

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER X.

In due time, to Joshua's great delight, the lottery ticket reached him. It was several days in coming, and he had almost given it up, but the sight of it raised his spirits to the highest pitch. It seemed to him the first step to a fortune. He began at once to indulge in dazzling visions of what he would do when the prize came to hand; how the "old man" would be astonished and treat him with increased respect; how he would go to the city and have a good time seeing the lions, and from henceforth throw off the galling yoke of dependence which his father's parsimony had made it so hard to bear.

Whenever he was by himself, he used to pull out the ticket and gaze at it with the greatest satisfaction, as the key that was to unlock the portals of fortune, independence and happiness.

But at length the long-expected letter arrived. Joshua did not like to open it in the postoffice, lest it should attract the attention of the postmaster. He therefore withdrew to a place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. Something dropped out.

"I wonder if it is a check?" thought Joshua, stooping over and picking it up. But no, it was an announcement of the drawing. Joshua's numbers—for each lottery ticket contains three numbers—were 9, 15, 50. But of the thirteen lucky numbers drawn out of sixty-five, neither of them was one.

Slowly it dawned upon Joshua that he had drawn nothing, that his five dollars had been absolutely thrown away. But there was a letter. Perhaps this would explain it. Joshua read as follows:

"Dear Sir—We regret to say that we are unable to send you a prize this time. We hope, however, you will not be discouraged. Some of our patrons who have been most fortunate have commenced by being unlucky. Indeed, singularly enough, this is a general rule.

"Hoping to hear from you again, and to send you in return better news, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully,

"GRABB & CO."

The effect of Joshua's ill success was to make him very despondent. He thought of all he had intended to do, and now his castles had crumbled, and all in consequence of this letter. He had been so sanguine of success. Now he must write to Sam that his visit to New York was indefinitely postponed—that is, unless he could induce his father to provide him with money enough to go. The prospect was not very encouraging, but he felt desperate, and he determined to make the attempt. Accordingly, just after supper, he detained his father, just as he was returning to the store, and said:

"Father, I wish you'd let me go to New York on a visit."

"What for?" asked Mr. Drummond, elevating his brows.

"Because I'm eighteen years old, and I've never been there yet."

"Then, if you've gone eighteen years without seeing the city, I think you can go a while longer," said his father, under the impression that he had made a witty remark. But Joshua did not appreciate the humor of it.

"I've lived in Stapleton ever since I was born," grumbled Joshua, "and have got tired of it. I want to see something of life."

"Do you? Well, I'm sure I've no objection."

"May I go, then?"

"Yes; but, of course, you will pay your own expenses."

"How can I?" exclaimed Joshua, in angry disappointment. "I have no money."

"Then you can save up your allowance till you have enough."

"Save up on twenty-five cents a week! I couldn't go till I was an old man!"

"I know of no other way," said Mr. Drummond, with provoking indifference, "unless you earn the money in some way."

"You treat me like a little boy!" said Joshua, angrily.

"You are better off than I am. I have to work for all I get. You get your board, clothes and pocket money for nothing."

"Other boys go to New York when they are much younger."

"I have told you you can go when you like, but you mustn't expect me to supply the money."

Mr. Drummond put on his hat and crossed the street to the store, leaving Joshua in a very unfilial frame of mind.

CHAPTER XI.

Two days later two women entered Mr. Drummond's store. One was Joshua's customer and she wore the same shawl which she had purchased of him. It appeared that Walter was out, but Mr. Drummond and Nichols were both behind the counter.

"Have you got any more shawls like this?" asked the first lady, whom we will call Mrs. Blake. "Mrs. Spicer, who is a neighbor of mine, liked it so well she wants to get another just like it."

"Did you buy this shawl of us?" asked Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, sir. I bought it about a fortnight ago, and paid five dollars for it."

"Five dollars! There must be some mistake. We never sell such a shawl as that for less than ten dollars."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Blake, positively. "I bought it here, and paid five dollars for it."

"Why, those shawls cost me seven dollars and a half at wholesale. It is not

likely I would sell them for five. Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "did you sell this lady the shawl she is wearing for five dollars?"

"No, sir; I have not sold a shawl like that for two months. I know the price well enough, and I wouldn't sell it for less than ten dollars."

"I didn't buy it of him. I bought it of a boy," said Mrs. Blake.

"It must have been that stupid Conrad," exclaimed Mr. Drummond, angrily. "Wait till he comes in, and I'll haul him over the coals."

"Then you won't let my friend have another like it for five dollars?"

"No," said Mr. Drummond, provoked. "I don't do business that way. I've lost nearly three dollars by that shawl of yours. You ought to make up the wholesale price to me."

"I shan't do it," said Mrs. Blake. "If you've made a mistake, it's your lookout. I wasn't willing to pay more than five dollars."

The two ladies were about to leave the store when Mr. Drummond said: "The boy will be back directly. I wish you would wait a few minutes, so that if he denies it you can prove it upon him."

"I've got a call to make," said Mrs. Blake, "but I'll come in again in about an hour."

They left the store, and Mr. Drummond began to berate the absent Walter. He was provoked to find that he had lost two dollars and a half, and if Walter had been in receipt of any wages, would have stopped the amount out of his salary. But, unfortunately for this plan of reprisal, our hero received his board only, and that could not very well be levied upon.

However, he might have some money in his possession, and Mr. Drummond decided to require him to make up the loss.

"When did she say she bought the shawl, Mr. Nichols?" asked his employer.

"About a fortnight ago."

"Will you look on the books, and see if you find the sale recorded? I am surprised that it escaped my attention."

Nichols looked over the book of sales, and announced that no such entry could be found. Mr. Drummond was surprised. Though not inclined to judge others any too charitably, he had never suspected Walter of dishonesty.

"Are you sure you looked back far enough?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nichols; "to make sure, I looked back four weeks. The woman said only a fortnight, you know."

"I know. Then it seems Conrad said concealed the sale and kept the money."

"Perhaps," suggested Nichols, who rather liked Walter, "he forgot to put it down."

"If he did, he forgot to put the money in the drawer, for the cash and the sales have always balanced. He's an ungrateful young rascal," continued Mr. Drummond, harshly. "After I took him into my house and treated him as a son—this was not saying much, if Joshua be believed—he has robbed me in the most cold-blooded manner."

Nichols was astonished by the evidence against our hero. He did not like to think him guilty, but it certainly seemed as if he must be.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Drummond?" he asked.

"I suppose I ought to have him arrested. He deserves it."

"I hope you won't do that. He may be able to explain it."

"If I do not proceed to extremities, it will be on account of his relationship, which I blush to acknowledge."

The time had been, and that not long since, when Mr. Drummond felt proud of his relationship to the rich Squire Conrad, of Willoughby; but that was before his loss of property. Circumstances alter cases. Quite unconscious of the storm that was gathering, Walter at this moment entered the store.

"So you've got back?" said Mr. Drummond, harshly. "You haven't been in any particular hurry. However, that was not what I wished to speak to you about. We have made a discovery since you went out, and not a very agreeable one."

"I am sorry for that," said Walter, not knowing what else was expected of him.

"No doubt you are sorry," sneered Mr. Drummond. "I should think he would be, eh, Mr. Nichols?"

"I am sorry also," said Nichols, who, though rather weak-minded, was a good-hearted young man.

"So am I sorry," said Mr. Drummond. "I strikes me I have most reason to be sorry, considering that the loss has fallen on me. I have discovered how you have repaid me for my kindness. You didn't think I would find out, but your iniquity has providentially come to light."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, impatiently. "I wish you would stop talking in riddles."

"Did you ever witness such brazen effrontery, Mr. Nichols?" demanded Mr. Drummond, turning to his head salesman; "even when he is found out he brazen it out."

"Wouldn't it be as well to tell him what is the matter, Mr. Drummond?" asked Nichols, who was in hopes our hero would be able to prove his innocence.

"To come to the point, did you, or did you not, a fortnight since, sell one of those shawls, such as you see on the counter, for five dollars?"

"I did not," said Walter, promptly.

"It might not have been exactly a fort-

night. Have you sold such a shawl within a four weeks?"

"I have not sold such a shawl since I have been in your employ, Mr. Drummond."

"You hear what he says, Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond. "You see how he adds falsehood to dishonesty. But that is not uncommon. It is only what I expected. Do you mean to say, Walter Conrad, that you didn't sell such a shawl for five dollars—only half price—and, instead of entering the sale, put the money into your own pocket?"

"I do deny it most emphatically, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, impetuously, "and I challenge you to prove it."

"I shall soon be able to prove it," said Mr. Drummond. "The lady who bought the shawl came into the store half an hour since, and asked for another. When I told her that it would cost ten dollars, she said she only paid five for the one she had on. She then told us that she bought it of you a fortnight since."

"There is some mistake about this, Mr. Drummond. She has made a mistake. She must have bought it somewhere else."

"She would not be likely to make such a mistake as this. Besides, the shawl is like others I have. How do you account for that?" queried Mr. Drummond, triumphantly.

"I don't pretend to account for it, and don't feel called upon to do so. All I have got to say is that I did not sell the shawl, nor pocket the money."

"Mr. Drummond, the ladies have returned," said Nichols.

"Aha!" said his employer, with exultation. "Now we will be able to prove your guilt, you young rascal! Here is the lady who bought the shawl of you."

Mrs. Blake and her friend, Mrs. Spicer, here entered the store. Mr. Drummond went forward to meet them. His face flushed, but he tried to look composed.

"I am glad to see you back, ladies," he said. "You told me that you bought your shawl of a boy?" turning to Mrs. Blake.

"Yes, sir."

"Come forward, Conrad," said Mr. Drummond, a malignant smile overspreading his face. "Perhaps you will deny now, to this lady's face, that you sold her the shawl she has on."

"I certainly do," said Walter. "I never, to my knowledge, saw the lady before, and I know that I did not sell her the shawl."

"What do you think of that, Mr. Nichols?" said Mr. Drummond. "Did you ever witness such unblushing falsehood?"

But here a shawl was thrown into Mr. Drummond's camp by Mrs. Blake herself.

"The boy is perfectly right," she said. "I did not buy the shawl of him."

"Didn't you say you bought the shawl of the boy?" asked Mr. Drummond, with a sickly hue of disappointment overspreading his face.

"Yes; but it was not that boy. Come to think of it, I believe it was your son," said Mrs. Blake. "Isn't he a little older than this boy?"

"My son—Joshua!" exclaimed Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, I think it must be he. He's got rather an old-looking face, with freckles and reddish hair; isn't so good-looking as this boy."

"Joshua!" repeated Mr. Drummond, bewildered. "He doesn't tend in the store."

"It was about dinner time," said Mrs. Blake. "He was the only one here."

"Do you know anything about this, Mr. Nichols?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to his head clerk.

Light dawned upon Nichols. He remembered now Joshua's offer to take his place, and he felt sure in his own mind who was the guilty party.

"Yes, Mr. Drummond," he answered; "about a fortnight ago, as Walter was rather late in getting back, Joshua offered to stay in the store for a while. He must have sold the shawl, but he must have guessed at the price."

"A mistake has been made," said Mr. Drummond, hurriedly, to the ladies, "a mistake that you have profited by. I shall not be able to sell you another shawl for less than ten dollars."

The ladies went out, and Mr. Drummond and his two clerks were left alone.

"Mr. Drummond," said Walter, quietly, "after what has happened, you will not be surprised if I decline to remain in your employ. I shall take the afternoon train to Willoughby."

He walked out of the store, and crossed the street to Mr. Drummond's house.

(To be continued.)

Never Missed.

Two Frenchmen who had quarreled agreed that their wrongs could be settled only by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just outside Paris.

"A return ticket to F," said the first at the booking office.

"Single for me," said the second man, quietly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the other. "I always take the return half from my victim's pocket."

Practiced What He Preached.

"You know, my dear, I have often said that, like the rest of mankind, I am only a poor, weak sinner," said Wedderly, who was trying to excuse one of his misdeeds.

"Yes I know you have," rejoined the better half of the matrimonial combine, "and I never in my life saw anybody as anxious to prove the truth of his statements as you seem to be."

Not Noticeable.

He (after the quarrel)—I was a fool when I married you.

She—Yes, but I thought you would improve.



Rye Meal Biscuit.

Two cups milk scalded, one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup luke-warm water, three cups bread flour, one-fourth cup melted shortening, one-third cup brown sugar, one level teaspoonful salt, two and one-half cups rye meal. Cool the milk until lukewarm and add the yeast and flour. Beat thoroughly and let stand until light. Then add the shortening, sugar, salt and rye meal. Beat well and let rise until double in bulk. Knead and shape into small biscuits; place in a buttered baking pan, and let rise until double, then bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

How to Keep Eggs.

I have used the following recipe for putting up eggs for winter use for many years with perfect success: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put in wide-mouthed stone jars. With a dish let your fresh eggs into the jars, tipping the dish after it fills with the fluid so the eggs will roll out without cracking the shells. Keep covered in a cool place and they will stay fresh for a year.—Planchette

Crumb Cakes.

One tablespoon butter, one cup sugar, one egg, half-cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, half-teaspoon salt. Beat the butter, sugar and egg together, then add the milk, the flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Beat well; line a tin with piecrust, trim even with top, pour in batter to half-fill tin and sprinkle top with crumbs made as follows: Half-cup sugar, half-cup flour, butter size of walnut; mix well.

Fish Cakes.

Boil several good-sized potatoes and pick to pieces enough fish to make as much of this as you would have of the potatoes when mashed. When the potatoes are done put the fish in a colander and pour the potato water over it. Drain and put fish and potatoes in a bowl, mash well and add a good-sized lump of butter. Cut good salt pork to dice, fry it brown in a frying pan and in the fat from this fry your fish cakes.

Fudge Frosting.

One and one-half tablespoonfuls butter, half cup unsweetened powdered cocoa, one and a quarter cups confectioner's sugar, a tiny pinch salt, quarter cup milk, half teaspoon vanilla. Melt butter and cocoa, add sugar, salt and milk, heat to boiling point and boil about eight minutes, remove from the fire, beat until creamy, add vanilla and pour over cake to depth of quarter inch.

Eggless Ginger Cookies.

One cup brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls ginger, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon salt; cream these with one cup lard, add one cup New Orleans molasses and one cup sour milk, with three level teaspoons soda in milk; water may be used instead of sour milk. Add just as little flour as possible to roll out. Roll not quite half an inch thick.

Bean Soup.

Put one quart of beans to soak over night in lukewarm water. Put over the fire next morning with one gallon cold water and about two pounds of salt pork. Boil slowly about three hours; add a little pepper. It is better to shred into it a stalk of celery. Strain through a colander and serve with slices of lemon to each guest.

To Improve Canned Goods.

Some relatives who are large packers tell me that vegetables and fruit which have been hermetically sealed should be opened a couple of hours before using, in order that the oxygen may return. This plan will take away the peculiar flavor that nearly all canned things have, says a contributor to the *Delineator*.

A Fine Candy.

Two pounds brown sugar, one cup milk. Piece of butter size of a walnut. Tiny pinch salt. Boil five minutes. Take from the stove and beat and when cooking add one cup crushed peanuts. Pour on buttered platter when creamy.

Short Suggestions.

Vinegar diluted with water will remove grease from a stove.

Cream twenty-four hours old and very cold always whips best.

Buy a strip of asbestos cloth and use small squares to interline your ironholders. Keep a good-sized piece fastened to your ironing board to save the sheet, and lay a square under the hand where the meat platter rests

REV. DR. QUAYLE,

Famous Lecturer and Preacher Whom Methodists Made Bishop. Among those whom the Methodists in general conference in Baltimore elected bishops perhaps none is more widely known than is Rev. Dr. William Alfred Quayle, who has charmed audiences in every part of the United States by his ability as a preacher and lecturer. He is also an author of wide



REV. DR. QUAYLE.

repute. He is a native of Parkville, Mo., and is 48 years of age. He was professor of Greek at Baker University for three years, acting as vice president of the university during the last year of his professorship. In 1890 he was made president of the institution. At present he is pastor of St. James' Church, Chicago.

Artesian Wells.

The theoretical explanation of the phenomenon is easily understood. The secondary and tertiary geological formations often present the appearance of immense basins, the boundary or rim of the basin having been formed by an upheaval of adjacent strata. In these formations it often happens that a porous stratum, consisting of sand, sandstone, chalk or other calcareous matter, is included between two impermeable layers of clay so as to form a flat porous U tube, continuous from side to side of the valley, the outcrop on the surrounding hills forming the mouth of the tube. The rain filtering down through the porous layer to the bottom of the basin forms there a subterranean pool, which, with the liquid or semiliquid column pressing upon it, constitutes a sort of huge natural hydrostatic bellows. Sometimes the pressure on the superincumbent crust is so great as to cause an upheaval or disturbance of the valley. It is obvious, then, that when a hole is bored down through the upper impermeable layer to the surface of the lake the water will be forced up by the natural law of water seeking its own level to a height above the surface of the valley, greater or less, according to the elevation of the level in the feeding column, thus forming a natural fountain on precisely the same principle as that of most artificial fountains, where the water supply comes from a considerable height above the jet.

Another Glass.

The seventeenth century puritan preachers talked for two hours or more not "by the clock," but by the hour glass. At least one of them turned the glass to humorous account. He found himself no further than the middle of the sermon when the sands had run out. "Drunkness" was his subject, and, reversing the horologe, "Let's have another glass," said he. Sir Roger L'Estrange tells of a parish clerk who sat patiently until the preacher was three-quarters through his second glass and the majority of his hearers had quietly left the church. Rising at a convenient pause, he asked the minister to close the church door when he had done, "and push the key under it, as he and the few that remained were about to retire."

No Place to Die.

The soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers.

A committee of citizens who wanted to boom Algiers as a health resort waited upon him.

"We want you to change your headquarters," announced they. "You're hurting business here."—Pittsburg Post.

One Drawback.

Olive—What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars. Violet—Oh, I don't know. A girl would never be sure then that she was pretty.—Puck.

The patience the woman next door has with her children doesn't cease to be a virtue half quick enough.

Whitewash will not hide the freckles on a man's reputation.