TRUE TO HIMSELF;
OR,
ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,
Author of "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

CHAPTER I.
THE TROUBLE IN THE ORCHARD.

"Hi, there, Duncan Woodward! I called out.
"What are you doing in Widow Canby's orchard?"

"None of your business, Roger Strong," replied the only scion of the wealthiest merchant in Darbyville.

"You are stealing her pears," I went on.

"No such thing."

"But you are. Your pockets are full of them."

"See here, Roger Strong, just you mind your own business and leave me alone."

"I am minding my business, I rejoined warmly.

"Indeed!" And Duncan put as much of a sneer as was possible in the word.

"Yes, indeed. Widow Canby pays me for taking care of her orchard, and that includes keeping an eye on these pear trees," and I approached the tree upon the lowest branch of which Duncan was standing.

"Humph! You think you're mighty big?" he blustered, as he jumped to the ground.

"No, I don't, Duncan."

"Yes, you do. What right has a fellow like you to talk to me in this manner? You are getting too big for your boots."

"I don't think so. I'm guarding this property and I want you to hand over what you've taken and leave the premises," I retorted, for I did not fancy the style in which I was being addressed.

"Pooh! Do you expect me to pay any attention to that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I won't."

"You had better, Duncan. If you don't you may get into trouble."

"Who'll get me into trouble—you?"

"No, you'll get yourself."

"I suppose you intend to tell the widow what I've done."

"I certainly shall; unless you do as I've told you to."

Duncan bit his lip.

"How do you know but what the widow said I could have the pears," he ventured.

"If she did it's all right," I returned, astonished, not so much over the fact that Widow Canby had granted the permission, as that such a high-toned young gentleman as Duncan Woodward should desire that privilege.

"You've no business to jump at conclusions," he added sharply.

"If I judged you wrongly, I beg your pardon, Duncan. I'll speak to the widow about it."

Duncan Woodward had many of the traits of a bully about him. He was the only son of a widower who nearly idolized him, and, lacking a mother's guiding influence, he had grown up wayward in the extreme.

He was a tall, well-built fellow, strong from constant athletic exercise, and given, on this account, to having his way among his associates.

Yet I was not afraid of him. Indeed, to tell the plain truth, I was not afraid of any one. For eight years I had been shaved in life from pillow to post, until now threats had no terrors for me.

Both of my parents were dead to me. My mother died when I was but five years old. She was of a delicate nature, and, strange as it may seem, I am inclined to believe that it was for the best that her death occurred when it did.

The reason I believe this is because she was thus spared the disgrace that came upon our family several years later.

At her death my father was employed as head clerk by the firm of Holland & Mack, wholesale provision merchants of Newark, which was but a few miles from Darbyville.

We occupied a handsome house in the center of the village. Our family besides my parents and myself contained but one other member—my sister Kate, who was several years my senior.

When our beloved mother died Kate took the management of our home upon her shoulders, and as she had learned, during my mother's long illness, how everything should be done, our domestic affairs ran smoothly. All this time I attended the Darbyville school, and was laying the foundation for a commercial education, intending at some later day to follow in the footsteps of my father.

Two years passed, and then my father's manner changed. From being bright and cheerful towards us he became moody and silent. What the cause was I could not guess, and it did not help matters any to be told by Duncan Woodward, whose father was also employed by Holland & Mack, that "some folks would soon learn what was what, and so mistake."

At length the thunderbolt fell. Returning from school one day I found Kate in tears.

"Oh, Roger!" she burst out. "They say father has stolea money from Holland & Mack, and they are going to put him in jail, where he was just arrested for a thief!"

"I began to move off towards the house. Duncan hurried after me and caught me by the arm."

"You fool you, what do you mean?" he cried, angrily.

"You had better, Duncan, may get into trouble."

"Pooh! Do you expect me to pay any attention to that?"

"I certainly shall; unless you do as I've told you to."

"You fool you, what do you mean?" he de-
The only relation we had was an uncle — was said that he must have had an ac-
boil — and the boys fought shy of me.

world, branded as the children of a thief,
when he would return no one knew.

icial excuses that meant but one thing —
to get a living as best we could.

Tiney that happened just as we were
fainted, and two days later the doctor
ordered if the time would ever come when
would have been content.

But the stain upon our family was a
source of unpleasantness to us. I fully
believed my father innocent, and I won-
dered if the time would ever come when
would never come to an end.

My duties around Widow Canby's
place were not onerous, and I had plenty
money that had been lost or stolen
in private whenever the opportunity
offered.

I was pointed out as the convict's son,
and I was reckoned as a disgrace to the
name of America, and when he would return no one knew.

All the friends we had before de-
serted us. The boys turned up their
noses at Kate — which made my blood
— and the boys fought shy of me.

I had to work, but without suc-
cess. Even in places where help was
wanted excuses were made to me —triv-
ial excuses that made me feel that
they did not desire any one in their
employ who had a stain upon his name.

Then, I gave up. I had no doubt that
we might have starved for a lucky
incident that happened just as we were
ready to give up in despair.

Walking along the road one day I saw
Farmer Tailford's bull tearing across the
field toward a gate which had been acci-
dentially left open. Widow Canby, ab-
sorbed in thought and quite uncon-
scious of what was going on, was
threatened by the brute. I did not con-
side my act an heroic one, but
the Widow Canby declared that I was
a brave boy indeed, and thanked me
profusely.

She presently started on her way
home, and I was about to follow her,
towards Newark, where I intended to
make a final search for work.

On the outskirts of the city I came
across a red object lying in the middle of
the road. I picked it up, and found it
was a pocketbook. It contained nine-
dollars in bills and a card bearing the
name:

Hannah B. Canby.

With my find tucked safely away in
my jacket pocket, I hurried back to
Darbyville. My heart was now much
lightened over her loss, and she was joy-
fully to have her money returned.

I had not only a brave boy, but an
honest one as well," she said. "Who
are you? Do you know her, coloring as I spoke.

She laid a kindly hand upon my shoul-
der.

"Even if your father was guilty you
are not to blame," she said.

Then she made tell her all about
myself. She knew of my mother, Kate, and the hard
luck we were having.

The Widow Canby lived in an old
fashioned house, surrounded on three
sides by orchards several acres in ex-
tent. She was well to do, but made no
pretense to style. Many thought her
extremely eccentric, but that was only
because they did not know her.

The next day I found her book she
made me stay to supper, and when I left
it was under promise to call the
next day and bring my story to her.

This I did, and a long conversation
place, which resulted in Kate and
me going to the public hall to
the garden of the orchard, and my sister to help with the
orchard. Widow Canby sent us as our
board and joint wages of fifteen
dollars per month.

She was as considerate to Kate and me,
and I proposed to stand up against
the widow's orchard, never
fainted. I went to school.

Tiney I watched Duncan out of sight
and
'story was running down his chin and
there were several stains upon his white
collar and his shirt front. If a look
that would have crushed me I would
have been instantly annihilated.

I'll kill you for that!" he roared.

'Will you tell me if you had
written to your father at that time?

saw a conflagration of blood
in my face he rose slowly to his feet.
The blood was running down his chin and
there were several stains upon his white
collar and his shirt front. If a look
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have been instantly annihilated.

I'll kill you for that!" he roared.

'Will you tell me if you had
written to your father at that time?

He remarked many times without arriving at
any satisfactory conclusion.

It was a lovely morning in September,
and I was in no mood to enjoy the bright
sunshine and clear air that flooded the
orchard. I had just come from the
depot with the mail for Mrs. Canby, and
on the way home, I presently started on my way
risively.

The charge against him was for rais-
ing a pocketbook. It contained ninety
dollars locked up in my desk. I would
please."}

THE ARGOSY

I'm not afraid. But — hold up there?"

"I think I could," I replied with all
the sincerity of the average American
boy in firearms.

A pistol?" she went on.

"What for?"

"I want you to hand over the pears
as quickly as possible."

"No, you don't. And let me tell you
that you are a thief. You have stolen
those pears, and I shall tell the Widow
Canby all about you."

"Do what you please, Duncan Wood-
ward. I have no business to
in my pocket, I hurried back to
Darbyville. The train leaves
hitch up Jerry at once. The train leaves
the next day and bring my story to her.

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on the way home, I presently started on my way
risively.
I will let you have that, though of course I guess you won't need it.

"Yes; I loaded it last week. I will lay it out before I go. Be very careful with it." I said.

He hurried down to the barn, and in a few minutes came back, his arm hooked up to the family turnout. As I was about to jump in and drive to the house a man came into the yard.

He was a stranger, about forty years of age, with black hair and shaggy beard. He was neatly dressed, and altogether looked to be a disreputable character.

"Who are you?" I asked. "If you help a fellow as is down on his luck?" he asked in a hoarse tone.

"Who are you?" I responded.

"I'm a molder from Factoryville. The shop's shut down, and I'm out of money and out of work."

"How long have you been out?"

Two weeks"

"And you haven't found work anywhere?"

"Not a stroke."

"Can't you learn to work?"

"All through it, and everything full."

I thought this queer. I had glanced over the morning issue of a Newark newspaper and had noted that bidders were wanted in several places. The man's dress and general appearance made me suspect he would not strike me favorably, and when he came closer to me I noted that his breath smelt strongly of alcohol.

"I don't think I can help you," said I.

"I have nothing for you to do."

"Give me a quarter, then, will you?"

I shook my head.

"Come, don't be mean."

"I can smell it on you."

"I only had one glass. Just to knock out a cold I caught. Come, make it half a dollar. I'll pay you back when I get work."

"I don't care to lend."

"You won't."

"I'll make it ten cents."

"Not a cent."

"You're mighty independent about it."

"I have to be when such fellows as you tackle me," I returned with spirit.

"I'm the president high toned for a boy of your age."

I'm too high toned to let you talk to me in this fashion."

"You are."

"I am. I want you to leave at once."

The tramp—for the man was nothing else—scowled worse than before.

"I'll leave when please," he returned coolly.

I was nonplused. I was in a hurry to get away with Mrs. Canby to the station. To leave the man hanging about the house with no one but my sister and myself in the house was simply out of the question.

Suddenly an idea struck me. Like most people who live in the country, Mrs. Canby kept a watch dog—a large and powerful mastiff called Major. He was turned up on the back stoop out of sight, but could be pressed into service on short notice.

"If the dog won't go at once I'll set the dog on you." Hub! You can't fool me!"

"Nothing about it. Major! Major! I called.

There was a rattling of chain as the animal started and then the loud barking. The noise seemed to strike terror to the tramp's heart.

"I'll get even with you, young fellow!" he hissed, and running to the horse when Moran caught the cord and dragged me to the ground.

"You're getting up on your dignity too high for me."

"Who are they?"

"The Models are a band of young gentlemen organized for the purpose of social enjoyment and to teach cads lessons; they are not likely to forget," replied Moran.

"I suppose you are the members," I said.

"We have that honor," rejoined Barton, who had not yet spoken.

"And we intend to teach you a lesson," added Pulter, a short, stout chap, who had once been a butcher.

"What for?"

"For your unwarranted attack upon our friend Moran."

"Your president? You mean Duncan?"

"Mr. Woodward if you please," inter- rupted Duncan loftily. "I won't have any unruly fellow as you calling me by my first name."

"I'm no lower bred than you are," I retorted.

"Come, none of that!" cried Moran.

"We all know you well. We shall at least get even with you. You'll grin on the other side of your hand."

"What do you intend to do with me?"

"You'll see soon enough."

"I don't care to play servant in this club."

"You have to, put in Pulter, sharply.

"You have no right to detain me in this matter. I can have you arrested if I wish."

"Just try it on," said Duncan. "Who do you suppose will believe your story?"

I began to think the affair might be as serious in politics as I had imagined. Six to one was heavy odds, and who could tell what these wild fellows would not do with their hands in my pockets?

"I want you to let me go at once," I said decisively. "If you don't I'll be worse for you."

"Not a bit of it. We intend that you shall learn something."

I tried to tear away from the window, but my assailants dragged me to the ground.

"No you don't!" he ejaculated roughly. "You're getting up on your dignity too high for me."

"I'm not backing out," put in Moran. "We're not going to be forced to build a sort of tool house and cut away the trees and brush around our turn out until we get even with me. What either would do with two people who had threatened to pull a rope, and had received when pulled from the carriage, I would have considered the whole thing a joke."

"You'll find it no laughing matter," said Duncan savagely, angry, no doubt, because I did not show more signs of fear than I did.

"What for?"

"For your impertinence to speak of this club?"

"Oh, come, Dunc, hurry up," interrupted Pulter. "We don't want to stay here all day."

"I'm only teaching this fellow a lesson," said Duncan, "who isn't worth my consideration."

"All right; only cut it short."

"See here, Moran, who's the president of this club?"

"You are."

"Well, then, I'll take my own time," replied Duncan loftily. "Go ahead then. But you have to do without me, rejoined Moran, considerably provoked by the other's domi- neering tone."

"I will?"

"Yes, I've got other things to do besides standing here gassing all day."

"Indeed!" sneered Duncan. "Yes, and I've got other things to do."

I enjoyed the scene. It looked very much as if there would be lively times with this club."

"You're getting up on your dignity mightily quick, Dun Moran."

"Yes; but I'm not going to build a sort of a railroad."

"Actions speak louder than words."

"Who asked you to?"

"The president of the Models, am I not?"

"Yes, but you're not a model presi- dent."

I could not help smiling at Moran's pun. He was not a bad chap, and had not been to Model's, so Moran's influence he might have been a first rate fellow.

"We are the fashion among men as well as boys, all the others groaned at the pun; and then Ellery, the president's rej- oinder. "But you all promised to stick by me, and I don't want any one to back out."

"I'm not backing out," put in Moran. "I only want to hurry matters up."

"Not particularly," I returned coldly. "You're not?"
I have been known to live three hundred years. Instances are on record of whales whose longevity is ascertained by the presence of the entire lineament of the whale’s body, which is found in the form of a ‘‘universe’’ in the whale’s mouth, which increases in size as the animal ages. If this method of computation be correct, and it is supposed to be so, whales are supposed to live for a thousand years.

CAMELS.  

Camels live from forty to fifty years, horses from twenty to thirty, oxen about twenty, sheep eight or nine, and dogs from twelve to fourteen.

It was considerably after banking hours when the money was paid into his hands, and Mr. Blake had no means of safely disposing of it until the bank should open the following day. So he carried it home with him and talked the matter over pleasantly with his wife and hired man, Richard Ransom, during the evening.

Ransom had been in his service for several years, and Mr. Blake would have staked his life upon his honesty and integrity.

About eight o’clock this man announced the intelligence that his sister, who lived several miles beyond the village, had been taken suddenly ill, and had second thoughts, as had been his invariable custom.

The next morning the key was found, and we’ll just have to make a second helping, as had been his invariable custom.

Footnote:  

1. The secret of the whole matter was simply this: Two days before, his father had returned from the village at a late hour in the evening with two hundred dollars, the price received for a number of fattened cattle disposed of to a drover at a good round figure.

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teeth firmly together and redouble his watchfulness.

At last the man left the barn; but some reason, he could have no possible reason.

Two hours passed, and the barn was shrouded in deep gloom. Then, out of the dark, and across the latch again, footstepstealthily crossing the great threshing floor below. He halted, swayed, and then turned to the side, and as he did so, he seemed to have almost fallen asleep, and listened eagerly.

The footsteps passed directly in front of a great wheat granary, which stood at the extreme end of the ground floor, and a few moments later the shadow of a click of the padlock as it was sprung from its socket.

Booby started to awake now and trembling in every limb, for he well knew that the man could have no possible reason for entering the granary, which was almost empty, at that hour, save for some such purpose as the one which had been embodied in his idea.

Creeping stealthily across the fragrant hay he noiselessly gained the rude ladder, and, with the agility of a cat, descended to the floor below.

Here he paused, to regain his breath and consider the next move to be taken in the matter. He—he—was still but a mere lad in years and stature, and containing the missing money, lying in every limb, for he well knew that the door of the granary stood partly opened, and that the missing money was placed in one plank of the floor removed at his order. The footsteps were faintly heard, and the guilty man whose movements he was watching well enough to realize that through the undertaker should Ransom find himself cornered and likely to reap the reward of his supposed crime.

Booby's eyes were now sufficiently accustomed to the gloom to note the fact that the door of the granary stood partly open, while Ransom was nowhere visible.

A moment later a feeble glimpse of light had revealed itself to the lantern wall, and then the lad felt assured that the moment for decisive action had arrived.

Gradually, noiselessly, he worked his way across the floor to the granary door, carefully avoiding everything that would be likely to emit sufficient sound to give warning of his proximity, his young limbs trembling violently, his heart in his mouth.

At last he stood in front of the partially open door of the granary. His vigilance was rewarded beyond his utmost expectation.

A moment later a feeble gleam of light shone through the door, and he knew the man whose movements he was watching well enough to realize that through that light he might be serious danger in the undertaker should Ransom find himself cornered and likely to reap the reward of his supposed crime.

Booby was very cool and determined now that he realized that the game was in his own hands.

It was indeed fortunate that my order should be saved. I must be content with that, though I was agitated by the report of his death? It is natural that I should feel grateful to him, and spare you to save his life if that be possible."

Captain Rosny's face expressed the utmost astonishment. "I have not, as I listened to Andre's eloquent words, and it was evident that whatever suspicions he may have held against me, he has shown no signs of it."

"This is a strange story that you tell me," he replied, "and yet I am convinced that the truth is the same. I had no idea, Andre, that Masloff saved your life. I thought that he had come back to aid Lavroff in his escape, and I could see very indistinctly from where I was lying helpless with pain."

"But, Bobby——" the guilty man began, and then turned to the prisoner:

"It was indeed fortunate that my order should be saved. I must be content with that, though I was agitated by the report of his death. It is natural that I should feel grateful to him, and spare you to save his life if that be possible."

"I will trouble you for that pocketbook, Mr. Blake; Bobby is firm as adamant."

"Here is your money, father," Bobby exclaimed, as Mr. Blake stared at him, surprised and astonished. "The robber is locked up, and the better you conduct yourself during my absence, the better it will be for you."

"I have sinned too deeply to expect more than this, Mr. Blake.""... "I will trouble you for that pocketbook, Mr. Blake; Bobby is firm as adamant."

"Here is your money, father," Bobby exclaimed, as Mr. Blake stared at him, surprised and astonished. "The robber is locked up, and the better you conduct yourself during my absence, the better it will be for you."

"I have sinned too deeply to expect more than this, Mr. Blake."...
Yes; far better," rejoined the captain.

"Serge Masloff is destined to end his life at these mines—his life ends the better for him. He deserves it, though. None can question that."

"Yes," answered Andre; "he does."

The remainder of that short walk was finished in silence. Turning to the prison office, Andre going inside, while Captain Rosny hurried off to attend to various matters of importance. They met again at dinner, when Captain Rosny informed Andre that a true statement of Masloff's case had been forwarded to St. Petersburg by telegraph, and that a reprieve had just been received.

"It is virtually a commutation," said the captain. "It amounts to the same thing. There will probably be some delay, and then I will be instructed to send Masloff on to the mines. He won't be shot. I can promise you that much. Nor will he receive a free pardon," added the captain with a quiet smile.

That night Andre slept fairly well. He was satisfied that Paul's life was safe, and though he would have given much for a farewell to his brother, he was too wise to ask it of Captain Rosny.

On the following morning he parted with his generous host and started on the long journey to Irkutsk in the best conveyance that his ample means could procure.

We need not follow him on the way. He arrived without incident, though it was as far from the place of his arrest as it was from Moscow, and other places which to him was his future place of residence—for Irkutsk was the capital of Central Siberia, and the Ural is the center of the territory, as far as to dwellings, as well as in its social life, bore a marked resemblance to St. Petersburg.

Andre reported at once to Colonel Sudekin, the commander of the Ural Cossacks, and was immediately placed under arrest. This was probably done as a test, for at the expiration of a week he received the free pardon of the Czar, as well as a stern reprimand from Colonel Sudekin, and was then restored as captain of the Cossacks and assigned to Colonel Sudekin's staff.

His new one was soon caused Andre to endure his banishment lightly, and with the memory of his disgrace and suffering still fresh in his mind, he was probably willing to do any future to do nothing that would imperil his honor and newly restored rank. He still continued to dwell with feelings of deep gratitude, but he realized that he could do nothing to lessen the fate of his unhappy brother.

As the brief Siberian summer wore on, exiled parties passed through Irkutsk every few days, and when September had come and gone Andre felt relieved to think that Paul had by this time left behind him the misfortune of which he had been so far the victim.

CHAPTER XII.
ON THE MARCH.

For the first time Donald experienced a sense of wretchedness. Dressed in a gray convict suit, with shaven face and managed hair, he was more like that in which he entered the Cossacks in their dark green uniforms always rode in front. Then came the disorderly throng of men and women—criminals of the worst grade many of them—marching between thin, broken lines of soldiers. A string of carts, followed by a long file of wagons, sick, and the small children, and finally came a rear guard of six Cossacks escorting the wagons. The contingent contained the meager personal belongings of the exiles.

The rain fell painlessly slow, a very few miles being traveled each day. Every night they stopped at one of the roadside post stations called—which line the Siberian road at regular intervals, and every third day they rested at one of these places, which were similar to the Tomsk prison, only on a smaller scale. They were all foul and dirty beyond description, and Donald soon learned to dread these periods of rest. He would far rather have marched on from day to day and been a prisoner was allowed a daily sum equivalent to five cents, and with this purchase, and not driven by the hunger from peasant women along the way. It was often hard to get—and of poor quality—on the road. The Cossacks in charge of exile parties were always glad when this rations, and the supplies of which were in such great demand, and the poor were short of.

Donald avoided all intercourse with his companions. There was none of the friendly greetings and mannerly attentions that the kindness of the various authorities and fellow-exiles had not, and he was not glad when the Cossack officers avoided the companionship of the prisoners. He had seen nothing to make him feel that the exiles were any different from civil prisoners. Heread the proclamation—

"THE ARGOSY."

"I should think Mr. Fedor Baranok would sleep well at night with a price like that on his head," said Donald half aloud. "The authorities must be desperately anxious to capture him. He has been at large for a whole year now, and yet this placard has the appearance of being newly printed."

A sudden movement of the prisoners pushed Donald forward and forced him through the gates into the courtyard of the station. The three exiles were doled out, and then the Cossacks built blazing fires at half a dozen different points, and half of the frozen convicts gathered eagerly. It was evident that they would have to spend the night out in the open.

The events that succeeded the escape of Valbort—who was not retaken—and the death of Gross on the morning of the day that witnessed the shooting of the assassin Jorke, and the news of his reprieve which reached him like the breath of life to one already dead, for he had abandoned hope and resigned himself courageously to the inevitable.

The delay at St. Petersburg proved far longer than even Captain Rosny had anticipated. For six long dreary weeks he awaited to be heard of for a hearing, and then to a retrial, and then to a punishment of his acts. Grief of soul is far more terrible than the grief of body. Masloff was already been informed of his destined fate. There will probably be some delay, and then I will be instructed to send Masloff on to the mines. He won't be shot. I can promise you that much. Nor will he receive a free pardon," added the captain with a quiet smile.

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of Don-

wonted disturbance. The sound reached the frosted

gates were thrown open.

head and his hand covered the length and

swinging their rifles in air. A brief delay

rushed down the road.

the sfarosta fled toward the house as

had vanished and he could not feel

the gate. .

merit!—that

the bell. An hour ago I was attacked by

the gate. .

the gate lay where

the gate was closed.

The sfarosta fled toward the house as

happened between here and

This mountain fortress of mine had

A few miles to the south of

likelihood, you know."

of a feeling of intense pity for the young

The stranger caught the words, low

the gates of the

weary and injured man. "I am General

at the gate. .

with a shrill cry. But these latter had

to live in a city—like Irkutsk, for ex-

paints the 'arantas—arms, ammunition

wagons and food." "Are they ever discovered?

its Excellency the Governor,"

One of the Cossacks had been saved

to the ground as the framework of heavy

now disappeared between

the border. Meanwhile the hands of

the merchant who left here for Irkutsk five

weeks ago today disappeared between

He was coming from Irkutsk to Tomsk

that he was coming from.

He was coming from Irkutsk to Tomsk

his enemies, and now they have carried off my
dughter Varia. I would have been too late, the

going flames. His thoughts—which had

The voice from without startled the

while

injurious man, as you see,

Invention has been made by the one who

The voice from without startled the

A tenant of the land, and an unearned

from

were roughly driven

and wounded me in the arm, as you see,

the Governor of Irkutsk, and if you rescue

as its head was driven. A wild cheer broke from

the gates of

One of the Cossacks had been saved

"Baranok is dead long ago—have no

wheels of the

in the darkness, and when the

The voice from without startled the

to their utmost extent. Divide the sentence

stirred by the gate lay where

the gate was closed.


gate and stationed

"And were they never discovered?"

"No," said the sfarosta, "not a trace

"Yes; I don't envy your lot," said the

asked the Cossack. "Just the same," replied the

have eagerly seized—he was conscious

with a beard, and a pair of deep blue eyes.

shouldered man with a handsome aristo-

The stranger caught a glimpse of the

standing irresolutely by the fire, not know-

fellow of a feeling of intense pity for the young

A strange tear came as he reflected

Invention is no longer a spasmodic

famine at hand, and how could the Cos-

finally get rid of something, for which there

who has its rewards and remunerations

The heart of the great drives a

"Thank God that you are here," he

his father. "I am General

the gate. .

messengers, and the fostering care which they

invention, call them the inventions of one particular

Invention is no longer a spasmodic

The voice from without startled the

the gate. .

The stranger caught a glimpse of the

standing irresolutely by the fire, not know-

fellow of a feeling of intense pity for the young

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The heart of the great drives a
THE ARGOSY

THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

A LADY recently wrote to one of the newspapers describing how, when walking with a bunch of roses in her belt, a little, ill clad tot rushed up to her and eagerly pleaded for the flowers. She added that she had often noticed among the poor a very hunger for Flora's beautiful products.

Something there is in a flower that touches the hearts of most people; something that rests, something that softens one. When hard at work a flower or two on your desk will do wonders. In the pauses its soft, yet rich, color will relieve the mind of some of its fatigue; a breath of its perfume will give a sensation of pleasure that will make the work just a trifle less irksome—but a trifle! that counts.

And when one is ill, how the flowers do rest tired eyes! That is indeed a beautiful charity which sends its freight of refreshing flowers into the sick chambers of the crowded city tenements.

When in a passion (let us hope it is seldom), who has tried the experiment of going into the garden and looking into the sweet rich depths of the rose bush? The result is marvelous in its celerity and completeness. Try it next time; but, better yet, prevent the necessity for the trial.

WHERE DANGER LURKS.

THOSE charming people who are fond of reminding us with awful impressiveness that danger constantly lurks in the highways and byways, at every corner (if not in the middle of the road) should be made aware of a new and curious accident that is said to have recently befallen an unsuspecting lady while, in an unguarded moment, she threw aside all vigilance and began operations on a five pound box of candy.

Her teeth suddenly struck a hard substance—there was an explosion which broke several teeth—which the subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name. The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid, and their papers are ordered to be discontinued. Rejected Manuscripts.—No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

Frank A. Munsey, Publisher.
155 East 23rd Street, New York.

RAISING A GREAT FLAG.

JAMES K. JONES,
UNITED STATES SENATE FROM ARKANSAS.

Senator James K. Jones, who was lately re-elected to the United States Senate from Arkansas, is a native of Mississippi, having been born in Marshall County on September 20, 1839. His family were the owners of large plantations and it was thus possible for him to receive the benefits of a classical education. Hardy had he arrived at man's estate when the smoldering fires of the late war leaped into ravaging flames. In 1861 the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession and adopted the Confederate constitution.

The future Senator testified his loyalty to the cause his State had made its own by enlisting in the Confederate service as a private soldier; when the war ended he retired to his plantation to reappear in 1873 as a practicing lawyer in Arkansas. During the same year he was elected to the United States Senate of Arkansas, and was still in the Senate when the Constitutional Convention of 1874 was called.

The new Constitution and new State government being put into operation, Mr. Jones was re-elected to the State Senate, and, in 1877, was made President of that body. Further promotion came in the form of an election to the Forty Seventh Congress (1880) and to the two succeeding terms. Again, in 1885, he was sent to Washington as a Senator of the Democratic side. His recent re-election to the Senate makes him a national legislator until 1897.

A VALUABLE PREMIUM.

On next to the last page we reprint this week our bicycle premium offer, to which we desire to call the special attention of all new readers.

Now is just the time to secure subscriptions among your friends; the remittance has commenced, a new story starts in the present issue, and Mr. Graydon's fascinating "With Cossack and Convict" was begun in No. 460. The Argosy was never so valuable as it is this fall, and the attractions booked for the coming months will carry it to a still higher level of excellence. Read the bicycle offer carefully and begin forming your club. We have already sent several machines to winners.

RAISING A GREAT FLAG.

SHORT time since a firm of bicycle manufacturers, the Overseman Cycle Company, unfurled a Star Spangled Banner, of which they boast as the largest American ensign ever raised. Its dimensions are forty one feet by seventy one, which makes it as wide as two medium city houses, while its length would cover almost four fronts. A pretty feature of this raising consisted in the filling of the great flag with flowers which showered upon the heads of the spectators when it was unfurled.
HOPE.

There is a grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope on earth's broad sheet.

Although we may not hear it;
And if it be the hush of

Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring

The weary heart a blessing. —Anonymous

**The Goromrant Cruiser.**

**BY BURTON MELVILLE.**

Strange and adventurous were

The voyages of the merchant service

In the old days early in the century—

The days when ships were not

As now, safe from indignity at the hands

Of a superior vessel of a rival nation;

When pirates infested some of the seas,

In many quarters of the globe

Hordes of unclad savages might be expected to swarm over the bulwarks at almost any moment.

For this reason the Pacific pursuit of commerce had for adjutants cannon and shot, guns and cutlasses, and all the other appurtenances of sea warfare.

My father once sailed a voyage on a smart full rigged ship in the China trade. She was called the **Indus** and had an armament equal to a man of war's;—indeed, I believe she was one of the vessels that had been sold to reduce the navy under the administration of President Jefferson.

On this voyage, as my father used to relate, when off the Cape Verde Islands one of those terrible whirling water spouts was met with, so close to the vessel that all could see the extraordinary spectacle of a huge whale overtaken, drawn out of the water and upward until his back broke the waterspout and its colossal tons of water sank back into their native element.

But listen to my father's story of another incident of this voyage that occurred later, off the northwest coast of Africa, on their way to the Cape of Good Hope; this is the way he used to tell it.

One evening about dusk, when the order had been given to swage up the foretopsail yard, Bill Coles and Bob Grimes, who had first heard the queer sounds in the slack thought they heard some unusual sound ahead of the ship—a kind of bellowing, hollow noise, which could hardly have been made by a porpoise.

"What's that?" cried Bill Coles.

"Hallo, there!" cried Bob Grimes, looking over the rail.

"What sort of a fish are you?"

By this time the ship's headway had brought the sounds abreast of the vessel, and now every man on deck heard the extraordinary noise.

"What are you and where are you?" sang out Captain Penible.

The answer that came back was certainly in human accents,

"This is the answer that came back was certainly in human accents,

'There is no grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast, although we may not hear it;
And if it be the hush of

Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring

The weary heart a blessing. —Anonymous

A glass of brandy and a good rubbing
Of his stiffened limbs soon put him in better condition.

Hallo, there!" cried Bob Grimes, looking over the rail; "what sort of a fish are you?"

"What's that?" said Mr. Forney, taking up a coil of rope, "sling it in this line and we'll take it in tow."

The unheading of the cask showed its occupant to be a large man, apparently a negro. At first he was scarcely able to stand, but

Indus, then his own. Finally, making the figures go, he pointed from these to the men who stood about him, and once more nodded towards the cask which had held him prisoner.

All these signs Captain Penible interpreted without difficulty. The stranger had evidently been a Moorish pirate of war; his crew had mutinied and set him adrift in the cask; they had probably turned pirates and gone on a cruise, and they numbered one hundred and tare.

The next night the man talked of the ferocity of the Moors—and confessed to

Sure enough, one morning there was discovered, not more than two miles off, a full rigged brig, sailing on a course parallel with that of the ship.

"A full rigged brig!" was the exclamation that passed from mouth to mouth; and, as almost everything that sailed in the South Atlantic was ship rigged, the words had a deep significance.

Hassan, the Moor, was at once called on deck, and all eyes were fixed upon him as he took the captain's glass in another moment a gesture and an explanation told the worst. Turning fiercely about, he drew his hand vic-
Large black ensign at the main, and most gun of the four, while the three roared in rapid succession. At the same time, one of the shots from the Indus had cut completely through the brig's mainmast close to the deck. The pirate was rolling heavily, as much from the recoil of her guns as from the heavy swell of the ocean. The mainmast, shot completely through, could not stand the strain. It was going into the water. Of these few, if any, in the clashing and rolling of the vessels, were able to save themselves. However, those who remained fixed at the Indus by ranging it fore and aft, were not able to reach the Indus with a single gun. A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," "Luck and Luck," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRADLEY WENTWORTH TRIES TO MAKE MICHIE.

Bradley Wentworth was stove at meeting Bradley Wentworth the latter was even more amazed at encountering Gerald. "You here?" he exclaimed abruptly. "Yes," answered Gerald. "Are you traveling alone?" "No, sir. I am with an English gentleman," answered Gerald. "His servant. I suppose." "Private secretary! Couldn't he find another?" "No, sir; I am his private secretary." "Where are you going?" "I presume he could," answered Gerald coldly, "but he seems to be satisfied with the ship and brig, as it was very little injured. Only one of the ship's guns had a match on it, and the third mate, who had been grazed by a grapeshot. But one man had been missing." It was Hassan, the Moor.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

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CHAPTER XXIV.  
MR. STANDISH RECEIVES A COMMISSION.  

THANK you for your confidence, Mr. Brooke," said Gerald, "but I prefer that you should have proofs of what I say."

"It is not necessary, Gerald."

"But I prefer that you should look over some papers that I have with me, and for which, by the way, Mr. Wentworth is ready at any time to pay me a thousand dollars."

"Why should he be willing to pay so much?" asked the Englishman in surprise.

"Because they prove that he, and not my father, committed the forgery. My father agreed to have it charged upon his account, but he was innocent, and Wentworth himself the forger."

"Who has these papers now?"

"I have."

"And you say Mr. Wentworth has offered a thousand dollars for them?"

"Yes."

"And refused to carry out his agreement?"

"Yes."

"And are not very particular in what corrections as you may require, and then I am ready to pay—" Mr. Wentworth paused to consider—"I am ready to pay a hundred, yes, two hundred dollars."

"That boy means mischief, I fully believe," he said to himself. "He is of a nervous and pellucid disposition, and if I read him a line, I shall follow it."

"But your father ought not to have made such a sacrifice. Why did he do so?"

"Because Bradley Wentworth promised him twenty thousand dollars when he came into his fortune."

"How much will it be worth to me?"

"It is quite unnecessary that you should know their value."

"Do you think there will be any chance to get hold of the papers on the boat?" asked Standish.

"Yes.

"If not, I shall have to follow him."

"Yes."

"And I can't do it without money."

"I understand all that. Of course I would rather have you secure them on the spot if possible, but it may not be possible."

"Have you anything to suggest then?"

"Well, my companion will undoubtedly stop a few days in St. Louis. You must go to the same hotel, and try to get possession of the papers. As to the details I can't advise you. It depends upon your skill and judgment. I suspect that it may be in your power. Be sure there is no chance to get hold of the papers on the boat, and that you are able to pay your hotel expenses."

"I ought to know your name, so that I may communicate with you."

"Yes, that is needless. Of course I rely upon your keeping secret and confidential all that has passed between us."

"I understand."

"I comprehend. How much did you say you had offered him for them?"

"A thousand dollars, but that did not occur to him that it boded harm to himself."

CHAPTER XXV.  
A FALSE ALARM.  

BRADLEY WENTWORTH had some slight hope that the words he had spoken would prejudice the English tourist against Gerald, but he was destined to be disappointed. The two promenaded the deck together, and were evidently on the most cordial terms.

"The boy is artful," thought Wentworth, "and that renders him the more dangerous. I wish he could happen to fall overboard. It would save me a great deal of anxiety, as he is the only one who is acquainted with the secret of my guilt."

"I beg your pardon," said Standish, "but there is no need to alarm yourself."

"The Columbia River has some fine scenery."

"I wasn't in earnest, Gerald. It only occurred to me to joke you a little. You must admit, however, that there is nothing worth seeing here."

Among those who ran out of their staterooms were Gerald and Noel Brooke, but both of them were calm and collected. The Englishman looked suspicious, but there was no sign of fire.

"There is a false alarm, Gerald," said Standish. "At this moment one of the officers of the steamer passed by."

"I have no fire?" asked Gerald."

"No; I should like to get hold of the miscreant who raised the cry. There is not the slightest indication of fire any where."  

Satisfied by this assurance the two friends returned to their stateroom. As they reached the door which had been left open a man darted out.

"If a lilo, there!" exclaimed Noel Brooke, seizing him. "What brings you in my stateroom?"

"I beg your pardon," said Standish apologetically. "I thought it was my own."

"That isn't very probable!" rejoined Brooke sternly."

"I assure you, Mr. Brooke, that it is the truth. I was so alarmed that I really did not know what I was about. I presumed the steamer was doomed and wished to secure my small baggage, for I am a poor man and couldn't afford to lose it. Of course when some one told me I saw that I was mistaken. I hope you will pardon me. Is the fire out?"

"There has never been any fire. Some scoundrel raised the alarm. If he should be found he will probably be thrown overboard by the indignant passengers."

"That serves him right, too!" said the virtuous Standish. "You have no idea what a shock he gave me. I am a victim of imagination and liable to drop at a minute's notice."

"I suppose you are ready to go?" asked Brooke.

"Well, no, I can't quite say that. Life is sweet, even if I am a poor man."

"So long, then."

"On—on the opposite side of the shore."

"This conversation took place in their stateroom. Meanwhile, Bradley Wentworth was engaged in reflection. "That boy means mischief, I fully believe," he said to himself. "He is of a nervous and pellucid disposition, and if I read him aright, he will never forgive his stepfather for taking away the sum which I so foolishly promised his father. The worst of it is, the papers he carries will, when he has them, make such a noise that I must have Security requires it."

It was easy to come to this conclusion, but not so easy to decide how the papers could be obtained. He would gladly have paid twenty thousand dollars, but that offer had more than once been made, and always decidedly refused. At last he had paced the deck with thoughtful brow, Samuel Standish, who was always drawn to his father's life. It should have been considered a matter of honor, he thought, toступить ли на него шагом."

"Yes."  

"Humph! I suppose you are not a member of Congress?"

"I am not the man."

"I really beg your pardon. Perhaps, though, you will oblige me with a light all the same."

"I will. What is your name?"

"Of what nature are they?"

"Standish looked curious.

"Suppose you do!" he said.

"So my father thought, but Mr. Wentworth was firm and resolute, and if I read him a line, I shall follow it."
... and Gerraïd went to the Lindell House. These words created a very favorable impression, and completely cleared Standish from suspicion, except in the minds of the Yankee passenger, Gerald and Noel Brooke. "I believe Standish was the man," said Brooke when they were by themselves, "but in his favor leads me to think there is something between them.

But why should I give such an alarm?" asked Gerald puzzlement.

"To get a chance to enter our stateroom," he exclaimed.

"I don't quite understand why he should enter our stateroom rather than any other," said "No, no," said friend significantly.

"He was after your papers, He thought you might keep them in the stateroom."

"But you really think that, Mr. Brooke?"

"I think it altogether likely, and that he has been engaged for the purpose by your friend, Mr. Bradford Wentworth. Unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall see more of Mr. Standish after we land."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Brooke," said Gerald thoughtfully. "I shall most likely have several voices in the lobby of the hotel, looking, it must be confessed, rather out of place in his elegant surroundings. I recognized the familiar figure of Samuel Standish."

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 453.]
was the close pressure he gave my hand. I had had a little talk with him the evening previous before beginning the exhibition. He seemed very well, and the fact established a sort of tie between us at once.

"It is very plain and clear, and I told in detail how I came into possession of that bottle of chloroform. You see, he was after the first word and then I added, 'for fear some one might pick it up who couldn't tell what it was, and do himself some damage. And now see what has come of it!"

"How you came by the bottle does not signify so much to us as what you did with it," said the second speaker. "As proving that Mr. Tretbar was killed by some one else, or by himself. You cannot say you did not leave your room during the night. I suppose?"

"I have nothing for it but my word," I answered. "Can't something be found out about this Mr. Tretbar himself? Whether he had anything on his mind, was troubled by something that might induce him to take his life?"

"It seems that nobody ever saw or heard of him till last night when he came and asked for a room," was the reply. "I believed he was not only a stranger to the patrons of that hotel, but from something definite may be learned."

"Then all I can do is to wait," I suppose," I said with a little sigh. "I had finished my breakfast, and now looking inquiringly at the man on my right. He in turned looked around, the landlady, who said as if he had spoken: 'Oh, yes, the room at the end of the hall on the second floor.'

We all rose and Mr. Farningham looked at his watch.

"I have just time to catch my train," he said. "You will not be taken to—"

That is, you will be kept here until a reply is received from this Tretbar's friends. Meantime our two boys are working hard to find some clue that will prove him a suicide. Remember that we believe in you and will stick by you.

"But young Mr. Tretbar was far too exalted to sit down."

"He tried the room, and the key and his companion by the window overlooking the lawn, where they each took out cigars and proceeded to make themselves comfortable."

"Will you come upstairs with me?"

"I went on. "We are waiting here until we hear from the friends of the—"

"The friends of Mr. Tretbar."

"One of our guards kindly allowed Tretbar to take his place beside me, he falling to the rear, and so we ascertained the after dinner room which had been set aside for me.

"This was a pleasant corner apartment, and I asked, 'Have you noticed anything strange in the way of furniture, a wicker lounge, on which Tretbar and I took seats. The door was closed, and through the keyhole I peeped in and saw the key the key in the lock and the bedroom.""

"Tell me all about it," said Cameron, "I can't see to realize it yet."

"We were all astonished at this answer, but at his voice and manner. The former was high and shrill, like a child's, without any bass notes in it at all, and his gestures were on the puppet handle, as practiced by amateur orators in their early efforts at school."

"I believe they have discovered how can you hold up your head after such a direful deed?"

"In spite of the grave nature of the whole case, there was a strange inclination to laugh; and not only at the mistake of this dude in the object of his vituperation, but at his voice and manner. The former was high and shrill, like a child's, without any bass notes in it at all, and his gestures were on the puppet handle, as practiced by amateur orators in their early efforts at school."

"Put in Mr. Hodgkins, pulling the impetuous avenger by the sleeve. "Besides you oughtn't to talk about Tretbar, as it ain't been proved yet that he killed him. Take a chair, sir, while we put a few questions to you."

"But young Mr. Tretbar was far too exalted to sit down."

"Proved?" he cried, pacing up and down the floor and waving his straw hat about in much more of the same fashion as the end man does his tambourine at the minstrel show. "Do you suppose you couldn't have made it without the bottle found in his pocket?"

"Here he slapped his own pocket, rolled his head out of the ceiling and then ended up by fixing them on me with a glare that was no doubt intended to be baleful, but how could I resist it?"

"But he says he didn't do it, there interposed the other guardian, who had all along seemed to be on my side."

"Of course he'd say so," blustered young Tretbar. "He doesn't want to be hanged. Nobody does. It doesn't feel abit good," and he ran his finger down the floor and waving his straw hat about in much more of the same fashion as the end man does his tambourine at the minstrel show. "Do you suppose you couldn't have made it without the bottle found in his pocket?"

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Thinking I saw through it now. Du- mont Tretbar was a young swell, of limited brain and unlimited aspirations for notoriety. When the telegram arrived, I thought I would eagerly seize on this incident and write it up in lurid colors. My name would naturally figure prominently in all the accounts. What would Aunt Louise, what would Edna think when they read of me? I thought I saw through it now. Du- mont Tretbar was a young swell, of limited brain and unlimited aspirations for notoriety. When the telegram arrived, I thought I would eagerly seize on this incident and write it up in lurid colors. My name would naturally figure prominently in all the accounts. What would Aunt Louise, what would Edna think when they read of me?"
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2. It would need nothing less than a Roman orator to deliver a speech as high as it were reaching for the heavens; the timid little movement, meant to express a grand gesture, is ridiculous and a somebody is sure to laugh. Every gesture should be generous, with a free sweep; and a most important gesture rule for grace is, that every movement of the arm should be in the arc of a circle. For instance, if one is to point straight out from the right shoulder and toward the right, the motion of the hand would be from the point of reposewhen at the right hip in an easy sweep up to the left breast, to the chin and out to the left hip. The first rule of declamation is to give the full development of all the emotions it contains.

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