DICK BOYLE'S BUSINESS CARD.

By BRET HARTE.

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PART II.

A smile stole across Miss Cantire's oval cheek.

"I really believe you're afraid of something, Mr. Boyle," she said without looking up. "What is it? You haven't got that Indian scare, too?"

Boyle had no false shame.

"I think I have," he returned with equal frankness. "You see I don't understand Indians as well as you—and Foster."

"Well, you take my word and Foster's that there is not the least danger from them. About here they are merely grown-up children, cruel and destructive, as most children are; but they know their masters by this time, and the old days of promiscuous scalping are over. The only other childish propensity they keep is thieving. Even then they only steal what they actually want—horses, guns and powder. A coach can go where an ammunition or an emigrant wagon can't. So your trunk of samples is quite safe with Foster."

Boyle did not think it necessary to protest. Perhaps he was thinking of something else.

"I've a mind," she went on slyly, "to tell you something more. Confidence for confidence; as you've told me your trade secrets, I'll tell you one of ours. Before we left the Pine Barrens, my father ordered a small escort of cavalrymen to be in readiness to join that coach if the scouts, who were watching, thought it necessary. So you see I'm something of a fraud as regards my reputation for courage."

"That doesn't follow," said Boyle, admiringly, "for your father must have thought there was some danger, or he wouldn't have taken that precaution."

"Oh, it wasn't for me," said the young girl, quickly.

"Not for you?" repeated Boyle.

Miss Cantire stopped short, with a pretty flush of color and an adorable laugh. "There! I've done it! So I might as well tell the whole story. But I can trust you, Mr. Boyle." She faced him with clear, penetrating eyes. "Well," she laughed again, "those innocent looking heavy trunks on the coach contained carbines and cartridges from our post for Fort Taylor"—she made him a mischievous courtesy—"under my charge!"

"And they were in this coach?" repeated Boyle, abstractedly.

"Were? They are!" said Miss Cantire.

"Then the sooner I get back to your treasure again the better," said Boyle, with a laugh. "Does Foster know it?"

"Of course not! Do you suppose I'd tell it to anybody but a stranger to the place? Perhaps, like you, I know when and to whom to impart information, she said, mischievously.

They walked on for some moments in silence. The ascent was comparatively easy but devious, and Boyle could see that this new detour would take them still some time to reach the summit. Miss Cantire at last voiced the thought in his own mind.

"I wonder what induced them to turn off here. And if you hadn't been so clever as to discover their tracks, how could we have found them? But," she added, with feminine logic, "that, of course, is why they fired those shots."

Boyle remembered that the shots came from another direction, but did not correct her conclusion. Nevertheless, he said lightly:

"Perhaps even Foster might have had an Indian scare."

"He ought to know friendlies or Government reservation men better by this time," said Miss Cantire. "However, there is something in that. Do you know," she added with a laugh, "though I haven't your keen eyes, I'm gifted with a keen scent, and once or twice I've thought I smelt Indians; that peculiar odor of their camps, which is unlike anything else, and which one detects even in their ponies. I used to notice it when I rode one; no amount of grooming could take it away."

"I don't suppose that the intensity or degree of this odor would give you any idea of the hostile or friendly feelings of the Indians toward you?" asked Boyle grimly.

Miss Cantire deigned to receive this with a smile, at which Boyle, who was a little relieved by their security so far, and their nearness to their journey's end, developed further ingenuous trifling until, at the end of an hour, they stood upon the plain again.

There was no sign of the coach, but its fresh track was visible leading along the bank of the ravine toward the intersection of the road they should have come by, and to which the coach had indubitably returned. Boyle drew a long breath; they were comparatively safe from any invisible attack now. At the end of ten minutes, Miss Cantire, from her superior height, detected the top of the missing vehicle appearing above the stunted bushes at the junction of the highway.

"Would you mind throwing those old flowers away now?" she said, glancing at the spoils which Boyle still carried.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, they're too ridiculous. Please do."

"May I keep one?" he asked, with the first intonation of masculine weakness in his voice.

"If you like," she said, a little coldly.

Boyle selected a small spray of myrtle, and cast the other flowers obediently aside.

"Dear me, how ridiculous!" she said.

"What is ridiculous?" he asked, lifting his eyes to hers with a slight color. But he saw that she was straining her eyes in the distance.

"Why, there doesn't seem to be any horses to the coach!"

He looked. Through a gap in the furze he could see the vehicle now quite distinctly, standing empty, horseless and alone. He glanced hurriedly around them; on the one side a few rocks protected them from the tangled rim of the ridge; on the other stretched the plain.

"Sit down, don't move until I return," he said quickly. "Take that."

He handed back her pistol, and ran quickly to the coach. It was no illusion—there it stood vacant, abandoned—its dropped pole, and cut traces, showing too plainly the fearful haste of its desertion. A light step behind him made him turn. It was Miss Cantire, pink and breathless, carrying the cocked weapon in her hand.

"How foolish of you—without a weapon," she gasped in explanation.

Then they both stared at the coach, the empty plain, and at each other! After their tedious ascent, their long detour, their protracted expectancy and their eager curiosity, there was such a suggestion of hideous mockery in this vacant, useless vehicle—apparently left to them in what seemed their utter abandonment—that it instinctively affected them alike. And, as I am writing of human nature, I am compelled to say that they both burst into a fit of laughter that for the moment stopped all other expression!

"It was so kind of them to leave the coach," said Miss Cantire, faintly, as she took her handkerchief from her wet and mirthful eyes. "But what made them run away?"

Boyle did not reply; he was eagerly examining the coach. In that brief hour and a half, the dust of the plain had blown thick upon it, and covered any foul stain or blot that might have suggested the awful truth. Even the soft imprint of the Indian's moccasined feet had been trampled out by the later horseshoofs of the cavalry men. It was these that first attracted Boyle's attention; but he thought them the marks made by the plunging of the released coach horses.

Not so his companion! She was examining them more closely, and suddenly lifted her bright, animated face.

"Look!" she said. "Four men have been here, and have had a hand in this—whatever it is."

"Our men?" repeated Boyle blankly.

"Yes!—troopers from the post—the escort I told you of. These are the prints of the regulation cavalry horseshoe—not of Foster's team, nor of Indian ponies, who never have any! Don't you see!" she went on eagerly, "our men have got wind of something and have galloped down here—along the ridge—see!" she went on, pointing to the hoof prints coming from the plain. "They've anticipated some Indian attack and secured everything."

"But if they were the same escort you spoke of they must have known you were here, and have——" he was about to say "abandoned you," but checked himself, remembering they were her father's soldiers.

"They knew I could take care of myself, and wouldn't stand in the way of their duty," said the young girl, anticipating him with quick professional pride that seemed to fit her aquiline nose and tall figure. "And if they knew that," she added, softening with a mischievous smile, "they also knew, of course, that I was protected by a gallant stranger vouched for by Mr. Foster! No!" she added with a certain blind, devoted confidence, which Boyle noticed with a slight wince that she had never shown before, "It's all right! and 'by orders,' Mr. Boyle, and when they've done their work they'll be back."

But Boyle's masculine common sense was, perhaps, safer than Miss Cantire's feminine faith and inherited discipline, for in an instant he suddenly comprehended the actual truth! The Indians had been there first; they had despoiled the coach and got off safely with their booty and prisoners on the approach of the escort—who were now naturally pursuing them with a fury aroused by the belief that their commander's daughter was one of their prisoners. This conviction was a dreadful one, yet a relief as far as the young girl was concerned. But should he tell her? No! Better that she should keep her calm faith in the triumphant promptness of the soldiers—and their speedy return.

"I dare say you are right," he said cheerfully, "and let us be thankful that in the empty coach you'll have at least a half-civilized shelter until they return. Meantime I'll go and reconnoitre a little."

"I will go with you," she said.

But Boyle pointed out to her so strongly the necessity of her remaining to wait for the return of the soldiers that, being also fagged out by her long climb, she obediently consented, while he, even with his inspiration of the truth, did not believe in the return of the despoilers, and knew she would be safe.

A few steps into the thicket brought him full upon a realization of more than his worst convictions—the dead body of Foster! Near it lay the body of the mail agent. Both had been evidently dragged into the thicket from where they fell, scalped and half stripped. There was no evidence of any later struggle; they must have been dead when they were brought there.

Boyle was neither a hard-hearted nor an unduly sensitive man. He was sorry for these two men, and would have fought to have saved them. But he had no imaginative ideas of death. His one thought was of the unsuspecting girl sitting in the lonely coach, and he hurriedly dragged the bodies further into the bushes. In doing this he discovered a loaded revolver and a flask of spirit which had been lying under them and promptly secured them. A few paces away lay the coveted trunk of arms and ammunition, their lids wrenched off and their contents gone.

He noticed with a grim smile that his own trunk of samples had shared a like fate, but was delighted to find that, while the brighter trifles had attracted the Indians' childish cupidity, they had overlooked a heavy black merino shawl of a cheap but serviceable quality. It would help to protect Miss Cantire from the evening wind, which was already rising over the chill and stark plain. It also occurred to him that she would need water after her parched journey, and he resolved to look for a spring, being rewarded at last by a trickling rill near the ambushed camp. But he had no utensil except the spirit flask, which he finally emptied of its contents and replaced with the pure water—a heroic sacrifice to a traveller who knew the comfort of a stimulant. He retraced his steps and was just emerging from the thicket when his quick eye caught sight of a moving shadow before him close to the ground, which set the blood coursing through his veins.

It was the figure of an Indian crawling on his hands and knees toward the coach, scarcely forty yards away. For the first time that afternoon Boyle's calm good-humor was overswept by a blind and furious rage. Yet, even then he was sane enough to remember that a pistol shot would alarm the girl, and to keep that weapon as a last resort. For an instant he crept forward as silently and stealthily as the savage, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped upon him, driving his head and shoulders down against the rocks before he could utter a cry, and sending the scalping knife he was carrying between his teeth flying with the shock from his battered jaw.

Boyle seized it—his knee still in the man's back—but the prostrate body never moved beyond a slight contraction of the lower limbs. The shock had broken the Indian's neck. He turned the inert man on his back—the head hung loosely on the side. But in that brief instant Boyle had recognized the "friendly" Indian of the station to whom he had given the card.

He rose dizzily to his feet. The whole action had passed in a few seconds of time, and had not even been noticed by the sole occupant of the coach. He mechanically cocked his revolver, but the man beneath him never moved again. Neither was there any sign of flight or reënforcement from the thicket around him. Again the whole truth flashed instinctively upon him. This spy and traitor had been left behind by the marauders to return to the station and avert suspicion. He had been lurking around, but, being without firearms, had not dared to attack the pair together.

It was a moment or two before Boyle regained his usual elastic good humor. Then he coolly returned to the spring, "washed himself of the Indian," as he grimly expressed it to himself, brushed his clothes, picked up the shawl and flask and returned to the coach.

It was getting dark now, but the glow of the western sky shone unimpeded through the windows, and the silence gave him a great fear. He was relieved, however, on opening the door, to find Miss Cantire sitting stiffly in a corner.

"I am sorry I was so long," he said apologetically to her attitude, "but——"

"I suppose you took your own time," she interrupted in a voice of injured tolerance, "I don't blame you; anything's better than being cooped up in this tiresome stage for goodness knows how long!"

"I was hunting for water," he said humbly, "and have brought you some." He handed her the flask.

"And I see you have had a wash," she said a little enviously. "How spick and span you look! But what's the matter with your necktie?"

He put his hand to his neck hurriedly. His necktie was loose, and had twisted to one side in the struggle. He colored quite as much from the sensitiveness of a studiously neat man as from the fear of discovery.

"And what's that?" she added, pointing to the shawl.

"One of my samples that I suppose was turned out of the coach and forgotten in the transfer," he said glibly. "I thought it might keep you warm."

She looked at it dubiously and laid it gingerly aside.

"You don't mean to say that you go about with such things openly?" she said querulously.

"Yes, one mustn't lose a chance of trade, you know," he resumed with a smile.

"And you haven't found this journey very profitable," she said dryly. "You certainly are devoted to your business!" After a pause, discontentedly: "It's quite night already—we can't sit here in the dark."

"We can take one of the coach lamps inside. I've been thinking the matter over, and I reckon if we leave one lighted outside the coach it may guide your friends back." He had considered it, and believed that the audacity of the act, coupled with the knowledge the Indians must have of the presence of the soldiers in the vicinity, would deter rather than invite their approach.

She brightened considerably with the coach lamp which he lit and brought inside. By its light she watched him curiously. His face was slightly flushed and his eyes very bright and keen-looking. Man killing, except with old professional hands, has the disadvantage of affecting the circulation. But Miss Cantire had noticed that the flask smelt of whiskey. The poor man had probably fortified himself from the fatigues of the day.

"I suppose you are getting bored by this delay," she said tentatively.

"Not at all," he replied. "Would you like to play cards? I've got a pack in my pocket. We can use the middle seat as a table, and hang the lantern by the window strap."

They played euchre, at which Miss Cantire cheated adorably, and Mr. Boyle lost game after game shamelessly. Then once or twice Miss Cantire was fain to put her cards to her mouth to conceal an apologetic yawn, and her blue-veined eyelids grew heavy. Whereupon Mr. Boyle suggested that she should make herself comfortable in the corner of the coach with as many cushions as she liked, and the despised shawl, while he took the night air in a prowl around the coach and a look out for the returning party. Doing so, he was delighted, after a turn or two, to find her asleep, and so returned contentedly to his sentry round.

He was some distance from the coach when a low, moaning sound in the thicket presently increased until it rose and fell in the prolonged howl of wolves. He was hastening back, when a cry, this time human and more terrifying, came from the coach. He turned toward it as its door flew open, and Miss Cantire came rushing toward him. Her face was colorless, her eyes wild with fear, and her tall, slim figure trembled convulsively as she frantically caught at the lapels of his coat, as if to hide herself within its folds, and gasped breathlessly:

"What is it? Oh! Mr. Boyle, save me!"

"They are wolves," he said hurriedly. "But there is no danger; they would never attack you; you were safe where you were; let me lead you back."

But she remained rooted to the spot, still clinging desperately to his coat. "No! no!" she said. "I dare not! I heard that awful cry in my sleep. Ah! What's that?" and she again lapsed in nervous terror against him.

Boyle passed his arm around her promptly, firmly, masterfully. She seemed to feel the implied protection, and yielded to it gratefully, with the further breakdown of a sob.

"There is no danger," he repeated cheerfully. "Lean on me," he continued as her step tottered, "you'll be better in the coach."

"And you wont leave me alone again?" she said in hesitating terror.

"No!"

He supported her to the coach gravely, gently—her master and still more his own—for all that her beautiful loosened hair was against his cheek and shoulder, its perfume in his nostrils, and the contour of her lithe and perfect figure against his own. He helped her back into the coach—with the aid of the cushions and shawl arranged a reclining couch for her on the back seat, and then resumed his old place patiently. By degrees the color came back to her face—as much of it as was not hidden by her handkerchief.

Then a tremulous voice behind it began a half-smothered apology.

"I am so ashamed, Mr. Boyle—I really could not help it! But it was so sudden—and so horrible—I shouldn't have been afraid had it been really an Indian with a scalping knife—instead of that beast! I don't know why I did it—but I was alone—and seemed to be dead—and you were dead too—and they were coming to eat me! They do, you know—you said so just now! Perhaps I was dreaming. I don't know what you must think of me—I had no idea I was such a coward!"

But Boyle protested indignantly. He was sure if he had been asleep, and had not known what wolves were before, he would have been equally frightened. She must try to sleep again—he was sure she could—and he would not stir from the coach until she waked, or her friends came.

She grew quieter presently, and took away the handkerchief from a mouth that smiled, though it still quivered. Then reaction began, and her tired nerves brought her languor and finally repose. Boyle watched the shadows thicken around her long lashes until they lay softly on the faint flush that sleep was bringing to her cheek; her delicate lips parted, and her quick breath at last came with the regularity of slumber.

So she slept, and he, sitting silently opposite her, dreamed—the old dream that comes to most good men and true once in their lives. He scarcely moved until the dawn lightened with opal the dreary plain, bringing back the horizon and day, when he woke from his dream with a sigh, and then a laugh. Then he listened for the sound of distant hoofs, and hearing them crept noiselessly from the coach.

A compact body of horsemen were bearing down upon it. He rose quickly to meet them, and throwing up his hand brought them to a halt at some distance from the coach. They spread out, resolving themselves into a dozen troopers and a smart young cadet-like officer.

"If you are seeking Miss Cantire," he said in a quiet business-like tone, "she is quite safe in the coach and asleep. She knows nothing yet of what has happened, and believes it is you who have taken everything away for security against an Indian attack. She has had a pretty rough night—what with her fatigue and her alarm at the wolves—and I thought it best to keep the truth from her as long as possible, and I would advise you to break it to her gently."

He then briefly told the story of their experiences, omitting only his own personal encounter with the Indian. A new pride, which was perhaps the result of his vigil, prevented him.

The young officer glanced at him with as much courtesy as might be afforded to a civilian intruding upon active military operations.

"I am sure Major Cantire will be greatly obliged to you when he knows it," he said politely, "and as we intend to harness up and take the coach back to Sage Brush station immediately you will have an opportunity of telling him."

"I am not going back by the coach to Sage Brush," said Boyle, quietly. "I have already lost twelve hours of my time—as well as my trunk—on this picnic, and I reckon the least Major Cantire can do is to let me take one of your horses to the next station in time to catch the down coach. I can do it, if I set out at once."

Boyle heard his name, with the familiar prefix of "Dicky," given to the officer by a commissary sergeant, whom he recognized as having met at the agency, and the words "Chicago drummer" added, while a perceptible smile went throughout the group.

"Very well, sir," said the officer, with a familiarity a shade less respectful than his previous formal manner. "You can take the horse, as I believe the Indians have already made free with your samples. Give him a mount, Sergeant."

The two men walked toward the coach. Boyle lingered a moment at the window to show him the figure of Miss Cantire still peacefully slumbering among her pile of cushions, and then turned quietly away. A moment later he was galloping on one of the troopers' horses across the empty plain.

Miss Cantire awoke presently to the sound of a familiar voice and the sight of figures that she knew. But the young officer's first words of explanation—a guarded account of the pursuit of the Indians and the recapture of the arms, suppressing the killing of Foster and the mail agent—brought a change to her brightened face and a wrinkle to her pretty brow.

"But Mr. Boyle said nothing of this to me," she asked, sitting up.

"Where is he?"

"Already on his way to the next station on one of our horses! Wanted to catch the down stage and get a new box of samples, I fancy, as the braves had rigged themselves out with his laces and ribbons. Said he'd lost time enough on this picnic," returned the young officer with a laugh. "Smart business chap, but I hope he didn't bore you."

Miss Cantire felt her cheek flush, and bit her lip.

"I found him most kind and considerate, Mr. Ashford," she said, coldly. "He may have thought the escort could have joined the coach a little earlier, and saved all this; but he was too much of a gentleman to say anything about it to me," she added dryly, with a slight elevation of her aquiline nose.

Nevertheless, Boyle's words, as reported by the young officer, stung her deeply. To hurry off, too, without saying good-by or even asking how she slept! No doubt he had lost time, and was tired of her company, and thought more of his precious samples than of her! After all, it was like him, to rush off for an order!

She was half inclined to call the young officer back and tell him how Boyle had criticised her costume on the road. But Mr. Ashford was at that time entirely preoccupied with his men around a ledge of rock and bushes some yards from the coach, yet not so far away but that she could hear what the sergeant was saying.

"I'll swear there was no dead Injun here when we came yesterday! We searched the whole place by daylight, too, for any sign. The Injun was killed in his tracks by some one last night. It's like Dick Boyle, Lieutenant, to have done it, and like him to have said nothing to frighten the young lady. He knows when to keep his mouth shut—and when to open it."

Miss Cantire sank back in her corner as the officer turned and approached the coach. The incident of the past night flashed back upon her—Mr. Boyle's long absence, his flushed face, twisted necktie and enforced cheerfulness. She was shocked, amazed, discomfited—and admiring. And this hero had been sitting opposite to her, silent all the rest of the night.

"Did Mr. Boyle say anything of an Indian attack last night?" asked Ashford. "Did you hear anything?"

"Only the wolves howling," said Miss Cantire. "Mr. Boyle was away twice." She was strangely reticent—in complimentary imitation of her missing hero.

"There is a dead Indian here, who has been killed," began Ashford.

"Oh, please don't say anything more, Mr. Ashford," interrupted the young lady, "but let us get away from this horrid place at once. Do get the horses in, I can't stand it."

But the horses were already harnessed and mounted postilion-wise by the troopers. The vehicle was ready to start when Miss Cantire called, "Stop!"

When Ashford presented himself at the door the young lady was upon her hands and knees, searching the bottom of the coach. "Oh, dear! I've lost something. I must have dropped it on the road," she said breathlessly, with pink cheeks. "You must positively wait and let me go back and find it. I wont be long. You know there's 'no hurry'."

Mr. Ashford stared as Miss Cantire skipped like a schoolgirl from the coach and ran down the trail by which she and Boyle had approached the coach the night before. She had not gone far before she came upon the withered flowers he had thrown away at her command.

"It must be about here," she murmured.

Suddenly she uttered a cry of delight and picked up the business card that Boyle had shown her. Then she looked furtively around her and, selecting a sprig of myrtle among the cast-off flowers, concealed it in her mantle and ran back, glowing, to the coach.

"Thank you! All right, I've found it," she called to Ashford with a dazzling smile and leaped inside.

The coach drove on and Miss Cantire, alone in its recesses, drew the myrtle from her mantle and folding it carefully in her handkerchief, placed it in her reticule. Then she drew out the card, read its dryly practical information over and over again, examined the soiled edges, brushed them daintily, and held it for a moment, with eyes that saw not, motionless in her hand. Then she raised it slowly to her lips, rolled it into a spiral, and, loosening a hook and eye, thrust it gently into her bosom.

And Dick Boyle, galloping away to the distant station, did not know that the first step toward a realization of his foolish dream had been taken.

THE END.

THE BOY AND THE DRAGON.

How Roderick Adolphus Peterson Stubbs, Jr., and the Count of Mackintosh Rescued the Princess and What Came of It.

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It was by the merest accident that I happened to read that copy of the *Daily Electriser*. A small boy was flying a kite, and it caught in the telephone wire that ran by my window. In trying to disentangle it, I noticed an advertisement headed: "Wanted, a young man of noble lineage to release a distressed Princess who is now held captive by a medium-sized, but ferocious dragon."

"Johnny," I called to the small boy.

"My name isn't Johnny," he replied; "and I don't want to be called Johnny, mister."

His hair was red and he seemed to have a quick temper.

"I'm not a mister," I answered, in kindly, but dignified tones; "and I don't like the title. What is your name, my rosy-scalped friend?"

He looked around for a stone to throw, but the street was paved with Belgian blocks, each weighing about ten pounds, and he made up his mind to be civil.

"My name's Roderick Adolphus Peterson Stubbs, Jr.," he answered, putting on his cap and pulling it down hard. "Now, what's yours?"

"I am the disinherited Duke of Marabout, Count of Mackintosh," I said.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Your name is as bad as mine!"

"Your name is not bad," I said soothingly.

"Oh, isn't it?" he returned, with an up-and-downstairs inflection. "The boys call me Roddy, Reddy and Raps. What do they call you?"

"They don't call me anything," I replied affably. "But what I wanted, Roderick, was to inquire whether I may cut an advertisement out of this newspaper."

"What's it about? Rare stamps?"

"No. About a Princess and a dragon."

"All right, then. Cut it out, and paste on another piece. But what are you going to do with it?"

"I thought I would rescue the Princess from the dragon, and maybe marry her—if she is beautiful, good, economical, and——"

"Rich?" inquired Roderick.

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" I said. "I have enough for both."

"Say," remarked Roderick, after a short pause; "lend me a quarter, will you?"

"What for?"

"Dues to our club," he answered. "I am the treasurer, you know, and I keep the cash, and there was a circus in town last week—did you see it?—and I am a quarter short!"

"You're very welcome," I answered. So I threw him a quarter, cut out the advertisement, and shut my window.

I found on reading the notice, that the Princess had been carried away some three months before, and that she was held in captivity in a cavern upon a lofty mountain peak. I made up my mind that it was a worthy case of genuine distress well suited to a modern knight-errant's enterprise.

I consulted a time table, and found that a train left for her native land at 7:45. I had just about time to pack my valise before the train started. Upon my way to the station, I met Roderick A. P. Stubbs, Jr., who was also carrying a small satchel.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Why, Roderick, where are you going?" I asked.

"I've run away from home," he said with a mournful grin.

"What for?" I asked in astonishment.

"Because nobody loves me," he replied in a tone of settled despair.

"How do you know that?" I inquired.

"They sent me away from the table at dinner to-day," he answered, angrily.

I saw that it was useless to argue with him in his present frame of mind, and so I asked:

"Where are you going?"

"As far as 67 cents will take me," he answered, "and from there I'll walk until I wear out my Sunday shoes."

"This, Roderick, is all wrong," I said seriously. "Let me persuade you to give up this foolish idea. Come with me, instead. I will telegraph to your family that you are safe, and will be back in two weeks. Then you can come with me, and help me to slay this dragon."

He seemed moved by my appeal.

"How do you know," he inquired, "that we will be back in two weeks?"

"That is the ordinary time," I replied, "for a medium-sized dragon. In fact, I have slain them in less."

"How do you do it?" Roderick asked with curiosity.

"Come with me and you shall see," I suggested smiling.

"It's all right for you," said Roderick after a moment's reflection, "for you will get the princess and the reward. But what good will that do me?"

"Very true," I replied. "You will deserve some reward also. How would you like a gold-plated bicycle?"

"With a bell and a lantern?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly," I answered; "with all the modern improvements."

"I'll do it!" he said.

We walked along together, and when I came to a telegraph office, I sent a despatch to Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs informing them that Roderick had agreed to spend two weeks with me on a dragon hunt. Roderick seemed relieved when the message had gone.

We caught the train, and after a pleasant journey, arrived in the land of the captive Princess. We went boldly up the front steps of the palace, and rang the bell. To the attendant who answered the summons, I explained my errand. He asked me to come in and sit down in the reception room. After a few moments, the King came in.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," he said pleasantly, "but I am just back from the funeral of the last dragon-fighter. He was the twelfth, so you are the thirteenth."

"Don't mention it," I said politely; "we waited only a moment. Your Majesty, let me introduce my assistant, Mr. Stubbs—Rodolphus Aderick Patterson Stubbs!"

"Well, you have made a mix of it," said Roderick with indignation.

"Never mind," said his Majesty. "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Stubbs. I hope you will succeed in your work."

"Thank you, sir," said Roderick.

"Won't you have some refreshment?" was his Majesty's next remark.

"How is the ice cream, to-day?" Roderick asked, with an ease that surprised me.

"The vanilla is good," answered the King, "but the chocolate is a little flat."

"The vanilla will do very well," said Roderick, graciously.

So the King rang the bell, ordered a quart and a pint of vanilla, plain, and we discussed the terms of our bargain over the luncheon. Soon we were agreed. It was arranged that I was to slay the dragon in two weeks, or be banished for forty years to a desert island; if I slew him I was to marry the princess. Roderick was, in case of success, to have his bicycle; in case of failure, to learn by heart all the pieces of verse in the Fourth Reader.

"There," said the King, "I'm glad it's settled. The Princess Amelia Ann is greatly missed at home, and the dragon is a public nuisance. He feeds on rocks; flies over the city at night, rattling his scales, and wakes all the children; turns all the milk sour with his roarings; eats the pet swans in the public parks, and altogether makes himself as unpleasant as he can."

"Why hasn't he been killed?" I asked.

"The dozen who tried it have all failed," his Majesty answered with a sigh. "He spouts fire, has quills of pure steel like a porcupine; flies like an express train; strikes like a piledriver; has armor of solid iron a foot thick, and is difficult to talk to as he understands only Arabic."

"Does he ever fly by day?" I asked.

"Sometimes, but very rarely—Here he comes now!" suddenly shrieked the King, getting under the sofa.

There was a clatter like that made by a truck load of steel rails being carried over a cobblestone pavement, a dark object whisked by the window, and the noise died away in the distance.

"He's gone down to the station to get his mail," said the King, as he crawled out and dusted his robes.

"Does he get letters?" Roderick asked in amazement.

"Oh, no," the King answered, smiling politely at the boy's mistake. "I mean his coat of mail. He makes it out of steel rails. He chews them up, melts them in his fiery jaws, and adds a new coating every week or two. You must excuse me," he went on; "I have business to attend to. Farewell. I trust you will succeed."

We bowed ourselves out, and I went and secured the use of a modest set of apartments during our stay, and also leased a boiler factory for two weeks.

"There is no use in disguising the fact," I said to my assistant, Mr. Stubbs, "that this is a rather difficult dragon to overcome. It is my first experience with a steel-clad dragon; and I have been told that they are not easy to manage. Still, I think I see my way clear in this case."

"What are you going to do?" asked Roderick.

"I thought I would make a knight out of iron; put a phonograph in him; set him up somewhere near the cavern where the Princess is; make him defy the dragon; have him loaded up with dynamite; and then, when the dragon comes down on him, there will be an explosion—and away will go knight, dynamite and all. What do you think of my plan?"

"It's too much trouble, and costs too much," said Roderick, promptly.

I was hurt. The boy was too forward.

"Do you think you can do any better?" I asked irritably.

"Why, of course I can, said Roderick. "And I'll tell you what I'll do. You help me the first week, and if I don't succeed, I'll help you the second week."

Really, the boy's self-confidence was amazing. I made up my mind to let him have his own way, merely to cure him of self-confidence.

"Very well," I said. "It shall be as you say."

"All right," said Roderick.

The next day, by his direction, we bought hundreds of bales of cotton batting, and engaged a lot of men to make it up in the shape of swans. Below each swan was fastened a light board. About two dozen of these swans were set afloat each day for four or five days. Strange to say, they all disappeared during the night.

Then a terrible roaring was heard from the distant mountain where the dragon dwelt.

The next night Roderick bought a great number of electric lights in glass bulbs, and after a consultation with the court interpreter went into the boiler-factory and climbed up to its roof. He arranged the lights on the roof in a curious pattern, and then came home and slept soundly.

During the next day, Roderick rigged himself up in a long robe, a high hat, a large pair of spectacles without glass and a cotton batting wig and beard; and, when evening came he went to spend the night on the roof of the boiler-factory.

There was a terrible rattle and clatter and roar that night, that woke all the children for miles around. Next morning Roderick was nowhere to be found.

"I thought so," I said bitterly to myself. "This comes of letting a foolish boy have his own way! Evidently, the dragon has made mincemeat of that unfortunate Roderick Adolphus Patterson Stubbs, Jr., with all his tom-fool costumes!"

Then I sat down to compose a fitting telegram to the Stubbses. I had written as far as:

"Roderick missing. Probably dragon has——" when there was a sound of cheering in the street, and I ran to the window.

I saw Roderick, dressed in a magnificent court suit three sizes too large for him, being escorted to our lodgings by an enthusiastic crowd of citizens. They had taken the horses from the royal coach and were drawing him in triumph amid wild cries of:

"Stubbs the Dragon Doctor!"

"Stubbs forever!"

"Stubbs the saver of princesses!" and similar expressions.

Soon he entered the room.

"Roderick, my dear boy," I asked, "explain the scene, will you?"

"It's easy enough to explain it," said Roderick. "I rescued the Princess."

"What! You res——"

"I rescued the Princess," he repeated.

"And how did you do it?"

"The Dragon ate the cotton batting swans."

"Yes."

"They made him sick."

"Yes."

"I put up a sign in electric lights on top of the factory."

"Yes."

"The court interpreter helped me, and I put it up in Arabic saying 'dragon doctor.' Then when the dragon read it, I fixed myself up like an old doctor, and he carried me off to prescribe for him."

"And you prescribed——"

"I prescribed an entire change of scene and air. I advised and ordered him to go to the North Pole. I offered to take care of the Princess while he was away. He went early this morning, and I brought the Princess home before dinner."

"You did wonderfully well!" I said heartily. "And was the Princess beautiful?"

"I have brought you her photograph," and Roderick drew the portrait from his pocket and handed it to me.

I looked at it eagerly, and turned to Roderick:

"Let us go home!" I said.

"All right!" he answered.

"Amelia Ann may be lovely in character," I observed, as we hurried toward the station, "but I wonder the dragon ever survived the sight of her face!"

As we parted at the gate leading to Roderick's house, I said:

"Farewell. You are young, but in time you'll do good work in dragon slaying."

"Farewell," said Roderick; "then you'll send the bicycle?"

"I will," I said. Then, as I grasped his hand in parting I added, "Never mind that quarter. You can keep it."

But when the dragon gets back from the North Pole there's going to be trouble.

GEYSERS PETERING OUT?

A Geologist Says the Present Generation May See the Last of Them.

From the Denver Republican.

According to some of the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which will meet in Denver next month, the geysers of Yellowstone Park will some day disappear. Some of the scientists insist that the decline of the geyser is so rapid that the present generation will see the last of them.

Edwin Hinckley Barbour of Lincoln, Neb., professor of geology of the University of Nebraska and acting State Geologist since 1891, has some radical views on the subject. Mr. Barbour is an author and is in charge annually of the Worrill geological and hydrographic surveys. In a letter he says:

"The rapid decline of the geyser phenomena in the Yellowstone National Park seems to be but little understood, but to those who will visit the spot frequently, the changes seem startling, and to the geologist alarmingly rapid. If one may judge from impressions, it seems safe to assume that if the decline in geyser activity noted during the past four years should continue for the coming eight or ten years, the features which most impress the geologist will have disappeared. As a warning every geologist who intends visiting the park should not postpone the trip a year, but should visit it at once.

"It may be stated generally that this decline of activity is manifest in the geysers, the mud geysers and paint pots, pools and steam vents, many of which have become wholly or partly extinct in the last four years.

"As specific cases it may be stated that at the mammoth hot springs the activity seems not one-tenth that of former times. Minerva terrace having become extinct (since 1895) the discharge from Pulpit and Jupiter terraces have greatly declined during the same time, and the Narrow Gauge—a fissure vent—and other attractions becoming all but extinct. Roaring Mountain is now silent though steaming. In the Norris Geyser basin the Black Growler is less active. In the Lamer basin the splendid Fountain geyser is extinct, with a feeble substitute near by named the Dewey. The Giant Paint Pots are greatly contracted in size, the pink half being extinct in the upper basin. Some of the better known as well as many of the lesser geysers, are extinct, or supposed to be. Among these are the Splendid geyser and the Bee Hive. The Grand geyser, which used to play daily, now erupts irregularly about three times a season. The Cascade, which erupted about every quarter of an hour in 1895, now plays once a day. The unmistakable impression of frequenters of the park is that the changes are serious and much more rapid than is generally believed."

Flowers That Are Death to Flies.

From the Columbus Evening Dispatch.

MASSILLON, Ohio, July 13.—A bunch of beautiful flowers was brought to the local station of the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Railway Company by a trainman. The flowers were placed in water in Yardmaster Hall's office, then closed for the night.

The next morning Mr. Hall noticed that the room, usually alive with flies, was absolutely free from them. Hundreds lay dead on the table under the bouquet. When the doors and windows were opened outside flies fluttered in and were immediately attracted to the flowers by their fragrance. In every case it was noticed that with its first taste of the flowers' sweetness the fly fell over dead. Trainmen have brought in more of the flowers, and each bunch has reaped a new harvest of death. Citizens have become interested and are applying to the trainmen for bouquets. Railway men say screens for the doors and windows are unnecessary with the flowers in the room.

The flower is shaped like a lilac, and is almost as fragrant, though the scent is by no means similar. It is of a pale yellow color and grows upon a tall stalk. It seems to flourish in a soil containing much sand and gravel. In the gravel pit south of the city, where it was found by the railway men, it abounds.

THIS RACE INTERESTS MAINE.

Old Clipper Days Recalled by the Match Between the Acme and Brilliant.

BANGOR, Me., July 20.—The coming race to the Orient between the ships Acme and Brilliant, now loading oil at Bayonne, N. J., for Yokohama, has excited great interest in Maine, where the Acme was built, and to old timers it recalls the excitement of clipper days, when Donald McKay of East Boston and other builders tried in vain to produce a ship that could beat the Red Jacket of Rockland. These old fellows remember that the Red Jacket made the passage from New York to Liverpool in 13 days 1 hour and 25 minutes, and that many ships tried afterward to equal or beat that run, but without success.

It is part of the gospel of the sea that nothing that ever carried sail could equal the speed in all weathers and in all seas of the fast wooden ships that were built in Yankeeland in the days before the war. Steam navigation was then in its infancy, and the few steamers running on ocean routes were slow, so that there was great profit in sailing clippers, which made the long voyages around the Horn and to the Far East, carrying passengers as well as cargo.

All these ships had racing models, everything being sacrificed to gain speed, and the way they travelled around the world was something surprising to the sailors of other nations. When the steamers began to crowd the sailers, just after the war, the full clipper model was discarded, because it was found that to make any money the ships must carry more, and so the half-clipper style came in. Some of these ships, like the Annie H. Smith and the Centennial and the Young America made great passages, ninety-six days from New York to San Francisco having been recorded to the credit of one of them.

In recent years very few ships have been built in Maine or anywhere else in the United States, for the reason that long-distance carrying long ago ceased to be profitable except in special lines, and there is more money to be made in the building and sailing of big schooners. Only a few of the last batch of wooden ships built in the State now hail from Maine ports, many having been sold to foreign account and to the Pacific coast, others cut down to barges and a good many lost, and in the course of a few years the last of them will have disappeared from the registry.

Now, however, Bath has taken to building ships of steel, and the Acme, which is to race the Brilliant to Japan, is one of the best of her class ever turned out at Bath or anywhere else. Besides the Acme, Bath has already built the Astral, while the Atlas and the William P. Frye are to follow, the first three named being for the Standard Oil Company and intended for the trade to the Orient.

The race between the Acme and the Brilliant has stirred up a lively discussion as to the sailing qualities of the two ships, but there is no way as yet of reaching a satisfactory conclusion, for while the Brilliant has made a good passage from Greenock to New York, twenty-seven days, in ballast, the Acme is yet to make her first passage. The Astral, sister ship to the Acme, made the passage from New York to Shanghai in 129 days, arriving out June 17, but that is nothing to go by, for there is often a great difference between sister ships in the matter of speed.

The Brilliant was built at Port Glasgow, and is 315 feet long, 51½ feet beam and 3,609 tons net register—622 tons larger than the Acme. The Acme is 332 feet long, 45 feet beam and 2,987 tons net register. She will carry about 1,500,000 gallons of oil, while the Brilliant is expected to carry about 1,800,000 gallons.

Both are considered to be first-class ships, and it is said of the Acme that she is the best sailing ship yet turned out in America, being built by well-paid men, of the finest materials and fitted with all the latest labor-saving and safety-securing appliances. Whether she will sail fast is another question, but, notwithstanding the fact that she was designed more for carrying than for racing, there is reason to expect that she will keep along with the best of them. She is a four-master, long-yarded, and will carry a great spread of canvas, while her master, Capt. Reuben S. Lawrence, is one of the ablest deep sea sailors that ever went from Maine.

Capt. Lawrence, who is said to be a descendant of Commodor Lawrence of the famous United States frigate Chesapeake, has been thirty-four years at sea, twenty-one years as master. His first ship was the George Peabody, his second the Columbia; then he commanded the Triumphant, and lastly, before he took the Acme, the John Currier. It was while in command of this vessel that he ran up the American flag at Cebu in the Philippines as told in THE SUN.

ADROIT THIEVES OF INDIA.

No Question but That They Have Reduced Thieving to a Fine Art.

From the Penny Magazine.

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago by the inspector of prisons of the Indian Empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure, for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one is seized, his oily body slips away like an eel's and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has slung by a slender cord about his neck a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims.

To enter a zenana, or the woman's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This is no easy matter, for the zenana is the centre of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole, armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself, or, finding everything already favorable for this purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking.

This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them, and to get safely away with his plunder. Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails.

"These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undiscovered into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvellously clever device practised by the thieves of lower Bombay, is that used by the Mooches in throwing pursuers off their track. The Mooches come down in gangs from the back country and raid the settlements. Their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear plantain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator, and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead, and have been abandoned by their owners.

The Mooches flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escaping, especially if, as is often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened and bereft of their foliage, and many perhaps reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are anually burned over. If hard pressed in such a country as this they cease to fly, and immediately disappear.

For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids were completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Mooches escaped by miraculously vanishing, and the officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half-burned, stunted trees with which the country abounds. In Abyssinia the Bareas tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like boulders, before them for screens, while they lie flat, watching, unseen for travellers to rob or enemies to kill.

HAD THE WILL, ALL RIGHT.

BRAGG, STATIONERY DEALER, MADE GOOD HIS BOAST.

An Act of Bravery That Cost Roger Armstrong a Paper Bequeathing Him Two Millions and More—Search for the Missing Will—Stationer Bragg to the Rescue.

"It isn't merely advertising judiciously," said Judge Giglow. "It's being able to live up to your advertisements that does the trick.

"When I was a young lawyer there was a stationery store a few doors from the court house, kept by an ambitious chap by the name of Bragg. Bragg used to say that since he had that name he might as well live up to it. He was a wideawake, hustling fellow and a great believer in advertising. Every week he'd have some ingenious, amusing new device out in front of his store that would be sure to catch the eye and impress upon the passerby that there was only one place in town to buy satisfactory stationery.

"Being so near the court house and right in among the law offices, Bragg did a big business with lawyers and he took a great pride in keeping the legal part of his stock complete and up to date. If he heard of some legal blank that he didn't have in stock, no matter how rare it was, he'd send for a supply even though he didn't get a call for it once in three years.

"It got to be a sort of joke with the lawyers, especially the young ones, and they made a point of going in and asking for extraordinary legal blanks that wouldn't be used in the State once in a lifetime. Bragg took the joke all right. Once in a while they'd catch him, and every time they did he'd ask them across the street and buy them something to relieve their disappointment. But if he happened to have what they wanted they'd pay for it, and pay well. And considering the big advertisement it gave him he came pretty near having the big end of the joke.

"Then one day on both of his show windows, in big gold letters, he had the legend inscribed: 'If it's a legal document, we've got it!' That proved a better advertisement than ever. The phrase was so catchy that before long the lawyers' clerks and typewriters and court-house attendants were using it in their conversation anywhere from six to fifty times a day, and to express any idea, from an invitation to have a drink up. When Bragg saw how things were going he promptly sent to Washington and had the legend registered and used it as a trade mark.

"Just across the hall from my office a young fellow by the name of Roger Armstrong was working as a draughtsman for a civil engineer. Armstrong's father was a retired sugar refiner, who lived on a big place about twenty miles out of town. I believe the boy had been pretty wild while he was in college and just after he got out, and he wound up with some scandalous adventure with a chorus girl, who had three or four husbands at the time, and should have known better.

"The old man had been pretty sore on the boy off and on ever since he had become a freshman, but I doubt if anything serious would have come of it if there hadn't been a stepmother in the case. The stepmother had three children when she married the elder Armstrong—two religious sons and a daughter—and it probably seemed hard to her that two-thirds of her husband's millions should go to the unregenerate Roger. She was a clever woman, and she excused Roger's misdoings to his father with such skill that when the chorus girl episode was at its height old Armstrong tore up his will and cut Roger off with a ten-dollar bill, at the same time sending him word of what he had done.

"The shock had a good effect on Roger. He settled down and began to show what was in him, and it was pretty good stuff. But the stepmother took care that old Armstrong didn't hear any reports that would make him change his mind. That is, she did until just before the old man died, about two years after he had cut Roger off.

"When the old millionaire began to feel that his grip on earth was weakening he began to get lonely and somehow neither the stepmother nor her beautiful children could fill the void. Finally he began to call for Roger. His wife said he was wandering, but the old butler who had known the first Mrs. Armstrong had a fast horse put into a buggy an he didn't draw rein until the son was sitting on the side of the father's bed. And there, two days before old Armstrong died, he signed another will that gave Roger what belonged to him.

"The first will the old man had made was locked up in a safe deposit vault in town, and when he had taken to his bed his wife had taken charge of all his keys for safekeeping. The second will was turned over to Roger. What did Roger do the second day after his father's funeral but get mixed up in a ferryboat collision while he was on his way to town with the will in his pocket, jump overboard to save an old woman, and discover when they pulled him back on deck that the will with all the rest of the papers he carried in his pocket was gone!

"Roger and I were pretty good friends and he came to me at once. It looked pretty bad. The butler and the old family lawyer had witnessed the will, but they were notoriously opposed to the stepmother and with the old will in existence and the new one missing, she was bound to put up an ugly fight. Roger thought she was perfectly capable of swearing that she had seen his father destroy the new will and that Roger had never got his fingers on it. It looked pretty bad and it meant two million odd dollars, one way or the other, to Roger.

"We didn't lose any time. We went over those two colliding ferryboats with a fine tooth comb and put the crews through the third degree. We got a launch and explored the river foot by foot and the bay outside for half a dozen miles up and down the coast. Then we offered a reward of $5,000 and had an innumerable mosquito fleet busy for a week or more trying to earn the money.

"'Its no use,' said Roger. 'Pulling that old woman out of the water simply cost me my patrimony. Those papers are water-soaked beyond recognition by this time and that's all there is to it. I hope my worthy step-family will enjoy their hard-earned winnings.'

"About three weeks after the will had been lost Roger and I were on the way to talk over a proposition the other side had made him. They had offered Roger $25,000 cash to relinquish all claims to his father's estate and he was half inclined to take it and go to China or South America, for his chance against the case his stepmother had put up did look pretty black.

"Well, as it happened that day, we passed by Bragg's store and I asked Roger to stop with me while I bought a box of pens. We both knew Bragg pretty well and he came up to wait on us. While I bought the pens Roger looked about him absently. It seemed as if that sign, 'If it's a legal document we've got it,' stared down at you from every spot on that store's walls. Roger looked around at them for a minute or two, then he turned to Bragg with a lugubrious smile.

"'You confounded old humbug,' he said. 'What do you mean by plastering your shop up with that lying old chestnut?'

"Bragg paused in the act of tying up the box of pens.

"'What do you mean?' he asked with dignity.

"Roger was in that state of reckless hopelessness in which a man will joke with a guillotine.

"'If it's a legal document we've got it,' he quoted disgustedly. 'Well, I'll take the last will of Amasa Armstrong, please.'

"'I don't give my personal attention to those small orders,' said Bragg, 'but a clerk will wait on you. Jim,' he called back, 'the last will and testament of Amasa Armstrong for this gentleman.'

"Roger and I stared at Bragg, not knowing exactly whether he hadn't understood correctly or had gone suddenly crazy.

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk replied and in another moment he came forward and handed Roger a rumpled, water-stained document.

"Roger turned ashen when he laid his eyes on it. Then he opened it and fainted. Two weeks later he crumpled his stepmother's case and came into his own.

"The day he got his verdict he went in and fell on Bragg's neck. I was with him.

"'Now, look here,' he said, 'I want to know where you found that will.'

"Bragg never moved a muscle.

"'If it's a legal document,' he said, 'we've got it.' And that's the most that anybody ever got out of him on the subject.

"But Roger spoiled that boast later. For, in the twenty years that he doubled and tripled his millions in railroading, Bragg was his right-hand man."

Pretty Good Bear Hunting in Seattle.

From the Chicago Tribune.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 12.—Three bears were killed this week within the city limits of Seattle, and the man who killed them narrowly escaped with his life in the encounter with the third. While riding north from Green Lake Wednesday, Lawrence Lindsley of Seattle saw a bear and two cubs. He gave chase and succeeded in killing the cubs. While they perched on the branches of a fir, seventy-five feet above ground, the old one ran into the forest and escaped. Lindsley borrowed a rifle and shot the cubs. Next morning he found the old bear at the tree where her cubs had died. At the first shot she charged Lindsley and almost killed him before he could draw his knife and end the fight.