THE GREEN FLAG

By A. CONAN DOYLE

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WHEN Jack Conolly, of Irish Shotgun Brigade, the Rory of the Hills Inner Circle, and the extreme left wing of the Land league, was incontinently shot by Sergeant Murdoch of the constabulary, in a little moonlight frolic near Kanturk, his twin brother Dennis joined the British army. The countryside had become too hat for him; and, as the seventy-five shillings were wanting which might have carried him to America, he took the only way handy of getting himself out of the way. The sergeant smiling complacently over his six feet of brawn and his forty-four-inch chest, whisked him off with a dozen other of the boys to the depot at Fermoy, whence in a few weeks they were sent on, with the spade work kinks taken out of their backs, to the first battalion of the Royal Mallows, at the top of the roster for foreign service.

The Royal Mallows, at about that date, were as strange a lot of men as ever were paid by a great empire to fight its battles. It was the darkest hour of the land struggle, when the one side came out with crowbar and battering ram by day, and the other with mask and with shotgun by night. Men driven from their homes and potato patches found their way even into the service of the government, to which it seemed to them that they owed their troubles, and now and then they did wild things before they came. There were recruits in the Irish regiments who would forget to answer to their own names, so short had been their acquaintance with them. Of these the Royal Mallows had their full share, and, while they still retained their fame as being one of the smartest corps in the army, no one knew better than their officers that they were dry-rotted with treason and with bitter hatred of the flag under which they served.

And the center of all the disaffection was C Company, in which Dennis Conolly found himself enrolled. They were Celts, Catholics, and men of the tenant class to a man, and their whole experience of the British government had been an inexorable landlord, and a constabulary who seemed to them to be always on the side of the rent collector. Dennis was not the only moonlighter in the ranks, nor was he alone in having an intolerable family blood feud to harden his heart.

It was a March morning upon the eastern fringe of the Nubian desert. The sun had not yet risen, but a tinge of pink flushed up as far as the cloudless zenith, and the long strip of sea lay like a rosy ribbon across the horizon.

Some eight or ten miles inland the rolling plain curved upward with a steeper slope until it ran into line of red basaltic rock which zig-zagged from north to south, heaping itself up at the one point into a fantastic knoll. On the summit of this there stood upon that March morning three Arab chieftains—the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas, Moussa Wad Aburhegel, who led the Berber dervishes, and Hamid Wad Hussein, who had come northward with his fighting men from the land of the Baggaras. Two miles from where they stood, amid the sand hills and the mimosa scrub, a great parallelogram had been marked by piled-up bushes. From the inside of this dozens of tiny blue smoke reeks curled up into the still morning air; while there rose from it a confused deep murmur, the voices of men and the gruntings of camels blended into the same insect buzz.

"The unbelievers have cooked their morning food," said the Baggara chief, shading his eyes with his tawny, sinewy hand. "Truly their sleep has been but scanty; for Hamid and a hundred of his men have fired upon them since the rising of the moon."

"And yet they are not many—three thousand at the most."

"And we ten thousand, with the Prophet's grip upon our spear-hafts and his words upon our banner. See to their chieftain, how he rides upon the right and looks up at us with the glass that sees from afar! It may be that he sees this also." The Arab shook his sword at the small clump of horsemen who had spurred out from the square.

"Lo! he beckons," cried the dervish; "and see those others at the corner, how they bend and heave. Ha! by the Prophet, I had thought it."

As he spoke a little woolly puff of smoke spurted up at the corner of the square, and a seven-pound shell burst with a hard metallic smack just over their heads. The splinters knocked chips from the red rocks around them.

"Bismillah!" cried the Hadendowa; "if the gun can carry thus far, then ours can answer to it. Ride to the left, Moussa, and tell Ben Ali to cut the skin from the Egyptians if they cannot hit yonder mark. And you, Hamid, to the right, and see that 3,000 men lie close in the wady that we have chosen. Let the others beat the drum and show the banner of the Prophet; for, by the black stone, their spears will have drunk deep ere they look upon the stars again."

As the Sheik Kadra sprang into his saddle and drew his sword there was a wild whoop and a clatter of waving spears, while the one-ended war drums burst into a dull crash like a wave upon shingle. For a moment 10,000 men were up on the rocks with brandished arms and leaping figures; the next they were under cover, again waiting sternly and silently for their chieftain's orders. The square was less than half a mile from the ridge now, and shell after shell from the seven-pound guns were pitching over it. A deep roar on the right, and then a second one showed that the Egyptian Krupps were in action.

From all along the crest burst the hard, sharp crackle of Remington fire.

The square had slowly advanced, rippling over the low sandhills, and halting every few minutes to rearrange its formation. Now, having made sure that there was no force of the enemy in the scrub, it changed its direction, and began to take a line parallel to the Arab position. It was too steep to assail from the front, and if they moved far enough to the right, the general hoped that he might turn it. On the top of those ruddy hills lay a baronetcy for him, and a few extra hundreds in his pension, and he meant having them both that day. The Remington fire was annoying, and so were those two Krupp guns; already there were more cacolets full than he cared to see. But on the whole he thought it better to hold the fire until he had more to aim at than a few hundred of fuzzy heads peeping over a razorback ridge.

The left front of the square was formed by four companies of the Royal Wessex and the right by four of the Royal Mallows. On either side the other halves of the same regiments marched in quarter column of companies. Behind them, on the right, was a battalion of guards, and on the left one of marines, while the rear was closed in by a rifle battalion. Two royal artillery seven-pound screw-guns kept pace with the square, and a dozen white-bloused sailors, under their blue coated, tight waisted officers, trailed their Gardner in front, turning every now and then to spit up at the draggled banners which waved over the cragged ridge. Hussars and lancers scouted in the scrub at each side, and within moved the clump of camels, with humorous eyes and supercilious lips, their comic faces a contrast to the bloodstained men who already lay huddled in the cacolets on either side.

The square was now moving slowly on a line parallel with the rocks, stopping every few minutes to pick up wounded and to allow the screw-guns and Gardner to make themselves felt. The men looked serious, for that spring on to the rocks of the Arab army had given them a vague glimpse of the number and ferocity of their foes; but their faces were set like stone for they knew to a man that they must win or they die—and die, too, in a particularly unlovely fashion. But most serious of all was the general, for he had seen that which brought a flush to his cheeks and a frown to his brow.

"I say, Stephen," said he to his galloper, "those Mallows seems a trifle jumpy. The right flank company bulged a bit when the niggers showed on the hill."

"Youngest troops in the square, sir," murmured the aid, looking at them critically thru his eyeglass.

"Tell Colonel Flanagan to see to it, Stephen," said the general, and the galloper sped on his way. The colonel, a fine old Celtic warrior, was over at C company in an instant.

"How are the men, Captain Foley?"

"Never better, sir," answered the senior captain in the spirit that makes a Madras officer look murder if you suggest recruiting his regiment from the Punjaub.

"Stiffen them up!" cried the colonel. As he rode away a color sergeant seemed to trip and fell forward into a mimosa bush.

He made no effort to rise, but lay in a heap among the thorns.

"Sergeant O'Rooke's gone, sorr," cried a voice.

"Never mind, lads," said Captain Foley. "He's died like a soldier, fighting for his queen."

"To hell with the queen!" shouted a hoarse voice from the ranks.

But the roar of the Gardner and the typewriter-like clicking of the hopper burst in at the tail of the words. Captain Foley heard them, and Subalterns Grice and Murphy heard them; but there are times when a deaf ear is a gift from the gods.

"Steady, Mallows!" cried the captain, in a pause of the grunting machine gun. "We have the honor of Ireland to guard this day."

"And well we know how to guard it, captain," cried the same ominous voice; and there was a buzz from the length of the company.

The captain and the two subs came together behind the marching line.

"They seem a bit out of hand," murmured the captain.

"Bedad," said the Galway boy, "they mean to scoot like redshanks."

"They nearly broke when the blacks showed on the hill," said Grice.

"The first man that turns my sword is thru him," cried Foley, loud enough to be heard by five files on either side of him. Then, in a lower voice: "It's a bitter drop to swallow, but it's my duty to report what you think to the chief and have a company of Jollies put behind us." He turned away with the safety of the square upon his mind, and before he had reached his goal the square had ceased to exist.

In their march in front of what looked like a face of cliff, they had come opposite to the mouth of the gully, in which, screened by scrub and bowlders, 3,000 chosen dervishes, under Hamid Wad Hussein of the Baggarras, were crouching. Tat, tat, tat, went the rifles of three mounted infantrymen in front of the left shoulder of the square, and an instant later they were spurring it for their lives, crouching over the manes of their horses and pelting over the sandhills with thirty or forty galloping chieftains at their heels. Rocks and scrub and mimosa swarmed suddenly into life. Rushing black figures came and went in the gaps of the bushes. A howl that drowned the shouts of the officers, a long, quavering yell, burst from the ambuscade. Two rolling volleys from the Royal Wessex, one crash from the screw-gun firing shrapnel, and then before a second cartridge could be rammed in a living, glistening black wave tipped with steel had rolled over the gun, the Royal Wessex had been dashed back among the camels and a thousand fanatics were hewing and hacking in the heart of what had been the square.

"By Jove, they've got thru the Wessex!" cried Grice of the Mallows.

"The divils have hurrooshed us, Ted," said his brother subaltern, cocking his revolver.

The ranks were breaking and crowding toward Private Conolly, all talking together as the officers peered back thru the veil of dust. The sailors had run their Gardner out and she was squirting death out of her five barrels into the flank of the rushing stream of savages.

"Oh, this bloody gun!" shouted a voice. "She's jammed again." The fierce metallic grunting had ceased, and her crew were straining and hauling at the breech.

"This damned vertical feed!" cried an officer. "The spanner, Wilson, the spanner! stand to your cutlasses, boys, or they're into us."

His voice rose into a shriek as he ended, for a shovel-headed spear had been buried in his chest. A second wave of dervishes lapped over the hillocks, and burst upon th machine-gun and the right front of the line. The sailors were overborne in an instant, but the Mallows, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer cry, and dropped 200 of them with a single point-blank volley. The howling, leaping crew swerved away to the right, and dashed on into the gap which had already been made for them.

But C company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way thru the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in his hand.

"This is your doing, you villain!" he cried.

"This is your doing, you villain!" he cried.

"If you raise your pistol, captin', your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two subs had pressed forward, and were by his side.

"What is it, then?" he cried, looking round from one fierce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for but to fight for your country?"

"England is no country of ours!" cried several.

"You are not fighting for England. You are fighting for Ireland and for the empire of which it is a part."

"A black curse on the impire!" shouted Private McQuire, throwing down his rifle. "'Twas the impire that backed the man that druv me onto the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw thrigger for it."

"What's the impire to us ayther?" cried a voice.

"Let the constabulary foight for her."

"Aye, be God, they'd be better imployed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his ears."

"Or shootin' his brother, as they did mine."

"It was the impire laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next court-martial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking they had been shuffling backward, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them. And the pace was accelerating. The mass of men, tormented and writhing, was trying, by a common instinct, to reach some clearer ground where they could reform. Three faces were still intact, but the fourth had been caved in, and badly mauled, without its comrades being able to help it. The guards had met a fresh rush of the Hadendowas and had blown back the tribesmen with a volley, and the cavalry had ridden over another stream of them as they welled out of the gallery. A litter of hamstrung horses, and haggled men behind them, showed that a spearman on his face among the bushes can show some sport to the man who charges him. But, in spite of all, the square was still reeling, swiftly backward trying to shake itself clear of this torment which clung to its heart. Would it break, or would it reform? The lives of five regiments and the honor of the flag hung upon the answer.

Some, at least, were breaking. The C company of the Mallows had lost all military order and was pushing back, in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and shoved and prayed in the vain attempt to hold them. Their captain and the subs were elbowed and jostled, while the men crowded toward Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies, in the dust and smoke and turmoil, had lost touch with their mutinous comrades. Captain Foley saw that even now there might be time to avert a disaster.

"Think what you are doing, man," he yelled, rushing toward the ringleader. "There are a thousand Irish in the square, and they are dead men if you break."

The words alone might have had little effect on the old moonlighter. It is possible that, in his scheming brain, he had already planned how he was to club his Irish together and lead them to the sea. But at that moment the Arabs broke thru the screen of camels which had fended them off. There was a struggle, a screaming, a mule rolled over, a wounded man sprang up in a cacolet with a spear thru him, and then thru the narrow gap surged a stream of naked savages, mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood—blood dripping from their spears, their arms, their faces. Their yells, their bounds, their crouching, darting figures, the horrid energy of their spear thrusts, made them look like a blast of fiends from the pit. And were these the allies of Ireland? Were these the men who were to strike for her against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose up in loathing at the thought.

He was a man of firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered, and at the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge, coal-black negro seize a shrieking camel driver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock-headed tribesman plunge his great spear thru the back of their own little bugler from Millstreet. He saw a dozen deeds of blood—the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the unarmed—and caught, too, in a glance, the good, wholesome faces of the faced-about rear rank of the marines. The Mallows, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C company, striving with the officers to form the men up with their comrades.

But the mischief had gone too far. The rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last rush of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flinched from the furious faces and dripping forearms. Why should they throw away their lives for a flag for which they cared nothing? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shriek to them to re-form. They would not re-form. They wanted to get to the sea and to safety. He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts, with gaspings. It was useless; the tide was beyond his control. They were shredding out into the desert with their faces set for the coast.

"Bhoys, will ye stand for this?" screamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Mallows glanced backward. They were held by what they saw. Private Conolly had planted his rifle stock downward in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for what black mutiny, for what signal of revolt, that flag had been treasured up within the corporal's tunic! Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were reeling slowly backward.

"What for the flag?" yelled the private.

"My heart's blood for it! and mine! and mine!" cried a score of voices. "God bless it! The flag, boys—the flag!"

C company were rallying upon it. The stragglers clutched at each other, and pointed. "Here, McQuire, Flynn. O'Hara," ran the shoutings. "Close on the flag! Back to the flag!" The three standards reeled backward, and the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C company, grim and powder-stained, choked with enemies and falling fast, still closed in on the little rebel ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

It was a good half hour before the square, having disentangled itself from its difficulties and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forward over the ground, across which in its labor and anguish it had been driven. The long trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed but too clearly the path they had come.

"How many got into us, Stephen?" asked the general, tapping his snuff box.

"I should put them down at a thousand, or 1,200 sir."

"I did not see any get out again. What the devil were the Wessex thinking about? The Guards stood well, tho; so did the Mallows."

"Colonel Flanagan reports that his front flank company was cut off, sir."

"Why, that's the company that was out of hand when we advanced!"

"Colonel Flanagan reports, sir, that the company took the whole brunt of the attack and gave the square time to re-form."

"Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the general, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing, and I fear that the Mallows will want to do some recruiting. Let the square take ground by the right and then advance!"

But the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet business fashion of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with Moussa the Dervish and Hussein the Bagarra, and a woestruck man was he when he learned that the third of his men were safe in the Moslem paradise. So, having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock, plateau, a few hundred spears and Remingtons, and a plain which for the second time was strewn with slaughtered men, was all that his day's fighting gave to the English general.

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the rebel flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it, with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent ranks of his Irishry. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar captain raised his hilt in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

The British general sent home dispatches to his government, and so did the chief of the Hadendowas to his, tho the style and manner differed somewhat in each. "The Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowa people to Mohammed Ahmed, the chosen of Allah, homage and greeting," began the latter. "Know by this that on the fourth day of this moon we gave battle to the Kaffirs who call themselves Inglees, having with us the Chief Hussein, with ten thousand of the faithful. By the blessing of Allah we have broken them and chased them for a mile, tho, indeed, these infidels are different from the dogs of Egypt and have slain very many of our men. Yet we hope to smite them again ere the new moon be come, to which end I trust that thou wilt send us a thousand dervishes from Omdurman. In token of our victory I send you by this messenger a flag which we have taken. By the color it might well seem to have belonged to those of the true faith, but the Kaffirs gave their blood freely to save it, and so we think that, tho small, it is very dear to them."

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4682 Shirred Skirt with Flounce, 22 to 30 waist.

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BALTIMORE FIRE ON CANVAS

Artist Chartran Worked Nine Hours on a Hotel Roof Painting Flames.

Baltimore Herald.

There is no probability that the present generation of Baltimoreans will ever forget the great fire, but the actual spectacle is also to be presented to posterity. The great blaze will live on the canvas of M. Chartran, the French artist, who worked nine hours on the roof of the Hotel Belvedere that fateful Sunday reproducing it.

When the approach of night began to furnish magnificent color effects. Artist Chartran, who is living at present at the Belvedere, hurriedly gathered his colors together, and, with the aid of a bellboy, carried his easel, a big canvas and other necessaries to the roof of the hotel and began what may be destined to rank as one of the greatest "nocturnes" in existence. The first stroke of the brush went on the canvas at 6 o'clock in the evening, and not until 3 o'clock in the morning could the artist be tempted, by cold, hunger or drowsiness, to leave his place.

The painting measures four feet six inches wide by three feet six inches high, and embraces the territory from Liberty street to the Maryland institute. In the immediate foreground the coping at the edge of the Hotel Belvedere appears, then a view of Charles street, showing Governor Brown's residence, the University club and other well known landmarks. Tho the picture is not merely an impressionistic color study, the foreground is largely a mass of dark purples and black, with little detail, while the taller buildings and the Washington monument are boldly silhouetted against the background of flame. The Union Trust and Equitable and Calvert buildings, with yellow windows, show as big furnaces, while the flames over the Law building are curling over the courthouse cornices. The Continental Trust building is shown in a literal rain of embers. The City Hall, its west side lighted up brilliantly by the glare of the great conflagration; the Maryland Institute, just being reached by the vanguard of flames, and every building within range of the artist's outlook may be recognized, in spite of the unfamiliar point of view and extraordinary lighting.

Mr. Chartran said he considered it the opportunity of a lifetime, and, after painting for nine long hours, with the nervous energy and inspiration the excitement of the hour provided, succeeded in producing an effect that exceeded even his own expressions. The picture is now on exhibition in New York, where it is attracting a great deal of attention.

TOO FLUENT.

Chicago News

Gusher—Your wife has such a soft, liquid voice.

Gabble—Yes. There's only one objection I have to it.

Gusher—What is that?

Gabble—It is almost impossible for me to turn off the flow.

TOUGH LUCK.

Chicago News.

Brown—Smith is down with brain fever.

Green—You don't say.

Brown—Yes. The doctor says if he recovers his mind will be a blank.

Green—Gee, but I'm sorry to hear that. He owes me $10.

$1,000 IN GOLD DOLLARS FREE.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?

Each one of the three lines of figures IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT spells the name of a great city in the United States. This is a brand new puzzle and can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the cities instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc. throughout the entire alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF $1,000.0 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for getting subscriptions for us. This you can do by giving up a little of your spare time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take an entire evening to solve the three names, but STICK TO IT AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE $1,000. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to every one answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best advertising we can get to give away LARGE SUMS OF GOLD FREE. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded FREE GOLD PRIZES: Mrs. J. M. Lochlin, Twenty-third Street, Pittsburg, Pa., $130.00; Mr. O. E. Ackerman, Hill, N. H., $135.00; Mrs. Fred Peace, 146 Atkinson Street, Rochester, N. Y., $125.00; Mr. George Corbett, Five Islands, Nova Scotia, Canada, $60.00; E. C. Hare, 46 Wisconsin Avenue, Columbus, O., $1,750.00 (this includes the $660.00 Cabinet Grand Upright Piano); W. Kettle, 3708 Carson Street, Pittsburg, Pa., $190.00; Miss Martha Gregory, 3 Park Street, Norwalk, Conn., $105.00; Mrs. John Just, Box 7, Enfield, N. H., $110.00. We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names, as we desire the space to tell you all about THIS SPECIAL $1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE OFFER. The above solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and the reward is so handsome that it will amply pay you to TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the Three Cities. WE HAVE THE $1,000.00 IN GOLD. Have you the brains and energy? If you can make out the names of the three cities, send them to us without one cent of money. Remember that this is our $1,000.00 in Gold Free Distribution, and we don't want you to send any money. When we say FREE, we mean PERFECTLY FREE. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, can you solve the above unique proposition? If you can do so, write the names of the three cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Money is a nice thing to have, because there are so many needful uses we can put it to. By a little extra effort someone will get the money we give away. Some lazy and foolish people often neglect these grand golden free offers we make and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of good opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GRAND GOLD FREE DISTRIBUTIONS.

We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. This special contest we consider one of the greatest offers ever made. Do not delay in giving this matter your immediate attention, and if you can spell out the three cities send your answer at once. $1,000.00 REWARD will be paid to any one who can prove that in the many Free Cash Contests we have conducted in the past years we did not do exactly as we agreed. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. To pay out these big gold cash prizes is a pleasure to us. We intend to have the largest circulation of our high-class one-dollar magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes of great sums of money. It is the only successful way to get your magazine talked about. For instance, if you should solve the peculiar way we have of spelling the names of the three cities, and we should hand you a sum of money as a free prize, you would never stop talking about our magazine, now, would you? We POSITIVELY CLAIM that these three lines of figures, by our plan, do actually spell the names of three cities, and that a clever, brainy person, who can think and will patiently endeavor to solve how it is done, will be amply rewarded by sharing in our $1,000.00 in Gold Free Offer. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. This advertisement was not written for drones or idlers, who are not willing to give a liberal use of their time. We expect the reader to do some work and give it the time and attention it deserves. USE YOUR BRAINS. If you are successful in solving it, well and good. Write the names of the three cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We really desire some one to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this splendid Free Money Offer, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE THREE LINES OF FIGURES PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. The harder it seems the more patience and determination you should have. Courage and determination win many of the PRIZES OF LIFE. Your share in OUR FREE MONEY DISTRIBUTION depends entirely upon your own energy and brains. Don't delay a moment in TRYING TO SOLVE THIS PERPLEXING PUZZLE. Many of the people we have recently sent large sums of money to in our Money Distribution write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings, and saying that if we had not so strongly urged them to try to win they would not have been successful and would not have been the happy recipients of a large sum of money for only a few hours' effort. It always pays to pay attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR BIG CASH PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately. DON'T DELAY.

THIS IS THE GREAT PUZZLE.

14	5	23	25	15	18	11			
23	1	19	8	9	14	7	20	15	14
3	8	9	3	1	7	15			

CAN YOU SOLVE IT FOR GOLD?

ADDRESS:

THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING COMPANY,

24 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.