanita? Then you were stolen by Muguerza—Senor Muguerza—and Mr. Stickler is killed. Are you Juanita—pap's child?"

"Si!" Juanita replied, sobbing. "Hush! They kill us—they kill us, sure." And she made a motion with her finger across her throat as of a knife passing there. "Your name, brudder mine?"

"Bob," answered Bob, regarding her sparkling eyes, wet with tears, and comprehending her motions.

"We kiss and still, Bob," she said, bending over him and kissing him tenderly. "We no speak—we keep still—we find padre—and the ranch, and madre and the—"

A warning voice outside caused Juanita to spring outside instantly. They had come to the banks of the Guadalupe river, now swollen, and rushing furiously past this point. Several voices were urging the mules on, but they refused to budge. Then a man stepped to where Bob was seated, and grinning, tied his legs and arms with strong cords.

Bob knew no more until he found the men, urging the mules attached to the caravan, to proceed into the water, and heard the sound of the whips from without. The mules still refused to budge, and wild cries were heard from the bank. Then the animals, suffering under the lash, gave a sudden start, and before anybody could spring in-

side they were groping, and floundering, and swimming across the Guadalupe river. Still wilder cries came from the bank, as the old prairie schooner wobbled and whirled and twisted. Of a sudden the pole of the old Mexican vehicle snapped; the mules were carried down the river and out of sight; and Bob found himself seated in the old prairie schooner, with barely his head and arms out of water.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Bob's position was one of the greatest possible peril. The Guadalupe river is a treacherous one, easy to cross in certain parts during a long period of dry weather, but swift and dangerous after rain. In fact, at this time, the rushing waters were so deceiving that when Muguerza tried to swim he was nearly carried away a few feet from the shore, while the mules, after struggling hard to regain dry land, had been carried away until they disappeared completely out of sight. And here was poor Bob, lashed to a bench of the prairie schooner, partly covered with water as the wheels sank and embedded themselves, the whole vehicle rocking as if it would break up any minute and carry him after the old pack mules.

Senor Muguerza stood on the bank cursing at the mules in Spanish as their two heads bobbed up at intervals in the distance, at Joseph Stickler, the ranch owner, at the beautiful Juanita, now in tears, as he cruelly cuffed her with his cruel hands, at Bob whom he imagined was some relative of the good old ranch owner, at himself and everybody around. The growling of distant thunder, following vivid flashes of lightning at intervals, added to the awful picturesqueness of the scene; and every sharp gust of wind rocked Bob in his cradle on the waters.

Every moment Bob expected to find himself washed away, and if he could only loose himself, he determined to make a desperate effort to gain the other shore; for he still had a few dollars tightly strapped around his belt. Thoughts of home and his kind-hearted benefactor came into his head in rapid succession, and he earnestly wished all was over, one way or the other. For hours he lay thus in agony, tired, worn-out and hungry, vainly trying to free himself from the rope that bound him. Then he saw other Mexicans on the bank, and Senor Muguerza vainly urging them to ride their horses into the river, and free his caravan.

At length Bob felt the rope give way slightly. With another exertion it budged again. Like a ruddy sailor he paused only to renew his efforts, and the rope slipped down his shoulders. Then by exerting all the muscles of his head, chest and body, it further loosened, and one arm was freed. It was now an easy matter for him to loosen the rest, and with a wild cry of joy, he stood on his feet, prepared to take a plunge after recovering his breath. As he did so, he saw Muguerza raise his gun and deliberately take aim. The shot passed by him and went through the canvas of the prairie schooner.

Bob hesitated no longer, but flung himself into the rushing waters, heading as far as possible against the current for a point about a hundred yards above where he expected to land. Shot after shot passed by him as he struggled along. It was a tremendous effort, but he gained little headway. Almost exhausted, he had reached about a half way across the river between the prairie schooner and the opposite bank, and was about to give up in despair when he felt ground beneath his feet—a small island submerged by the heavy flood. Here he was able to steady himself and rest; but as he stood on his feet, he was rendered a better mark for Muguerza's gun. Luckily a long distance now separated him from the ruffian, and he determined not to wait longer than possible before renewing his efforts. Again fortune favored him; for he was not slow to perceive that the water near the bank of the river to which he was aiming, was much more shallow. Plunging in once more, Bob nerved himself for the final effort, and reached the opposite bank in safety.

He looked about him for some sign of habitation, and soon discovered small chimneys apparently built in the ground, which Mr. Stickler had described to him elsewhere as adobe huts. He hesitated for some time before approaching them, but emboldened by his recent experience and the possession of money, part of which he extracted from his belt, he cautiously crept up to the nearest of them.

To his intense surprise, a beautiful Mexican woman, apparently middle-aged but bearing the marks of intense suffering, opened the door for him. Bob tried to explain that he had just swam across the Guadalupe, to which the woman looked at him in wonderment. She seemed afraid to admit him, and frequently shook her head, telling him in a strange mixture of Spanish and broken English that she was in danger of being killed for even talking with him. Bob, in the simplicity of his heart, offered her money, which the woman, strangely enough, indignantly refused. Finally, she allowed him to pass through, telling him to hurry as she placed chili con carne, enchiladas, and other Mexican dishes before him, together with bread and about a pint of wine or liquor—Bob couldn't tell which—that went straight to his head.

Then, as he made ready to go away, much to the woman's relief, Bob began to relate all the adventures he had passed through during the past two or three days. At the mention of the name "Stickler," the woman gave a start, and glanced at him fiercely for the moment, as though she mistrusted him, looking around her for some weapon of defense. Bob felt himself in the greatest possible danger, and seemed disposed to make a sudden rush for the air; but she held him back, and in rapid, passionate tones, questioned him further. Then a sudden change came over her, so readily understood by those who know the Mexican character. In soft, tearful, passionate tones she kissed the crucifix at her breast as she blessed the ranch owner and then, with rage and scorn, vowed that she would yet be avenged on this brutal cruel tyrant, Muguerza, who had kept her there a prisoner, sometimes without food, and always without money, after carrying her blindfolded to that wretched place; how he had sworn, time and time, to kill her, and only kept her alive because he imagined he could starve her into asking twenty thousand dollars from Mr. Stickler as a ransom—how he had kept her boy and girl from her (for, happily, she had never heard how her son had been cruelly murdered by this same wretched tyrant and desperado)—and in this way, she went on, a fierce gleam in her eye, only softening as with unutterable tenderness she spoke of the big-hearted ranch-owner, her lovely Juanita and her boy.

Then she gave Bob a bottle of wine, and bidding him hasten away for fear of the family in the next hut, who might hold him until Senor Muguerza arrived, placed her arms about him and kissed him passionately on the lips many times, forcing his tears to mingle with her own. "Tell the dear Senor"—meaning Mr. Stickler—"that my heart, my soul, my all, are forever his! And my Juanita—you will love her for my sake. My husband will come for me now. I know—tell him to come. You will know the way, won't you, my dear one? I do not know."

Bob thought it best to state, now that he knew whom this unhappy woman was, that Mr. Stickler had merely had his legs shot from under him, and promised by everything he held most dear, to come for her with a whole army of cowboys as soon as he safely reached the ranch again. The woman shook her head as though she had already abandoned all hope, and then drove him away, needing out to become assured that he was not being watched. And as Bob walked away, he knew that Juanita, her child, would be restored to her in a day or two—but as a prisoner like herself.

On and on Bob wandered until finally he reached the little town of Fredericksburg, where he decided to rest for the night; and from here he soon learnt the quickest way to reach San Angelo, which took him two days.

Here he told the cowboys of his adventure, and without more ado, there was a sudden round-up of the saloons, and in a body, some forty or fifty of them were galloping at full speed towards Joe Stickler's ranch, Bob seated at the back of one and holding on to him for dear life as he urged on his broncho at break-neck speed. Bob learned, to his great relief, that his kind benefactor had been shot in the thigh, but that the bullet had been extracted, and that he was now out of danger.

Arrived at the ranch, the boys remained in a group without dismounting, ready for orders to proceed at once after Muguerza, swearing like troopers, and all determined to bring the murderer back and hang him on the old cottonwood tree, which Mr. Stickler had often pointed out.

Bob was deputed to go to the ranch-owner's bedside and acquaint him with all that had happened, which he was only too ready to do. At sight of Bob, Mr. Stickler's face beamed with smiles.

"How are you, pap?" asked Bob, cheerily.

"Not much hurt," replied the ranch-owner. "I'm glad you're back, my lad, safely. I was afraid he would have killed you. Probably he didn't think you were much to me. But I oughtn't to have taken you on that journey. I was nearly accusing myself of murder for taking you, for it would have been my fault, you know. But tell me how you got away?"

Bob modestly related all that had happened, as herein recorded. When he spoke of his short interview with his daughter, the millionaire cattle king cried like a child; but when Bob passed over his swimming across the Guadalupe, and his meeting with Juanita's mother, the old man gave a whoop of joy that the cowboys could plainly hear from without, answering with a shout.

"The men are eager and ready, pap, to try conclusions with Muguerza, and want me to show them the way," said Bob, quietly but thoughtfully. "May I go?"

"Bless you, my lad!" cried Mr. Stickler, delighted. "Feel in the inside pocket of my vest, and hand me my pocket-book." Bob did as ordered. "Here's a few bills you'll need on the way. I won't give you too much for fear—for fear—never mind! I will tell you what I mean when you come back. Now call Dick to me."

Bob knew whom Dick was, and quickly returned with him. "Dick, let all the boys start off early to-morrow morning, if possible. You know the errand, and take care of Bob. Keep him out of danger. He is to be your leader, and don't travel too fast for him. I hope I shall be well enough to witness the hanging of this murderous outlaw. Now let me tell you what has happened during the past few days to poor Bob, our young hero!"

"We know it all, Joe," replied Dick, the king of the cowboys, "and we are ready to start now."

"I want Bob to rest to-day, and to-morrow he'll be in good shape to start off with you," said Mr. Stickler.

"We'll go anyhow," answered Dick, rebelliously. "I can't hold the boys." And he proceeded to swear with great vehemence, making Bob's blood run cold, protesting that the boys knew where the Guadalupe river was the easiest reached, and that they would probably arrive there the quicker without Bob's guidance.

Bob felt pained, and protested that he hoped he might be allowed to undertake the journey for pap's sake.

The ranch-owner gave a mysterious sign to the king of the cowboys, and uttered some word in his ear which Bob could not understand; and to his surprise, Dick walked quickly away, ran downstairs and into the yard, where our hero soon heard the cowboys unsaddling their horses, and looking out, saw most of them sitting and lolling around smoking their cigars, some playing cards and others bathing in a pond close by.

"Bob, my lad," said Joe Stickler kindly, as he watched him gazing out of the window in the deepening twilight. "Come and lay down by my side. The bed is big enough for us both." And the old ranch-owner chatted with Bob, again and again, about





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(To be continued.)

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## THE LITTLE WHITE DOG OF THE STEPPES OR THE POWER OF THE HEART BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH AUTHOR OF THE "ZIG ZAG SERIES"

Few animals can be better taught than the White Steppe dog of Russia. This electric animal with silken hair, like floating amber, loves those who teach it, and has a faithful heart for those whom he knows to be true. This is my story.

wild steppe district that looked like a mid air region of glassy grey, had selected, or "elected," this year for their folk-lore, which were parables of life. A family named Onoff were preparing to cross the steppe to the Elect House. In the family was a boy called "Ivan, the Fool."

the question of dispute. This dog was no common animal even of his rare kind. He had wonderful instincts. He could hear the bark of wolves in the far forests before other dogs; he seemed to know the nature of the wolf, and how to turn away packs of wolves from companies of travelers. As he would give an alarm of the approach of wolves before ordinary dogs the sound, he had come to be regarded as invaluable to traveling parties going from place to place over the snow barrens in the night. He was nearly white. As he tried to save life the people came to love him. He often followed his master's sledge all alert, plunging through new snow like a thing of air. The White Dog had conceived a very strong attachment for Ivan Onoff, who was called the "fool". He followed Ivan, and Ivan used to lie down beside him before the fire with his head on his silky fur, which glistened. The dog seemed perfectly happy when with Ivan, and

stepped, burying even the firs. The sky continued gray and pitiless. The moon sometimes broke the thin clouds at night when they looked like smoke of a silver fire. Man and beast found it hard to get food. Then the White Dog seems to have recalled his old home, the warm fireside there, and the food in the store-house. He came back plunging through the snow. Ivan received him joyfully, but his master, Ivan's father, whipped him. He leaped about "ky-hi-ing" at every blow of the lash, and when the punishment was ended, he laid down in Ivan's arms, crying like a child. Ivan gave him his love and pity. The dog's heart seemed to feel the heart of Ivan. The next summer when all the world was free and glowing, he ran away again. His master found him one day with some wild wolves; he called to him, but he ran from him "like a streak of fire," as the peasant said.

I. The steppe was ice. It had been snowy weather; had become mild, misty; had



HE LEAPED HIGH IN THE AIR AND SEIZED THE FLARING PITCH TORCH.

rained and frozen again, and the holidays were near at hand. When the merry holidays approach in the northern steppe country of Russia the people elect a house, in which to have a merry-making, and where to listen to "Skazkas," as folk-lore tales are named. The house is called the *Elect House*, this story telling fireside, on the northern Savanna. It was the house of Calapel, a famous natural story-teller, that the people of the

"No, Ivan," said his father, "the sledge will be full without you—we will be too crowded with only two horses, and what would we do if the wolves were to track us. We must provide for a swift course." "Take me along in the sledge," said Ivan. "I will serve you if the wolves cry after us. Look at these arms." As he was displaying his arms and hands that looked like the rude hammers of the mines, a wolf dog, called the White Dog, leaped up as though he half understood

Ivan became strangely silent and sullen when separated from the White Dog. It hurt Ivan's heart to be called witless, but people did it thoughtlessly. There are many Ivans on the snowy Savannas, but he was "Ivan, the Fool." Why had the White Dog become so attached to Ivan? When the dog was first brought to the house, it ran away for a time. It probably joined some wild dogs in the firs. A terrible storm at this time swept over the

Afterwards, Ivan saw him, and called to him, "White Dog, White Dog, come back!" The White Dog stopped; he hesitated; he seemed to wish to return to Ivan, but to fear his master's lash. He followed Ivan home, but cautiously at a distance. When near the house, he stopped. His master saw him and rushed out of the house, not with a lash, but with a gun. He pointed it towards the White Dog.

The little animal knew the meaning of the gun.

He had seen other animals fall before it. He leaped into the air begging for his life, pitifully: *Ki-hi—Ki-hi!*

Ivan was filled with terror. What could he do but cry out, "Don't, father, don't," throwing up his hands helplessly.

Suddenly he darted before the gun, in the line of range.

He called the White Dog, which came creeping up behind him, still crying.

Ivan's mother came to the door.

"Let the boy have his dog, if he will," said she. "There is nothing lost by being merciful, even to a dog."

Ivan brought the dog into the house.

Another winter came. Wild wolves came near the house. The White Dog would leap about as if tempted to join them when he heard them bark and cry. His old nature still longed for the free air.

Then Ivan would speak to him; he would drop upon the floor, and crawl up to him on his outstretched legs, and lick the boy's feet as if penitent.

"I wonder which the dog would choose in a time of peril, Ivan or the wolves?" said Ivan's mother one day.

"It would be Ivan," said the children.

"It would be the wolves," said his master. "A wolf is a wolf always—no animal forgets its own nature."

"Except when love changes it," said the Good woman.

To which the Goodman answered:

"Fact—that is so sometimes—love may change the nature even of a wolf. Yes, yes, sometimes, a wolf's heart may be changed. Maybe we may know sometime which it is, if the dog were free to choose—  
"Ivan or the wolves of his own kind."

In the midst of their preparations to go to the Elect House where the Russian Skazkas, or fairy tales, were to be told, Goodwoman Onoff said to her husband:

"We must take the White Dog with us as well as Ivan, on account of the wolves. He hears the wolves afar off. There have been more than a thousand sheep killed by the wolves in the province this year, they say, and now the grey wolves are attacking cattle, I hear. I would give more for the White Dog's ears as a warning than for all the other dogs in the Urals."

Ivan heard. Did the dog know?

"Then you must surely take me," said Ivan. "The dog can hear quicker if I am with him; he would defend you better with me—he loves me. Let me go and carry the torches, and I will lie down beside the dog in the sleigh, and never speak a word."

They carried torches on night journeys for protection.

"We must take Ivan," said the mother. "He is a giant in body, if he be wits. It would be wrong to disappoint him at the Christ time. No one must be disappointed at the Christ time. We must not say to him 'There is no room in the inn,' not tonight—this night of all in the world."

Ivan danced for joy. "You have a heart, mother!" he cried. "I would die for you, and for my little brothers. I lack wit, you say, I am touched in mind. I disappoint father—because I cannot be like others—but I may not disappoint you yet—I love—I do the best I can. I would die for you all!"

He leaped about at the thought of what he might sometime do for the family. When the White Dog saw Ivan, "the fool," jumping about with delight, he began to leap up as dancing, too. Once he turned over in his joy.

The animal seemed to know that Ivan was going somewhere, and that he might go with him, and that perception made his heart throb, and filled his life with happiness. Ivan would perish for his own, and the dog would die for Ivan were he in danger. The wits, whether men or animals, often have the truest hearts.

So Ivan packed the torches, and among them a *wolf's tooth*. This weapon flamed and emitted a terrible odor which would hold the wild animals at bay.

Ivan's mother was touched at what the boy had said. So when he left the room on some errand, she lifted her finger to Goodwoman Onoff and the children: "What day is to-day?"

"The day before the Christ day."

"Do not call Ivan 'a fool' today—it is God's day. No one's feelings should be hurt today, or on any day. Ivan has a human heart, as he says, so has the little dog—almost, almost."

She put her finger on her lip, as a sign, and the Goodman said—"You are right, mother. The love of Ivan has made that little animal a wonder to me. If we were to be attacked by a pack of wolves I am not sure but that the dog would defend Ivan against his own kind—that he would

die for him. Love makes a new nature even in an animal."

## II.

The Onoffs set out for the Elect House where the Skazka tales, or fairy tales, were to be told, taking Ivan and the White Dog with them.

It was Christmas eve on the Steppe. The stars had gone out; the blue gray heavens had vanished, the air was snow, and the winds came rushing down from the north, blowing the wild trumpets of the storm.

The people of the treeless, herbless district gathered early at the Elect House about the hot fireside of the peasant Calabel, the *elect* story-teller, whose house was near the village church. The Onoffs arrived early also with Ivan, "the Fool", and the White Dog, where they waited the coming of the far-off neighboring people, who might be a little late.

The snows whirled, but loud sleighbells rang out in the air. The far people came with merry hearts. The horses of the visitors were soon stabled in a long shed near the church, and the church bells rang out in the white wilderness to greet the merry party. The White Dog began to be very nervous as the visitors were arriving, as if he had suspicions.

The visitors had travelled in companies for fear of the wolves. They entered the house in furs covered with snow which quickly melted before the great fire which reddened in the chimney.

The White Dog leaned his head against the frame of the house as if listening. Was it accident?

The people formed a semi-circle around Calabel, the patriarch of the plains, who was a "parablist," as a teller of parable stories was sometimes called.

Ivan and the White Dog now sank down together in one heap in a corner before the fire, as the guests came stamping their feet with merry salutations.

There was a brief stillness at last, when suddenly the White Dog pricked up his ears, and then started and rose into the fire-light, almost as tall as one of the boys. He shook his feet in the air and uttered a piercing cry.

The people were startled.

The dog seemed to be listening to something far away.

Ivan arose.

"He hears something," said he. "Hark!"

The dog, on his haunches, shook his forefeet in alarm, and turned his head back and uttered another sharp cry. His head remained thrown back long after the cry.

"Wolves! wolves!" said Ivan. "Far away—he knows."

"Sit down, Ivan!" sternly said his father. "Down!" said he to the dog.

The White Dog fell down as in a heap, easting up a pitiful eye.

The old folk-story-teller rose, his white beard covering his breast. He extended his hands towards the fire, then stood with his back to the red blaze, and held up one hand and crossed it with the other, forming a cross before the red flame.

The people young and old bowed before him, and he said:

"There are tales that are not tales; they are life, they have souls—they live, and and live again. I will tell you such an one: a fairy tale, of a prince of whom it was written:

"Goleonda has a thousand gems,  
But Ivan's heart had more."

Ivan, "the Fool," the boy of the Steppe, started up as the old story-teller spoke the word *Ivan*. That was his name. Suddenly the dog leaped up again, and Ivan—"Hark!"

"What, Ivan?" asked his distressed mother.

"I can hear them, *too*; Ivan has quick ears. There are wolves in the *air*!" He meant *far away*.

"Hush, Ivan!" said his father. "You ought not to have come. You, like the dog, are all nerves and fancies. You will spoil the tale."

The dogs of the house started up around the White Dog. They had heard something—something far away—the air was stirred far away. The people looked out. The clouds were burning in the moon as with silver.

Then the patriarch story-teller began his tale:—

"There was once a king who had three sons, and one of his sons who was named Ivan was regarded as witless. They called him 'Ivan, the Fool'—we should never call one a name that hurts the heart."

This recalled Ivan's own case, only he was not a prince.

Ivan of the Steppes started up again. So did the dogs.

"Wolves! wolves!" said the boy. "There are wolves in the *air*!"

"Sit down and do not speak again!" said his father. "You spoil the tale."

The story-teller resumed his Skazka.

"One day the king asked each of his sons what he would do were he to receive the crown, and said: 'Ivan, you may answer first.'

"If I were to be king," said the witless Ivan, "I would govern the people by seeking what they most needed, and I would provide for their wants. I would make myself the heart of the people and would remove disappointment from the land. Love prevents disappointment. They say that I am a fool. I cannot help it, but I love everybody. I can love."

The answer pleased the king.

"The second said—'I would rule the people by my head; the head is for the crown.'

"And I by the hand," said the third son. "The hand is for the sceptre."

"The head is selfish," said the king, "and the hand ruled by the head is hard."

"Now Ivan, the Fool loved the people and all the people loved Ivan, whom the court called the Fool, and they hoped that he would come to the throne. He loved all, and never caused anyone disappointment. He would die for his people."

The old king fell sick once on a time, and while his two sons were intriguing how they might get his kingdom, Ivan, the Fool waited upon him at his bedside and only thought of his wants, and how to provide for them, and to get him well. Then the old king came to love Ivan more than before, and said, 'I wish you had wisdom, so that you might come to the crown and be the heart of the kingdom. You would remove disappointment. There is wisdom of the heart as well as of the head.'

"When he got well, the king kept Ivan with him and gave him a robe of gold and pearls. The two sons became jealous of Ivan, but the king daily said, 'O Ivan, Ivan, the light of my eyes, follow your heart, Ivan. It may lead you to a good end. The heart has wisdom—the wisdom of the heart wins.'

"Some day," the two sons said, 'The Fool Ivan will possess the Kingdom, and we will have to cast him out. He has the heart of the people, though he has not the head for the crown, nor the hand for the sceptre.'

"Suddenly," continued the story-teller flashing his hand, "an unexpected enemy came, and a great fear fell upon the people. There rose up a great beast, or bear, from the valleys called the 'underworld,' making the land to tremble. He destroyed the cattle of the herders and broke the windows of the church. The simple folk appealed to the old king. What could he do? He cried out 'O Ivan, Ivan, the light of my eyes, I wish you were wise! If your head was like your heart, you would deliver us from the beast.'

He called his three sons together.

"My sons," he said, "a foe has come up from the underworld, and the herds perish. Listen now:—To the one that will slay the bear, I will give half my kingdom. You shall go out to fight him one by one, in the order of your ages."

The oldest son went out into the open fields to meet the beast from the underworld. He came to a tavern on his journey.

The people were merry within, and he said:

"The tavern is merry and the Steppes are cold; I will stop and refresh myself."

He tarried along at the inn, listened to jovial stories and became overcome with ale, and returned home without meeting the bear.

The second son did the same, and his return nearly broke the old king's heart.

"You have both disgraced me in my old age," said the king. "It needs more than the head to wear the crown. Ivan, they call you a fool:—Go out into the Steppe and slay the bear, and all the people will rejoice in thee, and no one will call thee witless again. Thou hast the people's hearts already. Go, O Ivan, the light of my eyes! I wish that you were wise! But the heart has wisdom."

Ivan the Fool, rode forth. He saw the lights in the tavern window, but he passed by thinking only of the terrors of the people. He must remove disappointment from them, and so ease his own heart.

He met the bear one day under the moon and stars, and wounded him in the neck. Then the bear ran and plunged hither and thither in great agony, and he came to the mouth of a cave on a ridge of land that rose from the Steppe.

Ivan followed him.

The bear rushed into the cave. The Fool plunged after him. It was dark, but he saw by sound. On, on went the bear, and turned his eyes backward, which shone like two candles. Suddenly a great light opened before them both. Afar lay the underworld, but hundreds of feet below, and it was morning there. Ivan had never seen the underworld before. Below was the underland of forests, and above were the golden chambers of the air.

Green landscapes lay there shining in the sun. The far horizon was broken by towers and domes of a palace, and beyond the glimmering palace was a vast forest, where the west wind gently blew, and caused all the leaves to ripple, like the waves of the midsummer sea. Here the story-teller shook his fingers. Then he continued: "The bear leaped over the edge of a precipice, and was gone. Ivan came to the precipice and looked down. The underwood lay clear before him; shady and beautiful it lay under the golden chambers of air."

Ivan of the Steppes was listening with an intense look in his face: he was taking the story into his soul. He wondered what would be the fate of the king's son. That Ivan had a heart like his own.

Suddenly the White Dog started up again. The other dogs lifted their ears at the motion. Ivan of the Steppes was about to cry out.

"Ivan!" said his mother.

"Silence!" said his father.

The people somehow began to connect the parable of Ivan, the king's son, with that of Ivan of the Steppes, and Ivan of the Steppes with the little white dog.

The story-teller resumed his tale of Ivan, the king's son, and the people thought of Ivan of the Steppes, and Ivan of the Steppes of his little trembling dog.

"Ivan, the king's son," said the story-teller, "halted, but he had driven away the bear, and so he returned home."

The people welcomed him back, and the old king said to him:

"Thou hast acted wisely, Ivan; he does well who does his best; thou shalt have half of my kingdom. Thou hast wisdom of heart."

The two sons were very angry, but they knew that the old king had spoken wisely.

Ivan said to the king and his brothers: "I am going to the underworld and if the bear is not yet dead, I will destroy him so that he will never cause the earth to tremble again."

"How will you go, Ivan?" asked the two sons.

"I will cause the smith to make the longest leather rope in all the world, and you shall lift me over the precipice in the great cave, and let me down, and when I shake the rope and pull, you shall raise me up again, and I will tell you all that I have seen."

And the king said, "O, Ivan, Ivan, the light of my eyes!"

Ivan went down into the underworld, or valleys, and slew the bear. He brought back the horns of the bear to the precipice and his brothers drew him up, and the people hailed him as their deliverer—"The heart is often wiser than the head, and no one must ever call any Ivan a 'Fool' again."

Ivan's two brothers lost their wits over the wine cup, and Ivan at last came to be king, and he so reigned that he never caused the people disappointment. The heart has wisdom."

Such was the little folk-tale, or Skazka, as such a tale was called. People tell such tales in the "Elect Houses" on the wild Steppes, or Russian plains.

The story was followed by the recitation of a verse in which all joined:

Goleonda had a thousand gems,  
But Ivan's heart had more;  
The hand that Disappointment lifts  
May open heaven's door.  
The head its store of wisdom has,  
But the heart has more."

After this tale other parable stories were told, the little White Dog listening for some far sounds, and at times leaping into the air, shaking his feet.

## III.

Midnight came and the people prepared to return to their homes.

The sleighs of the merry-makers glided into the misty moonlight and snow. The bells all jingled together for a time, then the music of the bells parted, and the Steppe, or plain, seemed to be alive with bells.

The sleigh with the family of Ivan of the Steppes went swiftly on towards home. It had two horses. It contained the father and mother, Ivan, and the three

children and the White Dog. The children chatted about Ivan, the Prince, whose heart had more worth than the mines of Golconda.

Suddenly the White Dog uttered a fearful cry again.

Ivan rose up.  
"Wolves! wolves!" he cried.  
"Lash the horses!" said his mother to the driver; "I can hear them."

The other sleighs which had changed their courses were approaching each other again for protection. The bells signalled to each other. A pack of wolves like a cloud was following them.

The sleighs, or sledges, with four horses rushed past the Onoffs. Behind the latter came the wolves dark against the snow. Ivan seized the pitch torch, lighted it, and found himself at last facing the gray cloud, the oncoming of the howling foe in the distance. A giant in the sleigh, he seemed to be as he waved the torch in air.

"If we had not brought Ivan we might have escaped," said old Onoff, shaking.  
"Hear the wolves howl! We are lost!"  
The sharp cries came nearer. The White Dog leaped about in excitement. Onoff and the driver lashed the horses. The horses rushed frantically forward, Ivan's torch streaming in air.

Ivan suddenly threw his arms about his father's neck and kissed him.  
"What did it mean?"  
"Tis the last time," he said.  
"I will not be a disappointment any more," he added. "You shall not call me 'Fool'—I am going now. When you go to the Elect House again, remember Ivan!"

He was about to leap over the back of the sleigh, torch in hand, to arrest the wolves, and offer his life for the family when a strange thing happened. The White Dog has been leaping up as if to seize Ivan by the right hand that held the pitch torch which was streaming into the air, the tongues of fire darting hither and thither in the curling smoke, and filling the air with a sickening odor.

"Down!" cried Onoff to the dog, applying his long whip rapidly to the horses. The White Dog whined and whirled about.

There came over the animal an impulse that could not be restrained; an instinct, or was it reasoning, rose within him that was irresistible.

He leaped high in the air and seized the flaring pitch torch, forcing it out of Ivan's hand by the suddenness of the movement. He held the torch by its long arm in his teeth, and leaped over the side of the sledge, as he had seen Ivan meant to do, and ran with it in his mouth towards the wolves.

"Oh, Ivan, Ivan," said Goodwoman Onoff, "see what you have done, now!"  
They looked back, the sledge was flying forward like the wind.

The dog was white like the snow, but Onoff's could see the fitful flashes of the torch. The torch was moving towards the pack. The barking of the wolves stopped. Wolves are cowardly under fear. Fire with a dreadful odor was approaching them. The wolves in advance of the pack that had ventured near the sledge had moved back in terror. Their retreat seemed to affect the whole pack.

The Onoffs looking back but rushing forward, could see a wavering semi-circle of fire in the snow. The wolves had ceased to bark.

The semi-circle of fire took a wider range now; it was further and further away. But still it was gleaming along the snow, darting here and there, like a meteor.

Again and again! Backwards and forwards, it was forcing the pack back as if by causing a panic, the whole pack of wolves, the cloud of wolves. On, on! the fire in the snow.

The sledge rushed on. Farther and farther away gleamed the black smoke behind it, wavering fire in the snow. Then the fire vanished from view, and the moon broke through the clouds and the night was still.

The Onoffs reached home safely, and stabled their horses. What a night it had been!

"The dog saved us," said old Onoff. "I wonder if he will come home again or join his own kind. Now we will know the heart of a wolf!"

"He will come back to Ivan," said the Goodwoman. "His heart and Ivan's are one."

"He may, but human nature is human nature, and all beings turn towards their own nature," said old Onoff.

"Unless they have a new nature," said the Goodwoman, "and love makes a new nature in all things. The dog will

come back. I will set a light in the window."

Afar gleamed the Steppe, a low, glimmering wall of snow—like a white sea without a wave. Above it the moon rolled upward as in clouds of silver fire. The air was cold, cold, and still, still.

"Love fills all hearts with true wisdom," said the Goodwoman, thinking of the fairy tale told in the Elect House. "Ivan, watch at the window, it may be that your true heart will bring the dog back again. It would teach me many things in life if he were to come. Then I would know the power of the heart."

All the rest of that night Ivan watched by the window, or stood in the snow on the doorsteps, waiting the return of the White Dog, and calling "White Dog! White Dog!" Day came.

What is that? Snow is thrown up into the sunlight—a silver dust afar.

Something is there!  
"He is coming!" said Ivan, trembling with delight.

"White Dog! White Dog!"  
The snow arose into the early sunbeams where the dog was plunging forward. He heard the voice.

"White Dog! White Dog!"  
Again the nimble animal's feet caused the snow to rise in a red cloud like a fountain of gems in the sun.

Nearer and nearer rose these signals of glimmering snow.

The lithe animal came at last panting, but without the torch, or so much as a scar, save his singed hair. He seemed to know what he had done. He did not crouch, he knew that he had earned a right to live. The family ran out to meet him, but he passed them by, and leaped upon the neck of Ivan.

Then Ivan brought him into the house, and the two laid down on the mat before the fire, and Goodwoman Onoff said to her Goodman—

"What would we have done but for Ivan and the White Dog? Let us never speak of Ivan as witless again. He was ready to die for us. Let us be good to everybody and everything, not only on Christmas Eve, but on all days of the year. We do not know who will best serve us in the hour of need, or what there may be in the heart of any one or of any creature. I have seen the power of the heart."

"That was a good Skazka story that Calaped told this year," said Goodman Onoff. "The soul of the Skazka was clear; let us remember it."

He added—  
"The dog chose Ivan to his own kind. In that way all hearts of God's creatures may be changed. Truly like the king's son they have worth who only have the wisdom of the heart!"

The people held Ivan of the Steppes at his true worth and when they related the story of Ivan, the king's son, they told the other of Ivan of the Steppes and of the White Dog, and so made it a double Skazka tale, and added—"Give to no one an unkind name—the heart may be wiser than the head!"

The White Dog seemed to know when they were talking of him, when they put him into a Skazka.

Ivan of the Steppes died after a few winters more had whitened the earth, and after he was buried, the White Dog went away, and never came back. They found his bones when the snow melted in the purple spring near the place where they had buried Ivan. How much did his little heart know? We do not know.

There is more than one White Dog of the Steppes, and we may not limit the Power of the Heart, nor be able to say how much any heart may be made to respond unto our own.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

In the midst of the solemn Lenten season comes ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. While Christian worshipers are doing penance among the ashes, the little Love God dances saucily in and claims his due right merrily, with his hearts and darts, and all his old-stock in trade, bringing a smile to the faces of the most melancholy, and proving that a hidden fire animates the most sober and the most conventional.

One theory is that Valentine's Day sprang from the ancient Roman Festival of the Lupercalia, celebrated on February 15. When the Christian Church gained power, an effort was made to abolish the heathen feast, which by that time had become a mere expression of gallantry; but this proving vain, the date was

changed to the birthday of St. Valentine—February 14th. According to some old writers he was a bishop, while according to others, he was a priest, who suffered martyrdom at Rome about the year 270. And how did his name come to be connected with the customs peculiar to the fourteenth of February? Here again there is conflict of opinion. One authority says that St. Valentine "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise from thence." The "Valentines" here referred to were young men and women, whose names had been chosen in pairs by lot among themselves on St. Valentine's Eve, each of the two persons thus associated together considering himself or herself, for the time being the other's "Valentine," and commemorated the fact with a gift.

In Norwich, England, St. Valentine's Eve is still observed as a time to receive and to make gifts. These are always anonymous. They are labeled "With Valentine's love," or "Good morrow, Valentine." Some of them are lively hoaxes. Others are drawn away from the doorstep by concealed threads directly an attempt is made to lift them from the step. Others are immense packages, and, when paper after paper is removed, prove to be a sugar plum only, wrapped in a wise motto, such as "Happy is he who expects nothing, for he will not be disappointed." Norwich keeps up many of the ancient customs of England and Scotland never fails in preserving all that is poetic in this and other folk lore and tradition.

It may be considered certain that St. Valentine had an affection for wooers in the sense that "all the world loves a lover," if many beautiful illusions do die with the passing away of old superstitions, and though the ghost of Saint Valentine, which still continues to haunt the 14th of February, bears but little resemblance to his original self. It is a question if he would not be puzzled to recognize his own shadow, so distorted at times are the features with which he was wont to smile benignly on all around.

Some still contend that the custom of choosing "Valentines" is traceable to the belief that once obtained that on St. Valentine's day the birds chose their mates. If this theory is true, then the festival, in its essential, if not in its precise date, is as old as the human race, being an expression of the vernal impulse common to all living beings, and which Tenyson sings in the familiar lines:

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,  
In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

References to the mating of birds in the spring, and the feelings of love which thrill the breast at the season when nature wakes from her winter sleep, are scattered through all literature back to the earliest times. It is possible that the poets may have had much to do in determining the customs of our festival days, but doubtless the day partakes something of the characteristics of all the ages and the peoples who have observed it. Valentine was made its patron, and its date was fixed by his birthday, simply because his name is equivalent to galatin, French for "gallant." Old Drayton, however, in Shakespeare's time, writing a verse to his "Valentine," begins his pastoral thus:

"Muse, bid the morn awake;  
Sad winter now declines;  
Each bird doth choose a mate;  
This day's St. Valentine's."

As far as our country is concerned, no respectable "little fowl" would do his out-door courting in the weather that "Old Probs" usually gives us on this festival, and few of any kind be about but the disreputable English sparrows. Still, small boys take especial delight in the day and its observances, and squander their pennies in purchase of crudely colored caricatures which they promptly forward to the objects of their dislike or ridicule.

St. Valentine's Day in the old times possessed a popular significance that we of these degenerate days of idagreed paper and printed rhymes can hardly appreciate. Then Valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of the gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, such as gloves, were more common. The Duke of York, for instance, being Miss Stuart's

Valentine—she who was afterward Duchess of Richmond—gave her a jewel costing £800; and Lord Mandeville, being her Valentine, another year, presented her a ring valued at £300.

Usually the element of accident in those times entered not a little into the choosing of the Valentine, for the first man and the first woman who met in the morning, were supposed to remain Valentines and mated for the twelve months following.

In those early days it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded it was a good omen and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. In some parts of England the children still "catch" each other for Valentines, and if they can repeat "Good-morrow, Valentine," before they are spoken to, they are rewarded with a small gift. But it must be done before the hour is up, if not, instead of a present, they are called "Sun-burnt" and sent away. Another fashion, that may be still in vogue there, is to write the Valentine, tie it to an apple or an orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in. Poor children in England used to visit the houses of the great, fantastically arrayed, singing:

"Good-morning to you, Valentine,  
Curl your locks as I do mine—  
Two before and three behind,  
Good morrow to you, Valentine."

The world over, the pleasure with which little children send and receive pretty, parti-colored letters, on this, to them, joyous day, is still a delight to behold; for the sealed envelope is a very talisman which opens for them the treasures of fairy land, and transports them out of the actual into a rosy realm of labyrinthine fancy; so I, for one, believe the festival should be perpetuated. Nevertheless, a modern legend tells us that in this busy twentieth century the good ST. VALENTINE, with Peter's leave, revisited the earth, thinking to find youth and life and love the same as in days of yore. But he found the girls too much absorbed with music and science and philanthropy to receive him, and he came to the conclusion that they were "nothing if not pedantic," and "anything but romantic." Yet the spirit of St. Valentine will linger, for love is never out of date, and his fidelity marks him as the fitting patron and pattern of lovers for all time.

WASHINGTON TO HIS MOTHER.

The late Mr. Bancroft, in one of his historical volumes, published a letter from General Washington to his mother, which shows that "The Father of His Country" was not as easy in his circumstances as is generally supposed. He had a large estate in lands and negroes, but derived from it no very redundant revenue. The letter written in 1787, two years before he was inaugurated President of the United States, is as follows:

"Honored Madam:—I have now demands upon me for more than five hundred pounds, three hundred and forty pounds odd of which are due for the tax of 1786; and I know not where, or when, I shall receive one shilling with which to pay it. In the last two years I made no crops. In the first I was obliged to buy corn, and this year have none to sell, and my wheat is so bad I can neither eat it myself nor sell it to others, and tobacco I make none.

"Those who owe me money cannot or will not pay me without suits, and to sue is like doing nothing; whilst my expenses, not from any extravagance, or an inclination on my part to live splendidly, but for the absolute support of my family and the visitors who are constantly here, are exceedingly high—higher, indeed, than I can support without selling part of my estate, which I am disposed to do rather than run in debt or continue, to do so; but this I cannot do without taking much less than the lands I have offered for sale are worth. This is really and truly my situation."

His embarrassments arose chiefly from the inefficient system of farming then customary in Virginia. Gen. Washington says in his diary, that he was the owner of one hundred and two cows, and yet was obliged to buy butter for his own table.

He built the finest barn in Virginia for threshing his grain; but on returning from Philadelphia one winter, he found his negroes threshing in the "good old way," the sheaves spread in the barnyard, and horses treading out the wheat.

## YOUTH

YOUTH is an illustrated weekly paper for young people. Its subscription price is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

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709 Mutual Life Bldg.,  
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Entered at the Buffalo Postoffice as second-class matter.

### ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS.

In the past two years there has been a marked increase in the popularity of gymnastics for girls, and teachers are beginning more and more to encourage athletic exercises, such as club swinging, fencing, parallel bars, flying rings, double bars, climbing ladders—horizontal, oblique and straight—swinging ladder or "seesaw," climbing poles, jumping and running in plain and fancy steps. Twenty years ago the course of physical training laid out for girls and women was by no means as extensive as it is now, and consisted in very mild forms of exercise. Since physical training has become a science there is much attempted that was once regarded as an impossibility, so far as a woman's endurance was concerned. In the leading institutes for girls, it is now declared that the girl student who is thoroughly trained in gymnastics is a better student, since the active use of every muscle of her body improves circulation and banishes headaches—that bugbear of the schoolroom; that the athletic girl can stand longer hours of study than the one who has never tried jumping and running and fencing. Therefore, gymnastics have come to be a recognized aid to mental progress in nearly all the educational institutions of the country. Basket ball is one of the best games for girls, provided they do not go to an extreme in overtaxing their strength. Tennis is another excellent pastime, developing the arms, chest and back muscles, and giving to the player a grace of carriage and ease in movement. In fencing, the body is trained to be perfectly poised, the eye quick, the movement instantaneous.

Too much cannot be said in favor of gymnastics for school girls; and since in the schools nowadays the gymnasium is, as one may say, under scientific management, there is little danger that school athletics will be overdone. In colleges for young men the gymnasium is regarded as a valuable department and in the schools for girls all prejudices against the gymnasium has been swept away.

Certain leading women singers of the day are decidedly athletic, and all of the best vocalists are more or less given to the practice of physical exercises. The most prominent vocal instructors re-

quire their pupils to go through, as part of their course of training, gymnastics that strengthen muscles and develop breathing capacity. It has, long ago, been found impossible to make a good singer of the girl who has weak chest and back muscles, and who does not know how to stand with head erect and shoulders thrown back. As correct breathing is so important to the vocalist, the prominent vocal teachers of St. Louis include in their course of instruction certain muscular exercises that their pupils are required to practice as faithfully as they do their scales.

The American woman is now the most athletic woman in the world.

### FASCINATION OF GAMBLING.

In a recent issue I drew attention to the evils accruing from the passion for gambling, and I have been more and more convinced that this is the secret of the downfall of almost every trusted man who falls into disgrace. Even when they win, they somehow never know when to stop.

Mr. Depew says he saw a man begin to play with a thousand franc note at Monte Carlo. He played and won—doubled his money played, and won again and again doubled. He kept on until he had won about \$24,000. Then he started resolutely to go out. At the door he stopped, hesitated and turned back. He sauntered over to the table and looked on at the game for a while. Then he buttoned up his coat again with great decision and started out with a firm stride. But he could not—positively could not get through the door. The last Mr. Depew saw of him he was playing away again, and the \$24,000 was going pell-mell back into the gambling house coffers. It is generally thus. Precious few people get away from Monte Carlo with their own money, let alone the bank's.

### OFFERS TO STUDENTS OF LITERATURE.

Necessarily thousands of manuscripts are placed in our hands every month, full of errors in rhetoric, spelling and punctuation. The business man complains that his typewriter makes frequent mistakes in spelling the simplest words, and thus takes up half his time in correcting misspelled letters; the graduate, well versed in the highest phases of education, classical, mathematical or theological, is frequently found to be ignorant in the commonest rules of grammar and spelling; and it is often noticed that the great orator and statesman is handicapped in his life's work because he is unable to prepare his own manuscripts for the press and the public as they should be.

This is a very serious matter, indeed, to the youth of today and the future of our country. We, therefore, propose to make a weekly award of \$2 to the first person to send in a correct solution of all mistakes in grammar and spelling to be found in this column; all letters submitted in this competition will be considered according to the date of mailing, stamped on each envelope. The subscribers in San Francisco will thus have an equal chance with anyone sending in from where this is published. These mistakes are not all easy to find, and the competition is given solely to encourage proper writing. If you don't succeed in winning a prize, it will be an education for you, as we shall publish each week the corrections necessary on the story published the week before.

Correct the following:

It is by his essays that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much

talked of, but they are little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect upon the opinions of mankind, but indeed they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world; it is in the essays alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There he opens an exoteric school and talks to plain men in language which everybody understands about things in which everybody is interested. He has thus enabled those that must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves, and the great body of readers have, during several generations acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar, may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in the inner school.

The passage for corrections given in last issue was taken from Addison's *Pleasures of Imagination*. In its corrected form, it should read:

"A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession of them. It gives him a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude, unenbivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures. So that he looks on the world in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind."

The three qualities of Unity, Continuity and Variety are admirably exemplified in the above passage from the great master of pure style.

The following persons sent in corrections to the above paragraph, but none correct, so we are unable to award the prize which will be added to this week's contest, making a prize of FOUR DOLLARS.

Lewis E. Thompson, Kelloggsville, Ohio.

Milford W. Foshay, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. L. Sawyer, Mithell, Ont., Can.

Mabel Way, Cleremont, Minn.

Jesse McCaffrey, Baltimore, Md.

F. A. Reynold, Providence, R. I.

We received one list without name or address.

### ADVERTISING PRIZE.

In response to our advertising prize of \$10.00, we have received two answers to date, as soon as we have received ten we will award the prize.

### TOO MATHEMATICAL.

Proofs of mathematical ability often crop out in the most unlikely cases. Witness the story of the farmer who was considering the subject of stoves, when they were still a new invention. His wife, tired of baking and brewing by an open fire, endeavored to persuade him into buying a stove for the kitchen.

"They save half the wood, my dear," explained she.

"Sarah, do you think that is a fact?" asked the old gentleman, suddenly waking to the economical aspect of the question.

"I know it's a fact. Brother Samuel says so."

"Then buy two stoves and save it all!" said her good man, triumphantly.

### Prize Story for Boys and Girls.

We have received a number of letters recently from young people complaining that they had little chance of entering into competition for our recent award against authors of well-known repute, and asking us if we will not encourage them by offering some inducement to boys and girls under 18 years of age desirous of becoming story writers.

As YOUTH is especially a periodical for young people, and as we are convinced that hundreds of boys and girls in this country are capable of writing, with a little care, good, readable and interesting stories—just such as juveniles like to read and enjoy—we will offer three separate prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the three best compositions not exceeding 3,000 words, submitted before Feb. 19th, 1902. Should two or more stories be considered equal for either one of these prizes, the preference will be given to the manuscript which the most recommends itself by its neatness, correctness of spelling and punctuation.

Boys and girls, these prizes will be worth trying for, if only from an educational standpoint and as a very interesting occupation, which may inspire you to greater and more useful effort as you grow older.

In order that the awards may not fall into the hands of persons over 18 years of age, each story must be submitted with the full name, age and address of the author, and certified to by a minister, teacher, or some man of prominence in your locality.

All manuscripts must conform to the following rules:

Rule I—This contest is open to yearly subscribers only.

Rule II—Each contestant must be under 18 years of age.

Rule III—The story must not contain more than 3,000 words.

Rule IV—All manuscripts must be written in a clear, legible handwriting upon one side of the sheet, each page to be consecutively numbered. Manuscripts should reach us at the earliest possible moment.

Rule V—All manuscripts should be addressed:

"PRIZE STORY CONTEST,"

S. W. ALLERTON,

709 Mutual Life Building,

Buffalo, N. Y.

### To Boys and Girls.

To ambitious boys and girls, anxious to make a little money in a pleasant way outside of school hours, we are willing to offer special inducements. The literary and artistic merits of YOUTH will alone speak its value to the juvenile part of the population, while, at the same time, it is the cheapest periodical for young people on the market. Hundreds of boys and girls are earning from \$3 to \$10 a week by doing a little work for us during their leisure hours, without interfering in any way with their studies. If you care to do the same, drop us a postal card and we will send you sample copies with a full agent's outfit free. This offer holds good until further notice.

**NO ROAD LEADS BACK TO YESTERDAY.**

BY A. E. CALDWELL.

How little do we heed our pleasures as they hasten by,  
 How unmindful of the sunshine when no cloud is in the sky,  
 How we fail to speak our gratitude for acts of kindness done,  
 How we forget the tired feet—for us the errands run.  
 We think of places vacant now and sigh,  
 "It is His will,"  
 Without a thought of other friends whose lives bless ours still.  
 We speak in praise of buried days—what does the present hold?  
 It cannot be that Memory's mine containeth all the gold!  
 More pleasures we I'm sure would see along our life's highway,  
 If we but knew no road there is leads back to Yesterday.

**The Owner of the Golden Hope.**

By CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY.

CHAPTER III.

Deciding after several rebuffs, that the search for a room and lodgings was like to be a prolonged one, Ben and Hal finally made their way through the crowd surrounding the counter of one of those anonymous establishments known as a "California Lunch Counter," and bought some coffee and rolls which they gulped down in feverish haste stimulated thereto by aggressive pokes from waiting patrons in their rear. Then they resumed their slow promenade up one straggling street and down another with such poor success that at six o'clock, when the sun was just drooping out of sight behind the tall peaks of the furthestmost encircling mountain range and the day shift of miners was coming up from the bowels of the earth like ants from an ant hill they were still wearily pacing the plank side walk and searching with eyes dull with fatigue, for some place, any place where they might procure shelter if only for the night that was fast approaching. Hal had grown strangely white and silent, and Ben's heart gave a great throb of fear when he stopped, clutched his arm, and inquired faintly: "What did that boy mean this morning when he spoke of the attitude?"

"Altitude; why?"  
 "Because I guess I've got it; whatever it is," returned Hal; "My head feels so queer, and the sidewalk keeps waving up and down and wobbling so." Ben looked searchingly into the child's face, then he said hurriedly: "See here, Hal, I'm going to run into this restaurant and get you some oranges. You sit down on the edge of the walk and rest while I'm gone."

Hal obeyed, sitting down as suddenly as though his legs had collapsed under him and Ben dashed away. The restaurant was crowded and, in spite of his patience, he was obliged to wait some minutes. While waiting he observed that a crowd was collecting and gazing with interest at some object upon the walk that he could not see. He heard the words "Police" and "Calaboose," and two women who were passing hurried their steps as if to escape some unpleasant sight, while one of them remarked, "Where else in the world would you see a thing like that, such depravity? A child lying in the open street in a beastly state of intoxication!"

So utterly foreign to Ben's experience was such a spectacle that it never occurred to him to connect the words with his brother until, with his purchases safely bestowed in a paper bag under his arm, he came out upon the walk again and made his way through the crowd to the spot where he had left his brother. Hal was nowhere in sight.

Ben, with a face the color of white ashes, stood for a moment absolutely bereft of speech gazing at the spot where he had left Hal sitting. Then again, the same voice that he had heard at his elbow in the morning, remarked: "The kid fainted; I wonder that he held out as long as he did. He's wore off nigh six inches at the lower end, trampin' so much. When you went into that hash shop he tumbled down all in a heap and Max, the billy goat policeman that ain't got sand enough to run in anything but settin' hens and babies, he comes bustlin' up, 'Drunk on the street,' says he, and folks began to stop and to

laugh; it was kind of a joke to see such a little feller drunk—and the billy goat, to show off, he says, 'I'll call up the patrol wagon 'n' give you a taste of the calaboose to top off on', says 'e, though there ain't no law in Lame Water against bein' drunk, and he knew it, or he would a' known it if the kid had been a man—"

"Do you mean to tell me—to tell me that they—have taken—taken Hal to jail?" gasped Ben, letting his bundles drop unheeded.

"No," cried the lad, diving nimbly to the rescue of the imperilled commissary stores—which he presently restored to their owner—"here, just hang on to these things 'cause you're goin' to need 'em. The Kid's safe and I'm goin' to tell you about it in my own way or not at all." "Go on," muttered Ben hoarsely.

"Well, Max happened to catch sight o' me—I'm one of the oldest inhabitants—same's they always have back east at the old settlers reunions—and everybody knows me, so Max says—"

"Say," the youth broke off suddenly, "I haven't told you my name, have I, Ben Royal?"

"No," cried Ben staring at him in amazement, "and I haven't told you

on the seat and driving away before you could hardly tell what had happened. The folks lookin' on laughed at that, too; they see that the joke was on Max. "There goes Joe, now! That's him just turnin' the corner, see?"

Ben caught a vanishing glimpse, far down the street, of a rattling old express wagon, a yellow horse, and a shambling figure with its back toward him. The shambling figure held the lines, and the yellow horse was making good speed. Uncertain whether the boy at his side was telling the truth or merely guying him—for brief as his experience of a mining camp had been, he had already grown suspicious.—Ben left the sidewalk and breaking into a run soon overtook the wagon. Before he reached it, however, he saw that Hal's slim little body was lying inert in the box. When the rattling wheels bounced over a stone or an aggressive bump in the roadway the little head with its crown of loosely curling dark hair, was bumped unmercifully, or the helpless figure slid from end to end of the wagon box as the exigencies of the road grade willed; otherwise Hal laid perfectly quiet. Ben drew up beside the wagon and laying one

The horse stopped as he spoke and Ben, letting go of Hal's collar, stared open-mouthed at the curious architectural freak, crouching abjectly under the friendly shadow of an immense pine, that Rob, with a condescending wave of the hand, designated as the "ranch house." The forlorn little home was constructed of bits of railroad ties, odd posts, sheets of tin that had been obtained by melting the solder from tin cans, squares of burlap, even big pieces of pine bark, went to the making up of its sides; and the really serviceable roof was made of pieces of tent canvas, sewed together, evidently by hands more willing than skillful. Uncouth as the place was in outward appearance, Ben was presently surprised to find that everything within was scrupulously neat and clean. The two bunks, one on either side of the tiny cook stove, were neatly made and the tin cups and plates constituting the table equipment, were so highly polished that they shone again.

"Looks fine here, don't it?" said Rob, pausing in the doorway as Ben and Hal entered to survey the small interior with a look of pride. "I keep house for the firm, and I'm a fair housekeeper I can tell you



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" DEMANDED BEN.

mine, either, though you seem to know it."

"Oh, yours! Why, you've been advertising it to Lame Water all day long. Ain't you carried that valise with that big card that has your name and address—I wonder you didn't put down your age, too—up and down and around from sunrise to sunset. My name is Rob—Robert McDonald." In spite of his mocking air he spoke the name as he might if it had been one to respect, and Ben instantly—and mistakenly—jumped to the conclusion that he was telling a falsehood—

"Well, as I was sayin' Max caught sight of me and says, 'Rob, you young rascal, step into Smith's drug store and telephone to the station for a patrol wagon. Give 'em the street and my number.' 'I stubbed my toe a spell ago and I can't hardly walk,' says I, limping. Max glared at me and then he shot across the street to send the message himself, and just then I see Cheyenne Joe and the buckskin a comin' round the corner. Joe and I worked in the same mine and sometimes he drives Mayblossom and the wagon over and leaves the outfit in a shed near the mine until we get through. I knew he had the outfit on hand to-day, but I walked home on purpose to look for you—lucky I did—I whistled a lar of the tune that Joe and I know—I'll sing it for you some day—and Joe comes rattling up. 'Haul up close to the walk, Joe,' I says, 'here's a bit of freight for you; a tired kid that old Max is wantin' to run in—two dollars for every drunk, you know.—' Cheyenne Joe knows, you can bank on that—let's take him down to the ranch an' give him a boost. 'All right; whatever you say goes,' says Joe, and he jumps out, catches up the kid—Hal, did you call him?—He was beginning to come to and stare around like he didn't know which way to look for Sunday—dumps him into the bottom of the wagon box and was back

hand on the driver's seat, while he ran to keep pace with him, demanded: "Where are you going?" For answer, Cheyenne Joe, who was a rough-looking man of middle age, glanced down at Rob, who had also lain a hand upon the other side of the seat, and made the superfluous announcement: "He wants to know where we are goin'!"

"It's all right, Joe, they've just come. They don't know yet what a credit we are to this camp." Cheyenne Joe brought his horse down to a walk. "You might as well get in," he said but without looking at Ben. His interest seemed rather to be centered in the valise that the latter still carried with panting difficulty; and mindful of the fact that Rob had already commented with disagreeable freedom on the advertisement that was being given to his name, Ben turned the valise so that the card no longer showed. Vague thoughts of kidnapers, of being imprisoned and forced to labor in the darkness of some deep mine, far from the blessed sunlight, of being forced to bear the odium of some criminal act for which his unsought companions were responsible, floated through Ben's tired brain as the yellow horse sped onward. They were leaving the straggling city streets and entering upon a region of stubby pine trees, rocks and yellow sand, when Ben, suddenly deciding that, whatever happened, their place was not with this odd outfit, laid his hand upon Hal's shoulder and shook him urgently: "Rouse up; we are going to get out," he said. The little fellow was still so dazed and bewildered that he was forced to speak loudly to arouse his attention, regardless of the fact that in so doing he also aroused the attention of those from whom he had just decided that it was desirable to escape. Rob caught the words and beamed down on him approvingly.

"That's right! Get a cinch on the kid and get him out! Here we are at the ranch."

that, if I didn't get her swept up very good this morning." The cabin floor was of the natural earth, and directly under the stove, the soil was loose; it had an untidy look. Rob caught up a broom and smoothed the place over deftly. He even stamped the soil down, casting a furtive glance at Ben as he did so, and the latter wondered at, and liked him for, his exceeding neatness.

Cheyenne Joe, who had remained outside to care for the horse, came in soon and seated himself silently on one of the bunks; and, with his brooding eyes fixed upon the handful of fire that gleamed redly through the grate of the tiny stove, was apparently oblivious of all else. He replied readily, even gently, when Rob spoke to him as he did now and then, and it was curious to note that the youth's manner conveyed a suggestion as of an odd sort of tenderness.

The two homeless and weary boys were given a good supper and hospitably urged to stay all night; in the warmth of their sorely needed kindness Ben's suspicious melted away, and he gladly consented to remain; especially as Hal, who had taken a child's sudden and unaccountable liking to the silent Cheyenne Joe, declared definitely that he should stay if Ben didn't.

The ride out to the ranch had seemed to Ben in his distress very long but morning showed that they were yet well within the straggling outskirts of Lame Water. Cheyenne Joe and Rob were astir early in order to be ready for their day's work at the mine—the Golden Hope—but Rob still lingered after Joe had shouldered his pick and vanished down the street, to give the strangers some essential points in regard to lodging hunting. "Lame Water is full and boiling over," he explained, "but you go to the places I told you of, and I reckon they'll take you in; if they don't we must make arrangements for you out here someway." Ben shuddered in spite of himself.

"I don't see how you can bear it out here," he said.

Rob's keen eyes opened in genuine surprise. "Why not? If any one is to stay in Lame Water at all, this is the best part of the camp; the ranch house ain't a palace, but it's clean, and that's more than you can say of most of the resorts uptown, and there ain't so many, nor such loud smells as you'll run against up there."

"But the graves!" Ben's eyes ranged up and up, over and beyond the near foothills. "Why there are miles and miles of them! Marked with nothing but shingles because the folks are too poor to pay for headstones, I suppose." Rob's glance followed Ben's pointing hand gravely. "You're a little off your base; and still, you're kind of right, too. Those pine shingles mark prospect holes and miner's locations; they spread over the hills for miles in every direction around Lame Water; they don't mark graves where there have been bodies put, but—they're kind of graves, all the same. What are you goin' to do out here, prospect?"

A week ago Ben did not know the meaning of the word "prospect" as the miner understands it, but now he replied with a diffidence born of growing insight. "I thought of trying it." "Then you'll be planting a shingle over one of them graves before long—unless you're lucky. There's them that have fool luck and them that have a mining education and the rich finds run about even between them; but it don't look as though a young fellow fresh from milking cows and running a thresher would belong to either lot, does it?" At the reference to running a thresher Ben's chin went up and his shoulders were squared defiantly. "I guess I'll make it," he said. Rob laughed. "I hope you will," he said, and as Ben and Hal started on, the softened expression that had added a winning look to his keen face gave place to one of hard defiance. The road to the Golden Hope led in a different direction to the one that Ben and Hal were taking. Rob picked up his dinner pail and started, but before the two were out of sight he stopped again to look after them. "I won't ask any questions," he muttered, "no, I won't." But there was, all at once, a blur over the scarred landscape, a wavering, as though a misty curtain had suddenly fallen between it and his vision. He dashed the back of his hand angrily across his eyes and hurried on.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Acting on the advice of his young host of the ranch house, Ben succeeded in finding a boarding place without much further trouble, but the table was so scantily supplied, the tiny windowless closet where they slept, or tried to sleep, so beset with the two varieties of vermin that, in the boasted immunity from the vigorous and cleanly mosquito, industriously do what in them lies to make the would-be sleeper's life a mal-odorous nightmare, that his respect for the ranch house and its accommodations was greatly augmented. He bore the discomfort silently for Hal's sake, and cheerfully strove to convince the latter that fleas and bed-bugs were an essential equipment of all mining camps. After paying in advance for a week's board Ben decided that he would postpone the search for a gold mine until he had a little more gold in hand as well as more knowledge of minerals. Accompanied always by Hal—who refused to be left behind—Ben began a systematic search for work, a search so long and fruitless that the two figures, the elder boy with his honest anxious face, and the slender little lad loitering wearily along beside him, came to be quite familiar even to rushing, unheeding Lame Water before the search was finally rewarded.

He had parted with his last dollar and grown haggard with haunting visions of those dreadful four-horse wagons, one of which might stop in the street some day to pick up himself and Hal; those heavily-laden wagons that, freighted with the wretched of many nationalities, made by un-frequented routes, daily trips to the county poor house, where discharging their unregarded cargo, they made haste to return for the next like installment that Lame Water was sure to have awaiting them. There were worse visions still of the long, long rows of unmarked graves that lay like gray drifts of rubbish along the length of the low adobe flat that Lame Water grudgingly spared from her auriferous surroundings for the final resting place of her fallen soldiers. It was when things had reached this pass that Ben, in the regular order of his pil-

grimage, found himself standing one morning before the door of the principal office of the Seek-no-further mine. An elderly man who had the appearance of a hurried, over-worked mechanic, was just coming out of the office as the boys approached. When his eye fell upon them he stopped, frowning.

"How did you come here and what do you want?" he asked sharply.

"I came on my feet and I want work," returned Ben, nettled.

"Where's your pass?"

"Pass?"

"That's what I said."

"Isn't this a public highway?"

"Not by a jugful; this is a private roadway to the Seek-no-further mine. How did you come to get past the guard without a permit?"

"I didn't see any guard."

The man turned, speaking to some one within the office and directly another and younger man appeared in the doorway; he looked anxiously down the long roadway over which the boys had just come and over which scores of heavy ore wagons, drawn by six and eight mule teams, were coming and going on their way from the ore dump to the smelter, and said apologetically, "These boys probably came into the road at Mike Kelley's stand; the others are all guarded, I know, but Mike is off on a spree—"

"Oh, and so the offices and dumps of the Seek-no-further are left wide open to the mercy of any toughs that happen to strike that entrance. Mr. Kelley may hunt another job. Here, put this fellow on his beat; he's hunting work, he says."

The manager, with a resentful glance at Ben, whose in-opportune arrival had betrayed his carelessness to his employer, remarked:

"He's a stranger, Mr. Stanton, and it may be—"

"He's all right," answered the great man—for the speaker was no other than the famous mining king himself—"we are all strangers, more or less, but the toughs don't go round with little sick boys hanging to their coat tails."

"Very well; just as you say, sir, certainly." After a very brief examination—directed chiefly to ascertaining his proficiency in the use of firearms—Ben was engaged at a fair salary, as one of the regular employees of the Seek-no-further, his duties being so far from onerous that, to the casual observer, they appeared to consist mainly in sitting on a rock at the intersection of a street with the private roadway of the mine. But the office was not exactly a sinecure. Twenty, thirty, fifty times a day, his challenging call, "Who goes there?" rang out as pedestrians or horsemen, instead of simply following the street as it crossed the road, turned, either in the direction of the mine at one end or the smelter at the other. No one was allowed to traverse the route over which the precious ores were hauled unless he could show good cause for being there.

For the first week or two, Ben felt it extremely irksome to be thus calling the unwary stranger or the speculative miner to account, but that feeling wore off, and he would have been well content, secure in the knowledge that, let him search as he might, he was quite beyond Squire Page's reach—but for one thing. He could not forget that even busy, pre-occupied Mr. Stanton had referred to Hal as "a little sick boy;" and let his aching heart struggle against the admission as it might, the conviction slowly grew upon him as the weeks passed, that the mining king was right. His wages now enabled him to procure board at a better, or at least, a cleaner place; and in spite of Hal's protest, he eagerly purchased any little luxury that he fancied might tempt the boy's failing appetite. It distressed him to see how little the child ate, while he himself, as is the not unusual experience of a newcomer in a mountain country, seemed to be always hungry. Hal himself disclaimed any feeling of illness, though he often elected to remain in their room at the hotel rather than accompany Ben to the mine as had been his wont. He gave as a reason for so doing, the irrefragable answer that he was tired.

"You don't feel sick, do you?" Ben asked for the second time one morning when, rising from his untasted breakfast, Hal had climbed slowly upstairs to their room and thrown himself upon the bed.

"No, I don't; I wish you wouldn't keep asking that; you've asked it more'n two hundred times," the child replied irritably. "I'm just as well as anybody, only maybe the altitude tells on me, like Rob said. Where is Rob?"

"He and old Joe are off again on a prospecting tour."

"I thought they were working in the Golden Hope."

"They are, usually, but I heard one of the men at the mine saying that old Joe—everybody knows him—was run in again for drunkenness a day or two ago; and when he gets into such a scrape as that, Rob pays his fine and takes him off into the hills for awhile to sober up."

"That's good in Rob, but I don't believe that Joe was drunk, ever. He told me himself that he never drank anything but that tonic stuff that he has, and he has to take that for his health; I call it pretty mean to run a man in for taking medicine."

Ben saw his opportunity and improved it. "Maybe you'd like some medicine; I'll have a doctor come and see you if you would."

"I don't want any; I'll ask Joe for some of his tonic when I see him."

Ben was silent; finally he said, "Joe is an awful rough man, Hal."

"Is he? Why, I like him, Ben, I don't know of any one, except you and Aunt Lucinda that I like so well; you know I've been around to the ranch some days when you were at the mine and Joe was there, and I tell you, he's a good man, he is. You ought to hear him tell stories and sing. He can sing as good as Aunt Lucinda, and, say Ben, ain't it funny that he knows the same songs that she does; the last time I was there he sang that one about,

"Oh green is that far country; and fair it's wild flowers blow,

The Kalmia, the lilies, that with the seasons go,

But we beneath the pine trees no more shall dream,

Where the bending alder blossoms dip their tassels in the stream."

Hal crooned the words but he stopped suddenly, throwing his arms over his face; his wasted little figure was shaken with tearless sobs. Ben looked down at him, his heart swelling with remorseful pity. Why had he been so selfishly blind as to bring this frail little fellow away from home and friends into such a place as this. Still, having done so, they must both abide by the consequences. "I must go now, Hal," he said, "but if you'd like to see Joe or Rob, I'll look around and if they are in town I'll send them up."

"All right, I'd like to see them."

"I'll be sure to find them; what shall I bring you to-night, some peaches?"

"No, I don't want anything; you are always wanting to get things for me, Ben. I wish you'd send some money to Aunt Lucinda instead. I bet you she'd like a new dress, or a bunnet; I heard her say once that she'd buy a bunnet if her sheep did well, and the sheep, it died that very week."

"I'll see about it," Ben assured him, glad for the moment that Hal's face was still hidden, such a pang wrenched his heart—not for the first time,—at the thought of Aunt Lucinda, deserted in her poverty stricken age.

When he came from work that evening Rob was with him. As they entered the ill-lighted, unventilated little room where they found Hal lying dressed on the outside of the untidy, unmade bed, Rob surveyed the scene with scowling disapproval. "What you been doing to yourself," he asked, as Hal stretched out a thin hand in cordial greeting. "Why, you're a living shadow; one of them new X rays that they tell about, that they make pictures of things inside of folks with, wouldn't have anything to work on with you; they'd think they had struck a spook."

Hal had caught a new cord and he now introduced it bravely. "I'm a getting acclimated," he said, "Lots of folks get kind o' run down before they get acclimated; a man said so yesterday; how's Joe?" "Joe's all right; he went home a different road from the one I took or I'd a had him come in and see you."

"I guess, maybe, I'd like some of his tonic; he's so big and red. I s'pose it's the tonic that makes him so, aint it?"

"Yes, I reckon 'tis, but you don't need no tonic; I know what you need."

"Do you?" inquired Hal hopefully.

"What is it?"

"You want to come out and stay at the ranch with Joe and me; you can keep house there while Joe and I are at work."

"I'd like to come; I'm tired," Hal said wistfully, then he looked up at Rob with trembling lips, his self-control fast deserting him.

"Are there any bad dreams out there?" he asked anxiously, "this room is full of them; they come and stand 'round the

bed and point their fingers at me and laugh, when Ben is asleep and don't know—and—and—some of them—he hid his face on the pillow unable to proceed while Rob said cheerfully, "Never mind; I know all about it; I had such visitors once."

"Did you?" Hal's tear stained face emerged from the pillow and he regarded their visitor with new interest. "Did they trouble you any nights?" he asked.

"Why, yes, they did; as long as the fever lasted. They were pretty bad—'cause—well, old Joe knows. I hadn't been here long and I didn't have any money or anything to eat, and no place to sleep, and I got all run down, until finally one day I slumped down in the street right in front of old Joe's horse. Joe wasn't d— he hadn't taken no tonic that day, so he just bundled me into his wagon and brought me out to his lot. The lot hadn't no house on it then—him and me built that house after I got around again—but he rigged up some blankets under that big pine, making a kind of shelter, and took care of me, all alone, day and night for three weeks. I was a stranger and he took me in, as far as he could, you see, he hadn't no house then—but—he's a white man, Joe is," Rob concluded rather abruptly.

"Yes; but about your dreams," Hal insisted. "Did they come nights—say—Rob, come closer, I want to whisper." Rob leaned over the pillow and Hal whispered anxiously, "Did they come and stand by the window and point out toward that adobe flat where the graves are, and say, 'There's your bed, there's your bed?'"

"Not exactly," Rob said slowly, "not exactly, Hal." By the insufficient light of the smoky lamp that Ben had lit, he studied the child attentively for a moment, then he turned to Ben. "See here," he said, "I'm going out to the ranch to get Mayblossom and the wagon. We'll take Hal out there to-night. You dress him up warm while I'm gone, and then you can run out and buy a couple of extra blankets, for we aint got much extra bedding at the ranch; then you'd better leave directions somewhere for a doctor to follow us out."

Ben's eyes glistened, "You're awful good, Rob; it's putting you to lots of trouble—"

"Funerals are more trouble," muttered Rob. "What do you say, Hal, shall we go out to-night?"

Hal's heavy eyes sparkled faintly; he sat up on the bed and reached for the coat that hung on its foot. "If you'll wait until I get my coat on, I guess I can walk out with you," he said.

Rob grinned approvingly. "You're a little buster, Hal, but I'll go out and get the wagon."

(To be continued.)

#### A CUCUMBER POSTSCRIPT.

The youth with more vivacity than prudence doesn't have a very good time in Russia. Letters are under government inspection there; it is dangerous to write one whose meaning is not clear. Some years ago a collegian had an experience which recalls that of Mr. Pickwick when he unwarily wrote the fateful message concerning chops and tomato sauce.

The student was writing to one of his chums temporarily absent from the university, and by way of postscript added, "We are now in the height of the cucumber season." The letter was posted, and nothing more thought about it.

But the argus-eyed letter opener and censor in the imperial post-office, saw mysterious political allusions in the cucumber postscript, and communicated with the Department of the Interior. A grave conspiracy was evidently hatching, and no time was to be lost. The young student was arrested and judicially examined. What did the mysterious phrase mean? In vain the unfortunate young man protested that it had no hidden meaning. Then why had he written it?

Well, he had been eating cucumbers just before writing the letter, and wanted to add something after he had signed it, and, boy-like, the thought of the cucumber occurred to him. But this explanation from the innocent youth did not satisfy the police; it was clear to them that he was a conspirator; and after being kept for a time under police supervision, he was sent back to his home, with instructions that he was to be sent to some other university. Thus sometimes from such materials is anarchy made in despotic lands.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**

Edited by UNK L. GRAMMA

**A FEW MORE HINTS ON DEVELOPING AND DEVELOPERS.**

Last week we deliberated on the merits of a certain pyro formula, yet we do not wish to carry the idea to our readers that that is the only developer, because there are many others just as good if they were only thoroughly understood; this is evidenced by the good work done with other formulas.

The one great objection found with all pyro formulas, is the staining of the fingers; yet this can be overcome in a great measure. If the fingers are stained after developing with pyro, wash them in a strong solution of oxalic acid, but be careful not to carry any of the acid to the mouth, as it is a deadly poison.

Of the other developing agents, probably the combination of metol and Hydroquinone is used most extensively, firstly because it is most easily handled, and secondly because it leaves no stain; it can be kept in a single solution, and is the nearest approach in the resulting negative, to pyro quality. There is a diversity of opinion as to the proportions of each of the agents in a given formula; some authorities claim that they should be equal, whilst others differ widely from this idea. Be that as it may, the best workers to-day use them in the proportion of about one part metol to four parts of Hydroquinone.

The following formula I have found to give excellent results:—

One solution.

Water	16 oz.
Metol	30 grs.
Sulphite of Soda	2 oz.
Hydroquinone	120 grs.
Carbonate of Soda	3 oz.
Bromide of Potass	10 grs.

To develop use one ounce of the concentrated solution to 3 ounces of water. The quantity of water may be varied according to the exposure, temperature and density of negative wanted. All who have had any experience with metol, know full well that it is a very energetic developer, and requires a restraining agent, the part which is played by the bromide of potash; on the other hand, Hydroquinone is a very contrasty developer and with the combination of the two we strike a happy medium.

If a very contrasty developer be desired or one for over-exposed plates, the following formula will be found advantageous:—

Solution No. 1.

Sulphite of soda, crystals	3 oz.
Hydroquinone	1/2 oz.
Bromide of Potassium	1/4 oz.
Distilled or ice water	25 oz.

Solution No. 2.

Carbonate of Soda, crystals	6 oz.
Water	25 oz.

For use take special parts of each solution. This developer is excellent for pen drawings, engravings, charts, etc.

Another good Hydroquinone formula, and one which I have used with good results on all classes of positives, is the following:—

Water	20 oz.
Sulphite of Soda	400 grs.
Hydroquinone	100 grs.
Carbonate of Potassium	300 grs.

This gives beautiful black and white effects.

Eikonogen in itself is a very soft developer, but when combined with Hydroquinone, gives very pleasing results. Many plate manufacturers give formulas for this agent, and I have found this one very good.

No. 1.

Water	10 oz.
Eikonogen	1/4 oz.
Hydroquinone	1/4 oz.
Sulphite of Soda crystals	1 oz.

No. 2.

Water	10 oz.
Carbonate of Potass	1 oz.

For use take 3 ounces of No. 1 to one ounce of No. 2. To restrain add a few drops of a ten per cent solution of bromide of potassium.

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**CORRESPONDENCE**

WILLIAM ACKLEY, DENVER, COL.:—Ten years ago (and those are the most recent reliable statistics we have at hand yet,) the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain published the following estimate of the population of the earth, according to continents, by the well-known geographer and statistician, Ernest George Ravenstein:

Continental Divisions	Area in Square Miles	Inhabitants
Africa	11,514,000	127,000,000
America, N.	6,446,000	89,250,000
America, S.	6,837,000	36,420,000
Asia	14,710,000	850,000,000
Australasia	3,288,000	4,730,000
Europe	3,555,000	380,200,000
Polar regions	4,888,800	300,000
Totals	51,238,800	1,487,900,000

FRANK PEABODY, DETROIT, MICH.:—(1) There cannot be a Vice-president elected until the next Presidential election, the two offices being voted for at the same time.

(2) In case of his death, removal, resignation, or disability, the Presidential succession would pass to the Secretary of State, then to the Secretary of the Treasury, then successively to the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary of Agriculture.

GEORGE RITER, ST. LOUIS, MO.:—I would advise you to select a business or profession to which you feel yourself most adapted, and in the pursuit of which you will experience the most delight. The boy who takes up work in which he cannot find interest, will never make a success of it.

ALBERT AINSLOW, Cincinnati, Ohio.:—It is impossible for me to say whether or not you can make story-writing pay. Few authors succeed. I would try it in my leisure time as a pleasant occupation, and you will soon tell if publishers want your writing or not.

GRACE CARLING, MILWAUKEE, WIS.:—I do not know which is the greatest accomplishment for girls. Music is always delightful and popular. Almost every girl has an ear for music, but not all the sensitive touch or sight to make good artists.

ETHEL GREENWOOD, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.:—Physicians all agree that gymnastics are beneficial to girls, and in fact all outdoor games which are not rough, or indulged in to excess.

**OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.**

When the English tongue we speak  
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?  
Will you tell me why 's not true  
We say "sew," but likewise "few";  
And the maker of a verse  
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?  
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"?  
"Cord" is different from "word";  
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;  
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."  
"Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";  
And of "goose"—and yet of "chose."  
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and  
"bomb";  
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and  
"some."  
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"  
"Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?  
We have "blood" and "food" and  
"good";  
"Mould" is not pronounced like  
"could."  
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and  
"lone"?  
Is there any reason known?  
And, in short, it seems to me  
Sounds and letters disagree.

**NUTS TO CRACK.**

Conducted by HYPOTANUSE.

**I. ENIGMATICAL PUZZLE.**

My first is in tree but not in sprout,  
My second in drink but not in spout.  
My third is in pure but not in clean,  
My fourth in care but not in mean.  
My fifth is in aim but not in design,  
My sixth in meat but not in dine.  
My seventh's in bitter but not in sweet,  
My eighth in welcome but not in greet.  
My ninth is in nut but not in shell,  
My whole will help you in the world to do well.

**II. SQUARE WORDS.**

1. Posterior appendage.
2. 160 square rods.
3. A metal.
4. A season of fasting.

1. Consumes.
2. Pain.
3. At that time.
4. Dispatched.

**III. BEHEADED RIDDLES.**

(1) Behead to sell, and leave the object. (2) Behead a fruit, and leave an article of kitchen furniture. (3) Behead a conveyance, and leave water. (4) Behead part of a house, and leave the whole. (5) Behead a useful mechanical article, and leave to fasten.

**HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE.**

Half the zeal and pluck of the poor Hoosier boy, of whom we have read in stories of "Some Western Schoolmasters," would make many an idle rich student somebody instead of nobody. While the good Presbyterian minister was teaching in a small village in Illinois, he was awakened one winter morning by a poor bound boy, who had ridden a farm-horse many miles to get the "master" to show him how to "do a sum" that had puzzled him.

The fellow was trying to educate himself, but was required to be back at home in time to begin his day's work as usual. The good master, chafing his hands to keep them warm, sat down by the boy and expounded the "sum" to him so that he understood it.

Then the poor boy straightened himself up, and thrusting his hand into the pocket of his blue jean trousers, pulled out a quarter of a dollar, explaining, with a blush, that it was all he could pay, for it was all he had.

Of course the master made him put it back, and told him to come whenever he wanted any help. Mr. Eggleston says that he well remembers the huskiness of the minister's voice when he told the regular pupils about it in school that morning.

**WHY INDIANS PAINT.**

The question why Indians paint their faces so hideously has long puzzled people interested in the habits of the aborigines. The other night the question came up at a club in St. Paul, says a St. Paul telegram.

A former Indian agent said that he had heard but one legend bearing on the point.

"I was sitting at a campfire one night," said he, "in a village of Jacarilla Apaches listening to the stories and legends that were being told when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians.

"To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude, grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry.

"After walking all day he saw a deer, and shot at it; but the arrow was turned aside, and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life.

"He was almost exhausted, and, when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear—who you know, is the grandmother of men—to save him.

"The big bear heard the call, and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly; so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you must know that no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man, he smelled the blood and turned away; but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the blood-smearred face.

"When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face, and never washed it at all, but left it until it passed off.

"Where the paws of the lion scraped it off, there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighted. Now all men paint their faces that way with blood, and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

**WHAT WE PASS THROUGH.**

You often hear of men and women in advanced years speaking of what they have passed through, what might have happened if only for certain events occurring, and how different they would live if they had their time over again. The opportunities for every boy and girl to work out their destiny so that they can get the most happiness distributed than we are apt to consider. I doubt very much if the pleasures of a prince—legitimate pleasures are any greater than a shoe-black's; or those of the millionaire's son than the waif's whose earliest years are spent in a Home for the Friendless. The prince in fine purple robes, so to speak, is feted and pampered from the very first moment he breathes the breath of life; he is fawned upon and flattered all through his career, applauded by the people whenever he shows his face on the street, watched and guarded every step he takes, and has practically little liberty. He no more relishes the fine dishes spread before him than the humble lad his plate of porridge, and he is bored to death by all manner of entertainments intended for his pleasure. Better far the humble citizen living in contentment, enjoying the simple pleasures which his means can afford, and struggling onward and upward to higher and better conditions, than to be born with every luxury at one's command, with no possibility of reaching higher!

A well-known millionaire stated once that he was not only in daily dread of being murdered for his money, but that he had actually never thoroughly enjoyed a meal within his recollection—that he had tried every form of amusement to draw his mind away from care without finding the satisfaction he craved for, and knew not where to turn to save himself from ennui. It is doubtful if the maimed and deformed have not pleasures within their daily reach superior to these.

Thus to every boy and girl should come the thought when envying the rich and mighty that the opportunities of being truly rich—that is happy—are quite as much within the reach of the poorest as those born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths, and that the poor boy who rises to fame and fortune is in every sense greater than he who is born great. And no matter how the youth may stumble by the wayside, it should be his great aim so to live that as years roll on, his mind shall not be made unhappy by useless regrets as to what might have been, or so as to cause him to say—  
"How different I would have lived if I had my time over again!"

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A TINY ACROBAT.

It is on record that a tiny animal, which is common in English ponds, where it is found attached to duckweed, can perform the very acrobatic feat of turning itself inside out.

The animal is merely a cylindrical stomach with a mouth at the top, surrounded by a number of long tentacles, from which its name of Hydra has arisen.

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SMALL JOKES.

"The new star in Perseus is traveling at the rate of 50,000 miles a second." "Great Saturn! Say, wouldn't there be fun to burn if they could hitch the 'Dipper' to its tail?"

"There is work," said the high-browed youth, "which, even though it may not bring me wealth, will bring me fame." "Again the folly of youth?" sneered the cynic philosopher.

"Johnnie—What makes you think that electricity was in use before the flood?" Jackson—Why, didn't Noah have ark lights?

"The average woman's idea of being well dressed is to have other women wonder how she can afford it."

"Johnnie," said his mother, threateningly, to the incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip you when he comes home tonight." "Please don't mamma," replied Johnnie penitently, "paw is allus so tired when he comes home."

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Crawford 2371

# YOUTH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS - AND - GIRLS

MARCH, 1902.  
Vol. I. No. XXXVII.

## Having His Own Way.

By  
Charles Kingsley

Author of  
"A Southern Cadet,"  
and other serials.

COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.



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# Having His Own Way

BY

## CHARLES KINGSLEY

Author Of "A Southern Cadet"

### CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH FRANK GREENE IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER.

"I tell you, boys, this town is too slow for me," exclaimed Frank Greene, a well-dressed, bright-looking youth about sixteen years of age, addressing a number of his companions who were standing in front of the Painesville postoffice, with bats and balls in their hands. The boys were endeavoring to persuade Frank to join them in a game of baseball, but with ill-success. For some reason Frank refused to play.

"Too slow for him!" murmured Jim Dempsey. "What's come over him all at once?"

"I say, Frank this Danesville nine will be hard to beat," put in Will Thatcher. "If you don't help us out now we've brought 'em all this way, it will be too bad. You surely won't go back on the Invincibles."

Frank laughed. "I'm thinking you're a poor lot of Invincibles," he returned. "I've resigned from the club," and thrusting his hands in his pockets, with a toss of his head, he turned on his heels and walked away.

As Frank moved away from his companions, who felt much hurt by his superior airs, Ben Harvey shouted after him—"Too slow for you, is it? Well, it may be a pretty slow 'burg,' but it suited you well enough until you began to read those blood-and-thunder stories. I tell you, Frank, I wouldn't be seen with one of them in my possession."

"Well, what may suit you wouldn't suit me," exclaimed Frank hotly. "I will advise you, Ben Harvey, to attend to your own affairs, and I'll attend to mine."

After leaving the boys thus abruptly, Frank walked towards the Eagle Hotel, where a few minutes later he could be seen selecting a seat on the verandah, and where he was not likely to be disturbed. Having fixed himself in a comfortable position, he extracted from his hip pocket a volume entitled "Deadwood Dick," and, as he perused the dare-devil adventures of this supposedly notorious bandit, his face lit up with unnatural excitement.

Frank's recreations had hitherto been of a very healthy nature, and both at home and at school he had been encouraged in manly outdoor sports. He was the champion pitcher of the baseball nine, the full-back on the football team, a splendid sprinter in a hundred yards' dash, and, in a word, an all-round good

athlete for a boy of his years. He had always been a general favorite with his companions, ready to defend the weak against all forms of bullying, and generous with his pocket money, of which he was always well supplied. He was the only surviving son of a widowed mother, who had brought him up with extreme care, and taught him every moral precept that should be instilled into the minds of the young; yet he was what is often termed "a spoilt child."

Mrs. Greene, Frank's mother, was generally considered to be the wealthiest person in the village and lived in one of the most elegant mansions in these parts. Frank was the joy and pride of her widowhood, and nothing that money could procure was ever denied him. She not only owned a magnificent residence, but was the principle stockholder in the bank, besides being reputed to have immense holdings in government bonds and real estate. Her great affection made her a little over-indulgent towards Frank. His pockets were always loaded down with small change, which he had hitherto spent right royally with his companions. He was, therefore, not a selfish boy, though he shared his good fortune in a patronizing sort of fashion as though he were fully aware that he was the son of a wealthy woman.

Of late Frank had somewhat rebelled at his mother's anxious questions as to where and how he passed the time away. He fancied it was about time he had his own way in these matters, and should be held accountable for his actions to nobody. He had complained a number of times to his companions that he was tired of being tied to his mother's apron strings. The boy was anxious to get away from Painesville, where he would be at liberty to do as he pleased and see something of the world.

"It's about time I had my own way," he said one day, grumbling to his companions, who wondered what on earth had changed him so suddenly.

A great change had, indeed, come over Frank. Instead of taking delight in health-giving field sports, he could be seen almost every afternoon seated on the verandah of the Eagle Hotel eagerly devouring dime novels, with flaring pictures of masked desperadoes in the act of holding up trains and stage coaches in lonely, unprotected places.

From a little child Frank had been an omnivorous reader, but until the last few months his supply of reading matter had always been well selected, and no thought

had ever entered his head of purchasing these vile, intensely wicked and depraved numbers, which the publishers grace with the title of "Boys' Libraries."

It is not my intention to moralize; yet it may be stated in parenthesis that hundreds of young lives have been led on the road to ruin, and many a criminal brought to the dock for the blackest and most heinous offenses on the calendar through the perusal of this pernicious trash, which ought to be seized and destroyed immediately it is placed on the market.

During the first half hour that Frank remained this afternoon on the verandah of the hotel, where he could plainly hear the merry and boisterous shouts of his old companions, a well-dressed individual had been slyly watching him through the open window of the hotel office. At length, the stranger walked out on to the verandah, and drawing a chair up beside Frank in a nonchalant manner, said "Well, sir, what do you find so interesting in that book?"

### CHAPTER II.

FRANK MEETS MR. ROAPS OF TEXAS.

The man who thus accosted Frank was of a very striking appearance. He was tall, erect and broad-shouldered. His round and large face was sunburnt, and its expression was bold and defiant, with a slight indication of cunning beneath the smooth exterior. His upper lip was covered with a long, flowing moustache, which gave him quite a military appearance, and but for the thick lips and flat nose, he might have been mistaken for a gentleman of birth and breeding. He had registered a few days before as Richard Roaps, San Antonio, Texas; but what his business was in the little village of Painesville was a mere matter of conjecture. He was a mystery to everybody in town. The hotel proprietor treated him with the utmost deference, and the clerks gravely bowed to him. He might have been a prince in disguise, so aristocratic were his airs. Some persons thought he had once lived in these parts, and had come to Painesville to look up old relatives; but no matter! When he accosted Frank, his face was lit up with a patronizing smile. He had been very guarded in his conversation to the guests around the hotel up to this time, and it seemed strange that he should have picked out Frank Greene in whom to repose his confidences. He had spent most of the time in the bar-room, however, and was evidently addicted to strong drink, although he never seemed to be so much the worse for it as to lose his mental balance, drinking nothing but the best the house could offer.

Frank seemed a little ashamed to confess that he was reading "Deadwood Dick," but the stranger had seen the title on the front page.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Roaps. "So you are entranced with the Wild West. And well you may be, young man, for that is the country for real adventure."

"I guess I'll go there one of these days," replied Frank, resuming his reading.

Mr. Roaps said no more. He had heard of the wealthy widow, Mrs. Greene, and wondered if this lad were not her

son. Instinct seemed to tell him that he was. To satisfy himself he ambled towards the bar, called for something to drink, and in a casual way, said to the bar-tender: "Who is this young shaver sitting on the porch?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked the bartender.

"Why, that young fellow who sits reading in the corner of the verandah yonder all day long?" said Mr. Roaps, indicating with his thumb pointed over the right shoulder.

"Oh, that boy, eh?" said the bartender. "That's Mrs. Greene's son, Frank. She is one of the wealthiest women in the county, and some day that lad will be worth his millions. The old lady lives in that big mansion near the church."

Mr. Roaps smiled, but did not reply. He had now heard enough to become deeply interested in Master Frank. Again walking out on the porch, and strolling up and down for a few minutes, he resumed his seat at Frank's side once more, but at first appeared to take but little notice of him. It was not long, however, before he entered into conversation again with Frank.

"You've never been in the West, young man?" he began.

"No," replied Frank, "but I hope to go there some day."

This answer was just what Mr. Roaps anticipated. After lighting a cigar and crossing his legs, he leaned back and surveyed Frank from head to foot.

"Well," he said, "when you get ready to go West, I would like to have you pay me a visit at my ranch in Texas."

"Are you a ranch owner?" asked Frank eagerly.

"Well, yes, in a small way," replied Mr. Roaps, as he puffed large rings of smoke into the air. "I own fifteen or twenty thousand acres near San Antonio, and am heavily interested in the cattle business, which brings me north every year."

"That, I should think, is a pretty good-sized ranch," remarked Frank, opening his eyes widely and now becoming much interested in Mr. Roaps.

"Oh, it's only a small one compared with the one owned by my partner, Major Gunning," returned Mr. Roaps in the same easy manner. "His ranch has over twenty thousand heads of cattle. The Major and I are partners in the mining business. We own several rich mines in Colorado, and it is the mining business that has brought me East this time."

"Major Gunning must be very rich, sir," exclaimed Frank with astonishment.

"Oh, I guess he's worth a couple of millions," replied Mr. Roaps. "The Major was a poor boy when he went West forty years ago. I can tell you, young man, a boy of your age is foolish to remain in this humdrum, out-of-the-way place. Nothing like striking out when you're young. Go West, and grow up with the country!"

Frank became all at once pensive. Then he asked: "Are there many Indians in your section?"

"No," replied Mr. Roaps, "there are not many Indians in Texas now, but we have people there who are worse terrors than Indians. The old stage coach which passes daily through my ranch is held up

pretty regularly, and it is great sport to pursue the outlaws. If we catch 'em we generally hang 'em, but they're pretty foxy fellows and are seldom caught. Only a few weeks before the Major and I came North, we were held up by a band of masked highwaymen, and we had a hand-to-hand fight with the gang which lasted nearly a half an hour. Luckily neither of us was hurt, though we succeeded in dropping at least a half a dozen of the attacking party."

"Did this occur right on your own ranch, sir?" asked Frank, with an expression of deep concern.

"No, on my partner's ranch," replied Mr. Roaps.

"I'd like to live in Texas," said Frank at length.

"Well, why don't you get ready and come along with me?" said Roaps, rising from his chair and throwing away his cigar. "I'll take you in and give you a chance to learn the cattle business. The herding of cattle is great sport, and you will find some of the cowboys the best fellows in the land."

"When do you expect to leave Painesville?" asked Frank.

"I might leave tonight for Buffalo," replied Mr. Roaps. "I expect to meet my partner there tomorrow at the latest."

"I really should like to go with you, sir," said Frank, as Mr. Roaps moved away, "but I couldn't go tonight."

"Well," said Mr. Roaps, "I'd like to have you join me. Think it over. You can meet me in Buffalo if you like. Major Gunning and I will be there for a few days. We usually stop at the Iroquois Hotel."

Feverish with excitement, Frank thrust his book in his pocket, and, leaving the porch, started in the direction of his home. Here was a chance, it seemed to him, of gratifying a long pent-up ambition.

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN WHICH FRANK HURRIEDLY LEAVES PAINESVILLE.

Frank had almost made up his mind to tell his mother of his ambition to locate in the Wild West as a cowboy under Mr. Roaps, the wonderful adventurer and ranch owner from San Antonio, Texas, but was prevented from so doing because he found her packing up her trunks as if she were about to start on a long journey.

"I've just received a letter from my sister in New York," said Mrs. Greene, "stating that she is very sick, and I have decided to start tomorrow morning on a visit to her. While you have been away, Frank, I've transacted a good deal of business. This morning I received the money for the government bonds that were called in. They realized a little over four thousand dollars. Of this sum two thousand dollars belong to you—that is, when you come of age. It is in the safe there. Now you had better take it down to Lawyer Banks, your father's trustee, and have him deposit it in the bank, where it will draw interest along with your other legacy. Do you understand?"

Frank hesitated. Here was a golden opportunity for him to start for Texas, but he was afraid to broach the subject. "All right, mother," he replied.

"Here are twenty-five dollars for your immediate use," Mrs. Greene continued, "and when you need more, you had better go to Mr. Banks and ask him for what you want."

"Very well," replied Frank, with visions of daring adventures still crowding into his head.

"I shall be gone, perhaps, about a month," his mother went on, "and you must write to me, Frank, twice a week at least." Then she embraced her son, and the two separated to prepare for dinner; for Mrs. Greene had always been a stickler in the matter of dress, whether company was present or not.

After Frank had escorted his mother to the depot the following morning and bade her an affectionate good-bye, he repaired at once to the Eagle Hotel and found that Mr. Roaps had already started for Buffalo. The latter, however, had left a note for Frank in which he stated, that if he was still desirous of going West, he should start for Buffalo without delay. Mr. Roaps was careful to urge the necessity of Frank taking with him as much ready cash as he could scrape together. This was important. He insinuated that it was only because he had taken a great personal liking to him that he gave him such an opportunity. Frank was directed to wire at once if he had made up his mind to follow, but strange to say, the address given by Mr. Roaps was not the Iroquois Hotel, but that of a small hostelry near the depot.

Visions of ranch life again appeared before Frank, and by the time he arrived home, he had promised himself that there was nothing else for him to do but take advantage of the splendid offer made by Roaps.

He accordingly wrote and forwarded a letter to his mother, in which he complained bitterly of being kept so close at home, and informed her that he was about to start for the West, where he hoped to increase his fortune and make a hero of himself for courage and daring, such as would make her ever so proud of him when he returned to his old home.

"You know, mother," he wrote in conclusion, "though I shall miss you, I go to fulfill my life's calling. Good-bye and God bless you!"

His life's calling, dear reader? What a strange satire this seems! The brooding over this trashy, sensational and immoral literature had actually made him fancy that he was going to become a hero by imitating the desperadoes and bandits—the train-wreckers and robbers—the murderers and highwaymen! For this kind of life he was leaving a quiet, happy and beautiful home, and a kind and affectionate mother, who had no one else now in the world on whom to lean in her widowhood for consolation, and whose hopes had tenderly hung on the lad ever since his father's death!

Instead of depositing the packages of bills amounting to two thousand dollars with Mr. Banks, as his mother had directed, Frank argued that the money was his own, and therefore it would be no robbery for him to appropriate it for his own immediate use. And so it happened that, with a simple valise in his hand and two



STOKE MADE HIS APPEARANCE WITH THE APPARENTLY LIFELESS FORM OF FRANK.

thousand dollars in his pocket, Frank Greene boarded the western bound train for Buffalo that night.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FRANK MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

No sooner had Frank boarded the train than he was seized with many doubts and misgivings as to the future before him; but the prospects of the exciting adventures in store for him buoyed up his spirits to a large extent, and even the thought that he had left his home and mother in such a sudden and secret manner soon gave way to the illusions which Mr. Roaps had put into his head.

Frank selected a seat in a dark corner of the car where he would be least observed—a habit which he had contracted of late—

and continued the perusal of "Deadwood Dick" where he had left off when surprised by Mr. Roaps on the verandah of the Eagle Hotel. He now read this wild and sensational book with extra relish, fancying that he was soon going to play a prominent part in stirring scenes such as were herein described.

After about an hour had elapsed, the train stopped at a small station, when there slowly walked up the aisle a young negro, blacker than the ace of spades, his eyes furtively glancing on both sides of him as though he were trying to evade pursuit, either of some unknown enemies or the conductor of the train. Just as the train was starting off, the young negro slipped into a vacant seat on the opposite side of the aisle from which

Frank was seated, and throwing back his head, he closed his eyes and pretended to fall asleep. Frank was much amused at the strange actions of this new arrival.

In a few minutes the conductor made his appearance and, as he walked down the aisle, he glanced from seat to seat. At last, he espied the sleeping youth, and leaning over, he shook him, calling out loudly—"Tickets!"

The only answer he received was a prolonged snore, at which Frank broke into a merry laugh. The conductor again shook the young negro, and more loudly shouted—"Tickets!"

This time the young negro slowly opened his eyes like one awakened out of a sound sleep, and with a prolonged yawn, looked at the conductor in astonishment. "I want your ticket!" demanded the conductor, for the third time.

"What's dat?" asked the boy, sheepishly.

"I say I want your ticket!" cried the conductor, whose temper seemed now to be getting ruffled.

"I done give yo' ma ticket long time ago," replied the young negro, smiling and showing a splendid row of ivories.

"I don't remember it," replied the conductor. "You never gave me a ticket. Where did you come from?"

He made no reply, but at once began a vigorous search through his clothes for the supposed missing ticket. "Dat's funny whar dat little ticket's gone," he said at length. "I done had one, 'coz I give fo' bits fo' it."

"Well, you must show it, or pay your fare, or you'll have to get off at the next station," said the conductor, inwardly laughing to himself at the dusky youth's well-assumed perplexity. "Be sure and have your ticket or the money when I come back."

Frank had been an amused spectator of this little scene, and when the conductor moved away, he called the young negro to him.

"Haven't you got a ticket or any money?" he asked; at which the other showed his teeth and grinned.

"Ain't got a dog-on cent," he replied. "I'se got to git to Buffalo some ways." His face now took on a serious air.

Frank was always a generous-hearted boy, and now feeling sorry for the unfortunate plight in which his newly-formed acquaintance was placed, immediately thrust his hand in his pocket and handed the boy a two dollar bill.

"I'll pay yo' back some day," said the negro boy gratefully; but he little thought of the manner in which afterwards he was destined to cancel this debt.

About eleven o'clock the train arrived at Buffalo. Frank had already telegraphed Mr. Roaps to meet him, and on passing through the waiting-room he spied the Texan ranch-owner in conversation with a tall, thin, wiry and sunburnt individual, not very elegantly dressed, but, on the contrary, looking somewhat seedy. Frank was about to step forward and make his presence known to Mr. Roaps when the young negro boy, who had been following close behind, clutched at his arm nervously and whispered in Frank's ear: "Don't talk to dat man—he's de ver' debble hisself!"

So saying, the young negro slipped from behind Frank, and unobserved by Mr. Roaps and his companion, dodged in and out amongst the waiting throng and disappeared.

## CHAPTER V.

MR. ROAPS' TRUE CHARACTER IS HEREIN EXPOSED.

After leaving Frank on the verandah of the Eagle Hotel, Mr. Roaps repaired to his room and began to calculate as to his future movements. Roaps was one of those cool-headed, conscienceless adventurers who lived on his wits. His ranch life, as described to Frank, was all a myth—a pure coinage of the brain to tickle the adventurous spirit of the young lad, whom he was trying to fleece. He had made up his mind that Frank was an easy bird to pluck from the very moment he had seen him reading the "Deadwood Dick" series, and had been told by the bartender of the enormous wealth possessed by Mrs. Greene. Not only was he a manipulator of cards when big money was at stake, but he had followed the race track for a number of years as a means of livelihood, he being known as one of the worst blacklegs on the turf. He had no more scruples in fleecing the young lad than he would have had in robbing a church; in fact, all fish was game that fell into his net.

Mr. Roaps' stay in Painesville had not been very profitable; and, at the time when he first met Frank Greene, his finances were at a low ebb. He was compelled to leave Painesville, therefore, owing to lack of funds. No sooner had he made up his mind to leave for Buffalo, than he began to indite a letter to Frank, couched in the most glowing language—for, though a rascal, Roaps was a well-educated one—urging him to set out without further delay, and explaining in the most crafty and seemingly reasonable fashion the need of Frank carrying with him all the funds he could gather together. He explained that Frank would need one or more horses, a regular cowboy outfit, a gun and a revolver, and other incidental equipments, besides his railroad fare. Roaps, however, was not going to undertake all the risk and responsibility of carrying out his plan of plucking Frank, but had made up his mind when in Buffalo to take Major Gunning, his alleged partner, into his confidences as an accomplice, for he knew that this man was even a more expert and daring rascal than himself. The alluring pictures he drew of ranch life in the West in this letter to Frank were worthy of a really great writer of fiction, and he knew they could not fail of producing the effect desired.

On arriving at Buffalo, after so far laying his net in Painesville, he proceeded at once down lower Main street in an effort to locate Major Gunning. After hunting about the dives which infest this portion of the city, he came across this worthy in a saloon frequented by sailors. He was more or less under the influence of his favorite beverage, and looked seedy and dilapidated. Calling him on one side he at once unfurled to the Major his scheme. The Major who was ever ready to engage in any venture that promised to replenish his empty pockets, smartly clapped Roaps

on the back, and with a loud guffaw, exclaimed—"I'm with you, Dick. When do you expect the young guy?"

"You'll have to rig out at once," said Roaps, "because I've represented you as a large ranch owner in Texas, and many times a millionaire." At which the other laughed even louder than before. "I've just got one suit of clothes left," added Roaps. "It's not any too new, but Western ranch owners are often eccentric, you know, and this I can easily explain."

The two accordingly repaired to a little hotel close to the depot, and anxiously awaited the telegram which Mr. Roaps felt certain would soon arrive from Painesville. That he was not mistaken the reader well knows. On receipt of the dispatch, both these rascals clapped their knees with delight.

"We'll be in clover again," exclaimed Major Gunning, "if I know anything about it."

"Yes," replied Roaps, "but we mustn't appear too anxious, or seem to pay too much attention to the lad. You must keep on talking to me about mining stock in Colorado and the big ranch near San Antonio, Texas—Mind this ranch is situated near San Antonio!—don't forget that point."

"Suppose we have a smile on the strength of it!" said Major Gunning, with a wink, moving towards the bar.

"No, no—not now," replied Roaps, cautiously. "We must keep our heads cool until the trick is turned."

Mr. Roaps, followed closely by Major Gunning, immediately left the hotel, and together they walked towards the depot to await Frank's arrival. They had decided that there was no better place than the hotel where they were staying to carry out their plans, for not only was this place the resort of dissolute characters to a large extent, but the proprietor of the place was friendly to them, and had been mixed up in many turf transactions in which Mr. Roaps and Major Gunning had participated. Their plan was to drug and rob Frank the very night of his arrival; for both these rascals were absolutely without money.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH FRANK IS DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

As soon as the negro boy had disappeared from the depot, Frank began to wonder to himself what could have induced him to sound this note of warning, and how he could possibly have known Mr. Roaps. His first impression on arriving in Buffalo was not very reassuring, and when he approached Mr. Roaps and was introduced to Major Gunning, Frank was not a little surprised at the general appearance of this extensive ranch owner and mining king.

"O, here he is!" exclaimed Mr. Roaps to Major Gunning. "This is the young man I spoke of to you about." And turning to Frank, and heartily shaking him by the hand, he added: "Major Gunning, this is our young friend, Frank Greene, who is going home with us. I tell him that life in the West is very romantic and just the place for a boy with grit and courage."

"Pleased to meet you, Frank," said Major Gunning. "I know you will enjoy ranch life when you get used to our ways."

The three thereupon slowly wended their way towards the hotel, Major Gunning frequently dropping out hints concerning his account in the bank, the value of the stocks, and various consignments of cattle to all parts of the United States and Europe. Frank was an eager listener to all this, and in his mind grave doubts soon arose as to the genuineness of Roaps' remarkable story concerning Major Gunning who, by his dress and manners, looked anything but the man he was represented to be.

Finally, they reached the hotel and repaired to an inner room on the second floor. Here again Frank grew alarmed at sight of the low-roofed, little parlor, reeking with stale tobacco and odious liquor, with its rickety furniture and general appearance of filth and debauchery. This was not the elegant apartment in which he expected to meet the millionaire cattle owner, and the two elderly men readily noticed his disappointment.

"As we're only going to stay in Buffalo over night," said Roaps, addressing Major Gunning, "we may as well stay here. The town is full of visitors and I doubt if we could get a room at the Iroquois if we were to try. Besides we are near the depot. This is as good as the Southern Hotel at San Antonio, Texas, any way, Frank," he added, patting the lad on the shoulder, "you must begin to get used to roughing it."

"I don't care how rough it is," replied Frank, "if the beds are only clean."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Major Gunning. "You'll be in luck, my boy, to get a bed at all when you get down in Texas. Cowboys usually sleep with their boots on."

It was now past midnight and Frank, feeling tired and drowsy, asked to be shown to his room. Major Gunning also thought it was about time to retire, and accordingly he went downstairs to the barroom to fetch for himself and Mr. Roaps what he termed a night cap. He returned with two small glasses filled with whiskey, and a larger glass containing a dark-colored liquid for Frank, which the Major termed "pop." In this last-named beverage the Major had slyly dropped a certain poisonous liquid commonly known as "knock-out drops," with the ostensible purpose of putting Frank to sleep quicker and surer than Nature would have otherwise allowed.

While Frank slowly sipped the contents of his glass, Roaps sat there eyeing him sharply, and finally asked: "Have you enough money to carry you through?"

As quick as a flash, Major Gunning produced from his pocket a huge pocket-book and cunningly exclaimed: "I can advance you a few hundreds, Frank, if you need it."

Frank, who was reasonably cautious for a boy of his years, was completely thrown off his guard by this generous offer, and unwittingly replied: "No, thanks. I've got a couple of thousand."

The two men were surprised by this declaration, for neither of them anticipated that Frank would have been able to secure more than two or three hundred dollars at the most; so Roaps furtively glanced at his partner, and unobserved by Frank, who continued to drain the con-

tents of his glass, they exchanged a sly wink.

Frank shortly afterwards announced that he was ready to retire, and Major Gunning volunteered to show him his room.

"I secured accommodations for the night when I went downstairs," said Major Gunning, "and I think you had better sleep in the room at the rear. Mr. Roaps and myself have some little business to transact before going to bed." So saying he led Frank along the dingy corridor, and conducted him to a still more dingy bedroom, whose window opened out on an alley at the rear of the hotel.

Left alone in his room, Frank began to sum up the situation. He was becoming more and more convinced that he had fallen into the hands of dangerous men, and upbraided himself for leaving home. He looked out on the filthy alley, and at the disordered bed on which he was expected to lay; he was nearly stifled by the foul odor of the whole place; and when he opened the windows, it was only to have his keen senses further polluted by the stench of garbage. The bed appeared to him so filthy that he was afraid to undress. As he suddenly became very drowsy, he removed his coat and flung himself on the bed; but before he closed his eyes, he firmly resolved to rise at break of day and return to Painesville.

About a half an hour had elapsed when Major Gunning in stocking feet cautiously opened the bedroom door leading into Frank's room, and creeping to the bedside assured himself that the lad was soundly sleeping. He then began a systematic search for the two thousand dollars which Frank had alleged he carried with him. His efforts were soon rewarded; for in the inside pocket of his coat was a large pocket-book containing the money. The Major hastily opened it and glanced inside, then thoroughly satisfied that he had obtained all of Frank's wealth, he turned out the gas which the lad had left burning in his drowsy condition. Major Gunning then left the room as stealthily as he entered it.

"What's the use of my dividing with Roaps?" said the Major to himself, as he made his way on tiptoe across the corridor: "I've been his tool long enough. With two thousand dollars I can live in clover for a while, at any rate." So cogitating, he glanced at an open window at the end of the hall where the fire escape was plainly visible; and without more ado, climbed on to the ladder and slowly descended.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### FRANK HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING CREMATED.

Mr. Roaps, who had been waiting in the parlor below for Major Gunning's return, soon grew impatient. "Surely," he said to himself, "the Major's turned the trick before this. I'll go and see." So he quietly made his way up the dark and winding staircase. Arriving at the end of the hall he was completely lost as to which way to turn; so lighting a match, to obtain his bearings, he was thunderstruck at sight of the Major in the act of disappearing through the window.

In a suppressed voice, he exclaimed: "The Major's trying to 'double-cross' me."

Throwing the lighted match away he started in pursuit.

Now, it happened that the negro boy, whom Frank had befriended on the train, knowing the true character of Roaps and his partner, had crept behind these three from the moment they had left the depot. He had watched them go into the hotel and knew this inveigling of Frank boded no good to the young man. He had taken a friendly liking to Frank from the very moment the latter had so generously paid his fare to Buffalo, and in return he longed to be near Frank in order that he could warn him of the risk he was running by allowing himself to be led by these two men. He thought by remaining round the hotel he would be able to catch Frank alone, sooner or later. From the opposite side of the street he had seen the three talking in the parlor, and had also observed Frank rise with Major Gunning to retire for the night. Immediately afterwards from the alley at the rear, he had seen Frank look out of the window, and had called to him several times in order to attract his attention and, perchance, save him from what he felt sure was about to happen; but Frank was too much occupied with his own thoughts to see or hear the negro boy below. When Major Gunning reached the ground and rushed up the street at a break-neck speed, closely followed down the fire escape by Mr. Roaps, the negro felt sure that something serious had happened to Frank, and that probably he had been murdered. "Dem two rapscaillions done been up to sutthin'!" exclaimed he. "I'se goin' to follow 'em." So saying, he started in pursuit, but on arriving at the corner of the street, found that Roaps and the Major had disappeared.

Retracing his steps, he was now alarmed by great clouds of smoke issuing from the rear of the building just below where Frank was sleeping. Soon huge tongues of flame seemed to lick the walls and, fanned by the slight breeze now stirring, told the lad that in a few minutes all exit would be shut off. He immediately ran into the front entrance, and notified the clerk that the place was burning, and madly rushed out again, yelling "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice. Soon the whole neighborhood was astir, and the fire alarm being given, in the distance the noise of the fire engines hurrying to the scene could be distinctly heard.

The guests—many of them undressed—came scrambling out of the front entrance, and some of them sprang out of the windows; but the negro boy looked in vain for Frank, his benefactor. There was no time to lose. He rushed back into the alley, and looked anxiously at the window where he had seen Frank but a short time before. All was darkness.

"If dat white boy ain't dead, he'll burn alive!" exclaimed the negro. Just then his eye caught sight of the fire escape down which Roaps and Major Gunning had descended a short time before. "Done reckon I'll has to get him out maself."

With that the negro boy grasped the rail of the fire escape, and with the agility of a monkey, climbed madly through the

flames until he reached the window. Below the firemen and spectators called loudly to the boy to come down, but he paid no heed. Creeping along the hallway, now filled with dense smoke, he reached the door that led into the room in which he fancied Frank was sleeping; and he was not deceived. The door was unlocked, and, as he pushed it open, the smoke rushed in, and flames broke all over the outer windows. Making his way to the bed, he found Frank unconscious, and he was altogether unable to arouse him. Seizing him around the waist, he lifted him bodily out of the room, and rushing with his burden through the smoke and flames, once more reached the fire escape in safety. As he made his appearance on the landing with the apparently lifeless form of Frank, such a cheer from the crowd of spectators rent the air as has seldom been heard. In an instant the firemen sprang to his assistance, and the two were safely lodged on terra firma.

"I done got 'im out fo' sure," he panted, showing his ivories, which shone clearly amid the illumination. Then he fainted away from sheer exhaustion.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### IN WHICH FRANK FINDS HIMSELF IN A DILEMMA.

The crowd which had so loudly cheered the young negro hero as he safely descended with his burden through the devouring flames, groaned audibly when they saw him fall exhausted and unconscious to the ground, fearing that he was dead. Men and women surged around him muttering with bated breath that it would be a pity if he should die, others declaring that he had already expired, and others still remarking on the faithfulness of the negro race, notwithstanding all their other failings. Cries of "Give 'em air!" were soon heard from the firemen and others endeavoring to keep back the mob, which accumulated every second; and it was with great difficulty that a police officer just arrived on the scene could beat back the crowd with his baton, many curious spectators nearly falling over the prostrate forms in the general rush to see how the excitement would culminate.

Presently a man was seen hurrying from a nearby house with a bucket of water, and crying "Make way, please!" preceded a well-dressed individual whom everybody could tell, by his dress and coolness of manner, to be a doctor. Everybody made room for the latter, any member of the medical profession having the right of way on these occasions. The doctor felt of Frank's pulse first, and dashed his face with water; then he exclaimed to a bystander, "Ring up for the ambulance. This case may prove critical." He went through the same process with the negro boy, remarking—"This is merely a case of exhaustion. He is coming round already. Stand back please—give them both air!"

The negro boy on hearing the word "ambulance" gave a visible start; for the hospital to him was a kind of a prison, and he was not ready to forfeit his liberty yet.

"Don't want no ambl'nce!" he murmured presently, sitting bolt upright, and

glancing at Frank. His senses seemed to return immediately, and he realized everything at the bare mention of this word 'ambulance.'

The doctor said something to the police officer about keeping back the crowd, and dashing more water in Frank's face, moved away as soon as he saw the latter open his eyes and stare around him in bewilderment.

"Where am I? What's all this crowd want?" asked Frank, at length.

"Dey's been ringin' fo' de ambulance," replied the negro boy, plaintively. "I'se not a-gwine' to no 'ospital. Let's do a sneak."

Frank glanced at him and took in the entire situation. Slowly rising to his feet and still in a dazed condition, he grasped

opened; and when he was told of the fire, and how his dusky friend had seen Major Gunning and Roaps descend from the fire escape a few moments before the flames were seen to issue from the rear of the hotel, Frank turned suddenly pale again.

"I had two thousand dollars in my coat pocket!" he exclaimed, bitterly, staring blankly into space. "It's all gone up in smoke. I'm ruined—I'm ruined!"

"Dem two raps-cillions done got yo' money, I reckon," said the negro, pitifully.

"And then set the place on fire to murder me, eh?" cried Frank. "Do you think they robbed me and then tried to burn up the place to hide their crime?"

"Dunno—done look dat way!" replied the negro boy.

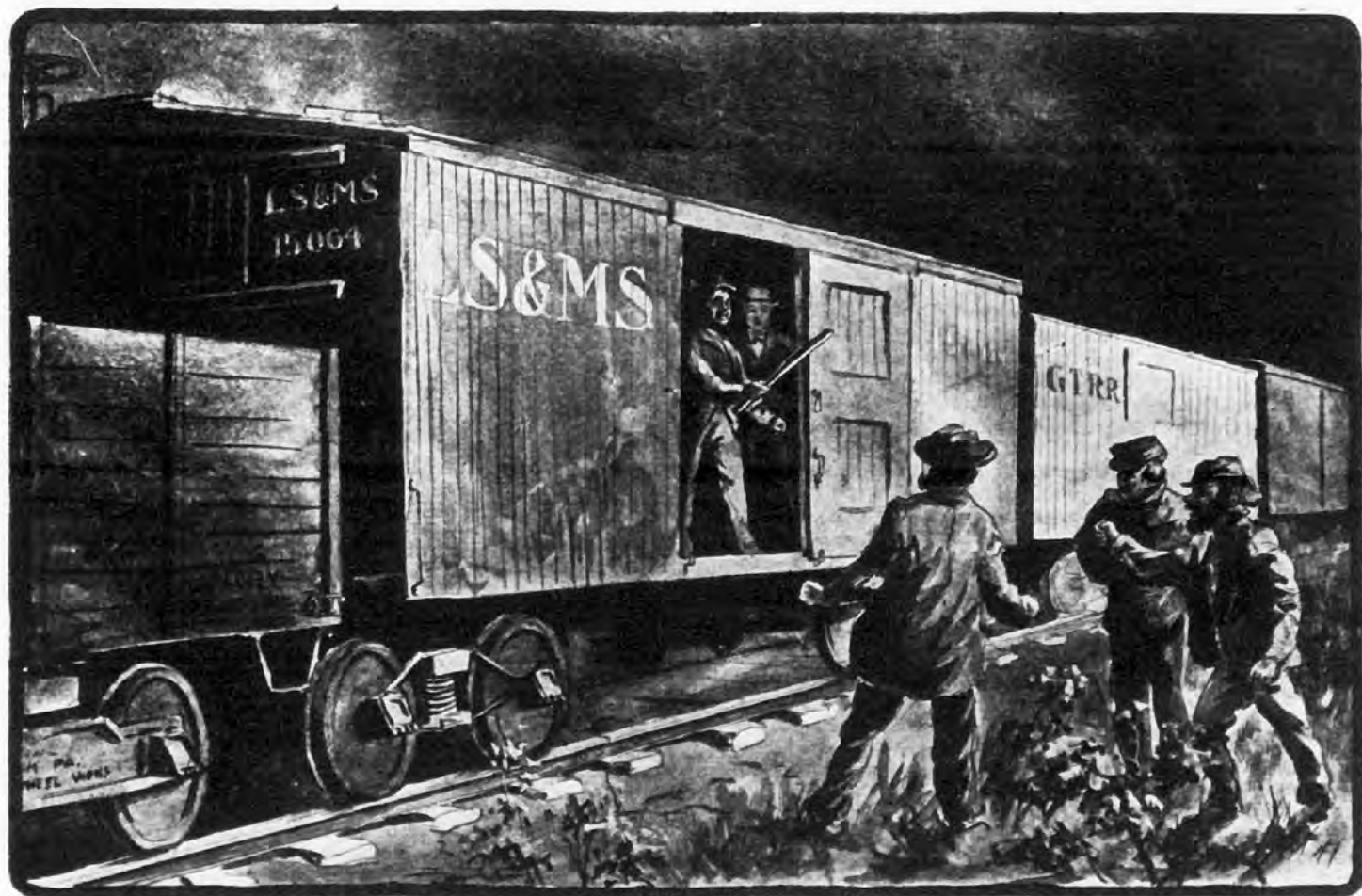
Instinctively Frank felt in his trousers'

After eating a hearty meal, Frank repaired to a clothing store and procured a coat and hat, still vowing vengeance on these spurious ranch owners and mining kings, and declaring he would shoot them at sight if ever he came face to face with them again.

"Dem fellars are nothin' but swindlers. Dey lives by robbin' other white men," said the negro boy. "De race track's where youse 'ull find t'em."

"Let's go," exclaimed Frank, excitedly. "I'll travel the continent over, but I'll come face to face with them again. Frank Greene is not fooled and robbed and left for dead, but he will have his revenge sooner or later—the sooner the better."

So the two departed for the Fort Erie race track.



"KEEP AWAY!" SHOUTED SMOKE, SWINGING HIS CLUB.

hold of the negro boy's arm, and the crowd followed them to the street. Slipping up a side alley, there was soon nobody in their wake but two or three boys in stocking feet; and when they heard the ambulance dashing towards the scene of the fire, the negro boy, still alarmed for their safety, crept into a doorway for a few minutes and there waited with Frank until they heard it slowly returning.

"We's bo'f free now," he said, with a sigh of relief, "but my! youse came near a-gwine over yonder to his place. The dobbie don't get youse yet."

It was now that Frank, coming gradually to his senses, began to realize that he was both coatless and hatless. He questioned the negro as to what had hap-

pockets, and to his great relief there found \$25, which his mother had given him before setting out for New York, less \$2 with which he had luckily bought the negro boy's ticket to Buffalo.

The two walked around until morning. Ever and anon the negro boy would glance at Frank and say he was sorry for him, wishing that it might be his pleasure to witness Roaps and Major Gunning hanged.

At length, coming to a cheap restaurant on the east side, Frank suggested they should procure something to eat. As much as he had despised the negro race in general, and disliked now to sit down with this youth "wearing the livery of the sun," he knew how much he owed to the faithful negro boy and felt grateful to him.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN WHICH FRANK AND SMOKE FIND EMPLOYMENT.

After a few inquiries the boys were directed towards the ferry, where a boat passes to and fro between Buffalo and Fort Erie, Canada. On entering the boat, the two boys seated themselves on a coil of rope in the bow. For some little time they regarded each other in silence. It suddenly occurred to Frank that he didn't even know his dusky companion's name; so, addressing the colored youth, he asked: "What's your name?"

"Everybody done calls me 'Smoke,'" replied the negro, grinning; "Done 'low dat's all de name I'se got," he added.



"Well, my name is Frank Grene," returned our hero, "and Smoke, I'm glad I met you. Otherwise I might not be alive today. I wish——" Here a big lump formed in Frank's throat, and he was unable to complete the sentence. He felt grateful to Smoke for saving his life, and it hurt him to think that he was placed in such a position as to be unable to reward the brave fellow.

After a few moments' silence, Frank again addressed Smoke. "Do you really know this man Roaps?" he asked, curiously.

"Does I know Mistah Roaps? Well, I reckon so. I done work fo' him quite a spell," the negro went on. "He owes me 'caps ob money—much as three dollars."

"What kind of work did you do for Roaps?" asked Frank, amused at Smoke's idea of a large sum of money.

"I done took care ob a couple ob ole hosses, him an' dat man Majah Gunnin' done 'lowed dey owned. The sheriff done took de hosses away from dem, so I lost ma job. Mistah Roaps done wanted me to dope another white man's hoss so he could win some money, an' 'coz I didn't do't, he beat me up so I could scarcely walk fo' weeks. Oh, I tell you he's a debble, an' youse mighty lucky in gettin' shut ob 'im."

"I would like to know if they did really steal my money, or whether it was burnt up with my coat," mused Frank.

"If dey knows youse had money, dey stole it all right. Dat Majah Gunnin' is a powerful man fo' money," replied Smoke.

By this time the boat had reached Canadian shore, and the boys landed and enquired the way to the race track. They found the latter was situated about a mile from the boat landing, so they set out on foot in that direction.

"You must have learnt lots worth knowing while traveling around the country?" said Frank.

"An' lots dat's not worf knowin'!" replied Smoke, with a grin. "I done wished I'd never knowed dat Roaps an' de Majah, coz if I'd never knowed dem rapsallions, I wouldn't be here. I'd be in ma home in Louisville."

The boys finally reached the track, and Smoke immediately led the way to a long row of stables; but after looking around for a considerable time, they decided to give up the search for Roaps and Major Gunning, who were nowhere to be seen.

Some of the horses were being exercised in the presence of their owners, trainers and interested sporting men; others were being got ready for their morning's canter, and others still were being rubbed down until their coats shone like satin. All was bustle and excitement. Here were well-dressed gentlemen hob-nobbing with jockeys and stable men. Boys were running here and there with pails of water, blankets and saddles; and to Frank all this scene was strange and novel. Smoke, however, was right in his element. While Frank was engaged in watching a horse taking his morning canter, Smoke suddenly disappeared; and when Frank again found him, he was busily engaged in bathing the legs of an animal just returned to its stable, under the watchful eye of its trainer.

"I done struck a job, Massa Frank," said Smoke, looking up, the perspiration rolling off his face in streams, and his black skin shining like polished ebony. "I done reckon youse could get a job, too, wif dis stable. Dey's gwine to ship to Cincinnati tomorrow an' want someone to go wif de horses."

With less than twenty dollars in his pocket, Frank realized the necessity of immediately securing employment, and before night, he found himself a member of the Highland Park Stable at the munificent salary of two dollars per week.

#### CHAPTER X.

SHOWS HOW MAJOR GUNNING OUTWITTED ROAPS.

It will be remembered that when Major Gunning and Roaps were last seen, the latter was in the act of chasing his comrade up the street, with the stern determination to procure a share of the money stolen from Frank. The Major was, however, not to be caught; for, being fleet on foot, after a sprinting race lasting only a few minutes, his long legs had carried him so far ahead of his pursuer that he was able to perform that feat of the school-boy, showing contempt of a rival by placing his finger to the end of his nose just as he was on the point of disappearing around the corner a full block ahead.

This last act infuriated Roaps to such an extent that, with a series of oaths, he swore vengeance then and there. All out of breath, his red face pale from exhaustion, he mopped his forehead with his hand, kerchief, and finally sat down on the curbstone, exclaiming to himself: "What did I ever take that old fool in the game for? Here I've fed him and clothed him, and the first chance he gets, he 'double-crosses' me. I ought to be kicked."

Of a sudden, seeing people rushing from all directions, he looked up with a start. "Hello! What's that? A fire! And in the direction of the hotel, too? I guess I'll investigate."

So saying, he returned by many by-ways and arrived at the scene of the fire just in time to see Smoke, amid the cheers of the crowd, carry Frank in a dazed and unconscious condition down the fire escape. He at once became alarmed for his own safety, and like a hunted hound sneaked away and hid himself in a saloon near the docks, where he remained until the following morning.

Roaps had but a few cents in his pocket, and this the more embittered him against Major Gunning. What he was going to do, he did not know. He had been such a thorough rascal that even his own kind had learnt to shun him.

After paying the saloonkeeper for his bed and breakfast, he was practically penniless. All he had left was a bull-dog revolver, which he carried to meet any emergency, and this he took to a second-hand store and sold for a few dimes. All day long he watched the old haunts of the Major, hoping to find him drunk, in which condition he knew it would be easy to relieve him of whatever money he might have. His search was fruitless. Along towards evening, wretched and disconsolate, he wandered towards the depot. When only a few blocks away from the station, his attention was attracted by someone

calling his name. Looking about him in amazement, he saw a well-drest individual in a Prince Albert coat, high hat, with moustache and beard well trimmed, and wearing gold-rimmed eye-glasses, leaning back in an open carriage, with a cigar in his mouth and a newspaper on his knee. At first Roaps did not recognize him, but when the familiar voice called out: "Good-bye, Roaps old boy!" he had no longer any doubt, and at once knew that this was none other than his old partner—Major Gunning.

Rushing madly in the wake of the vehicle, Roaps arrived at the depot just in time to see the tall form of the Major pass through the door that leads to the train shed. He begged the gate-tender to allow him to pass through, but that official refused to grant the request, as he had no ticket.

"Where is that tall man going, who passed through just now?" asked Roaps.

"The ticket read to Cincinnati," returned the guard.

"To Cincinnati!" repeated Roaps; "I'll follow him, if I have to beat my way."

#### CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH FRANK AND SMOKE MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

No sooner had Frank hired out as a stable boy than the other men and boys attached to the Highland Park stable began to abuse him. Up to the present time he had never performed any menial work, and he was totally unused to their habits and slang. They recognized at a glance that Frank was of superior birth and breeding, and in consequence fell to ridiculing him all the more on this account. He was kicked about here and there, swore at in real stable language, doused with water, and set to performing the dirtiest kind of work. Finally, they put him to work washing out bandages, and this nearly broke the young man's heart.

Was this being a Wild West hero, the terror of the Plains, the picturesque cowboy dauntless in times of danger, the fearless hunter of wild beast, such as he had dreamt of being when on the verandah of the Eagle Hotel in the simple village of Painesville, and there reading the Dead-wood Dick series, he finally resolved on a life of adventure? How he longed now to be back in the sleepy little village, and how often he thought of the boys in the baseball field he a little while ago had grown to despise when under the influence of this trashy reading!

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he rubbed the ill-smelling rags, and he wondered what Will Thatcher and Ben Harvey would think if they saw him at this time. At length, the cold scoffs and rude buffetings of these degenerate stable men so thoroughly disheartened him that he threw down in disgust several times the bandages, and cried in his agony: "I will go home!—This is no place for me. I guess the old village is not so slow after all."

In one of these moods of despondency, the trainer came sharply up to him, and in bullying tones, called out: "Hurry up with them bandages! We want to ship to-night. They must be dry before they're packed."

About three o'clock that same afternoon, Frank and Smoke found themselves in a box car with two horses and several pieces of baggage, bound for Cincinnati.

"I tell you what it is, Smoke," said Frank—"I can't stand this kind of life. At the first stop I'm going to leave you."

Smoke started to rub his eyes. "Done 'low dis is a hard place fo' youse, Massa Frank," replied he; "I'd like to have yo' stay wif me, but I reckon if I had a good home, I'd want to be dar' too."

Frank, undoubtedly, would have left the car at the first stop, if he hadn't picked up a newspaper that lay on the top of one of the trunks. It was dated the day before. He was attracted at once by a story on the front page with a flaring head-line, in which were alleged interviews with Lawyer Banks, the servants of the Greene household at Painesville, and others, setting forth—though this was not corroborated by the lawyer in question—that one Frank Greene had suddenly disappeared, with thousands of dollars which had been extracted from his mother's safe, and that no trace of the young man had been found. The newspapers in these go-ahead times, especially those which follow the comparatively new methods adopted by yellow journalism, are never slow to take advantage of a story like this.

"I can't go home now," said Frank, turning suddenly pale, and his whole frame trembling.

Smoke, though conscious that something serious had happened to Frank, inwardly rejoiced that he was not to be separated from his newly-formed acquaintance.

Just at dusk, while the train stopped on a siding for water, Frank and Smoke were surprised to hear voices close to the door. Immediately afterwards, they were further startled on seeing the head of a man protruding into the car. Rushing to the front end, Smoke picked up a stick that was lying there, at the same time whispering to Frank: "Dem's tramps out dar'! We don't want to let dem get in here. Dey'll steal eb'rything we's got."

So saying, Smoke rushed to the open door. The man had already planted one knee inside the car and was in the act of drawing up the other, when Smoke cried out: "Get back dere, yo' rapscaillions!" The tramp immediately jumped back. Smoke and Frank stepped in the doorway, and could plainly discern three figures standing a few feet away from the car.

"Keep away!" shouted Smoke, swinging his club.

Just then the light of an engine coming from an opposite direction fell upon the three men, and the two boys immediately cried out in almost the same instant: "There's Roaps!"

#### CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH FRANK AND ROAPS MAKE A BARGAIN.

As soon as Roaps heard his name mentioned from within the car, he gave a sudden start, wondering who could possibly have recognized him at this time of night in this out-of-the-way corner of the globe. However, he quickly recovered and stepped into a position where he could the better discern the two forms standing in the doorway of the car. On recognizing

Smoke and Frank, he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be jiggered!" He then turned to his two companions, and said roughly: "You, fellows, dig out of here mighty lively! I can attend to this case myself."

The two thus addressed, though secretly afraid of Roaps, were not to be shut out without a show of resistance; but as the train moved on, and Roaps sprang into the car, threatening his former companions, the latter decidedly thought it the wisest policy to keep their distance, although they swore roundly at being thus slighted.

Frank reflected for the moment, as he saw Roaps dash into the car, that the proper thing for a hero of the Deadwood Dick type was to draw his revolver and come to a hand-to-hand struggle with the intruder; but, strangely enough, as this tall adventurer boldly confronted him, his heart immediately rose to his throat, and he felt more like begging for mercy than disputing with this desperate man. What a fine desperado he made! Smoke retired to the further end of the car, at the same time, his courage suddenly failing him.

Roaps immediately picked up a lantern that lay near the door, and lighting it, coolly placed it in front of Frank's face, and exclaimed mockingly: "You'd make a brave cowboy! Where's that nigger?"

"Here I is, Massa Roaps!" replied Smoke, his teeth chattering with fright.

"Well, you stay there, and no tricks, mind you, or I'll beat you up worse than I did before!" commanded Roaps.

Roaps thereupon put down the lantern, and observing the scared look on Frank's face, said quietly: "Now look here, young fellow, it's no use of beating around the bush—How much money did you lose the other night?"

"Two thousand dollars," replied Frank, in a tremulous tone.

"Well, the Major did make a big haul," replied Roaps, candidly. "I suppose you'd like to get that money back?"

"I certainly would," returned Frank, still cowed in the presence of this would-be ranch owner.

"Where are you going now?" asked Roaps.

"To Cincinnati," replied Frank, quietly.

"Well, that's exactly where I'm bound for, and where I expect to meet Major Gunning," said Roaps. "I suppose you know that the Major's got your money. He is on the way to Cincinnati, too, but instead of traveling in a freight car, he is riding in a Pullman at your expense. Now, if you have any money at all left, you'd better shake this car and get to Cincinnati as quick as possible, if you wish to recover your money. That old fool will get drunk, and some one will be dead sure to go through him."

"Do you really think there is any chance of my getting the money back?" asked Frank.

"I can get it!" exclaimed Roaps. "That's why I started for Cincinnati. I know exactly where to find him, but we must get there as quickly as possible before he's all in. The old fool has spent already a couple of hundred. The last time I saw him he was arrayed like a prince, and riding in a cab." After some hesitation, Roaps continued: "Now, if you've got enough money left to pay both

our fares to Cincinnati, I'll guarantee to recover what money the Major has left, providing you'll do the right thing by me. We'll drop all this ranch business. I suppose that nigger's told you who I am. I want you to act square, and I'll act square by you. No peaching to the police, mind you!"

Frank had in his possession less than twenty dollars, and again taken in by Roaps' suave manner, immediately replied: "I have enough money left to pay both our fares from Cleveland, and I will do the square thing, Mr. Roaps, if you can recover this money. I don't want to have any more newspaper notoriety, so you may be assured that I shall not peach."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH "SMOKE" WINS A RACE AND IMPARTS STARTLING INFORMATION.

Arrived at Cleveland, Frank and Roaps immediately left the car. Smoke was pleased to see Roaps depart, but felt greatly anxious about Frank, whom he tried to persuade to avoid this blackleg whose true character he well knew. Frank, however, promised to meet Smoke at Cincinnati, and, if he recovered his money, to handsomely reward him for saving his life. On leaving the car, Frank and Roaps immediately went to the passenger depot, where they found themselves just in time to take the early morning train to Cincinnati, at which city they arrived that evening. After eating a hearty supper, the two started out in search of Major Gunning. For two days they kept up the search, but without success. Frank's funds were now exhausted, and he was in anything but an enviable plight. Roaps was still convinced that ultimately they would net their game, and with dogged determination, continued to watch all the haunts frequented by the sporting fraternity. On the third day, by some means, Roaps secured sufficient money to enable Frank and himself to visit the race track, situated some miles out of the city, where he thought there was a possibility of running across the major.

It was a hot summer's day, and the track was crowded with persons from all parts of the country, come to witness the exciting events. Here were monied men, imbued with the sportsmanlike spirit that follows racing from a sheer love of excitement, mixed up with the darkest and most degraded characters in the entire population. One saw here bookmakers yelling their odds, the thimbleigger endeavoring to cajole the unwary, vendors of peanuts, interspersed with the world of fashion—a variety of gorgeous color and rags, with the pandemonium-like noise common to these occasions. Frank and Roaps in vain pushed their way amid the motley group in search of Major Gunning, and when at length they gave up in despair, they repaired to the grand stand to witness what, to Frank, was a novel kind of excitement.

When the third event on the card was reached, and the bell was rung for the jockeys to saddle, fourteen beautiful animals came out and paraded before the grand stand.

Frank, from his position on the grandstand, was admiring the horses when, all

of a sudden, he recognized seated on a tall, clean-limbed, satin-skinned animal, the familiar figure of Smoke, dressed in a gay, red silk jacket, white breeches and high top boots.

"There's Smoke!" ejaculated Frank, grabbing Roaps by the arm and pointing in the direction of the parading horses.

"He can ride, I can tell you," replied Roaps, "and he seems to have a good mount. If I had some money, I'd chance a few dollars on him."

By this time the horses had reached the starting point. After two or three attempts, the horses got off to a fairly good start. The crouching figure of Smoke holding in his horse, was plainly discernible, though he was nearly last in getting off. The pace from the start was fast, and it looked very much as if Sweetheart, the name of Smoke's mount, was beaten the first furlong; but it was evident that the negro was nursing the big-limbed animal for a final rush. After about half the distance had been covered, Smoke was seen to give the animal his head, and presently he shot into fourth place, though still a long way behind the favorite in the lead.

Sweetheart, Smoke's mount, had started at odds of 100 to 1, and nobody had paid any attention hitherto to horse or jockey; but now all eyes were turned upon this strange horse gradually forging to the front, and going at a terrific pace. Coming into the stretch, the pace was terrific, and cries of "The favorite is beaten!" came from all sides. When Sweetheart crept up, inch by inch, until within a length of Lemuel, the favorite, crowds on the grandstand rose to their feet and yelled themselves hoarse over the final struggle; the bookmakers were equally excited, for Lemuel had been played for ruinous money. Men and women shouted themselves hoarse. Now it was—"The favorite wins!" And then, "The nigger wins!" The horses were now barely a furlong from home, and Smoke, still crouching, was urging Sweetheart with all his strength to make a final dash at the post. The favorite seemed to come again at this point; though it was neck and neck all along the stretch. Frank in the prevailing excitement, roared at the top of his voice: "Go it, Smoke! Smoke wins!" And even Roaps yelled out: "Ride you, nigger!"

"The favorite wins!" cried hundreds of voices, and hundreds more shouted: "Sweetheart!"

It was impossible to tell even a few lengths from the winning post which horse was in the lead, and when finally amid such a storm of yelling as is seldom heard even on a race track, the horses passed the post, there were hundreds of persons willing to bet yet that the favorite had won. It was not until No. 9 was hoisted, and the judge's verdict of "Sweetheart by a short head" was rendered that the cheering for the "darkie" broke out.

At this stage, Frank and Roaps rushed to see the jockeys weigh in, and to congratulate the dusky lad on his splendid riding. Smoke recognized them in an instant, and dropping his saddle and equipments, rushed towards the two,

exclaiming: "I done got Major Gunning locked in de stable!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH FRANK GETS INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE.

On hearing this startling information, Frank and Roaps plied Smoke with numerous questions; but Smoke, in order to avoid the surging and cheering crowd, exclaimed: "Keep still, Massa Frank—Follow me!" And picking up his saddle, he led the way towards the long row of stables.

After they had left the crowd behind, Smoke turned to Roaps and Frank, and said: "Yas sah, I done got dat ole rapsceallion locked in one of de stables. It was about an hour befo' dis race an' I'd gone down to de stable to look at ma mount. I was standin' by an empty stall when I seed an ole fellar walkin' slowly down de path. He was all dressed up to kill, an' at first I didn't disremember him; but when he got closer to me, I done saw it was that ole Majah. He didn't know me"—Here Smoke chuckled gleefully—"but I kept ma eye on dat old debble coz I knew he was around fo' no good. Den I kind o' thought about yo' money, an' when I saw him step into an empty stable, I jes' slipped up behind an' slammed the door on him, an' took de lock off'n ma stable, an' locked him in. I tell yo' he was powerfu' mad, an' pounded on de door an' cussed like ebbery thing. He can't get out though, coz' dey ain't no one has got a key."

By this time the three had reached the long row of stables. Here they found an excited crowd of stable boys standing in front of where the Major was imprisoned. The latter could still be heard pounding and cursing.

One of the crowd had gone in quest of a police officer, who arrived on the scene just as Smoke and the others came up.

"What's the row here?" demanded the policeman.

"Some one is locked in that stable," replied somebody in the crowd, pointing to one of the doors.

"Well, who's got a key?" said the officer. "Whose stable is that anyway?"

No one seemed to be able to give the officer any information; so without further ado the latter took his club, and placing the end of it under the hasp, wrenched the lock from the door.

As soon as the door was flung open, Major Gunning, white with rage, stepped out. "By gad, sir!" cried he, "I'd like to find the man that locked me in that stable. A gentleman is not to be insulted in this way with impunity." Just then his eyes fell upon the officer, and for a moment he seemed to stagger. However, he quickly recovered, and addressing the officer, said: "What does this outrage mean?"

"I don't know anything about any outrage," replied the officer. "One of the stable boys came over and told me that there was some one locked in here. So I came over to investigate. What's the trouble anyway?"

"Well," said the major with great dignity, tossing his head in the air, "I came over to the stables to look at some horses. I stepped in this empty stall, and some-

one slammed the door shut and locked it. It is your duty, sir, to find who that man was, and I insist upon you as an officer of the law doing your duty."

"Well, point out whom you suspect," said the policeman, "and I'll arrest him. What object could this man have in locking you in?"

"Sir, is a gentleman to be locked in there and robbed, and perhaps left for dead, without redress?" replied the major.

"Do you think any one wanted to rob you?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied the major, "for I have a large sum of money on my person. I didn't see the man who locked me in—you should arrest the whole crowd."

The policeman smiled, and shook his head. "That's a bigger job than I care to tackle," he said.

At the major's suggestion of arresting the whole crowd, Smoke, who held all officers of the law in mortal dread, slipped from the scene and disappeared behind the barn. Several others, imagining they were liable to get into trouble, followed his example, including Roaps, who had no savory record on the turf. As soon as the crowd thinned in this way, Major Gunning's eye fixed on Frank for the first time. He now began to perceive why he had been locked in the stable; and fearing that Frank would at once order his arrest on a charge of robbery, he cunningly turned the tables on him by shouting, as he pointed his finger direct in Frank's face—"There's the fellow who locked me in! He's been following me. Arrest him, officer!"

To say Frank was astonished would be putting the sensation he now felt altogether too mildly. He looked around for Smoke and Roaps, but they were nowhere to be seen. He now realized that he was playing not only with a bad but a dangerous rascal. His face turned suddenly white, and his limbs visibly trembled. For some moments he lost entirely the power of speech.

The officer at once noticing Frank's condition, took this as a prima facie evidence of guilt, and laying his hand heavily on the lad's shoulder, exclaimed: "Come on—you shall account for your presence here to the judge!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH FRANK INVITES HIMSELF TO A BANQUET.

A patrol wagon was waiting near the entrance to the race track, and into this Frank was speedily hustled, a crowd following the officer and his prisoner. On the way to the police station, Frank tried to tell his story to the officer, but the latter warned him that anything he might say would be used in evidence against him, at the same time advising him to keep his interesting story for the judge's hearing.

Major Gunning had previously emphasized his claim to distinction and wealth by producing a huge roll of bills, part of the very money he had stolen from Frank. He had also given his name as Colonel Ebenezer De Witt Carruth of Louisville, Ky., and stated that he was staying at the Grand Hotel, and would surely appear against Frank in the morning.

On arriving at the police station, Frank was duly searched, with the result that nothing was found on him except a knife, a comb and a revolver, the latter being rather suggestive for a young man of his years. He was then conducted to one of those cheap sleeping apartments furnished by the state, which are commonly known as "cells." With nothing but an old deal board on which to stretch himself, caged in like some wild animal in a place hardly big enough to turn around in, heavily-barred and bare from all comfort, Frank shed bitter tears of shame and rage. Was this the kind of heroic life he expected when he left home at the bidding of that deceitful monster, Roops? Why had he become so infatuated with those abominable dime novels, instead of keeping up with his old comrades in all field sports? What would his mother think if she could peep through those iron bars and see him there—the mother who had done so much for him in his youth, and who had so madly idolized him? What would the boys of Painesville say now if they but knew that he was imprisoned here like a common felon? All of these thoughts passed through Frank's mind, until he became nearly distracted. Once or twice he clutched at the bars violently, but only to feel the more how securely he was caged. And when an officer brought to him bread and soup in an old tin plate, out of which degenerate beings had eaten many times before, he felt very sick, and turned his food away with loathing. All night he paced that cell. On the following morning the same nauseating sort of food was pushed under his nose, but he again refused to partake of it, though he was very faint and hungry from weeping and pondering over his foolish action in leaving his quiet, peaceful and happy home.

A few hours later he was brought before the judge, a kind, white-haired old man, who had the reputation of being a profound reader of human nature.

A charge of attempted robbery was brought against him, and Frank pleaded "Not guilty" promptly. Major Gunning, of course, did not appear, and so the charge was altered to one of vagrancy, Frank being accused of wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence.

Not wishing to go back to that comfortless cell, Frank pleaded very earnestly for his release. For the first time during his wanderings he evinced that courage which after all lay dormant in his nature. "Your honor," he said, "I am innocent of all wrong-doing. I did not commit this crime charged against me. I was enticed away from home by a confederate of this same individual who has caused my arrest, and together they robbed me in Buffalo of a large sum of money. That man was the thief, not me."

"You have given the name here of Frederick Johnson," interposed the judge; "Is that your right name?"

Frank hesitated. He was sure now he would be sent back to prison. "No, sir," he replied, almost inaudibly.

"Then what is your right name, and what did you call yourself 'Johnson' for?" asked the judge.

"Please, your honor—please, sir—I—didn't like to give my right name because

I was afraid it would get into the papers and to my mother," Frank faltered out, truthfully.

This was a very probable story, and the judge was not a harsh man, so he called him up to the bench and put him through a searching examination as to where he came from, who his mother was, how he came to be carrying a loaded revolver, and why he should have been found following this "Colonel Carruth." Frank replied truthfully to all these questions, although he still persisted in not divulging his right name.

The judge was nonplussed. Frank's story seemed probable. Moreover, he did not look like a hardened criminal. "As this is your first offence, I shall discharge you on suspended sentence," said the judge, at length, "on the condition that you leave the town within twenty-four hours. If your story is true, I should advise you to go home as soon as possible, and stop reading those Deadwood Dick books, which you confess have brought you to this."

Frank lost no time in procuring his possessions, all except the revolver, which was confiscated. When he got into the street again, a free youth once more, he was at a loss to know which way to turn. The city was strange to him and he was absolutely without money.

Weary and heartsore, he wandered down the street until he reached the levee. Here he saw numerous crafts of all kinds, loading and discharging freight. He seated himself upon a pile of iron rails and watched the long row of negroes, engaged in carrying sacks filled with grain on one of the largest boats.

It was now long past the noon hour, and Frank, who had refused his supper and breakfast in jail, was suffering acutely the most violent pangs of hunger. On his way down to the levee, he had noticed standing in front of a saloon a large sign on which were the words—"Free Lunch." He knew it was only a bait to induce people to enter the saloon and purchase liquor, but he imagined that possibly he might be able to go in there while there was a crowd assembled, and help himself to enough food to satisfy the cravings of appetite. Wearily he climbed the steep levee and made his way back to where he had seen this sign. Luckily he found the saloon crowded with a noisy, brawling lot of levee roustabouts. He made his way to the lunch counter, that was covered with dirty dishes on which were fragments of coarse meat, chunks of bread, pickles, etc. Swarms of flies hovered over this mass of ill-cooked food, but Frank's stomach had reached that state where it demanded food, regardless of kind or quality. Eagerly he grasped a fork, and ravenously became aware that his presence was observed on hearing a burly bartender call out with an oath: "Say, you kid, leave the dishes and forks!"

Frank immediately dropped the fork and sprang towards the entrance, when this same bartender exclaimed: "Aren't you goin' to buy something to wash down that banquet?"

Frank never hesitated, but bolted through the door and made once more for the crowd on the levee.

Hunger satisfied, the question now that confronted him was—"How am I to get out of town within the next few hours?"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### FRANK EMBARKS ON A VOYAGE DOWN THE OHIO.

Soon after Frank had left the police station, there alighted from a carriage in front of that building, a lady and gentleman. It was Frank's mother, accompanied by Lawyer Banks, who, by the aid of detectives and press, had succeeded in tracking Frank to this point. The judge was on the point of leaving the building, and on being informed that a lady and gentleman wished to see him, returned to his desk. Lawyer Banks introduced Mrs. Greene and himself, and stated their errand.

"I have no doubt but that the young man whom I suspended sentence on this morning, was your son," replied the judge, turning to Mrs. Greene, after hearing Lawyer Banks' statement. "He refused to give me his right name, but told me that he came from a small town in New York State, and that he had been enticed away by a man named Roops. I hear so many stories that it is hard always to get at the truth. But as this young man did not look like a criminal, I suspended sentence on him, and advised him to return to his home. He cannot be far away, and I'll have the captain detail a couple of officers to look him up. You return to your hotel, and when he's found we'll communicate with you."

Lawyer Banks thanked the judge for his kindness, and with Mrs. Greene, re-entered the carriage, and drove back to the hotel.

After dinner, Lawyer Banks stated to Mrs. Greene that he had urgent business in Louisville, Ky., and that now he had come so far south, it would be a good opportunity for him to avail himself of the chance given him. "I have no doubt," he said, "the police authorities will locate Frank, and so it will be advisable for you to remain here a day or two. I shall be back here in two or three days myself, and it will delight me, indeed, to find that you and your son have already started for Painesville."

So bidding Mrs. Greene good-bye, Lawyer Banks, who, for the novelty of the trip, had decided to travel by boat instead of by rail, picked up his bag, and strolled towards the levee. Arriving at the floating dock, he procured his ticket and boarded the boat bound for Louisville.

Frank, in the meantime, had wandered back towards the levee, where he resumed his seat on the pile of rails and continued to watch the loading and unloading of the different boats. He reflected on the dirty meal he had a few moments before relished with ravenous appetite, and little dreamt that at the same time his mother and his father's trusted adviser were seated in one of the grandest hotels in the city at an elegant table, spread out with everything in season to tempt their appetites.

After he had been seated on the rails for some time, he walked down to inspect more closely one of the river boats he had been admiring at a distance. He observed a number of people walking on board, and

as he saw no one at the gangway to take tickets, he too strolled on board. No one seemed to pay any attention to him, and he passed the next half hour looking at the engine and watching the men stow away the freight. He was startled on hearing a bell ring, but not knowing its meaning, he paid no attention to it. Soon he heard the hoarse whistle of the boat, and was again startled by seeing the engine put in motion. Rushing to the stern he was surprised to find that the boat was some distance from the levee.

"I've obeyed the judge's instructions in getting out of town," he thought to himself, "but how am I going to pay my fare? And what the boat people will do with me, is the next question. This jumping from land on to water is much like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire."

The fresh water, coupled with the fact that he had not slept in the jail the night before, now made him feel very drowsy; and while strolling about the deck, he observed piled on the bow of the boat a number of bales of bagging. This suggested to him a soft place to lie down, so, without more ado, he crawled in between a number of these bales and fell fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### FRANK PROVES HIMSELF A HERO.

How long Frank slept there he could not tell, but he was suddenly awakened by a great commotion on deck. It was dark and he was unable to distinguish his surroundings. Above the pounding of the engine, he could hear the shouts of men, and the first thought that struck him was that the boat was sinking.

Springing from his place of concealment he rushed madly towards mid-ships. Meeting some one on the deck, he threw his hands in the air, and cried out in wild accents: "What's the matter?"

The person thus addressed, replied: "*There is a child overboard!*"

The engine of the boat had been reversed, and the vessel was now swinging around in mid-stream. Frank rushed round to the side of the boat, and peered over at the swirling waters. His eye quickly rested on a little white speck floating rapidly down the river. He looked wildly around, but there was no one in sight, the passengers and crew being all assembled on the other side.

He hastily threw off his coat and sprang upon the rail. As it has already been pointed out that Frank was a trained and sturdy athlete, and was accounted by the boys in Painesville as one of the best swimmers among them, he hesitated but a moment, and once more catching sight of the white speck still floating on the surface of the water, plunged head foremost from the boat. A splash was heard by those on deck, who came rushing across to see the cause of it.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" came from all sides.

In an instant, it was perceived that a dark figure was battling against the current and veering rapidly towards a little white speck, which the captain assured the frantic mother was her babe. Excitement was intense. Soon a boat was lowered and a mighty cheer went up when

the swimmer had heroically reached the little fellow, and was seen to turn around with him in his arms. In an instant the boat was by the swimmer's side, and eager hands quickly helped the almost exhausted young man with his precious load out of the water.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried those in the little boat, and this was quickly taken up by those aboard the larger vessel when they saw the oars dipping into the water, as the craft made its way back. Frank was too much overcome to notice the cheering, but sat there breathing heavily. When the little boat reached the side of the steamer, the babe was lifted up carefully and passed to its tearful mother, who clasped it to her bosom and rushed with it to the cabin. Frank was assisted aboard, and was soon surrounded by an excited and enthusiastic crowd, who complimented the lad on his courage. The captain quickly pushed his way through the crowd, and, taking Frank by the arm, started to lead him to his state-room, where he had previously ordered the steward to furnish him with hot coffee. A man had grasped Frank by the other arm to assist him, seeing that he was still in an exhausted condition. Frank mechanically brushed the dripping hair from his forehead, and glanced at the latter gentleman. In an instant, his heart leapt to his throat, already stifled by his exertions in the water, for he recognized at a glance in the dim light that this was none other than Lawyer Banks.

"It's all up with me!" thought Frank to himself. "I'll never go back to Painesville, though. I'll drown myself first!"

The sudden shock he felt on the recognition of the old family lawyer had the effect, in a few seconds, of resuscitating him.

"Who is he?" he heard some one exclaim.

"I don't know," replied the captain. "One of the passengers, I guess. He's a brave fellow, anyway."

Frank was being rapidly led in the direction of the well-lighted cabin.

"Don't take me in there!" he exclaimed, addressing the captain in an assumed tone of voice, imagining that possibly Lawyer Banks had not recognized him. "I'll sit down here." So saying he sank on to a coil of rope, near the gangway.

"Give him room!" exclaimed the captain, thinking that Frank had fainted away; and turning around, he pushed the crowd aside, including Lawyer Banks. Then addressing Frank, the captain said: "How do you feel, young man?"

"I'm all right now," replied Frank. "I wish my clothes were dry."

"I'll fix you out all right," said the captain, in a cheerful voice. "When you feel rested, come up to the Texas with me."

Frank glanced around, and not seeing Lawyer Banks, rose and followed the captain to his state-room. The captain left him, and told him to remove his wet clothing and put on an old suit, which he speedily laid out. Frank immediately obeyed the captain, and after swallowing two cups of hot coffee, felt more like himself again, none the worse for his late experience.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### IN WHICH FRANK FINDS A FRIEND, AND MEETS WITH ANOTHER MISFORTUNE.

Now Frank began to ponder over the situation. While seated in the captain's state-room, he reflected on his past and tenderly brought up before him his mother's image. He was anxious to know if she was well, and how she had taken his departure—whether she had forgiven the appropriation to himself of the two thousand dollars with which he had left home, or whether Lawyer Banks was pursuing him in the interests of law and justice. He made up his mind that he would never return home under arrest, or as a scapegoat to be jeered at by his former companions.

"If I had not lost the two thousand dollars I would return home at once," he said to himself, "but what can I do? I suppose by this time the story of my running away has spread all over Painesville, and people think that I robbed mother of thousands of dollars. I would like to ask Lawyer Banks how mother is, but—"

Frank was interrupted in his musing by the door suddenly opening and the entrance of the captain, who smilingly said: "Well, my lad, how do you feel now? All right, eh? Mrs. Thomas, whose child you pulled out of the water, is very anxious to see you, and thank you for your brave deed."

"I don't want to go out," replied Frank, modestly. "I—I—I would rather not I—"

"O pshaw! Come on," interrupted the captain, taking Frank by the arm and drawing him unwillingly out of the room. He led him down the stairs in the direction of the ladies' cabin, Frank still resisting. His appearance caused the passengers to cheer him roundly, many remarking with admiration on his splendid build and physique, and his handsome features. Fearful of being recognized by Lawyer Banks, he hung his head, and a sigh of relief escaped him when the door of the ladies' cabin closed on him.

In an instant, Mrs. Thomas, although a perfect stranger to Frank, came forward and exclaimed: "You are the young gentleman who saved my child, are you not?"

It needed no words to assure her further. She ran up to him, and throwing her arms about his neck, regardless of all eyes, kissed him affectionately again and again, the tears rolling down her cheeks. At this evidence of a mother's love and gratitude, Frank completely broke down, and sinking on a chair, he sobbed as though his heart was breaking.

This was the first real act of affection he had experienced since leaving his own mother.

"I really hope the baby is none the worse for the accident," said Frank, thoughtfully, in the midst of his sobbing.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Thomas, lifting her tearful eyes in admiration of the handsome youth before her. "The baby is well and now sleeping cosily. I suppose you wonder how the poor little thing managed to fall overboard? Bennie was restless, and I took him out on deck to quiet him. When I came to the bow of the boat, the vessel gave a lurch and before I knew what had happened, the baby had fallen from my arms into the water, and I

was thrown violently against the rail. Everyone supposed the baby had fallen on the right side of the boat, and Merciful Providence directed you alone to the left." At this point in her narrative, the good mother broke out into convulsive sobs again. However, she soon recovered her equanimity, and asked Frank his name.

"My name is Frank Greene," replied our hero, who, being so deeply touched by her tenderness, felt himself bound to tell the truth.

After conversing for some time with Frank, Mrs. Thomas saw that he had something on his mind, and wondered why he should be traveling alone.

"I do not wish to be inquisitive, my dear," said Mrs. Thomas at length, putting her arms around him, "but will you not make me a friend and confidant? What is your trouble? I know there is something acute and hard to bear, on your mind just now."

This show of kindness completely unnerved Frank, and, with sobs and tears, he told her his story—how he left his home at the bidding of a swindler, after reading dime novels—how he had been robbed of all his money—how he had been arrested on the word of a confederate of this same rascal—and how he came to be aboard that boat.

Mrs. Thomas pitied the poor boy from the bottom of her heart. "Come home with me," she said kindly; "I want my husband to meet you. He is a good, kind man, and will advise and help you all in his power. We can never repay you for saving our darling's life."

After further conversation, Frank agreed to accompany Mrs. Thomas home; and when she left him to return to her baby, it was with a light heart that Frank walked down to the purser's office to pay his passage with money furnished by this kind and grateful lady. The purser refused to accept any money from Frank, however, remarking that the company was his debtor. That morning at breakfast, Frank had the seat of honor by the captain's side, and it seemed as though fortune at last was turning in his favor. He looked in vain for Lawyer Banks, who unfortunately for Frank, was confined to his room with sickness. But for this serious indisposition, Frank would have learnt from his old father's lawyer how anxious and forgiving his mother really was!

Shortly after breakfast, the boat met with an accident so common on the Ohio River during the low water. It ran on a shifting sandbar. It was necessary to carry a line ashore, and Frank asked permission of the captain to accompany the sailors in the row boat. He was granted permission, and when the boat touched the bank, he eagerly sprang ashore. "How long will you be before going back?" said Frank, addressing one of the crew.

"We may be an hour, or we may be all day," replied the sailor thus addressed. "The boat will whistle when she's ready to start."

Frank, who had not slept much for the past two or three days, stretched himself out under a tree, and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. Here again sleep was destined to influence his future move-

ments; and so it happened that when the whistle blew for the vessel to proceed, Frank was still in the land of nod.

When he awoke it was night, and he seemed for some moments entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Finally, as if of a sudden the startling incidents of the past day came up before him, he rushed madly to the river bank in quest of the boat, which was nowhere in sight.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### IN WHICH FRANK IS AGAIN SURPRISED.

To say that Frank felt wretched when he discovered the boat had gone without him, is to put the matter mildly. It seemed to him that ever since he left home, do what he would, he was destined to receive at every turn, even when Fortune seemed to smile upon him, a hard cut from some unaccountable source. Why should he have been permitted to enjoy that refreshing sleep, only to wake up and find himself once more the victim of circumstances? Why should he have met that kind, lovable lady, Mrs. Thomas, only to be separated from her when his prospects seemed brightest? Could it be that he was being severely punished from some corrective hand, in order to save him from a life of crime and degradation?

Frank began to think he was the victim of a cruel fate, and realized more than ever the folly of his leaving home.

"I am an arrant fool," he said to himself, as he glanced upon the waters. "And I deserve all I am getting."

It now started to rain, and Frank felt very hungry. It was no use his remaining there, murmuring over his fate. There was no house in sight, but he knew if he remained where he was, he would only get drenched to the skin; so he started off through the long grass whither his steps would lead him, aimlessly but still trustful that he would reach some place of habitation before long. Finally he struck out on to a country road, and after following it for some distance, he reached a small farmhouse. As he approached the house, several dogs came out, and sniffed dangerously at his wet clothes, one of them snapping at his heels.

A weather-beaten farmer came to the door, and calling off the dogs, asked Frank what he wanted.

"I am tired and hungry," Frank replied, appealingly. "Can you not give me a bite to eat, and allow me to stay over night? I have money to pay you."

The farmer sized him up for a minute or two, and answered gruffly: "You'd better be travelin', young feller. We want no tramps 'ere." So saying, he banged the door in his face, leaving Frank standing there in the drizzling rain, wet, tired and discouraged. All he could do was to obey the farmer's injunctions and move on. Accordingly, he turned into the road again, and walked rapidly away. He felt sure he would reach a town or village some time, and so he trudged hopefully on, making the most of it. Finally he reached a small village, which, on enquiring of some boys standing in a barn, he learned was the village of Hopetown.

"Where is the hotel?" he asked.

"Two blocks to the right, near the post office," replied one of the boys. "You

look as wet as a drowned rat. Where's your umbrella?"

Frank did not reply, but went direct to the hotel, where he immediately registered.

"What do you want?" asked the hotel clerk, gazing at his wet clothes and shoes.

"Supper and bed," replied Frank.

"Have you got the dough?" asked the clerk, still dubious as to whether he should give him a room or not. "It's usual for strangers without baggage to make a deposit."

"It is very unusual, I should think," replied Frank, his pride deeply touched by this insinuation; "but here is ten dollars."

The clerk apologized at sight of the money, and immediately called out, "Supper for one!"

After washing himself, Frank went into the dining room, and saw placed before him beefsteak, ham and eggs, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, coffee and berries, and never did alderman at a mayor's banquet enjoy such a hearty repast. The contents of the dishes disappeared one after the other with lightning rapidity; and Frank chuckled to himself for once on his good fortune in meeting so auspiciously that kind lady, Mrs. Thomas, who had thus befriended him in loaning him ten dollars. He reflected on the difference between the supper he had just partaken of and the free lunch he had helped himself to uninvited, when given twenty-four hours to get out of Cincinnati.

"How long are you going to stay?" enquired the hotel clerk, when Frank finally asked to be shown to his room.

Frank thought possibly this abrupt question was due to his having eaten everything at sight in the dining room, and that the proprietor would be glad to get rid of him.

"Till the morning, sir," replied Frank coloring. "I am on my way to a little town a few miles from Louisville."

Frank had made up his mind that he would accept Mrs. Thomas' invitation. She was the only friend he had now in the wide world. By the time he reached there, he felt sure that Mrs. Thomas and her little Bennie would be at home.

On retiring for the night, Frank felt better than he had done since he left home. As he lay there in bed thinking, unable to sleep and still nervous, he was attracted by hearing a conversation on the other side of the thin partition, which separated his room from the adjoining one. The conversation seemed to grow louder, and soon he was able to distinguish what was being said. What was his surprise, therefore, on hearing a voice that sounded strangely familiar. "That's Lawyer Banks, I'm sure!" he said to himself. And turning over in bed, he peeped through a small crack, and was surprised to see sitting at a table, no other than Lawyer Banks in close conversation with his arch-enemy, Mr. Roaps of Texas, dressed in the very height of fashion.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### IN WHICH ROAPS TURNS THE TABLES ON MAJOR GUNNING.

Frank's amazement at seeing his father's austere and dignified, but always honorable, lawyer in company with that unscrup-

ulous rascal, Mr. Roaps, led him to listen to what turned out to be, a most remarkable conversation. But before we reach this point, it is necessary to describe how and under what circumstances these two chanced to meet.

When Major Gunning was released from his imprisonment in the stable on the race track at Cincinnati, and dramatically accused Frank of locking him in with the intent to rob him of his ill-gotten wealth, Roaps quietly slipped away from the crowd, leaving Frank to get out of his trouble as best he could. But Roaps was too clever to lose sight of Major Gunning, whom he tracked all that day until finally the Major walked into a saloon on Vine street, and called for whiskey. This was Roaps' opportunity. Slipping inside cautiously, he walked into an inner room, and calling the bartender, told him sufficient of Major Gunning's history as to make him an interested party in the plot he had woven to gain possession of the Major's stolen wealth.

At this stage the bartender was called away, and Major Gunning ordered more whiskey.

"I've given him a dose," said the bartender mysteriously, winking as he returned to Roaps.

"Fifty dollars," said Roaps, nudging the bartender. "I'll give you fifty."

Major Gunning still called for whiskey, and started to sing boisterously—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," and songs more disreputable. So obscene and disgusting was the Major's language at last, that the bartender found a ready excuse for ordering him into a side room.

"Here," said he, "you had better cut that singing out, or I'll turn you out. Go and lie down awhile!"

So saying, Major Gunning was conducted into a little room curtained off from the bar, and calling for another drink, fell into a drunken stupor. In this condition, his mind rambled into all sorts of channels, and his talk was of the most ridiculous nature. In disgruntled sentences, he spoke of everything from "Mollie" to the world's coming to an end, and laughed and cried by turns. The effects of the knock-out drops had produced a distinct titillation of the lachrymatory glands, and his eyes were wide open, looking with a glassy stare as Roaps cautiously entered.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Major Gunning, idiotically: as Roaps opened his vest, and felt in his inside pocket; but he was utterly powerless. His head rolled over on the back of his chair, and his arms fell limp and helpless to his sides.

Without saying a word, Roaps went through all his pockets. He extracted a big roll of bills from his vest, took all the loose silver from his trousers, seized his watch and chain, and even slipped a ring off his finger, leaving the Major without "a sou markee." Then Roaps quietly slid from the room, called in the bartender, ordered a bottle of wine, handed him fifty dollars with a knowing wink, and proceeded to count up his money. There was, to his surprise, just over fifteen hundred dollars.

"Good-bye, old pal," he said to the bartender; "Mum's the word." Then peeping into the room where Major Gun-

ning was sprawling, fast asleep and snoring like a pig at a wake, he put his finger to his nose, and exclaimed: "So you would double-cross me, would you? I guess, my fine chicken, you'll wake up to know that Roaps is a cleverer man than you thought him to be."

Then Roaps went out and made his way without delay to the nearest clothing store, where he rigged himself out in the latest fashion. As he gazed in the glass, he contrasted his appearance with all the handsome men he had read about, and felt decidedly proud of his make-up. "I look like a gentleman anyway," he said to himself. "The next thing to being a gentleman is to act one."

After he had paid his bill, he strolled into the Grand Hotel, and his attention was attracted by a circus bill stating that Miller's European circus was touring Ohio. "That's my graft," said Roaps to himself, "I'm too well known here. I'll get out of town and follow up that circus. The Major will come to shortly, and find his money gone. He'll suspect me in a minute."

Roaps accordingly looked up the dates on the bill, and found that he could reach Hopetown, where the circus exhibited, the following day. So strolling down to the depot, he purchased a ticket for Hopetown, where he arrived that same evening.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWS HOW LAWYER BANKS CAME TO MEET ROAPS.

Shortly after the boat had been released from the sand-bar, Lawyer Banks, who had been confined to his state-room during the morning through indisposition, made his appearance on deck. Meeting the captain he enquired about the young man who had so bravely saved the life of the little one from drowning.

"I haven't seen him for some time," replied the captain; "Maybe he's with Mrs. Thomas. We'll go and see."

Mrs. Thomas and her little boy were found in the ladies' cabin. The former was quietly "sewing her thoughts in needlework," and Bennie with shears was snipping at her gown.

The captain introduced Lawyer Banks who, after a few commonplace remarks, enquired of Mrs. Thomas if she had seen the young hero of the night before.

"No, I haven't seen him since breakfast," replied Mrs. Thomas, alarmed.

"He's a hero and I would like to meet him," returned Lawyer Banks, stroking little Bennie's head.

"I'll find him for you," said the captain, and stepping out on deck, he called aloud for the steward, who shortly put in his appearance.

The captain instructed the steward to find the young man who had heroically rescued the little child the night before, and to inform him that he was wanted in the ladies' cabin.

After a half an hour's absence the steward returned with the information that the young man was not to be found. Then the captain remembered that Frank had asked permission to go ashore, and after a diligent search, it was discovered that he must have been left behind.

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Thomas, indignantly, "that this boat should have gone on its course, leaving that poor boy

behind." She was addressing Lawyer Banks.

"Well, madam," replied Lawyer Banks, as they were seated on deck, and watching a far-away look in Mrs. Thomas' eyes, now and then a stray tear coursing down her cheek, "that boy—whoever he may be—will not go far astray."

"But the poor lad is in great suffering," said Mrs. Thomas, in a sympathetic tone. "He told me many, many sad incidents of the past few weeks."

"Indeed?" murmured Lawyer Banks, listening.

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Thomas proceeded, searching for her handkerchief and wiping her eyes. "That boy who saved my little Bennie—the child at this moment was tugging at Lawyer Banks' coat—" told me a heartrending story. He is his mother's boy, to be sure. He loves his mother, and the boy who loves his mother cannot"—

"Go far astray," added Lawyer Banks, completing the sentence.

"But all comes of reading those wicked dime novels," Mrs. Thomas went on. "That brave, good-natured, handsome lad fancied he would be a hero of the plains. Those contemptible stories attract too much of our brightest and best boys to destruction."

"I am in quest of a boy of that kind myself," put in Lawyer Banks. "I have just left the mother of a boy in Cincinnati, who fairly worships her offspring. This lad went away a short time ago with about two thousand dollars, stating that he was going West to make a hero of himself, and that he had met a rich ranch-owner from Texas, who was willing to take care of him. The whole story is so ridiculous that, if he were a boy of mine, I'd trounce him from this place back to Painesville."

"Painesville!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas, surprised; "That is the address I have on my card of Frank Greene—the young man whom I was speaking about."

Lawyer Banks gave a sudden start. "Frank Greene, of Painesville!" he said quietly. "Was that the name of the young man who rescued this little child?" Bennie was still tugging at Lawyer Banks' coat-tail, when the old lawyer turned around and took the child in his arms.

Mrs. Thomas immediately opened her address book and read: "Frank Greene, Painesville, New York."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Lawyer Banks, becoming very much excited. "If that boy is Frank Greene, I must stop at the next landing, and find him. To think that last night I had him by the arm and still did not recognize him! Remarkable! I am his mother's legal adviser, madam, and came all this way to locate him. I have been in the service of the Greene family for more than half a century, and I could never rest in my grave to know that a descendant of old Timothy Greene was going to the dogs."

"This is, indeed, remarkable," broke in Mrs. Thomas. "I have possibly been the means through you of restoring a son to his mother, as that boy brought back Bennie to me. Do go, Mr. Banks, and find the young man! It will be a blessing when he is restored to his mother. I shall be delighted to know that you have found

him. Indeed, I will go myself and help to find him."

Lawyer Banks packed up his grip, and waited for the very next landing-place—Hopetown.

## CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWS HOW LAWYER BANKS CAME TO MEET ROAPS.

On arriving at Hopetown, Lawyer Banks immediately left the boat, and made his way to the hotel, the only one in the village. After supper he lighted a cigar and walked up and down the porch, where he fell to musing about Frank, and the strange revelation made by Mrs. Thomas. He blamed himself for his stupidity in not recognizing the lad when he was so near to him. It was too late, he thought, that evening for him to proceed further in search of Frank, and he made up his mind that the following morning he would hire a rig and drive along the river road, and make enquiries for the missing youth. There could be no doubt in his mind that Frank was not far from this point.

Finally Lawyer Banks took a seat on the porch, and after reflecting on the many noble qualities of old Timothy Greene, his friend and benefactor, said to himself: "I somehow think that young Frank is not so bad as he has been painted. He was led astray by a designing rascal."

The thought that was passing through Lawyer Banks' mind at that moment was strangely magnetic; for hardly had he time to turn over in his mind all the incidents of the past few days concerning Frank, remembering especially his bravery on the boat, when, dressed in the height of fashion, with a satchel in his hand, the arch-conspirator and cause of Frank's ruin, stepped upon the porch. Although Roaps had spent many days in Painesville, Lawyer Banks had never seen him before, but there was something now in his appearance which attracted the attorney's attention. How little he knew of this man's history, however, and how little he thought that this fashionable gentleman was the blackleg, who was the cause of Frank's undoing!

Roaps was conversational at all times when he happened to be staying at a village inn. It was part of his business to make himself agreeable to all classes, and he had learnt the art of being "all things to all men" to perfection. After eating a hearty supper, he espied Lawyer Banks seated on the porch and, with his keen eye, observing that he was a man of importance, made up his mind that it might be profitable to make his acquaintance, if only to pass away the time in an interesting manner. So drawing a chair beside him, Roaps in a pleasant, off-hand way, remarked that the sunset was very beautiful after the recent rain; to which, of course, Lawyer Banks assented.

"You're not a native of this town, I presume?" said Roaps, making a number of rings with the smoke from his cigar.

Lawyer Banks was not disposed to view Mr. Roaps in a very favorable light at the very first glance, for the shrewd old gentleman was a keen student of human nature; but he answered courteously, as became the gentleman that he was: "No, I'm a York state man."

"I'm from Kentucky," said Roaps, in an easy, confidential tone. "My name is Ross—Colonel Ross of Shelbyville. I'm interested in breeding horses."

"Indeed?" replied Lawyer Banks; "I'm a lawyer by profession, but I'm here on a little detective work." As he mentioned the word 'detective' the old lawyer chuckled heartily, as though he were having lots of fun.

"Detective!" exclaimed Roaps, the color leaving his face. "I should think detective work very interesting. Somehow I have always thought I should make a good detective."

"No doubt you would," returned the wily lawyer; "but I hope not on the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief. Ha! Ha!"

Here Roaps grew more nervous and excited; but he joined in the laugh, remarking that there was more truth than fiction in that old saw.

"Well, I'm not exactly chasing a criminal but hunting a poor, deluded boy, who ran away from home, fancying he could imitate Jesse James." Here again the lawyer seemed to be amused, and Roaps was puzzled at the apparent hilarity of the attorney. He wondered if this boy could possibly be Frank Greene, and that this shrewd old gentleman was playing with him. He determined, however, to put on a bold face, and sound the lawyer a little deeper.

"Reading dime novels, I suppose?" suggested Roaps, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Exactly," replied Lawyer Banks, with such evident sincerity of manner as to place Roaps at his ease. "The young rascal ran away with a blackleg supposed to come from Texas, and took with him about two thousand dollars that should have been placed in my hands as trustee of his father's estate until he came of age."

"May I ask you where this boy came from in your state?" asked Roaps, turning over the roll of hills in his pocket that he now knew belonged to this same lad he was enquiring about. The rascal was still scheming, now that he was satisfied of his own safety.

"From a small village called Painesville," replied Lawyer Banks, wondering at the sudden interest which Roaps appeared to take in his business.

"Painesville!" cried Roaps, with a start, and looking all at once furious and annoyed. "Was his name Frank Greene?"

"Yes," replied Lawyer Banks, shifting around in his chair. He was even more startled than Roaps at hearing the mention of the lad's name. "What can you know about him, sir?"

"Know about him!" exclaimed Roaps, with seemingly virtuous indignation: "Why I picked up that boy in Cincinnati when he was starving, and in return for my kindness, he robbed me and my partner of a large sum of money. The young rascal came to me with a heartrending story concerning some ranch-owner whom he alleged had robbed him of two thousand dollars, but I don't believe now he had a cent—"

"O yes, he had—" replied Lawyer Banks, observing the white heat into which Roaps had purposely thrown himself, and wondering at the strange turn of affairs. "But since you know him

so well, I will guarantee to repay you every cent you say he stole from you, if you can satisfactorily prove your claim."

Roaps was tickled to death, to use a slang term, by this offer of Lawyer Banks. His scheming brain had successfully plotted once more; so, tapping the lawyer on the shoulder, he suddenly rose and said in an undertone: "We don't want everybody to know our business. Join me in my room in a half an hour, and probably you will find me useful in locating the lad. I'm on his trail, too, and expect to lay my hands on him before twenty-four hours have passed."

Lawyer Banks hardly knew whether to believe this self-styled Colonel Ross or not, but that he knew something of Frank was evident; so he agreed to the appointment proposed.

It was during this interval of a half an hour that Frank arrived at the hotel, and, curiously enough, secured a room adjoining Roaps, where he was able to listen to the conversation between that rascal and the old family lawyer referred to in a previous chapter, and which we will now narrate.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH FRANK HEARS HIMSELF DENOUNCED AND LEAVES THE HOTEL.

When Lawyer Banks first joined Roaps in his room, the latter, though appearing to be most polite and affable, was nevertheless nervous and ill at ease. He had spent the past half hour in spinning out one of the most plausible schemes even his cunning brain was able to devise; but he felt very uncertain as to its ultimate success. It was some time before he broached the subject of Frank's delinquencies, and Lawyer Banks grew impatient.

"Now tell me," said the honest old lawyer at length, "what you have to say about my ward, and present your bill. It is no use wasting any more time, or beating about the bush."

It was just at this moment that Frank, who had finished his supper and retired for the evening, was startled by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, separated from him by a thin, wooden partition, as referred to in a previous chapter as having occurred on his arrival at Hopetown after being left by the boat.

"I'm not beating about the bush, Mr. Banks," replied Roaps, in a dignified tone. "This is a delicate matter, and it is no use in either of us bandying words or losing our tempers."

"Well, tell me your story," returned Lawyer Banks, more pleasantly, as he drew closer up, and allowed his head to fall on his hand, his elbow resting on the table.

"As I told you, Mr. Banks," Roaps began, suavely, "I am interested in breeding horses. It was during the meeting at Cincinnati that the lad, starving and penniless, came up to me on the race track, having heard from some other lads that I am usually a good-natured sort of a fellow, and told me the story which I have already given to you. As he seemed by his appearance and conversation, a respectable kind of a lad, I took an interest in him at once. I even allowed him to stay at my hotel with me, and dine at the



same table. My horse, 'Sweetheart' which won the Cincinnati Hotel Stakes at ten to one, was one of the really good things at that meeting; and I entrusted this Frank Greene with five hundred dollars to place in the hands of my commissioner in the betting ring. He quickly disappeared, and when I missed him, I found that he had ransacked my valise at the hotel and taken valuable jewelry and papers away with him. Now, Mr. Banks, though I am a breeder of horses, I was brought up, at any rate, in the fear of God. I am known all over this country for innumerable donations to charitable institutions, and was never known to turn a hungry man away. If you ask on the race-course who Colonel Ross is, you will hear it stated everywhere there is no better or more honorable man breathing."

"Well, that may be all true," interrupted Lawyer Banks, impatiently, not caring to listen to this man blowing the trumpet of his own good deeds. "But please get down to the point. Give me some proofs that Frank was entrusted with this sum, and I will be as good as my word."

Here Roaps drew from his pocket a copy of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and, turning to the sporting page, thrust it before Lawyer Banks' nose, exclaiming: "There is the account of the race, sir, in which Colonel Ross' Sweetheart won by a short head."

"I don't care about that," replied Lawyer Banks, thrusting the proffered paper on one side. "That is no proof, but I am willing to take your word for it. I am not authorized, however, to pay Mrs. Greene's money away to anybody who may come to me with mere stories of this kind. Can you give me some proof that Frank Greene handled your money, and got away with it?"

At this point, Roaps drew from his pocket a letter which he handed to Lawyer Banks. The lawyer noticed the heading, "Grand Hotel, Cincinnati," but, on perusing the writing, his practiced eye told him that this precious document had been concocted not many minutes before, for the ink was quite fresh.

"Well, Colonel Ross, this is some proof," said Lawyer Banks, leaning back in his chair, and pretending to accept the letter as genuine. "I should, however, like to communicate with the gentleman who wrote you this note."

"Now, look here," exclaimed Roaps, hotly, springing to his feet. "I am a gentleman. I've told you who I am, and showed you the proof of my claim. I do not choose to stand any more of this nonsense, or to be bulldozed by any pettifogging lawyer. If you wish to save this young scamp from prison, you will refund to me the money, which only represents one tenth of what I really lost. If you do not, the minute I lay my hands on the young man, I'll cause his arrest. It's all up to you!"

During this conversation, Frank lay with his ear close to a small hole in the partition, and was utterly astounded at the rascality of this man Roaps, whom he pictured as a fiend. But he was nevertheless terror-stricken now, for whatever might be the contents of that supposedly convicting letter in which he was alleged

to have stolen five hundred dollars from "Colonel Ross," he knew that Roaps had laid a scheme to blackmail his mother, and hold him up as a thief of the blackest type. He felt like smashing in the wall, and denouncing Roaps to his face; but the remembrance of his experience in Cincinnati in which Major Gunning turned the tables on him so cleverly, held him back. Moreover, he well knew that Roaps was a more cunning rascal than his old confederate, and he did not doubt but that he had arranged his plan with the idea of meeting just such an emergency.

"Lawyer Banks, knowing that I took away the two thousand dollars, will believe this man," Frank said to himself in dismay. "It is useless my trying to convince anybody now that I am not the black sheep I have been painted. No doubt mother believes it all, too. The best thing for me to do is to get away from here as quickly as possible."

Tears came into Frank's eyes as he was again practically driven away from one more place of shelter by Fate or Destiny—the reward of one foolish act.

Poor boy! He little knew what a true and conscientious friend he had in this shrewd but seemingly austere old lawyer. He little knew how anxious his mother was about him—what bitter tears she shed, what sighs had escaped her as she had looked longingly upon his picture on the wall at home, what earnest prayers she uttered for his safety and protection! She would not believe—would never believe—that Frank was a criminal, merely a poor, wayward lad, led away by some unscrupulous villain. Had Frank known what was passing through Lawyer Banks' mind, and how his mother longed for his return to Painesville, he would not have hesitated one moment in denouncing this rascal Roaps; but instead, he hastily slipped on his clothes, and descending the stairs, passed out into the night, to go he knew not where.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### IN WHICH ROAPS MEETS SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

Shortly after Frank left the hotel, Lawyer Banks took up his hat, well knowing that the so-called "Colonel Ross" was a fraud—that his story had been concocted for the purpose of blackmail—and that Frank after all was the victim of some cruel conspiracy, no matter where it originated. That this "Colonel Ross" knew something of Frank was evident to Lawyer Banks, but as he rose from the table, he turned to Roaps, whom he had already made up his mind to be a villain, and said: "Well, Colonel Ross, I cannot pay you this five hundred dollars on the evidence you have so far produced, but if you will give me the address of the writer of that letter and he corroborates your statement, it will be no difficult matter for me to find this money. But," added Lawyer Banks, in his quiet, seemingly off-hand manner, "you must remember that we, lawyers, in New York are not very easily deceived."

"All right, Mr. Banks," replied Roaps, non-plussed; "you have doubted my word as a gentleman, and I don't care to have any more to say to you. You pettifogging

lawyers in New York State might at least learn the laws of good manners."

But Lawyer Banks had turned his back on Roaps before he had time to throw out this last insinuation about good manners; and as the faithful old man walked away, he thought to himself that he had never met with a bigger counterfeit of the true coin than this man whom he had condescended to talk with.

Roaps, left alone, pondered for several minutes on the interview which had just closed. "I hardly expected to carry through the scheme with a white-haired old duffer like that, but nothing ventured nothing gained." Having thus philosophically dismissed all care about Frank or his own welfare, he began to undress and went to sleep as though he were the most innocent mortal breathing. Thus it happens that the most beloved of mortals may find sometime, at rest which is denied to the righteous.

The next morning when Roaps made his appearance in the hotel office, he found Lawyer Banks standing by the desk in close conversation with the hotel clerk.

"Good morning, Colonel Ross," said Lawyer Banks affably, as Roaps stepped up. "I see by the register that Frank Greene was a guest of this hotel last night, and while we were discussing his whereabouts, he was in the very next room. The clerk informs me that he left about midnight and has not returned."

"What do you say? That young scoundrel was actually here? Impossible! Lucky for him I didn't see him I can tell you," exclaimed Roaps, throwing up his hands in amazement.

Roaps was interrupted in his show of indignation by the sudden appearance of seven or eight persons, each carrying a large satchel. These were the principals of Miller's European Circus just come to town.

One of the party, a stout, flashily-dressed man with a very red face, stepped up to the register, and immediately recognized Roaps, whom he saluted familiarly. "Hello, Dick Roaps, what are you doing with—here? The last I heard of you you were in jail."

At this, Lawyer Banks looked over his glasses, and without saying a word, noted that the man who thus had spoken, signed himself "Charles Miller." He afterwards jotted this name down for future reference; but he never again condescended even to notice "Colonel Ross," alias Dick Roaps.

"You always had too much mouth," growled Roaps, glancing at the circus proprietor. "Here you are again. You've spoilt my game. I was good for a cool thousand until you came in."

Charles Miller, the proprietor of the greatest and most wonderful world-famed equestrian show on earth, politely told Roaps to go to the warmest place known outside of this earth, and turned his back on him, remarking: "Roaps, you'd better make yourself scarce. Daffy Dan is with this show, and if he ever casts eyes on you, he'll kill you. You know what you done to him in Kansas City. Daffy has never forgotten you."

"I don't care for you or Daffy Dan," replied Roaps, with a sneer; "I can take care of myself—" He was proceeding to

abuse the circus proprietor and his show when there entered a tall, muscular individual, beautifully formed, but with a stark, staring madness in his glassy eye which boded no good to anyone who dared to cross his path. This was none other than Daniel Soles, billed as the champion bareback rider of the world, known as "Daffy Dan" by his associates.

Two years before while in Kansas City, "Daffy Dan" had been a victim of Roaps' nefarious schemes. He had been robbed, and almost killed by this same Roaps, who had posed as his friend and finally succeeded in breaking his home.

As soon as he entered the hotel and fixed his eye on Roaps, he appeared for the moment dazed. Then he laughed outright—wildly and hysterically. This lasted but a moment.

Roaps recognized the man in an instant, and quickly had his hand on his hip pocket. He knew it was a question of the quickest.

Wildly laughing yet, Daffy Dan approached, exclaiming: "Well, I've cornered you at last. Here we are. Let us settle!" With this, two shots were fired before the circus proprietor could intervene, and—*Roaps fell dead to the floor*. As soon as Daffy Dan knew he had accomplished his purpose he broke out into wilder laughter than ever, as though he had performed the most heroic feat on earth.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH FRANK ADMITS HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY DOES NOT ALWAYS PAY.

Great excitement was naturally caused in the village of Hopetown when it was learned that a man had been shot by a circus performer in the hotel, and it did not take more than twenty minutes before the entire population of that place was either discussing the murder, or crowding about the hotel to catch a glimpse of the dead man's body as it was borne away. But as the cause of the crime eked out, and "Daffy Dan" related all the mean, cowardly and atrocious acts this miserable scoundrel had committed in the past, the village people commiserated with the bareback rider, and with one common accord agreed on the verdict that it "*served him right*."

Accordingly, when the coroner's inquest took place, and a jury was empaneled, there could not be a man found to accuse "Daffy Dan" of the murder, but he was ultimately confined as a lunatic, his mental condition being brought about by the villainy of his victim.

It seemed strange and fateful that, almost at the same time as Roaps had met with this swift retribution, his confederate Major Gunning, met with his end in a manner almost as tragic. When he came out of his drunken stupor sufficiently to realize that he had been robbed of his ill-gotten wealth, and found that he had not "a sou markee" left in his possession, he staggered up to the bartender and called for "an-opener," at the same time informing that individual that he had been robbed of thousands of dollars, and would very quickly let the police know what kind of a place he was in. This, of course, nettled the individual addressed, who speedily procured a club and belabored the self-

styled Major about the head until he thought it the wisest thing to pick himself up and depart as quickly as possible.

"Roaps has double-crossed me at the finish," murmured Major Gunning, as he strolled away; "I am sure it was him who went through my pockets—or else I've got the snakes. It's all up with me now. Not a cent—not a cent." And he started to whine and howl by turns, like a whipped cur, as he turned over his pockets again and again, hoping at least to find some money left behind, even in the linings of his coat and vest. There was not a cent, however. Then a great dread seized upon his heart, and the phantom of a boy, not unlike Frank Greene, rose up before his excited brain to torment him.

"I did not murder the lad, judge," he cried aloud, completely losing his senses; "The young woman has lied. Mercy, Judge—mercy! Did the foreman say—'guilty?' Then I am lost, for I did kill him." With this he ran madly towards the bridge as though afraid of his pursuers, and, with wild, staring eyes, flung himself into the canal. His body was recovered the following day, but there was none to claim it; so he was buried in the Potter's Field without a gravestone to record his virtues.

After the tragedy in the hotel office at Hopetown, ending in the sensational murder of Roaps, Lawyer Banks was more than anxious to find Frank. He had learnt sufficient now to know that this Colonel Ross was an impostor, and thoroughly believed now that this was the very man Roaps who had led Frank astray. Not willing to be mixed up in the Coroner's inquest, and blaming himself for having listened to this man's hypocritical cant and evident rascality, he packed up his valise and left the hotel at Hopetown within a half hour of Roaps' murder.

"I know now," said Lawyer Banks to himself, seriously, "that poor Frank has been more sinned against than sinning. I will hire a rig, communicate at once with the poor mother at Cincinnati, and move Heaven and earth but I'll find him. The young fool is like his old dad, headstrong to the last, and would rather lose all his money than admit an act of dishonesty."

Frank, meanwhile, thoroughly discouraged by the conversation between Lawyer Banks and Roaps which he had overheard in the hotel, wandered through the fields, aimlessly and alone not caring whither his legs would lead him. He had a little money left, but felt like flinging it away. His appetite left him entirely, and soon his legs began to give way, though he could not sleep. Three days and nights he tramped, becoming more and more exhausted as he proceeded, wishing that that every step might be his last.

"What have I got to live for?" he said to himself. "Mother has turned her back on me. Mr. Banks believes me a thief and scoundrel. The boys at Painesville have all heard or read the stories in the paper. I wish I was dead."

It was with these dreary recollections that he arrived at a little cross-road station just as a train slowed up. Finding that it went to Louisville, and being thoroughly tired, he procured a ticket

and sprang inside, only to rest his weary bones. He little knew how Mrs. Thomas was searching for him, and how she and his good mother were consoling each other at this time.

"As well Louisville as anywhere else," Frank thought to himself. "I'd as lief be in Timbuctoo, for the matter of that."

Arrived at Louisville, he walked along Main street and turned here and there trying to tire himself out; but so thoroughly disheartened was he that probably no human being in that fair city felt so wretched as he did.

"I have no friend on earth," he said to himself. "I really wish I were dead. I have no one to whom I can tell the truth"—

At this moment, in the midst of his cogitations, a negro lad stepped up and stared at him. It was only an instant. Frank stared. Could it really be he?

"Massa Frank," exclaimed Smoke, showing his white teeth and with a glad smile.

"Smoke, can that be you?" cried Frank, thunderstruck.

So Frank discovered that he was not alone in the world—that he had, at least, one friend in whom to confide, although he belonged to the despised, dusky race of Africa.

"Yo' look pow'ful ill, Massa Frank," said Smoke, sympathetically.

"I've had a hard time, Smoke," replied Frank, dropping his chin, and gazing at the sidewalk.

Smoke saw that Frank was really very sick and exhausted; but where could he take him? He felt almost ashamed to take him to "Mammy," though he was sure she would welcome him, and nurse poor Frank until he was well again.

"I can't take yo' to no big house, Massa Frank, but if you'll go wif me, Mammy will nuss yo'."

Frank made no reply; so Smoke, fearing lest he should fall down through sheer exhaustion, caught him by the arm and led him to his humble home.

It did not take Smoke's mother long to know that Frank was already coming down with a bad form of typhoid fever; and, although she could see that Frank was born of the most refined, white parents, she did not agree to take care of him on that account, or because Smoke said so, but from that inherent hospitality which is one of the most noble characteristics of the dusky race.

In his delirium, Frank rambled over the incidents of the past few weeks, shouting and sobbing by turns, sometimes scolding his mother for not letting him have more of his own way and then tearfully begging her forgiveness—sometimes abusing Lawyer Banks as an old fogey and then reverently thanking him for his good advice—relating aloud all the wild adventures of Deadwood Dick, and killing imaginary bandits and wild animals—talking confidentially with Roaps and then denouncing him—and often crying out in his most feverish moments, "Fire!" and "Smoke!"

For several days his life was despaired of, and when finally the doctor pronounced him out of danger, and Mammy had made up his bed with her best linen, and washed his clammy hands and face, he looked up with a grateful smile. "Some day, per-

haps, I shall be able to repay you"—he said, faintly.

"Repay nuffin', Massa Frank," replied Mammy kindly. "De gude Lawd sent yo' to me, an' I'd be a poor nigger ef I couldn't take care of de stranger by de wayside. We must all trust in de Lawd, an' do what we can for each other. Tho' I be but a pore nigger, I shall nebbber want."

Frank started to cry. "O dear! O dear!" he exclaimed. "How foolish—how selfish—how wicked I have been!"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Mammy, good-naturedly. "Yo' be still, Massa Frank. I've got visitors to see yo'."

The negress immediately flung open the door, and there stepped before his astonished gaze none other than his mother, Lawyer Banks and Mrs. Thomas.

"My boy—my poor, dear Frank—my own, own son!" cried Mrs. Greene, taking her boy's wasted form in her hands and weeping as only a fond, good mother would. "So we have found you at last."

And Frank wept too—hot, bitter and repentant tears. "Mother, will you forgive me?" he pleaded.

"Forgive you?" said Mrs. Greene, kissing him again. "God bless you, Frank! I know all now. Your negro friend, Smoke, has told me all. I received a letter from him a few days ago, and that is how I found you out, with the aid of this good lady, Mrs. Thomas."

"He is a dear, brave, good boy," said Mrs. Thomas, embracing Frank. "I have helped to restore him to you as he restored to me my child. Do not be harsh with him for my sake. I love him as if he were my own son, and not yours, and anything I can ever do for him, he shall never ask for in vain."

"Thank you, Mrs. Thomas," replied Frank's mother, weeping. "I trust you will find leisure to pay us a visit in Painesville, and find Frank in his true colors. And be sure to bring the baby along. I will write you when we reach home. We might never have found him but for you." Then turning to Mammy, she added: "You shall never want for this act of loving-kindness to my son. He was a stranger and you took him in—God bless you for it!"

Lawyer Banks reverently looked on, occasionally passing his hand over his eyes to brush away the tears.

Finally, he stood up to to the bedside and said in his old, sly, horse-sense manner: "All this comes of having your own way. Now, as I understand the state of affairs, you will please come back to Painesville with your mother, and Smoke, your friend, is to come with you to take charge of your stable. You're just as headstrong as your old dad."

Smoke was a hero in Painesville from that time.

When Frank returned home he told his companions of the mischief caused by reading the rank, degrading and utterly immoral stories published as dime novels, and related to them the adventures and tribulations of the youth, drawn from his own experience—Having His Own Way.

(The End.)

## STONEWALL JACKSON'S FIND.

BY LESTER WILLIAMS.

Twenty years ago there swept over Lake Erie one of the fiercest storms that ever raged upon the lakes. The whole city of Buffalo was effected by this storm, but those who received its full force were poor people who had squatted on a strip of land jutting out from the harbor. These cabins were rude affairs built out of odds and ends, railroad ties, and such material as the proprietor could collect. In ordinary weather they were fairly comfortable, but in such a storm as this the cabins afforded poor protection to the inmates. In the furthest cabin from the mainland resided a colored family known as the Carringfords. This family consisted of Old Uncle Ben Carringford, his daughter, and grandson, Stonewall Jackson. Old Uncle Ben was of doubtful age, but probably somewhere between sixty-five and seventy years, though he declared he was over a hundred. For a man of his years he was unusually active, and managed to pick up a fair living by doing odd jobs for people in the city. He was one of Colonel Carringford's slaves before the war, and a special favorite of the Carringford family; in fact, he was the family house servant, and about the same age as the son and heir, John Carringford, with whom he was brought up. The outbreak of the war found the Carringford family scattered, and broken up by domestic discord.

After the war Uncle Ben drifted north with his daughter, and after many hardships and trials finally settled in this cabin close to Buffalo harbor. Here his daughter married, and for several years the family prospered; but her husband who was a deck hand on a lake freighter, was drowned, leaving his wife and young Stonewall Jackson to the care of the old grandfather, Uncle Ben. In the summertime the family managed to eke out a precarious livelihood; in the winter it was a hard struggle to make both ends meet. This winter in question had been an especially severe one for Uncle Ben. The storm had raged so fiercely for several days that he had used up nearly all the wood he had gathered in from the lumber yards, and, old rafts he had picked up at the waters edge to keep himself warm.

As an extra fierce blast blew through the cracks of his cabin, Uncle Ben, with a groan, threw on the fire almost his last log. "I'se scared, gran'pap," whined little Stonewall Jackson, as the cabin shook and swayed in the fierce hurricane.

"Go on to bed, yo' Stonewall Jackson, an' don't bovar gran'pap. We'se alright so long as the wood holds out," said his mother.

But Stonewall Jackson did not comply with his mother's request, and when his grandfather resumed his seat in front of the blazing timbers, he crawled up to the old man's knee, and said: "Grandpap, tell me that story 'bout de missus' locket!"

"Go 'long, chile, go 'long! Yo'done

heard dat story more 'n a hundred times," replied Uncle Ben, petulantly.

"I know it," answered Stonewall Jackson, "but I wants 't hear it agen."

"Yas, tell us the story," chimed in the boy's mother. "Mebbe, dat 'll distract our attention from de storm."

The old man rose slowly from his seat, and going to one corner of the cabin, opened a small oaken chest, and took from it a locket. The case was of solid gold, beautifully engraved, and a fine specimen of the jeweler's art. It was, indeed, a strange thing to be in the possession of a poor, old man like Uncle Ben. The old man resumed his seat, and taking his grandson on his knee, motioned his daughter to pull out a chair. Then he lighted his pipe, and in tremulous tones, told the following narrative:

"De Carringfords wah mighty proud people, an' when Massa John married Miss Fanny Ross, de Colonel took on terrible. He swore an' raved like a madman, not because Miss Fanny wasn't a nice girl, but because of a feud ob long standin' between de Rosses and de Carringfords. De Rosses wah mighty proud too, an' when Miss Fanny 'loped wif Massa John, Colonel Ross 'llowed that she'd neber darken his door agen. Massa John an' Miss Fanny went to Washington on dere honeymoon, an' while dere Massa John wrote to his farver, an' done tole him that unless he would receive his wife as his daughter he'd neber come back to de ole plantation. De Colonel was ole an' he loved John, an after de young couple had been away two weeks, he done give in an' sent for John to bring his wife home. Dere wah a gay time when Massa John brought his wife to de ole plantation, an' all us niggers were' giben a holiday. Miss Fanny were a sweet young thing, an' she done took Martha—your grandmother, Stonewall Jackson—to be her maid, while I wah Massa John's servant. Things went along all right fer some time. Shortly after yo' mammy vere was born, Massa John and Miss Fanny done hab some trouble. It 'pears one day Massa John caught Miss Fanny talkin' wif her brudder down by de ole turnpike. Massa John an' Joe Clay Ross had always been bitter enemies 'count ob de feud, an' Massa John done tole Miss Fanny, he didn't want her neber to speak to her brudder, Joe Clay, agen. Miss Fanny was mighty high-tempered an' she didn't like de way Massa John talked to her. She 'llowed she'd speak to her brudder whenever she done please. One word led to ano'ver, an' finally Massa John lost his temper, an' done boxed Miss Fanny's yeabs. Miss Fanny neber said ano'ver word, but she turned monstrous pale, an' after lookin' at Massa John kind o' scornfully, she went into de house. Dat night she disappeared, an' took wif her yo' gran'muvver, leavin' me all alone wif yo' muvver who weren't a yeab ole yit. When Massa John foun' dat Miss Fanny had gone, he felt powerfu' bad an' moped aroun' de house like a sick cat. De Colonel wah powerfu' mad, an' tole John it served him just right fo' marryin' ob dem Rosses. But, howsomeber, he gib John money to hunt fo' his wife an' yo' gran'muvver; an'

although Massa John hunted high an' low, he neber could find her. About a year after Miss Fanny had left, de war done broke out, an' Massa John was one ob de first to enlist under Gen'ral Stonewall Jackson. De day he left de ole plantation to jine his reg'ment he done call me out on de porch, an' sed: 'Ben, I don't know as I'll eber come back, an' hope I may be killed. Yo' stay yere an' take care ob de Colonel—he's old an' needs yo' 'tention. An' yere, Ben, take dis an' keep it, an' if yo' eber find yo' Missus, yo' done gib it to her, an' tell her dat I sent it, an' dat I'se powerfu' sorry for what I done.' An' he slipped dis yere locket into my hands, mounted his horse, an' rode away, an' I've neber seen Massa John from dat day to dis."

Here Uncle Ben paused in his narrative, and opening the locket, showed Stonewall Jackson the pictures facing each other inside of John Carrington and his wife. The former was a manly, athletic-looking young man, at this time in the prime of life, with a face denoting great power and determination; the latter was a beautiful, young woman, whom one would hardly have imagined capable of taking so bold a step, even under insult.

"Soon after Massa John left," continued Uncle Ben, "de ole Colonel died, an' de plantation went to rack an' ruin. De niggers ran away but I remained until de close ob de war, hopin' dat Massa John might come home. But he neber did, an' so I started Norf, hopin' dat I might find yo' gran'muvver an' Miss Fanny. I neber foun' dem, an, yere I be 'bout ready to die wifout knowin' whever yo' gran'muvver be 'live or not. Dis locket is all I have to remind me ob de past, an' though it's worf hundreds ob dollars I'll neber part wif it—I neber will." And the old man closed the case, and setting Stonewall Jackson on the floor, replaced it in the oaken chest. After replenishing the fire, he retired to his cot in the corner.

The next day the storm still continued in all its fury, and Uncle Ben had to face the blinding blizzard in search of fuel. His daughter, conscious that there were no provisions in the house, had also to go out in order to collect a small sum of money due to her for washing. That night the storm redoubled its fury, and the dawn of morning found both Uncle Ben and his daughter sick in bed, the former with rheumatism, and the latter with a severe cold brought on through exposure. The cold soon changed into a fever, and Stonewall Jackson's mother became delirious.

Poor, little Stonewall Jackson knew not what to do. On one bed his grandfather lay groaning with aching limbs; on the other, his mother mumbled in her delirium incoherently. One thing was plain to the lad, though only nine years old—his mother and grandfather must have medicine. The small amount his mother had collected the day before, had been used up to procure food, and there was nothing left in the cabin. The little fellow sat before the fire pondering as to what he should do. Suddenly his thoughts turned in the direction of the oaken chest where his grandfather hid the locket.

"Gran'pap done said dat was worf hundreds ob dollars," he said to himself. "Ef I could only git somebody up in the city to buy it.—But shoo! dar' aint' nobody got

money enuff to buy dat locket,—'sides gran'pap said he wouldn't sell it."

Afternoon found both grandfather and mother even worse than before, and poor Stonewall Jackson was more than ever at his wits' ends to know what to do, as he sat there gazing first at one and then the other, sobbing and bemoaning their lot. Suddenly his face took on a determined expression. Glancing first at his grandfather who had closed his eyes, he tiptoed towards the old oaken chest which he softly opened, and extracted the Carrington locket. Then going to the corner he pulled on his grandfather's rubber boots, buttoned his little, ragged jacket tightly around himself, and pulling his cap down over his ears, prepared for a journey up town. Before doing so, however, he threw several large pieces of wood on the fire, and after satisfying himself that everything was as well as could be under the circumstances, he softly opened the door and faced the blinding storm. He trudged manfully along through the storm, and finally almost exhausted, reached Main street. Here he paused and looked about him, half seared but anxious.

"Wished I knowed who had de most money up yere?" he said to himself.

He knew nothing of pawnbrokers. His idea was to sell the Carrington locket if he could find some one who, to his mind, had money enough wherewith to purchase the same. A hundred dollars was his price, the locket probably being worth twenty five.

Just then his attention was attracted by the hissing of a peanut roaster, which was placed on the sidewalk in front of a small confectionery store. As his gaze fell upon the pile of apples, peanuts and confectionery displayed in the shop window, his heart gave a sudden bound.

"Dat's de place to sell mah locket," he said to himself. "Dey'se got money in dat store, wif all dem apples, an' candy in de windah."

He hesitated for some time, feasting his hungry eyes on the contents of the store, then finally summoned up courage to enter, which he did in a shy, half-frightened way.

In front of a little coal store, sat a fat, good-natured negro woman knitting, slowly rocking to and fro in a large comfortable chair. As Stonewall Jackson stepped inside, the old woman turned her head towards the door. She looked over and then under her glasses, at the further end of the counter, and then to right and left; finally her gaze rested on Stonewall Jackson. "Fo' de Lan's sakes! What's in dem boots?" asked the old woman, as a good-natured smile overspread her fat features. "Come yere, chile! What yo' want—candy?"

Stonewall Jackson's tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he made no reply.

"Come yere, yo' little bunch o' rags, an' tell yo' ole mammy what yo' want!"

Stonewall Jackson shuffled down slowly towards the old lady, and reaching in his pocket, drew forth the Carrington locket, which he slowly and shyly extended towards her.

"I done 'llowed yo'd buy dis fo' a hundred dollars," said Stonewall Jackson, in a shaky voice.

"Hundred dollars!" gasped the old lady. "What yo' got dere, chile? What yo' talkin' about?"

"Gran'pap's sick, an' mammy's sick, an' I done 'llowed yo' buy dis fo' a hundred dollars," replied Stonewall Jackson, hastily, as he dropt the locket into the old lady's lap.

The old lady adjusted her spectacles, and picking up the locket, slowly turned it over. Touching the knob which concealed the spring, the case flew open. She gave a sudden start, as she gazed upon the picture, and brought it closer to her eyes.

"*It are! It are!*" she exclaimed, thunderstruck; and springing to her feet, she grabbed poor Stonewall Jackson by the shoulders. "Whar' did yo' git dis locket, chile? Whar yo' git it?"

Stonewall Jackson was now thoroughly frightened. Had the old lady lost her mind, or what was the reason for this sudden exhibition of intense feeling and surprise? The little fellow riggled and twisted, and finally he broke from the old lady's grasp. With the cry like that of a frightened animal he started for the door, through which he quickly disappeared, leaving the old lady standing trembling and still gazing intently on the features of the two photos in the locket.

Stonewall Jackson turned and ran wildly down the street as fast as his legs and his grandfather's boots would enable him. As he neared the corner of the next street, a tall, dignified, old gentleman puffing at a cigar he had just purchased, was in the act of buttoning up his overcoat, when Stonewall Jackson, in his wild flight, ran against his legs nearly upsetting him.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, stooping down to rub his shins. "You young rascal, what do you mean by running into me?"

The frightened look on Stonewall Jackson's face, and the odd figure he presented in big boots, ragged jacket, and overlapping cap almost as threadbare, softened the old gentleman, and the frown on his face turned into a smile.

"She done got gran'pap's locket!" wailed Stonewall Jackson, ignoring the old gentleman's question.

"Got what?" enquired the old gentleman.

"She's done got gran'pap's locket worf hundreds ob dollars," reiterated the boy, sobbing.

"Who's got it?"

"Dat ole woman in de candy store," replied Stonewall Jackson, pointing up the street. "She done took it an' den tried to kill me."

"Well, well, we'll see about it. Come on with me!" commanded the old gentleman.

People turned to look at this tall, well-dressed gentleman walking by the side of this little, black raggamuffin. Arriving at the candy store, the aged gentleman turned the knob, and walked boldly in, followed by Stonewall Jackson, trembling in every limb. The old woman was rocking backwards and forwards in her chair, moaning and sobbing.

"It's Massa John and Miss Fanny!"

"What's that you're saying?" asked the old gentleman, stepping forward, and placing his hand on the old lady's shoulder.

That voice sounded familiar to the old lady. She looked up in astonishment; but when she perceived an old, gray-headed man standing there by her side, her illusion vanished.

"What's that I hear about you taking a locket from this boy?" asked the old gentleman.

"Deed, I didn't take it, sah! He done gib it to me," replied the old lady, candidly. "Yere it is." And she held out the locket.

It was now the old gentleman's turn to be surprised.

As he gazed on the miniature photos, his ruddy face became suddenly white. Then turning to the old woman, he looked straight into her face, and with tremulous voice, said: "Who are you?"

"Mah name is Martha Ross, sah."

"Your name is Martha Carringford," replied the stranger. "You married Ben, my black boy, before the war."

"Massa John, Massa John!" exclaimed the old woman, grasping his hand and kissing it. "Yo' knows me—yo' knows me! De los' am foun'. Praise de Lord!"

"Where's your mistress, Martha?" said John Carringford, controlling himself as best he could.

"She's upstairs," replied Martha. So saying, without more ado the old lady rushed upstairs, crying "Miss Fanny! Miss Fanny! Yo' come downstairs." In a few minutes, almost dragging her mistress bodily downstairs, Martha reappeared with a pale, sickly woman, still bearing the traces of former beauty, dressed in the old-fashioned costume worn in the South before the war, with a mantilla of rich but oldioned lace covering her head.

"Dar he is! Dar he is!" exclaimed Martha, pointing to John Carringford.

For an instant Mrs. Carringford gazed on her husband like one in a dream. Then with a blank stare, she staggered forward as though about to faint.

"Fanny!" he exclaimed, moving towards her, his hands trembling, and his voice thick and husky.

"John!" she murmured, breathing heavily, with outstretched hand.

In an instant, wife was folded in husband's arms, and each was begging forgiveness from the other, both willing to take the blame for this long separation.

Meanwhile, little Stonewall Jackson stood there looking on in bewilderment. What it all meant he had not the remotest idea—all he hoped was, that the locket would be restored to him, or its value.

After placing his wife in a chair, John Carringford turned to old Martha.

"Where's that little, black rascal? Who is he?"

"Dar he is! 'Deed I dunno who he is. Neber saw him befo' in mah life." Martha turned, and pounced on little Stonewall Jackson as she spoke. "Who is yo', chile? What's yo' name?"

"Stonewall Jackson," he gasped.

"Go 'long, chile! Stonewall Jackson wa' a big gen'ral in de wah. What's yo' daddy's name?"

"Ain't got no daddy," replied Stonewall Jackson.

"Who do yo' live wif?"

"I live wif granddaddy an' mammy," answered Stonewall Jackson. "Dat's granddaddy's locket, an' I wants it."

"Is your grandfather's name, Ben?" asked Mr. Carringford, stepping forward.

"Yes, sah! Dat's what dey calls him—Uncle Ben," replied little Stonewall Jackson, rolling his eyes, and showing his white teeth.

"It's your husband, Martha," said Mr. Carringford, amazed. "This is your grandchild."

"Fo' de Lan's sake!" exclaimed Martha, throwing up her hands hysterically. "Wah is Ben? Wah is he?"

It took a good deal of questioning before little Stonewall Jackson would explain where his grandfather and his mother were located. He was altogether too frightened to stand the pressure of questions and cross-questions, even after Martha had taken him on her knee, and given him peanuts and candy.

As soon as Mr. Carringford heard that his old servant was sick, he procured a carriage, and taking Martha, his wife and Stonewall Jackson, they drove as near as possible to the cabin. The storm had abated, and Stonewall's mother had sufficiently recovered as to crawl out of bed, and nurse herself by the fire.

When the party entered the cabin preceded by little Stonewall Jackson, his mother gazed in amazement at the tall, dignified form of a gentleman, who stepped forward, and moved to Uncle Ben's bedside. She, however, mistook him for a doctor, but not so, Uncle Ben himself.

"Ben, do you know me?" said John Carringford, leaning over the old negro's cot.

"It's Massa John! It's Massa John!" cried the old man, forgetting his rheumatism and raising himself up at the sound of that familiar voice heard so often years ago.

There was a great reunion in that little cabin, and Stonewall Jackson, who had brought all this about, was ignored for the time being; but his grandmother made amends for this neglect by stuffing him with candy and peanuts the following day until his stomach rebelled, and he was compelled to take to his bed. He recovered, however, in a few days.

Uncle Ben's wife had taken care of Mrs. Carringford through all these years, and was handsomely rewarded for her faithful and unremitting attention to her mistress. The united old couple lived together happily for several years.

Little Stonewall Jackson was sent to school, and on the death of Mr. Carringford, he was generously remembered in that kindhearted gentleman's will.

A 4-year-old boy was had the other day, and his mother said: "Sammy, why don't you be good?"

"'Cause I'm afraid," was the prompt reply.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Good little boys get to be angels, and I don't want to be an angel and have to wear feeders like a hen."

## NUTS TO CRACK.

Conducted by HYPOTANUSE.

### I. DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

```

      X
    X X X
  X X X X X
    X X X
      X
    X X X
  X X X X X
    X X X
      X
  
```

(1) In "rash." (2) A high card at whist. (3) Refuse. (4) A blossom. (5) In "ask." (6) Did eat. (7) To swallow liquid. (8) A deed. (9) In snake.

The centrals, spelled downward, pertains to sound.

### II. HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

```

X X X X X X X X X X
  X X X X X X X X
    X X X X X
      X
    X X X
      X
  X X X X X X X
X X X X X X X X X X
  
```

(1) Where soldiers are trained. (2) What you divide with. (3) A famous explorer. (4) The opposite of "wet." (5) In "catch". (6) Part of the verb "to be." (7) What the reading matter of this paper is in. (8) What carries a band of travelers. (9) A threatening.

The centrals read downwards, spell the title of one who takes care of books.

### NO. III.

My first is in sing but not in tune,  
My second in wedge but not in hewn.  
My third is in hill but not in mound,  
My fourth is in tail but not in bound.  
My fifth is in zone but not in band,  
My sixth in ear but not in hand.  
My seventh's in raft but not in float,  
My eighth in lamb but not in goat.  
My ninth is in pace but not in speed,  
My tenth in mind but not in heed.  
My eleventh is in land but not in sea,  
My whole is a country in your geography.

### IV. ANAGRAM.

"Hurray! Ma' Great Photo."

### V. NUMERICAL.

Whole of 13 letters is a great Irish holiday. My 3, 4, 1, 2, is "gone by"; my 5, 6, 4, 8, 9, is a trail; my 11, 12, 7, 10, 13, is a wild flower soon to appear.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 34.

I. Honesty is the best policy.

II. Bass.

III. Admiral Schley.

IV. (1) DRAW (2) MIST  
RACE IOWA  
ACES SWIM  
WEST TAME

# THE OWNER OF THE GOLDEN HOPE.

By CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY.

## CHAPTER VII.

At the words "Ben Kingston," Ben Royal gave a startled cry and pressed eagerly forward to look again in the dead man's face. The family likeness to the Kingston's was so plain that he wondered that he had never before observed it. Yet, as a matter of fact, even one knowing Cheyenne Joe's story would not have been able to see it until now. Regardless of the others who were watching him curiously—all save Bob, who had known of the relationship from the day of their arrival—Ben caught the stiffening hand in a fervent clasp.

"That's more than I can say," returned Westcott, reddening.

"But not more than I can," said Rob; "and right here—over Cheyenne Joe's body—is the place to say it."

Westcott glanced at his watch. "We are wasting a good deal of time," he remarked. "The matter is as good as settled now; if you will tell me where this—this man had his kennel; I suppose he had one somewhere and that the ore is there."

"You're right in both of them ideas. The ore is there, but perhaps old Joe's 'kennel' will get to be interesting to you,

"When I came to Lame Water, nearly a year and half ago," began Rob, "I was awful hard up. I'd been tramping 'round over the west, looking for work and not finding much—'cause the bottom had kind o'dropped out o'the west when the silver mines closed down—until I was wore out as well as dead broke. Folks, as a general thing, ain't any too good to strangers here in Lame Water. I didn't get any work, but I did get so sick and starved that I kneeled down in the street one day right in front of Old Joe's horse. It was a lucky tumble for me. Joe took me home with him and took care of me. He got to kind of liking me", Rob confessed modestly; "he didn't have nobody else, but he told me that he had some kin back east that he was going to hunt up some day when he got rich.



THE WAGON CONTAINING THE CONSTABLE DROVE UP.

"Hal, Oh Hal, it's Uncle Ben! It's mother's brother, poor Uncle Ben Kingston."

But Hal was too young to easily grasp the meaning of the changed situation.

"It's Cheyenne Joe", he muttered. "I liked Cheyenne Joe."

Even Westcott, for the moment surprised out of thoughts of vengeance, was silent, either from sympathy or astonishment, and it was Stanton who finally spoke.

"There is some mystery here, something that ought to be investigated before we go any farther in the matter of hunting down the ore thieves. This man said that he took the ore, but—that it was his. How is that, Westcott?"

not only on account of the ore in it, but because it sheltered him, before I get through."

The mine owner—all his bull-headed obstinacy again to the front—cast an uneasy glance at his waiting carriage. But for the presence of Stanton who was a power not to be ignored, he would have settled the matter by shoving the whole outfit, as he denominated the three boys, into jail and leave them there. He glanced at Rob sourly and seated himself upon one of the benches.

"Go on with your story; your testimony probably isn't exactly unimpeachable."

He was in a hurry to get rich on that account, and—he did get rich."

Westcott, who had been drumming on the bench with impatient fingers, got up. "Your story is tedious; you are long-winded," he said "I can't stop to hear all this stuff. Tell the sheriff where this man's hut was and let him go and levy on the ore. I suppose these boys are freed by what that man said."

Rob, after a moment's reflection, gave the location of the ranch house and the sheriff, who would have gladly remained to hear more, was obliged to obey Westcott's order to send a constable to look up the ore. "These boys ought not to be discharged until we get his report."

Westcott admonished him. "We'll all stay right here until he comes back," said Rob; "it won't take long."

"You can stay as long as you please. I am going," Westcott remarked to the silent Stanton, at the same time taking a step in the direction of his carriage. "Stop!" called Rob. "You shall hear what I've got to say, or I'll go out and tell it up and down the streets; I will, so help me God!"

Westcott sat down; he did not move again until Rob's story was finished. "Go on," he said sullenly.

"Old Joe—whose real name is Kingston as you all know now, but it comes more natural to call him Joe—had a mighty big streak of good luck—or what he thought at the time was good luck, about four years ago. He was prospecting around here and he found and located the mine now known as the Golden Hope." Westcott's bronzed face flushed a little, his big hands trembled; to hide his tremor he thrust them deep into his trousers' pockets and glared defiantly at Stanton, whose gaze had not wandered from his face since Rob's story began. "Joe had a pardner who was backing along with him in his cabin. Each of them took different beats but they grub-staked together and agreed to go halves on whatever they found. This pardner—his name was Westcott—and he wasn't wearing diamonds and gold watches in them days—was in worse luck than Joe, for, instead of saving what he could earn doing miner's work at odd times for a grubstake, he would spend it on poker and faro. But Joe was kind of sorry for him, he'd come from the east and he wanted to get back, same's Joe did; so he helped him and give him free grub, whenever he had it to give, and believed in him to that extent that on the day that he struck a lead that fairly made his eyes bulge out, it was so rich, he started on a run to tell the tale to Westcott who happened to be staying at home in the cabin that day.

"Westcott come over and looked at it with him and then he—why, he proposed to Joe that before they numbered and recorded the find, they should go back to the cabin and celebrate it by drinking a bottle of whiskey. Joe had had lots of bad luck and discouragements but he hadn't got no bad habits—then, and he'd never drink anything stronger than beer in his life; he said he'd tasted whiskey but he didn't like it. Well, he wanted to record the find first, but Westcott seemed so excited and so sure that all was safe that finally Joe, who was half-crazy with joy himself, agreed to what Westcott proposed. Westcott was well enough used to his bottle so that he had one ready in the cabin. They sat down and—Joe drank. Westcott pretended to, but I guess he didn't that time; Joe was sure that he didn't. The upshot of it was that when the bottle was used up, Westcott had another ready, and Joe was kept roaring drunk for three days. It nearly killed him. It was a week before he came around enough to know what he was about; then he found himself alone in the cabin with Westcott nowhere in sight. When he'd got braced up enough to take his

bearings he went again to the place where he'd located the vein. Men and teams were at work there taking out ore from the surface vein. Westcott was bossing the job. Joe went up to him, pleased as Punch, and says—'So you haven't let the grass grow under your feet, partner, you've got to work.' Westcott looks at him like he was some new kind of worm that had just crawled up from under ground, and says, kind of aside to one of the men that was harkening—'Some escaped loony, prob'ly; we'd better keep an eye on him and pass the word along.' Quick as a flash Joe saw what his game was. It turned him sick when he remembered how powerless he was if Westcott choose to play him false, but he couldn't believe it was possible. He'd done Westcott so many good turns. He thought that he was just trying to scare him, though he didn't relish the joke, and he says, 'Of course you've got her recorded?'

"If you refer to the mine, my friend," says Westcott, "I have. Now if there is any little favor I can do for you, spit it out and be sry; time is valuable. If not, get out! Get out!" Well, Joe didn't think of any little favor that he wanted of him just then, so he took Westcott's advice and got out. That probably saved him from being taken up as a lunatic. The men Westcott had hired were all strangers to him; they would believe whatever Westcott said and Joe had no proof. He had been putting in his time in keeping drunk while Westcott stole his mine and covered up the theft. I said that Joe had no proof. Well, that was a little mistake of his; he thought he had none."

The great mining king who had been listening to Rob's story in perfect silence, since he had consented to listen at all, leaned forward, eager to catch the boy's next words, but, meeting Stanton's eyes, the air of strained attention relaxed. He again consulted his watch, and Rob, observing the movement, said with unnecessary asperity—"Oh, I'm nearly through, then it'll be your turn. Joe'd had lots of disappointments in the course of his many years of prospecting. Of course he'd had good finds before—but never anything like this—but if he had ever made anything out of them he couldn't keep it; money wouldn't stick to his hands like it does to some. He'd had such hard luck for three or four years before coming to Lame Water that he had well-nigh lost all hope, so that when his pick laid bare foot after foot of that glittering vein he knew that the bad luck was past. He could hope again, and he said, right out loud there by himself: 'I'll call it the Golden Hope.' He covered up the vein where he'd exposed it, and, crazy with delight, started back to camp to tell Westcott. He'd took off his hat—he said it wasn't big enough—and carrying it in his hand, looking like a zany, when as he rounded the shoulder of Knob Hill, he met a man walking along slow with his hands behind him, this and eyes kind of studying the ground. Joe knew that he wasn't a prospector, though he stepped aside and looked up as Joe came tearing along. Now if he had been a tough, Joe wouldn't ha' done the thing that he did, even if he was half crazy. He

halted and says to the stranger: 'I've got it. I've got a golden hope.' Joe said the stranger looked at him as if he thought he might be carrying it in a bottle, and then he says, 'We've all got a golden hope, my friend, if we would but embrace it.' 'I've just found mine,' says Joe, 'and it's the richest lead in Colorado, it is as sure as my name's Ben Kingston. He hadn't gone back on his name in those days—I'll call it the Golden Hope,' and off he trotted. He knew, of course, after what the stranger said that he was a gospel man and that he'd tell the truth. After Westcott ordered him off that day, he went straight to the registry office and he found the record there just as Westcott had said, but what was queer for so sharp a man, he had not been satisfied with stealing Joe's mine, he had even taken the name that Joe suggested, and it was regularly entered and numbered in the records, 'No. 973, The Golden Hope, James Westcott.' Of course he couldn't have supposed that Joe had said anything about it to any one else or he wouldn't have used that name, but Joe himself didn't wake up to see the importance of his having made that statement to the stranger before the mine was recorded, until he got acquainted with me." Rob paused modestly; Westcott favored him with a black look and a muttered curse, and Rob resumed:

"Folks don't bank very heavy on such things; don't believe in 'em, but I think that Ben Kingston's heart broke when he realized what had happened; he was fond of Westcott, and his treachery—well, Joe got so he didn't care what happened, or what became of him. He took to drinking and he kept at it so steady that he couldn't do much else, finally he wandered away to some of the other mining towns, going from one to the other and sliding down hill all the time—for he got so he'd only work long enough to keep himself in whiskey—until when he came back here from Cheyenne, two years ago, there was so little of the original Ben Kingston left that some of the hoboos that had seen him in Cheyenne, nicknamed him Cheyenne Joe, and he answered to the name. He told me once that he'd take back his own name when he'd cleaned it up, and after him and me got well acquainted we hit on a plan to do that. I was awful sorry for him, for he was a good man, and he'd been robbed of more than money, he'd lost faith in folks. We got a job together in the Golden Hope, that was the main part of our plan, for the money that come from that mine was his, and we'd got to have money to hunt up that witness with. We used to go to church once in awhile in hopes of meeting him, but Joe's taste for drink had him in a hard clutch by this time and he couldn't often get courage enough to face folks that go to church, for they don't like to have shabby folks and drunkards settin' among 'em, and Joe knew it. Joe said that if he had money enough and could find that witness, he'd bring suit against Westcott for the recovery of the mine. It wasn't easy to carry ore from a mine that's guarded as the Golden Hope is, but Joe and I, we managed it."

"How?" asked Westcott.

"That's my secret; I ain't telling that to-day. We'd got a pretty good-sized lot, enough so that Joe thought that it would be safe to open out, if the witness could be found, and I guess everything would ha' gone all right but one day Joe's nephews come out from the east, dead broke and in trouble. We run afoul of 'em the first day, but Joe wasn't ready to own up to his name yet; besides, he wanted to see what sort of stuff the boys were made of. He wanted to see if they showed up well—and they did, they're straight goods, both of 'em. I drove the buckskin down to Pueblo not so long ago and made arrangements to ship our ore to the smelter there—they don't ask no questions about where ore comes from at a smelter; their business is to reduce it and take their commission. I was to take the ore in the night to the next station below Lame Water and ship it from there. Well, our plans are off, and Joe's dead because he would give some chunks of ore to a little boy to play with."

"How much ore have you taken?" asked Stanton.

"About thirty thousand dollars worth," answered Rob composedly.

"Thirty thousand dollars worth!" Westcott echoed the words with a snarl of rage. "See here, I guess you are right about these two milk sops; they are innocent because they are not sharp enough to be anything else, but you! I'll see that you are fixed. I'll show you that stealing thirty thousand dollars worth of ore is no joke."

"It was'n't stealing; Joe took what was his own, and I took what I did under his direction; the mine was his. Neither of us ever took a grain of dust from any other mine. As for it's being no joke to steal ore, maybe it'll be possible to convince you that it's no joke to steal a mine, either."

"I'll have you taken up for slander as well as theft," cried Westcott, springing to his feet in fury.

"No, I guess not," returned Rob coolly. "I told you that Joe didn't find the witness and I saw that your face looked a little less like a big chunk of chalk as I said it, and it's true; Joe didn't find him but—I did."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Westcott, his face again the color of a big chunk of chalk, looked at the youthful narrator. "Who is the witness?" he asked, and a kind of thrill went through his small audience at the tacit admission that the words conveyed.

"It's the new Methodist minister; the one that was sent here from Astarte, two weeks ago. He was located here once before, four years ago, it was. I've been kind of interviewing all the ministers I could get at on the object for a good while. The minute I mentioned it to this man, Mr. Atwood, he remembered all about it; he even recollected the date which was better than Joe did, for he was studying that day whether he should stay here or accept a call to go somewhere else; he accepted it and that was the reason we didn't find him till now. Well, we're beat. You've got on to our trail for all it's worth." As if in corroboration of his statement, the wagon containing the

constable who had gone to the ranch house on a tour of investigation now drove up, and, in answer to the sheriff's inquiring look the constable nodded. "It's just as he says, the ore there, I left a guard over it," he explained. But his explanation was scarcely heeded.

There was some one on the seat beside the constable whose appearance seemed to have struck the erstwhile voluble Rob dumb with amazement. Ben too, stared in surprise nearly as great, and it was Hal who exclaimed in tones of mingled apprehension and relief, "Oh, Squire Page did you—have you—come to take us?"

"I have," the Squire's deep voice proclaimed, "I've come to take you home where you belong if you'll go, but I didn't know what good luck was in store for me besides finding you two." He looked at Rob, his stern features working. "I wonder if I shan't be able to take three boys back instead of two," he said.

"I guess you will," Rob said humbly, "but I ain't much of a find, Dad."

"We seem to have happened on the last act of a domestic drama," observed Westcott, ironically, "but it's a little too soon to talk of taking this youngster anywhere except to jail."

"No, I guess not," replied the Squire. "This man that I rode over with—I just got here about an hour ago and was waiting around the place that Hal spoke of in his letter till some one should come—told me what was goin' on out here; and as I am a pretty good friend to the Royal boys—though I ain't always acted like one I admit—I said I'd come over and see what I could do for 'em. I didn't know's my son had anything to do with it then; my son's been travelling 'round some and we've kind o' lost track of each other, but we ain't going to do it again."

"No," muttered Rob.

"Now this man says there is talk of a trial for recoverin' a mine that was stolen from Ben Kingston, or that Ben Kingston was jockeyed out of, if you like that way of sayin' it better than to say it was stolen,—but that since the ore's found there ain't no funds to carry on a trial," continued the Squire; "Well, I aint a rich man, not very, but I'm pretty comfortable, and I'm willing to do a good turn for the sake of Ben Kingston who was a chum of mine in old days, so don't call off the trial, boy, on account of any lack of funds."

"And if you are in need of anything more, the resources of the Seek-no-further are at your services." It was Mr. Stanton who spoke, and Westcott, as he heard the words acknowledged himself beaten. Stanton was a power in Lame Water, and the boisterous mining town, lax in all other matters, was furiously resentful when it came to infringements upon the mining claims of any of its citizens. So the business of ousting poor Ben Kingston who had trusted him, was not one that he had ever been able to reflect upon with satisfaction.

"Kingston always meant that I should have a half interest in whatever he found," Westcott said suddenly, all the defiance gone from his hard face. He had surrendered from the instant that Stanton declared himself the ally of the Kingston heirs.

"It is right that you should have it," spoke Mr. Stanton again, "You have managed the property well, and your services demand more than a mere monetary recognition. If a compromise can be effected—"

"Well, it can," Westcott assured him sullenly.

"That'll be all right then," said the Squire heartily, "and if you will drive to some attorney's office—some one that you can trust, and get the thing started,—get the deed ready that's to turn over a half interest in the Golden Hope to these boys—we'll follow you as soon as we have taken Ben's body out to his house. And strange kind of a house it is for a man who was the rightful owner of a mine that nets—I am told—twenty millions a year. We'll ship the body back to Ben's old home. I can well believe he was always hankering for it, and maybe he'll be glad where he is now, that he's to rest among the old scenes."

Ben and Hal took the remains of Cheyenne Joe back to the home of his youth; the home that he had loved and longed for through so many misspent years. Rob and his father accompanied them, leaving Westcott, who was fast proving himself a valuable ally, now that he had decided upon a straightforward course, in charge of the mine pending the return of the two young men. For Ben, gratefully remembering that, but for Rob, their own rights would have never been established, insisted that Rob should become Associate Manager, with Westcott, of the actual business of the Golden Hope. Rob had had much experience in mining affairs, while he had had none whatever, and, "besides," he told his future partner, "if Hal and I are to become multi-millionaires we must have education enough so that we need not disgrace the position."

"Disgrace nothin'," retorted his independent manager; "It's what's inside of a fellow that counts. Schools and colleges can't make a man."

"No; but they can help a good deal," Ben said, sagely; "So Hal and I are going to try what they can do for us."

THE END.

#### AN ELECTRIC EXERCISER.

There is an apparatus for the exercise of the muscles, combining the application of the electric current with the handling of Indian clubs or dumb-bells. The inventor claims that the application of electricity to the body and muscles while exercising with the clubs or dumb-bells will be found of great advantage, in that the current acts on the muscles while in motion, and thus tends to compensate for the weariness produced by the vigorous handling of the exercising devices. The apparatus comprises an induction cell and battery contained in a case secured to the body by a belt, with wires leading to the tubes for connection with the metallic tubes forming the grips or handles. The wires are of sufficient length to permit the free use of the apparatus, and variations in the strength of the current are obtained by adjusting the sliding cord of the induction coil, which adapts the exerciser for use of the children or adults.



## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Edited by UNK L. GRAMMA

Here are a few hints to amateurs in a general way. Mounting prints with shellac is strongly recommended. Once the knack of handling it has been mastered, shellac will be found about as good a mountant as one could wish for. It is not only cheap but possesses several advantages over paste. If kept in a bottle well corked it will never deteriorate; and should it thicken by evaporation, the addition of a little alcohol will correct matters. It will not warp the mount, no matter how thin the material may be. You can remove a print from the mount or from the page of an album at any time without the least injury to either.

### LANDSCAPE WORK.

When out after choice bits of nature, give the condition of the atmosphere some thought. If you find a dainty bit of foreground study and the air is clear with the sun bright, leave it alone for another day. If you want distant vistas and "all outdoors" on your plate, choose the clear bright days, you will then get the contrast that gives the picture life. The other kind have plenty of contrast as a rule, and a softer light or slight haze is better for them.

### TO RESTORE FADED PRINTS.

Remove the prints from their mounts, then immerse in mercuric chloride, 5 grains; hydrochloric acid, 1 minim; water 1 ounce; potassium bichromate, 10 grains; salt, 15 grains; hydrochloric acid, 5 minims. Leave the prints in till thoroughly bleached. Wash well for at least an hour in running water, then expose to daylight, and re-develop with hydroquinone, metol, or one of the newer developers, and the result is a black image.

### DEVELOPING SMALL NEGATIVES.

Very often we are anxious to develop a large number of small plates in a brief time, and sometimes we put several of them into one dish and let them take their chances, a rather foolish proceeding when varying exposures have been given. A far better plan is to have three large dishes in use; No. 1 containing a solution rather weak in pyro and diluted with water, No. 2 with the normal developing solution, and No. 3 with an accelerated solution. If the plates are first put in into No. 1 it will be easily be seen from the slow manner in which they come up whether the developer needs accelerating or not. If the image is appearing properly, then let the plate remain in No. 1. If too slowly, transfer to No. 3. The hopelessly under-exposed ones may be removed forthwith to No. 3. There is little fear of over-development if No. 1 is properly prepared.

### PHOTOGRAPHING AT NIGHT.

I wish more of my amateur friends would try their hand at night scenes this winter. Choose a well-lighted street after

the pavement has become quite wet from rain, or white from snow, and make a few trial exposures giving an exposure of twenty or thirty minutes with a medium stop and a double-coated plate. Try the same thing on a moonlight night. A moonlight night is the best, perhaps, but there are few street lights burning at that time. Do not trouble your mind about people passing. Unless they stand still for some time they will not show in the picture. It is best to cap the lens while street cars are passing to avoid the queer-looking white streak headlights will cause in the finished picture.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

Dust your plates carefully before putting them in the plate holder and "pin holes" and "specks" will be easily avoided. The best way to dry plates quickly is to dip them in wood alcohol as soon as they are washed. If then exposed to a gentle current of air the alcohol will evaporate and the plates be dry in from 10 to 15 minutes.

When your graduates, bottles of solution, etc., get dark and discolored, dump out the contents, and, before going to bed some night fill them with a fairly strong solution of citric acid. The discolorations will have disappeared by morning. Then rinse thoroughly in warm water and your bottles will be as clean and clear as new.

A lot of damage can be easily done in a dark room that is not kept clean and dustless. Use a slightly dampened duster and carefully wipe all the shelves, table tops and apparatus before starting to work if you want to be sure your surroundings are correct. In short, dirt and dust is the abomination of the neat photographer. On the lens it may cause fog by reflection, on the plate pinholes, on the prints imperfect toning, and on the mount a soiled and roughened surface for the print.

### MORE DEVELOPERS.

Some truly meritorious developing agents have never become popular for causes unknown, amongst them we might mention Amidol, and would recommend it to the consideration of all. We may judge of its merits by the fact that it is recommended by the Eastman Kodak Co. for their Dekko paper. When once thoroughly understood, and especially for developing papers, it will be found to give excellent results.

It is a quick and powerful developer, bringing out all details and giving good density. The chief characteristic of this developer is its power in conjunction with Soda Sulphite without the addition of other alkalies. For developing Bromide Paper, Amidol ranks in a premier position, giving excellent gradations and the blue black deposit so much sought after, without stain.

This developer permits short exposures i. e. an excellent negative can be developed from a plate that, if developed with Pyro or Hydrokinone, would be under-exposed.

The detail appears rapidly, which is not an indication of over-exposure. Develop until sufficient density is obtained judging by transmitted light. For a normal exposure, development is complete in 4-5 minutes.

A special Alkali is not necessary, although, should it be desired, a solution of Potassium Carbonate (1-5) added drop by drop accelerates development.

To retard development add Potassium Bromide (1:10).

## CORRESPONDENCE

WILLIAM HENDERSON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Your story is a good one, and Prof. Ray Johnson gives you great credit.

FRANK COLVILLE, TOPEKA, KANS.: You missed two commas before and after the word "indeed." Otherwise you were correct. Thanks for your kind suggestion, and your flattering compliments.

MRS. E. A. M. CARLINVILLE, ILLS.: Your solution was not absolutely correct. You have one error in spelling, two in punctuation. There is no paragraph needed; you have two. This competition is for subscribers only.

W. R. MURPHY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Your contribution to our literary competition, received too late. It is not quite correct, as you will see by careful perusal of the exact wording and punctuation on the editorial page.

N. B. M., COY, MO.:—The postmaster has the right to read postal cards, to see that no improper or abusive language is used, that would render them unmailable; but he is not allowed to speak of the contents of the writing.

ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON, MONTPELIER, VT.: Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, was unquestionably, according to critics, the greatest English poet of the last century. The lines you speak of are to be found in his "In Memoriam."

M. L. MASTERS, AMITY, N. C.: Your corrections to "Students of Literature" arrived late for me to mention you on the editorial page. You are the nearest to the exact copy of all sent in. There should be no comma after 'treated' or 'ability'—otherwise you would have been all right. Keep trying.

FRANK KERIGAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.:—You ask why water will not burn itself up, as hydrogen is inflammable and oxygen supports combustion. When hydrogen and oxygen are burned together, water results. Water is the ashes of the combustion, and will no more burn than will ashes themselves. It is the result of a chemical combination.

ELLA S. WITHERILL, TAHLEQUAH, I. T.: Your letter received. Please look on the editorial page for solution. Your points are well taken as to distance, but as you will see that you were not absolutely correct, no harm is done. You have three errors in punctuation, two in spelling, and one in the construction of a sentence. At the same time, you seem to be as nearly correct as any yet sent in. This is run in late, or would have appeared on the editorial page.

J. L., LINCOLNVILLE, PA.:—If you want to aspire to any position in the classified

civil service, write a letter to "Hon. T. Doyle, Secretary U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." Tell him for what position you desire to be examined, and ask him to state time and place of examination. Also ask him to please send you a circular of information. This is our invariable reply to all queries of this sort.

**THOMAS JERROLD COLVIN, FORT WAYNE, IND.**—The United States has no independent system for transporting its mails, but works in connection, largely with regularly established common carriers. These may be railroads, steamboat lines, stage routes, or any other means of public conveyance; and the mail travels in anything from a first-class palace mail car to a man's hat. When no lines of common carriers run, the mails are carried by special contracts, and this is called the Star Route service. The latest development in the mail service is the rural free delivery, by which mail is carried direct to people living in the country.

**F. L. L., LEATHERWOOD, PA.**—The reason why the moon appears larger at the horizon than on other parts of its journey is due chiefly to a mere optical illusion. When the moon is near the horizon, we see it pass trees, or hills, or buildings, and compare, unconsciously, its apparent magnitude with theirs, which makes it appear larger. Second, when the moon is near the horizon, we see it through many more miles of dense atmosphere than when it rides high in the heavens, and hence its color, instead of being silver, is often a reddish orange; and it appears wider from side to side than in the opposite direction.

## EXCHANGE COLUMN

This column is open to yearly subscribers ONLY.

We will publish exchange offers in this column, not exceeding five lines in length, FREE.

We do not guarantee the reliability of any offer made.

**RUDOLPH VLACH, 341½ EAST 74TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY**—Wanted. Sweet Caporal box fronts or Kirkman's Soap coupons. Will give good exchange in stamps or reading matter for them.

### ONE ON THE LAWYER.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a field, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear, he had found a lawyer to undertake his defense. At the trial the defendant's counsel expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a farmer whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones and repeating himself again and again in the hope of deceiving the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or any 'middles.' I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why by that clock it was just nineteen minutes past 10."

"You were in the field all morning?"

went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear do you, that by the clock in your house it was exactly nineteen minutes past 10?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused and looked triumphantly at the jury. At last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his evidence.

"I think that will do," he said, with a wave of his hand. "I have quite finished with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness box. Then turning slowly about, he added:

"I ought perhaps to say that too much reliance should not be placed upon that clock, as it got out of gear about six months ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past 10 ever since."

### RAPID CHANGES IN NATION'S SEA POWER.

Nelson, and even his successors as late as the sixties, would have laughed to scorn a forecast of the world's fleets constituted as they are to-day. The transformation has been effected in forty years. Wood has given place to iron, and iron to steel, and steel is now largely disappearing in favor of armor. Sails were used in co-operation with steam with reluctance.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne the admiralty recorded their opinion that the steam engine could never be more than a useful auxiliary to sail power under special conditions. Today we have not a sailing ship in commission. Ten years ago wireless telegraphy was regarded as an impracticable toy. Today every ship in the channel has it installed, and along the coast from Dover to Land's End stations have been equipped.

Restless as the sea, those who are searching for means with which to hold the sea's supreme command never sleep, and as new competitors have entered the field—Russia, then the United States and now Germany—the contest of naval fashions has grown keener. An increasing army, speaking various tongues, is devot-

ing itself to the study of sea power, its acquisition and its retention.

The battle of ideas grows in area and in intensity as rivals spring up on every hand—in the Far East, where Russia and Japan have supplanted British domination, afloat and in the American waters where the United States rules unrivaled. The sea is all one, and the navy is all one, and supremacy can be no longer judged by a world-wide power by comparing the British squadron in the Pacific with B's or C's fleet in those waters. There are vital points that must be adequately defended, and for the rest Great Britain must rely on the mobility of her forces, on her unexampled reserves and on her wealth to carry on a struggle for years if it is forced upon her.—A. S. Heard in *Nineteenth Century*.

### ICE IS WARMER IN SUMMER THAN IT IS IN WINTER.

The college professor asked the rest of us whether ice was colder in winter than it was in summer. Now, to the rest of us, ice was ice, and therefore we could not see how it could remain ice and be either colder or warmer. Then the professor explained the thing in this fashion:

"If a thermometer is buried in ice in summer it will indicate 32 degrees. If you throw a piece of ice into boiling water, and leave it there until it is almost gone, what is left will be still at 32 degrees. Ice can never be gotten above that temperature.

"But while ice can never be warmed above 32 degrees, it will go as much below that as the weather does. An iceman delivering ice one zero day in January was asked whether the ice was any colder than in January. He thought not. But, as a matter of fact, a piece of summer ice, if he had had it, would have been something of a foot warmer for him, as it would have been 30 degrees warmer than the air of the bottom of his wagon.

### PRESIDENT-DAY.

The movement to change the presidential inauguration day to a date later than March 4 is apparently growing in strength. A constitutional amendment will be necessary to effect the change and to secure its adoption. The efforts of many influential men throughout the country have been enlisted. Responses of a favorable nature have been received from a large number of those to whom invitations have been sent, including the governors of Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Hampshire, Georgia, Michigan, Missouri and West Virginia. The first President of the United States was inaugurated on April 30 and it is thought that date will now be selected.

### A MISTAKEN APPLICATION.

A Sunday-school teacher in Carthage, Ill., told her class of a cruel boy who would catch rats and cut their tails off. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse of Scripture?" she asked. There was a pause, and then a small girl arose and in a solemn voice said "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

## THE CASE OF JOHN WARNER.

BY ELLEN D. MASTERS.

Some great new idea had taken possession of John. Nanette knew it by the absent-minded way in which he "picked," pausing frequently and gazing vaguely down the long brown and white rows or away into the blue space beyond the hills. Then little Clara Bell came tripping along the cotton-rows to put an extra fine pod into John's sack, exclaiming, "Dis for 'e one I 'ove 'e best!" And John said to Nanette that perhaps little Clara Bell would never have to work so hard as they had.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Nanette, straightening up and tossing back the braid of sandy hair that had fallen across her shoulder; "Pa is not going to be any easier on Clara Bell than the rest of us. She'll have to come to work by the time she's as big as Davy."

"I might have a lot of money by the time Clara Bell's as big as Davy," hinted John.

There had been a tightly-folded newspaper protruding from one of John's pockets since the day before, when he had been over to the store and post-office; and, as soon as their father and the little boys picked themselves out of sight beyond a knoll in the middle of the field, John drew the paper from his pocket and handed it to Nanette, pointing to a half-page advertisement headed, in great capitals: *One Thousand Dollars Given Away!*

Nanette read it eagerly. It proved to be a most liberal offer. To the first person guessing the exact number, or nearest the exact number, of lima beans required to fill a quart-jar, the sum of one thousand dollars would be paid. The only condition was that each contestant should send twenty-five cents along with his guess, for one year's subscription to the *Fireside Delight*, a large, illustrated magazine for the home.

"I've thought of a trick!" said John. "I'll count a jar full of beans. My guess will be certain to be correct then, and if I can send it in the first one—we'll have to count the beans tonight. You'll help me, won't you, Nan?"

"But you have to send twenty-five cents," said Nanette, "and if you're not the first one—"

"Oh! what's a quarter?" broke in John, in a burst of unusual prodigality. "You've got a quarter, haven't you, Nan? I could sell my mink-hide, but it'll bring more when it gets drier."

Nanette happened to possess twenty-five cents which she agreed to lend John until his mink-hide should dry. She also began to share his eager expectation. All the long, sunny afternoon they built air-castles. Cotton-picking had never seemed such pleasant work before. They formed no definite plan of what they would do with one thousand dollars, but it meant all kinds of luxuries that the Warners had never known.

The neighbors said Farmer Warner was "too hard" on his children, and didn't give them a chance. John and Nanette should have been in boarding-school instead of in the cotton-field. Then,

too, Mr. Warner was "plenty able" to buy a parlor organ for Nanette, and as good a girl as Nanette Warner deserved it, too. And John should have owned a horse and buggy. And Fred and Conrad and Davy were too young to be kept at steady work.

There was a good deal of sound truth in those criticisms. The Warners were famous producers of corn, cotton, and wheat, and, as an evidence of prosperity, had lately added the Widow Cole's little place to the farm acreage. In fact, the money-making idea had rather gotten the better of father Warner, crowding out a good deal of fatherly affection and sympathy with his children. Boarding-school and organs and parlor gimcracks were of no importance compared to cotton-bales and fertile acres. What did a boy or girl need more than plenty to eat and plain clothes to wear and hard work to keep them out of mischief?

"Who would have thought there were so many in a quart!" exclaimed Nanette, as she ran her fingers thoughtfully through the beans in her apron, while John carefully added up their respective counts.

"I'm pretty sure of the prize!" said John, his face aglow in the lamp-light. "I don't believe anybody else will think of counting the beans. But I must get my guess off in the morning, or there will be no chance of being the first one. I don't know how I'm going to get to the post-office right in the busiest time, when I just went yesterday. There's nothing needed from the store, is there, Nan?"

Nanette said she would find out in the morning. Then she hinted that perhaps it would be better to take their mother into their confidence. But John thought it would be better to surprise her. He also had a vague feeling that his mother would oppose the guessing business; though he was perfectly sure there was nothing needed from the store.

Nanette took an inventory of the pantry the next morning while she was helping her mother to prepare breakfast. There seemed to be nothing needed. The baking was the only thing that afforded the least excuse for John to go to the store. Nanette had some misgiving about doing such a wicked thing; but what was a spoonful of soda compared to one thousand dollars? She must go to the store! So Nanette shut her eyes and flung the meagre contents of the soda-box into the slop-pail.

The guessing contest was to close the first of November. As the time drew near, John became almost feverish with expectation. "Somebody's sure to get it," he would say, hopefully to Nanette. "It might as well be me as anybody. I got my guess off promptly; and, then, we counted the beans. Of course it was correct."

But, alas, for John's air-castles! When the next number of the *Fireside Delight* arrived, it announced the prize-winner to be a woman up in Maine.

Poor John shed a few tears of despair out at the barn, where there was nobody to see but the roan colt and the old brindle.

Nanette also felt the disappointment keenly, but she bravely tried to comfort John by assuring him that they had the

paper. She didn't like the stories much, but she was interested in the Fashion Column.

"You needn't mind paying back that quarter, John," she said. "I get as much out of the paper as you do."

John had no heart to peruse the *Fireside Delight* for a time; but one day when he chanced to take it up and begin to leisurely turn over its leaves his attention was attracted by these words: *A Chance for You.*

That afternoon, almost sheepishly, John told Nanette that he had made up his mind on another prize contest. "This one is fairer," said John. "There are six prizes and they go to the ones sending the most correct guesses, not the first, but anybody who guesses most correct. That is as fair as anything could be. I'll stand as good a chance as anybody."

"What do you have to guess on?" asked Nanette, with some interest.

"How many seeds in a prize squash," said John. "It's pretty risky; for a little squash may have as many seeds in it as a big one. But even if I miss the first prize I'll stand a pretty good chance of one of the others."

In a few days, John deliberately made his guess and posted it to the *Farmer's Friend*. His mink-hide had brought a fairly good price, and he was able to bear the necessary expense of sending fifty cents for a year's subscription.

"Where does this paper come from?" asked Mother Warner one morning when he was straightening up the sitting room.

"John is taking it," replied Nanette; "and I'm taking the other one."

"John!" exclaimed his mother. "Why I'm right glad John likes farming well enough to take a farm paper. I like to see it! I had thought sometimes maybe John was getting dissatisfied an' would be wanting to leave home in a few years."

John became almost as wrought up and confident of winning one of the squash prizes as he had been about the bean prize. And Nanette became almost as enthusiastic and hopeful. She even shyly pruned some lace curtains and a settee, upholstered in red plush, that she saw in one of the town stores. She and John built some new air-castles every day, as the weeks dragged themselves slowly by. But when at last the *Farmer's Friend*, containing the names of the prize-winners, arrived, the name of John Warner was not written there. And again the castles fell.

John said he supposed he would just settle down to be "nobody." There wasn't any use for a Warner to try to be anybody.

Nanette said she would give up trying to be anybody, too; they would just be nobody together. She hoped, though, that little Clara Bell might have nice things when she grew up.

The long months of waiting and repeated disappointment began to tell upon John, and being "nobody" didn't seem to agree with him at all, and he lost his good appetite. His mother became alarmed and called in old Dr. Mallory.

The grave old family physician looked at John's tongue, felt his pulse and left a quart of tonic to be taken three times a day.

About that time, a new "contest" appeared in the *Farmer's Friend*. It was headed, MONEY FOR BRAINS! John was attracted by it, for he was of the opinion that he had a very good supply of brains.

This contest consisted of a simple rebus that John and Nanette worked out in three minutes.

To the first person sending a correct solution of the puzzle, the sum of five hundred dollars would be awarded, and, in addition, every contestant would receive a handsome present. That was what filled John with new hope.

"I'll get something anyhow, whether I am the first or not!" he said enthusiastically. Of course he would not mind sending twenty-five cents for a year's subscription to the *Trumpet*, "an up-to-date magazine." The handsome present would more than compensate for that small sum. Then he might be the first, and get the five hundred dollars. He and Nanette had worked it out so quickly.

So John began to brighten up and look forward eagerly to the arrival of the handsome present. He and Nanette wondered what it would be. John thought perhaps it would be a silver watch—he dared not even hope for a gold one. Nanette thought perhaps it would be a parlor lamp. How she hoped it would be a parlor lamp, or something else pretty to put in the house!

They had got the answer off so quickly—perhaps they would be the first, said John. It might take some people two or three days to work out that puzzle.

So John's appetite returned, and his honest face once more took on its hopeful look. And his mother gave the praise to old Dr. Mallory's tonic.

Whenever John came from the post-office, Nanette would meet him down by the spring, so that if the "handsome present" had arrived they might examine it before surprising the rest of the family.

And one spring day the "handsome present" came, in the form of a tiny, tiny package addressed to John Warner.

Nanette undid the wrapping with trembling hands. John's were trembling too much to even attempt to open the package sooner. A bit of colored paper fell at Nanette's feet; she spread it out, and it proved to be a small mat, of gorgeous Japanese design.

"You wished it would be something pretty to put in the house," said John, with a show of admiration. "It is right pretty."

Nanette's lips curled scornfully. She made no attempt to conceal her disappointment. "John, if I was you, I'd quit guessing things," she said.

"Somebody gets 'em," said John. "Might as well be me as anybody."

John still cherished a faint hope that he had been "the first one," and that the five hundred dollars would come along directly; but when the time passed for the award to be made, and nothing further than the paper mat was forthcoming, John began to go about looking as if all was vanity under the sun. And his mother often enquired if he took his tonic regularly.

"I wouldn't think about these prizes, if I was you, Johnnie," said Nanette, one day.

Nanette never addressed her big brother by his baby name "Johnnie," except in moments of tender solicitude. Indeed, she was beginning to feel alarmed. John was so changed, and his face had such a white, "set" look. "Let's tell ma all about it," she said.

"No," said John, "I will guess on something else, and I will win."

"Oh! Johnnie," said Nanette, "you will go crazy if you guess again. I wouldn't guess any more."

But John only walked away with that "set" look on his face.

That night John had slight fever and talked wildly of beans and squash-seed.

Nanette felt that it was her duty to do something, being the only one of the family that perfectly understood John's case. But what to do!

She was still thinking about what to do the next day, coming from the widow Cole's place with the empty dinner-pale on her arm, when she spied old Dr. Mallory driving down the road some distance in front.

"O doctor, Dr. Mallory!" called Nanette, at the top of her voice. "I want to speak to you!"

He paused. "I want to speak to you about John," said Nanette, breathless from running half way across the field.

"About John?" said the old doctor, as he drew rein and made room for Nanette and the dinner pale.

"Yes, sir," said Nanette. Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, "I'm afraid John is going to go crazy or leave home or something."

Nanette's lips quivered. She felt that in either case life to her would be a blank.

"He got disappointed about getting some money he expected to get."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Mallory.

"You see," explained Nanette, "John guessed how many beans there were in a quart jar. He would have got one thousand dollars if he had been the first one. We know our guess was correct, for we counted a jar full of beans. Then he guessed how many seeds there were in a squash. That was harder, for there is apt to be as many seeds in a little squash as in a big one. And then—"

"Uh-hah!" interrupted the doctor in that mysterious, knowing tone peculiar to his profession. "Those symptoms will do."

Then the doctor relapsed into silence. Nanette was silent too, because she didn't know what else to say, but she wanted to ask the old doctor if he could do anything for such a case as John's.

"I think I can fix up a tonic that will bring John out in a few weeks," he said, as he let Nanette out at the turn of the road.

One evening, about a week afterward, the Warners were dispersed about the front porch, after supper was over. John and Nanette were sitting on the lowest step in the moon-light. Then a strange thing happened. Father Warner came down the steps and took hold of John's poor, wasted wrist, almost tenderly, and said: "John, I was talking to Dr. Mallory about you the other day, and he seems to think you need a very bracing tonic. Do

you think you could take the Widow Cole's place and the roan colt?"

"What do you mean, pa?" said John in astonishment.

Nanette's face flushed all over, and she looked up startled.

"I mean, sir, to give you the Widow Cole's place for this year, and the roan colt. He's so gentle. You won't have any trouble breaking him to the plow. You can go to boarding school or do anything you please with what you make. And Nan here, will oversee for you," he added, pinching Nanette's ear affectionately.

Then Father Warner walked away in the moonlight, and the rest of the Warners looked at each other in amazement.

"I always knew your pa would do a good part by you some day, John!" exclaimed Mother Warner. "Now, that's a real good offer. You can make enough by next fall to go a term to the high school at Clayton. You can go along with Henry James. His pa aims to send him there next fall. Your pa has made you such a good offer, you ought to get right stout again, son. There are not many pa's that do any better by their sons."

"You was at the bottom of that, Nan," said John, leaning over the stair-rail as he started to his room. "I'm going to take you into partnership. Would you plant the sloping field in corn or cotton, and what would you plant on the hill?"

"I'd plant the whole place in beans and squashes," laughed Nanette.

And when John looked down at her with his old time roguish smile, Nanette knew the bracing tonic that old Dr. Mallory had "fixed up" had already begun its work upon John; and, in time, it completely cured him of a morbid belief in "luck," or "chance," and built up instead a healthy faith in honest toil and noble effort.

#### WISE SAYINGS.

"Sin will always be sin; even though it be done that good may come, it will always be sin."

\* \* \*

"There can be freedom only where there is law and order."

\* \* \*

"The sorrow of the heart, what is it but a longing for goodness and happiness?"

\* \* \*

"It is with trees as with men; they most go on the battle field in their best years."

\* \* \*

"The good which falls from heaven should be taken care of and be allowed to grow."

\* \* \*

"I do not wish forever to be thinking of people; that is not good for one."

S S \*

"He who longs for peace gazes earnestly at the stars. But alas for thee, poor man, if thou hast not peace in thy heart, thou wilt never find it in the stars."

School Board Inspector—Who is it that sits idly by doing nothing while everybody else is working?

Bobby—The teacher!

**THE COUNTRY'S NEED.**

Recently in many cities in the United States we have had sad examples of dishonesty among public men elected by the people to offices of trust, many of whom have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and others awaiting trial. This should be a stern lesson for young men to ponder over. Corruption in politics is, unfortunately, the greatest blot on our national history, and one which makes our otherwise free government despised by other nations. It, moreover, gives some excuse to the hateful and despicable anarchist for the dissemination of his abominable doctrine. Somewhere these rascals elected to public offices, while they would not rob a bank or any other business concern, do not hesitate to plunder the public treasury, or levy blackmail on persons carrying on nefarious and illegal practices. The example thus set to young men is frightfully injurious; but I would strongly urge every youth who loves his country to make up his mind and use every endeavor to stamp out the first moment he has any influence, this hydra-like monster of corruption, theft, anarchy and lawlessness.

**ANGELS CAME AT LAST.**

A Georgia darkey went out to an old field to "seek and pray."

It was dusk, and he knelt down and put up a long petition that the angels would come and minister unto him.

Presently he heard a flapping of wings behind him, and in a second he was making race horse time on the home road, where he jumped into bed and covered his head from sight.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and his startled mother cried:

"John, git up dar, fer de Lawd sake! De angels you been seekin' is come fer you!"

"Le'm stay dar," was the trembling answer. "Tell 'em thro' de keyhole dat I ain't got no wings ter fly wid, en I too heavy ter tote!"

**BURNED THEIR BRIDGES BEHIND.**

There is a brilliant youngster in a family whose name will not be published for that family's sake. He went to church, and afterward he catechized his mother, at the dinner table before a number of visitors.

"Say, mamma," he said. "I didn't know the children of Israel wore pants."

"What do you mean?" asked his mother in amazement.

"Why, the preacher said they burned the seats out of their pants."

"Hush!" exclaimed his mother; "you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do, mamma," he persisted. "I heard the preacher say when the children of Israel left Egypt they burned their britches behind them!"

This was altogether too much and the kid was sent out, and later, when it was discovered what he was trying to get at, no apology was extended him.

**CHILDREN'S FUNNY SAYINGS.**

"How did you get such a cold?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the little one who had heard the microbe theory discussed, "I was wunnin' wound in my bare feet an I dess the micwobes caught onto my toes."

"I think papa is just as mean as he can be," asserted the little girl with indignation.

"Why?" asked her mother, in surprise.

"Oh, he never can tell anything about the changes in the weather," was the reply. "Why doesn't he get the rheumatism, like Lucy Miller's father?"

A little Episcopalian girl had a quarrel at school with a little Jewish girl, and when she got home she denounced the Jews. Her mother said reprovingly:

"My dear, you must not talk in that way. The Jews were God's chosen people. Our Lord himself was a Jew."

After a moment's deep thought the child replied in a tone in which horror and regret were blended:

"Oh, mamma, I didn't know that. I'm so sorry! I always thought he was an Episcopalian."

**NEW CENTURY INFANT.**

Willie, aged five, appeared at the main entrance to the circus tent hand-in-hand with a venerable graybeard.

"Grandpa wanted to see the animals," he explained to the doorkeeper, "and I had to come along to take care of him."

**DIDN'T LIKE THE PATTERN.**

For dessert at dinner one day a tart pie was served, that is pie with crosswise strips instead of a top crust. Louise refused it, saying:

"I never did think much of plaid pie."

**INVITING EXAMPLE.**

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, deferentially; "I know."

"Know!" interrupted the choleric employer. "You don't need to know anything. All I want of you is to do as I do."—*Washington Times.*

**TO MY MOTHER.**

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years  
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.

Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,  
But trace decline so slowly on her brow  
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,  
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,

And fades at last into the silent night,  
Ere one may note the passing of the light,  
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—

As one who, resting sleeps and knows it not.

**THE OTHER FELLOW.**

He—If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?

She—I? Encourage you?

He—For two years you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre, etc.

She—That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theatre.

**ONE ON PUFFINS.**

"Puffins answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes around the bottom."

"What did they tell him?"

"To wear knickerbockers."

**HOW HE FELL IN.**

"Johnnie, your hair is wet. You've been swimming again."

"I fell in, ma."

"Nonsense. Your clothes are perfectly dry."

"Yes'm. I know'd you didn't want me to wet 'em, so I took 'em off before I fell in."

Chappie—Your adventures have been real interesting, Mr. Traveler. Sorry to have to run away now. Good-by! You certainly have seen some queer things, bah Jove!—and—

Traveler—Yes; awfully glad to have seen you. Good-by.

U O a O, but I O u;  
O O no O, but O O me;  
O let not my O a O go;  
But give O O, I O u so!

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;  
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;  
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;  
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!

**MOST EVERYBODY THAT TRIES IT, STAYS BY IT.**

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Superior, Neb., U. S. A.

# YOUTH

YOUTH is a Monthly Magazine for young people. Its subscription price is 50 cents per year, payable in advance.

New subscriptions may commence at any time during the year.

Payments for YOUTH when sent by mail should be made in a Postoffice money order, Bank draft, Express money order or Registered letter. Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Change of Address.—Subscribers changing their address must give the old address as well as the new.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

Advertisements.—A limited number of advertisements from first-class firms will be inserted; no catch-penny or fraud advertisements will be inserted at any price. Electrotypes must be mounted upon metal bases. Rates upon application.

Letters should be addressed and drafts and money orders made payable to

S. W. ALLERTON,  
709 Mutual Life Bldg.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Entered at the Buffalo Postoffice as  
second-class matter.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

YOUTH will henceforth be published monthly, instead of weekly. The chief feature of the magazine, will be that in its contents the reader will have the advantage of perusing each month a complete story, which in book form would cost more than the subscription price of this periodical—in other words, in one year he will have the advantage of possessing twelve stories, each worth from 50 cents to a dollar when bound. These stories will be handsomely illustrated, and the best procurable from well-known writers, regardless of cost. Thus, in order that each issue may be complete in itself, we shall devote one half of the paper to a story; the remainder to short stories, essays, amateur photography, puzzles, sports etc., as before.

This change will enable our friends to preserve in compact form all numbers for binding, as they may chose, as it will also allow us to show to the Youth of this country that ours is the best publication for boys and girls on this continent. Read "Having His Own Way."

## LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM.

BY REV. PRICE A. CROW, D. D.

We owe our present greatness, in a large measure, to the father and savior of our country—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, respectively. In the circumstances of their birth and early years, there was wide difference, but they possessed many common characteristics. Both were distinguished for absolute integrity and for an overmastering love of country. The fires of genuine patriotism burned deeply in their souls. Neither possessed much of the learning of the schools, but both had a towering manhood. Neither could be induced to commit a dishonorable act, and plans for fraud and deception which possess so many little souls, had no place in their thoughts. Both were great leaders of men and statesmen of the truest and highest order.

As liberators, one emancipated the thirteen Colonies from Britain's tyranny, while the other a nation from the tyranny of slavery. God divinely appointed each for their great work. From these two great men in American history we desire to furnish some lessons in patriotism and exalted manhood, for the contemplation of a grateful and honored people.

We speak of these honored and revered names as though they lived but yesterday. Their position is too prominent and their qualities too peculiar ever to permit their names, their influence, their memories to descend to the shades of oblivion.

A man who shows distinguished valor in danger and trial is a hero. To the American people one of the greatest of the world's heroes is George Washington. He was great in mental ability, peerless as a commander, wisest of statesmen, self-forgotten and devoted to doing the greatest good for his country. Washington combined qualities that greatly were needed in the days of our country's beginning. He possessed the several important elements of a heroic character—bravery, patriotism, wisdom and honor. All these he possessed in a high degree, and he deserves our highest admiration.

But our national idol is the loved, the martyred Lincoln. He was self-made, reared in poverty, but making of every opportunity the best possible use; lacking school facilities, but educated by his own hard study; earning by his probity the name of Honest Abe, he at length reached the highest station in our land. Then he had the opportunity for which he longed—that of emancipating a race of people from the thralldom of slavery. For during this he became the first American and the

greatest emancipator of the nineteenth century. For his sterling manhood and lofty character we all revere his memory, and to the negro race he became an object of worship and savior of a people.

Washington and Lincoln had a transparency of intention and straightforwardness of purpose, which served to bring out and fully testify to their calm and unambitious spirits. They had implicit faith in their undertakings with sleepless vigor. Impossibilities were to them but difficulties, and difficulties lost their master aspect to their sanguine view. No wonder they assuaged our sufferings, lessened our privations and held erect our tattering republic in the time of its greatest peril.

Neither did nothing to which they did not believe to have reason and right to rely upon, so that of their actions which had not a systematic character humiliating to their adversaries, had, nevertheless, a moral character which commanded respect.

There prevails the most profound conviction of their perfect disinterestedness. To these great intellectual luminaries men willingly confided; these mighty forces which attracted all souls and insured at the same time their interests, that they never should be given over as a sacrifice or as instruments to personal and ambitious views.

They possessed a consciousness deeper, surer, more solid, than the stratified testimony of geology; a consciousness more lofty and luminous and encompassing in its teachings than the glorious and starlit wonders of astronomy; consciousness more cogent and compelling in its convictions than the conclusions of inexorable logic; a consciousness more clear and comprehensive in the ascertainment of necessary truth than the process of imperial reason. They are truly the most prominent and commanding figures in our history, towering above others in unapproachable majesty. How different, how superior and how isolated the characters of Washington and Lincoln when compared to that of Napoleon!

Young men, who study the lives of these greatest of Americans, will learn and be impressed with only what is noble—truthfulness, honesty of purpose, love of country and their own firesides, simplicity in the midst of greatness, the love and fear of God.

## CHILD LABOR.

It appears that all over the country the era of prosperity has not worked a reform in child labor. On the contrary, reports official and unofficial, indicate that the

growing prosperity has resulted in a general crowding of children into shops and factories. The accepted prosperity seems but to feed the greed of parents. Children certainly ought to have the benefit of improved conditions through better schooling and better surroundings at the home—the leisure, also, to peruse and enjoy good, wholesome periodicals brought out to amuse, interest and instruct them—and not to be forced into the sweatshop system before they have hardly reached their teens. Another grave evil is that these children, in most of the states, cannot be employed except through an act of perjury or other fraud on the employers by the parents. The affidavit of the parent clears the employer from legal responsibility; and it is next to impossible to secure a conviction. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the laboring people and all trade unions should discredit and prevent the employment of children contrary to law, in the interests of the future of this country. Their sympathies should be with the children and not with the mercenary parents. Let them watch the crowds at closing time out of the shops and working their way homeward, and see if there are not too many apparently children among them. While this is a young man's age, no boy or girl should be allowed to enter a factory under fifteen years of age, at least.

#### OFFERS TO STUDENTS OF LITERATURE.

Necessarily thousands of manuscripts are placed in our hands every month, full of errors in rhetoric, spelling and punctuation. The business man complains that his typewriter makes frequent mistakes in spelling the simplest words, and thus takes up half his time in correcting misspelled letters; the graduate, well versed in the highest phases of education, classical, mathematical or theological, is frequently found to be ignorant in the commonest rules of grammar and spelling; and it is often noticed that the great orator and statesman is handicapped in his life's work because he is unable to prepare his own manuscripts for the press and the public as they should be.

This is a very serious matter, indeed, to the youth of today and the future of our country. We, therefore, propose to make a weekly award of \$2 to the first person to send in a correct solution of all mistakes in grammar and spelling to be found in this column; all letters submitted in this competition will be considered according to the date of mailing,

stamped on each envelope. The subscribers in San Francisco will thus have an equal chance with anyone sending in from where this is published. These mistakes are not all easy to find, and the competition is given solely to encourage proper writing. If you don't succeed in winning a prize, it will be an education for you, as we shall publish each week the corrections necessary on the story published the week before.

#### CORRECT THE FOLLOWING.

A certain Spanish Duke having obtained leave of the King of Spain to release some galley slaves went on board the galley at Barcelona where the prisoners were chained to their work. Passing through the benches of slaves at the ore, he asked several of them what their offences were. All excused themselves, one saying that he was put there out of malice, another through the bribery of a judge, but all unjustly. Among the rest was a sturdy little fellow whom the Duke asked what he was there for. "Sir" said he, "I cannot deny that I am justly sent here for I wanted money and so I took a purse upon the highway to keep me from starving. When he heard this, the duke with a little stick he had in his hand gave the man two or three slite blows on the back saying "You rogue what are you doing among so many honest men. Get you gone out of there company. So he was freed and the rest of the gnag removed their still to tug at the ore.

The corrected form of subject for last week's contest reads as follows:

I. "We do not, indeed, expect all men to be philosophers or statesmen, but we confidently trust, and our expectation of the duration of our system of government rests on that trust, that by the diffusion of general knowledge, and good and virtuous sentiments, the political fabric may be secure, as well against open violence and overthrow as against that slow but sure undermining of licentiousness."—*Webster*.

II. "If Hannibal had not wintered at Capua, by which circumstance his troops were enervated, but, on the contrary, after the battle of Cannæ, had proceeded to Rome, it is not improbable that the great city would have fallen.—*Gibbon*."

So far we have received no contribution to this column *absolutely correct*, out of the scores sent in, thus showing how valuable an educational feature these exercises are. Students of literature should preserve a duplicate of their copy sent to us, and compare their manuscripts with the correct English when published. As this is

to be a monthly periodical henceforth, there will be ample time for all desirous of entering this competition to have their copy in this office before the 20th of each month, the date on which we intend to go to press.

#### ARRIVED TOO LATE.

We have received a great many letters from our readers in this competition too late for consideration, and the point has been taken by many of them that their papers, owing to long distance, have not arrived in time to enable them to mail back in time. To these we must express our sincere regrets, and, at the same time, state that henceforth every reader will have a fair chance. Hitherto no one has sent in an *absolutely correct* rendering, so that no harm has been done. As we have decided to adorn and enlarge the paper into a monthly, this will give every student a fair and equal chance.

In our next issue will appear a complete story entitled

## Hillside Farm,

by

Ella Carringford Sheldon,

Author of "The Village Doctor."

This is the story of a bright, active boy in a large city, of well-to-do parents, who suddenly finds himself bereft of home and fortune, and tells of his great trials, and his manifold efforts to build up the fortune lost to him.

## To Boys and Girls.

To ambitious boys and girls, anxious to make a little money in a pleasant way outside of school hours, we are willing to offer special inducements. The literary and artistic merits of YOUTH will alone speak its value to the juvenile part of the population, while, at the same time, it is the cheapest periodical for young people on the market. Hundreds of boys and girls are earning from \$3 to \$10 a week by doing a little work for us during their leisure hours, without interfering in any way with their studies. If you care to do the same, drop us a postal card and we will send you sample copies with a full agent's outfit free. This offer holds good until further notice.

**PRIZE STORY CONTEST.**

The awards in the contest for boys and girls will be made in our April number. We have already received a great many bright stories, which reflect great credit on the authors.

**THE ART OF CONVERSATION.**

Man is the only animal that speaks—except the parrot; but not all people speak as well as the parrot. A distinguished Frenchman said that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Some people succeed very well in concealing their thoughts while pretending to express them. This applies to debating clubs also where a listener soon learns that the speaker talks more than he knows. Talking without saying anything is far too common, and we find this failing quite as perceptible in the fashionable world as with the demi-monde.

"Why are you late?" asked the parent of a child who came from school fifteen minutes after the dinner bell rang.

"O, there was a man who talked to us today."

"And what did he talk about, my girl?"

"O, he just talked; he didn't say nothing about nothing."

The young man or woman who can say well something worth saying—something that will leave a lasting impression for good—has achieved a good deal.

There is beauty for the eye in every flower that blows; sweetness for the ear in every concord of harmonious sounds; but all sweetness, all beauty, every thought and feeling that mind or soul may know or feel, ever wait the call of him who commands the language to summon them, as with a magic wand.

Learn, therefore, to talk well, but not too much.

**A TRIBUTE TO YOUTH.**

S. W. Allerton, Esq.:  
709 Mutual Life Building,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—In acknowledging your check for \$500 in payment for my story "Gentleman Lew," I wish to express to you my sincere gratitude. The honor of winning the prize is, indeed, a great one, and I may say that I shall do everything in my power to push your circulation. From the first time I received a copy of the paper I was convinced that it was by far the best and cheapest paper in the country for boys and girls, and all your serials have been, to my way of thinking, the most interesting and exciting I have read at any time in my life. I look anxiously each week for your paper, knowing that it is always good company—the best, in fact, I have. I never miss a line of it, for it is useful in all matters of advice to boys and girls, manly in its tone without being foolishly bigotted, and always bright and entertaining. Every boy and girl in the land should have it.

While I thank you for your liberal payment for my story, I shall all my life feel more deeply grateful and honored than the large amount awarded me, in the consciousness that my story appeared in your bright, breezy and sparkling pages.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN B. ENSIGN.



**KING OF THE FOREST:** Why so haughty? I'm the King of the Forest! Come off that perch.

**QUEEN OF THE AIR:** Are you aware, sir, I'm the Queen of the Air?

**THE STRENUOUS LIFE.**

I would like to see every boy and girl in this land as early as possible make up their minds to work steadily with one aim in view, with singleness of purpose, no matter how well off their parents may have left them. The doctrine of strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, is always worth preaching. The young man or woman who is always looking for more easy peace, a life of ignoble ease, will never win the splendid ultimate triumph. A lack of desire to strive after great things is as little worthy of a nation as an individual. Let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, provided our aim is a just one; for it is only through hard and painstaking endeavor, that we shall win the goal of true individual and national greatness.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.  
Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

**COLLECTORS! HAVE A LOOK!** 6 different Chinese Coins, 15c; 10 different U. S. Copper Cents, 35c; Genuine Mexican Opal, 12c; Nice Aluminum Medal, 6c; Confederate \$5, \$10 and \$20, 3 pcs. 15c; Greek Coin over 2200 years old, 8c. My list of Gems, Agate Goods, Coins, Paper Money, etc. free. T. L. ELDER, Dept. F, Princeton Place, Pittsburg, Pa.

**CLASS PINS** with one or two or three letters with '01, '02, '03, enameled in one or two colors, sterling silver, 25c. each; \$2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; \$1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design and class colors for estimates. Catalog free. Address  
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Try this Pen a week. If you like it, remit; if not, return it.

Finest quality hard Para rubber reservoir holder, highest grade, 14 K. gold pen, any desired flexibility, in fine medium or stub. Perfect ink feed. Sent postpaid on receipt of order (by registered mail 8 cts extra). **Safety Pocket Pen Holder free** with each Pen.

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State whether ladies' or gentlemen's style is desired. Illustration on left is full size of ladies' style; on right, gentlemen's style. (Either style, richly trimmed with heavy solid gold mountings for \$1.00 additional.) Agents wanted. Write for Catalogue.

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AB. LEVE,  
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We can personally assure our readers that the Salvona Soap Co. is reliable.—Editor.

