

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
The boy, who had made sure of a sale, took back the fruit reluctantly, and passed on, crying out: "Here's your oranges and apples!"

Walter set about thinking what had become of his money. The more he thought, the more certain he felt that he had put his pocketbook in the pocket in which he had first felt for it. Why was it not there now? That was a question which he felt utterly incompetent to answer.

"Have you lost anything?" inquired a gentleman who sat just behind Walter. Looking back, he found that it was a gentleman of fifty who addressed him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I have lost my pocketbook."

"About how much money in it?"

"About forty dollars, sir."

"Who was that young man who was sitting with you a few minutes since?"

"I don't know, sir."

"He was a stranger, then?"

"Yes, sir; I never met him till this morning."

"Then I think I can tell you where your money has gone."

"Where, sir?" demanded Walter, beginning to understand him.

"I think your late companion was a pickpocket, and relieved you of it, while he pretended to be reading. I didn't like his appearance much."

"I don't see how he could have done it without my feeling his hand in my pocket."

"They understand their business and can easily relieve one of his purse undetected. I once had my watch stolen without being conscious of it. Your pocketbook was in the pocket toward the man, and you were looking from the window. It was a very simple thing to relieve you of it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Walter went through two cars, looking about him on either side, thinking it possible that the thief might have taken his seat in one of them. There was very little chance of this, however. Next he passed into the smoking car, where, to his joy no less than his surprise, he found the man of whom he was in search playing cards with three other passengers.

He looked up carelessly as Walter approached, but did not betray the slightest confusion or sign of guilt. To let the reader into a secret, he had actually taken Walter's pocketbook, but was too cunning to keep it about him. He had taken out the money, and thrown the pocketbook itself from the car platform, taking an opportunity when he thought himself unobserved. As the money consisted of bills, which could not be identified as Walter's, he felt that he was in no danger of detection. He thought that he could afford to be indifferent.

"Did you get tired of waiting?" he asked, addressing our hero.

"May I speak to you a moment?" asked Walter.

"Certainly."

"I mean alone."

"Then, gentlemen, I must beg to be excused for five minutes," said the pickpocket, shrugging his shoulders, as if to express good-natured annoyance. "Now, my young friend, I am at your service."

Walter proceeded to the other end of the car, which chanced to be unoccupied. Now that the moment had come, he hardly knew how to introduce the subject. Suppose that the person he addressed were innocent, it would be rather an awkward matter to charge him with the theft.

"Did you see anything of my pocketbook?" he said, at length.

"Your pocketbook?" returned the pickpocket, arching his brows. "Why, have you lost it?"

"Yes."

"When did you discover its loss?"

"Shortly after you left me," said Walter, significantly.

"I'm very sorry indeed. I did not see it. Have you searched on the floor?"

"Yes; but it isn't there."

"That's awkward. Was your ticket in the pocketbook?"

"No, I had that in my vest pocket."

"That's fortunate. On my honor, I'm sorry for you. I haven't much money with me, but I'll lend you a dollar or two with the greatest of pleasure."

This offer quite bewildered Walter. He felt confident that the other had stolen his money, and now here he was offering to lend him some of it. He did not care to make such a compromise, or to be bought off so cheaply; so, though quite penitent, he determined to reject the offer.

"I won't borrow," he said, coldly. "I was hoping you had seen my money."

The pickpocket turned and went back to his game, and Walter slowly left the car. He had intended to ask him point-blank whether he had taken the money, but couldn't summon the necessary courage. He went back to his old seat.

"Well," said the old gentleman who sat behind him, "I suppose you did not find your man?"

"Yes, I did."

"You didn't get your money?" he added, in surprise.

"No, he was perfectly cool. Still, I think he took it. He offered to lend me a dollar or two. What would you advise me to do?"

"Speak to the conductor."

Just at that moment the conductor entered the car. As he came up the aisle Walter stopped him, and explained his loss, and the suspicions he had formed.

"You say the man is in the smoking car?" said the conductor, who had listened attentively. "Could you point him out?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it. I have received warning by telegraph that one of the New York swell-mob is on the train, probably intent on mischief, but no description came with it, and I had no clew to the person. I have no doubt that the man you speak of is the party. If so, he is familiarly known as 'Slippery Dick.'"

"Do you think you can get back my money?" asked Walter, anxiously.

"I think there is a chance of it. Come

with me and point out your man."

Walter gladly accompanied the conductor to the smoking car. His old acquaintance was busily engaged as before in a game, and laughing heartily at some favorable turn.

"There he is," said Walter, indicating him with his finger.

The conductor walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's wanted?" he asked, looking up.

"You've looked at my ticket."

"I wish to speak to you a moment."

He rose without making any opposition, and walked to the other end of the car.

"Well," he said, and there was a slight nervousness in his tone, "what's the matter? Wasn't my ticket all right?"

"No trouble about that. The thing is, will you restore this boy's pocketbook?"

"Sir," said the pickpocket, blustering, "do you mean to insult me? What have I to do with his pocketbook?"

"You sat beside him, and he missed it directly after you left him."

"What is that to me? You may search me if you like. You will find only one pocketbook upon me, and that is my own."

"I am aware of that," said the conductor, coolly. "I saw you take the money out and throw it from the car platform."

The pickpocket turned pale.

"You are mistaken in the person," he said.

"No, I am not. I advise you to restore the money forthwith."

Without a word the thief, finding himself cornered, took from his pocket a roll of bills, which he handed to Walter.

"Is that right?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," said our hero, after counting his money.

"So far, so good. And now, Slippery Dick," he continued, turning to the thief. "I advise you to leave the cars at the next station or I will have you arrested. Take your choice."

The detected rogue was not long in making his choice. Already the cars had slackened their speed, and a short distance ahead appeared a small station. The place seemed to be of very little importance. One man, however, appeared to have business there. Walter saw his quondam acquaintance jump on the platform, and congratulated himself that his only loss was a pocketbook whose value did not exceed one dollar.

The conductor on seeing the pocketbook thrown away had thought nothing of it, supposing it to be an old one, but as soon as he heard of the robbery suspected at once the thief and his motive.

CHAPTER XVII.

Walter stopped long enough at Buffalo to visit Niagara Falls, as he had intended. Though he enjoyed the visit, and found the famous cataract fully up to his expectations, no incident occurred during the visit which deserves to be chronicled here. He resumed his journey, and arrived in due time at Cleveland.

He had no difficulty in finding the office of Mr. Greene, the agent of Messrs. Flint & Pusher. He found that this gentleman, besides his agency, had a book and stationery business of his own.

"I don't go out myself," he said to Walter; "but I keep a supply of Flint's books on hand, and forward them to his agents as called for. Have you done much in the business?"

"No, sir; I am only a beginner. I have done nothing yet."

"I thought not. You look too young."

"Mr. Pusher told me I had better be guided by your advice."

"You had better go fifty miles off at least. The immediate neighborhood has been pretty well canvassed. There's Earle, now, a flourishing and wealthy town. Suppose you go there first?"

"I'll go this afternoon."

"You are prompt."

Walter arrived in Earle in time for supper. He went to a small public house, where he found that he could board for a dollar and a half a day, or seven dollars a week. He engaged a week's board, reflecting that he could probably work to advantage a week in so large a place, or, if not, that five days at the daily rate would amount to more than the weekly terms.

He did not at first propose to do anything that evening, until it occurred to him that he might perhaps dispose of a copy of his book to the landlord in part payment for his board. He went into the public room after supper.

"Are you traveling alone?" asked the landlord, who had his share of curiosity.

"Yes," said Walter. "I am a book agent."

"Meeting with pretty good success?"

"I'm just beginning," said Walter, smiling. "If you'll be my first customer, I'll stop with you a week."

"What kind of a book have you got?"

Walter showed it. It was got up in the usual style of subscription books, with abundance of illustrations.

"It's one of the best books we ever sent out," said Walter, in a professional way. "Just look at the number of pictures. If you've got any children, they'll like it; and, if you haven't, it will be just the book for your center table."

"I see you know how to talk," said the landlord, smiling. "What is the price?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"That's considerable."

"But you know I'm going to take it out in board."

"Well, that's a consideration, to be sure. A man doesn't feel it so much as if he took the money out of his pocket and paid cash down. What do you say, Mrs. Barton?" addressing his wife, who just then entered the room. "This young man wants to stay here a week, and pay partly in a book he is agent for. Shall I agree?"

"Let me see the book," said Mrs. Barton, who was a comely, pleasant-looking woman of middle age. "What's the name of it?"

"Scenes in Bible Lands," said Walter.

He opened it, taking care to display and point out the pictures. So Walter

made the first sale, on which he realized a profit of one dollar and a quarter.

"It's a pretty easy way to earn money," he reflected, with satisfaction. "If I can only sell copies enough. One copy sold will pay for a day's board."

He went to bed early, and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. He was cheered with hopes of success on the morrow. If he could sell four copies a day, that would give him a profit of five dollars, and five dollars would leave him a handsome profit after paying expenses.

The next morning after breakfast he started out, carrying with him three books. Knowing nothing of the residents of the village, he could only judge by the outward appearance of their houses. Seeing a large and handsome house standing back from the street, he decided to call.

"The people living here must be rich," he thought. "They won't mind paying three dollars and a half for a nice book."

Accordingly he walked up the gravelled path and rang the front door bell. The door was opened by a housemaid.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" asked Walter.

"Do you want to see her?"

"Yes."

"Then wait here, and I'll tell her."

A tall woman, with a thin face and a pinched expression, presented herself after five minutes.

"Well, young man," she asked, after a sharp glance, "what is your business?"

Her expression was not very encouraging, but Walter was bound not to lose an opportunity.

"I should like to show you a new book, madam," he commenced, "a book of great value, beautifully illustrated, which is selling like wildfire."

"How many copies have you sold?" inquired the lady, sharply.

"One," answered Walter, rather confused.

"Do you call that selling like wildfire?" she demanded, with sarcasm.

"I only commenced last evening," said Walter. "I referred to the sales of other agents."

"What's the name of the book?"

"Scenes in Bible Lands."

"Let me see it."

Walter displayed the book.

"Look at the beautiful pictures," he said.

"I don't see anything remarkable about them. The binding isn't very strong. Shouldn't wonder if the book would go to pieces in a week."

"I don't think there'll be any trouble that way," said Walter.

"If it does, you'll be gone, so it won't trouble you."

"With ordinary care it will hold long enough."

"Oh, yes, of course you'd say so. I expected it. How much do you charge for the book?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"Three dollars and a half!" repeated the woman. "You seem to think people are made of money."

"I don't fix the price, madam," said Walter, rather provoked; "the publishers do that."

"I warrant they make two-thirds profit. Don't they, now?"

"I don't know," said Walter. "I don't know anything about the cost of publishing books. But this is a large one, and there are a great many pictures in it. They must have cost considerable."

"Seems to me it's ridiculous to ask such a price for a book. Why, it's enough to buy a nice dress pattern!"

"The book will last longer than the dress," said Walter.

"But it is not so necessary. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd like the book well enough to put on my parlor table. I'll give you two dollars for it."

"Two dollars!" ejaculated Walter, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears.

"Yes, two dollars; and I warrant you'll make money enough, then."

"I should lose money," said Walter. "I couldn't think of accepting such an offer."

"In my opinion there isn't any book worth even two dollars."

"I see we can't trade," said Walter, disgusted at such meanness in a lady who occupied so large a house, and might be supposed to have plenty of money.

THE FIREPLACE.

One Thing that Helps Most to Make a Home Homely.

This I say: Go back and pick up lost good habits—the omitted amenities of life. Especially put back into your house the fireplace. It is the one thing that helps most to make a home homely. Build it big and broad. Let there be no gimcracks of fancy woodwork anywhere near it. Let it be only brick or stone. Then let the hearth be broad and wide. Make it so large every way that you need never fear for a snapping coal. Away with mats, for they are combustible! But a stool—that is another thing. Here you can forget the stocks and the office and the store. Here you can dream of rest and peace. Here it is possible that some of you have Tom and Harry and Bessie about your knees. There is no better way to reconstitute the family. It is the chief want of these modern days.

The world is never quite so independent or we quite so care free without a fire. There are vastness and lack of outline to a summer day. We get our feelings mixed up with the cosmos. The fireplace narrows our lives somewhat, but it completes and unifies things. We are happy to be just a part of the little warm home circle. Did anybody ever commit suicide who had a fireplace?—E. P. Powell, in *Outing Magazine*.

Big Collection.

Gunner—The Ultra-Van Tassels moved to-day. There were seven vans for the furniture and six extra vans.

Guyer—Indeed! And what were the extra vans for?

Gunner—Why, to remove their family skeletons.

The population of Canada, according to the official estimates of that country, was 6,504,900 on April 1, an increase of 21 per cent in six years.

The elephant beetle of Venezuela is the world's largest insect. It weighs a half pound.

CAMPAIGNS AND CONVENTIONS

A formal declaration of party principles specified as the party platform was as unknown in the early days as was a convention. The noisiest, the jolliest, the most exciting and perhaps least logical presidential campaign was that of 1840. William Henry Harrison, hero of an Indian victory at Tippecanoe, a plain old man, who had lived, his opponents sneeringly said, in a log cabin decorated with coon skins and had drunk hard cider, was selected by Thurlow Weed as a better candidate than Henry Clay. To defeat Clay in the Republican convention, the unit rule was adopted. The issues between Van Buren, the Democratic candidate, and Harrison were not clearly drawn, but the adventurous circumstances of Harrison's early life were skillfully utilized for theatrical effects. "Old Tippecanoe" was the slogan. Processions, miles long, with log cabins, cider barrels and coon skin caps on poles, stretched from State to State. Glee clubs were a feature of the campaign and the Indian fighter was fairly sung into office.

So vigorously did the Whigs sing their favorite refrains that echoes of the songs still linger.

What has caused this great commotion—motion—motion—motion, our country through?

It is the ball a rolling on—for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.

And with them we will beat little Van, Van, Van, as a used up man.

Farewell, dear Van, You're not our man To guard the ship, We'll try old Tip.

In the campaign which resulted in the election of Benjamin Harrison the fact that he was a grandson of old Tip was not forgotten by his adherents. Many slangy, even irreverent references fixed on grandpa's hat as a fit subject for campaign quips. In 1844, the year when the Democratic convention brought the first dark horse into the running, the songs of the majority were:

O, poor Henry Clay, poor Henry Clay, You cannot be our President, for Polk is in the way.

Hurrah for Polk and annexation, Down with Clay and high taxation.

When John Hanks, cousin of Abraham Lincoln, carried two weather-beaten rails into the Wigwam—the structure especially built for the Republican convention held in Chicago, in May, 1860—Lincoln became the "rail-splitter" candidate as Harrison had been the log cabin and Jackson the hickory candidate years before.

In the convention of 1860 began the modern custom of cheering and counter-cheering. The Seward contingent gave a parade the day of the convention. While they were marching Lincoln supporters filled the Wigwam. With the naming of the candidates began the cheering. When Seward was nominated and seconded the shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. But when Lincoln's nomination was seconded the West was heard from, and gave a scream that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver. On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated. The shouting was so deafening that the cannon which was discharged on the roof of the building could not be heard inside.

Gray-Haired Man Remembers a Boy Who Tried It Forty Years Ago.

"Whenever I read in the newspapers that a boy has run away from home to fight Indians or seek some other sort of adventure, it takes me back forty years," said the gray-haired man in the club smoking room. "For I ran away from home once, just as I suppose every other youngster does, once at least, only in my case I wasn't seeking adventure, I was escaping tyranny."

"It seems foolish now, but it was all very real to me then. The tyranny consisted of the one fact that I got my first licking, and I guess there's no doubt that I deserved it. But I was so bitter, and the one idea I had was to get away where life was free and tyrants were not."

"The impulse to depart on my travels was carried out so suddenly that I found myself wandering far away from the house before it dawned on me that I was ill provided for a journey. In fact I had gone just as I was, with the smart of my physical as well as my mental wrongs still acute."

"As I went I pondered over the matter of provisions, and the idea came to me that I would make my first stand in a cranberry bog right on the farm. With this as a headquarters I would make raids on neighboring orchards, and if the worst came to the worst I supposed the cranberries would support life."

"Well, I reached the cranberry bog presently and bivouacked. Here I should spend the first night under the friendly stars. I picked out a soft place for a bed and sat down to wait the coming of night."

"Now, cranberries are not very filling, especially in the raw, green state, but I managed to eat some of them. And then it began to get dark."

"Well, sir, the shadows fell quickly on the hills about me and the air grew chill. Fantastic monsters reared their horrid heads on every hand. The free life began to pall."

"So it won't surprise you to learn that a very little boy ran home crying before the supper things had been cleared away, and that he never ran away again."

DISCIPLINE IN BERLIN.

Germans Not Only Obey Rules, But Are Unhappy Without Them.

The Berliners, and the rest of the Germans, are the most governed people on earth. They like it and how!

more. They have restrictions of all kinds placed on the order of their daily lives, but they are used to it. Indeed, they have arrived at a sort of mental state in which they look to the authorities to tell them what to do, and how to do it, in every contingency. "Verboten!" is the German word that has the greatest vogue, so far as I was able to see. "Forbidden!" stares them in the face everywhere. They are regulated in all sorts of ways, down to the manner they shall conduct themselves in their houses. There is a certain time for beating rugs, a certain time for playing the piano, a certain time for everything else. You can move your household goods only in a certain way. You cannot shake a dust rag out of the window. You cannot do this and you cannot do that, and they told me, after once you get accustomed to it, it is a comfortable way to live. It absolves you from thought if you know what hours there are for doing your work and how you must do it. If a cab knocks you down in the street, you are arrested for obstructing the traffic. Your place is on the sidewalk.

Every Berliner does exactly what he is expected to do, and you must do the same. As an example of how well trained they are, they are not obliged to have guards on the underground trains in Berlin. The Berlin folks know they are expected to shut the doors, and they shut them. If you observe their regulations you are not disturbed, but if you violate one of them you instantly get into more kinds of trouble than you had imagined could exist. All you are expected to do is to walk a chalk-line, and you can be happy, if the regulations allow the kind of happiness that agrees with you.—Samuel G. Blythe in *Everybody's*.

1381—Wat Tyler slain at Smithfield.

1665—New York City incorporated.

1805—William B. Ogden, first Mayor of Chicago, born in Walton, N. Y. Died in New York City Aug. 3, 1877.

1815—French under Marshal Ney engaged the allies in battle at Quatre Bras, Belgium, two days before the Battle of Waterloo.

1841—Meeting of the First United Parliament at Kingston, Ontario.

1851—The famous Marble Arch removed from in front of Buckingham palace, London, to its present location in Hyde Park.

1854—United States warships bombarded Greytown in retaliation for insult to the American consul.... Worcester, Mass., almost destroyed by fire.

1803—Gen. Banks repulsed in the assault on Port Hudson.

1864—House of Representatives repealed the fugitive slave law.... Entry of Maximilian and Carlotta into Mexico.

1868—Mt. Ceniz railroad through the Alps opened.

1869—Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, reached the Congo river.

1870—Hayes and Wheeler nominated by the Republican national convention.

1891—A new Canadian ministry formed by Premier Abbott.

1895—President Cleveland issued a proclamation against Cuban filibusters.

1898—Behring sea award paid.... Joseph Leiter's attempt to corner the wheat market collapsed.... House of Representatives passed joint resolution for annexation of Hawaii.

1904—Nan Patterson indicted for the alleged murder of "Cassar" Young in New York.

1905—Assassination of Premier Delyanov of Greece.

1906—President Roosevelt signed the Oklahoma and Arizona statehood bills.

1907—The second peace conference at The Hague opened.... Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco found guilty of extortion.

ODDS & ENDS OF SPORT

Abe Attell has signed up with Jack Gleason for a twenty-round battle with Owen Moran in San Francisco for August.

Hamline defeated North Dakota university by a total score of 81 to 36. The records made were unusually good in all events.

The St. Paul Driving Club has opened the season and races will be held every Wednesday afternoon until the middle of October.

At Louisville, The Minks, carrying 110 pounds, traveled a mile and one-sixteenth in 1:43.4-5, which equals the track record at Churchill Downs.

Tourenne, with Musgrave up and backed from 12 to 1 to 6 to 1 at the close, easily won the Cosmopolitan Handicap, 1-16 miles, at Belmont Park.

Barney Oldfield has made his last automobile race, so he says. Oldfield has obtained employment as a chauffeur for H. W. Whipple, an Andover, Mass., banker.

Jockey V. Powers is the leading rider at the Downs this spring. He has placed 19 winners across the wire, was placed 6 times and landed 6 of his mounts in third place.

Charges that Huff, the crack Grinnell sprinter, is a professional and has conspired for money in foot races will be