

CHAPTER XIII.-(Continued.) "If, on the same day," replied Mr. ed him with an almost sisterly affection, Zeno, "twenty different men left twenty began to think ill of him, and found it a different Continental ports and arrived at twenty different English ports with a simflar contrivance, they would carry a good deal.

"That's true," said Frost, "that's true. your game."

"It will be part of my game to know who carries the parcels, and by what ports they enter," Zeno answered, with a smile which looked uglier than ever. "But I

"Oh! I see," said Frost. thought-

"You are growing curious again, good Frost. Do not grow curious again. Do not. Please."

"Give me my orders then," replied Frost, sullenly. "They're all I want to know.

"You will produce your invention this evening," said Zeno. "You will advise Its immediate employment. The pretended book parcets can be made up anywhere. You can carry the necessary books over with you, and can cut out the insides, and fit in the tin boxes in Paris."

"I'm not in that show," Frost interrupted, rapidly; "I'm on English service."

"Very well. Your friends can do it, then. The date of departure can be fixed beforehand-of departure from the Contimental ports, I mean. Each man must know from what port he is to sail, and at what port he is to arrive. Let me know all their names, their ports of departure and arrival, and the date. That is all you need to attend to for the moment. And now shall we go to dinner?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Frost, "that this especial bird will not enter the arena, and if he did, he would not fight when be got there.'

"Translate, my friend, translate," said Zeno.

"It might have acted, last week. It might even have acted the night afore last. But that old mudhead of a Dobroski has got 'em for the moment dead set against it. And they're after him to a man. pretty nearly."

"Why, what is this?" cried Zeno.

"There was a meeting the night before last," said Frost, "and Dobroski was est of the whole bloodthirsty assortment, wanted to do a score of simultaneous exhe won't have it. Says he won't make the wide, wide world. Says it's indecent tin. He is using me to get near this and improper and indiscreet, and likely to bring the cause into general disrepute with respectable people. Says he wants to kill off all the tyrants privately, and community, while he prepares his plans for a general assault against authority everywhere and all along the line. Then Brennan gets up on his hind legs and swears Dobroski's in the right. Then up gets Faulkland on the same lay. Then the whole boiling got converted, bar Sullivan, and took to hymn singing and pass--ed a resolution that they would only lay -out for the slaughter of crowned heads and commanders-in-chief, and such like. In short, sir, the trade in explosives is in a bad way for the moment.'

111 ) had known him for years and had regard-

painful and grievous thing to do. Before Maskelyne's departure Angela's

manner to O'Rourke had been that of open friendship, and now it was marked by a disdain so ill-concealed that, so far But what do you want to help dynamite as Lucy was concerned, it might as well into England for? That's no part of not have been concealed at all. The girl's mingled sadness and anger had been so evident one afternoon, when Lucy and O'Rourke had visited the chateau together, that her new friend's heart grew

hot with sympathy for her and with indignation at the patriot, and on reaching home she marched straight to her husband's room.

"Ah, little woman." he said, brightly, looking up at her, "you are back again. Wait half a minute, and I shall be done for to-day."

"Austin," returned his wife, seriously, "I want to speak to you." "Is there anything the matter? You

ook quite grave." "Austin," she began, "I don't like the patriot, as you call him."

"Don't like O'Rourke?" cried Austin, in surprise.

"I do not like him, Austin. He is playng a mean part here. I am sure of it. And he makes me help him play it. He has done so, until now, but I am so ashamed and unhappy about it that he shall never do it any more." "Tell me everything," said Austin,

standing over her with a troubled face. "Let me understand."

"You remember young Mr. Maskelyne, the American? Did you ever notice him and Angela together? There was a serious attachment between them. Then came Mr. O'Rourke, and made love to his friend's' sweetheart, and I am certain he. knew that Mr. Maskelyne cared for her."

"Well, well, my dear," said Austin, laughing. "Let the best man win. I should have thought you would have been pleased to see O'Rourke settled.

Why, I've heard you advise him to mar-"Yes," she answered, somewhat hotly:

"but I never advised him to be treacher ous to his friend. And that isn't all,

Austin. Listen. It is no laughing matter. He made love to Angela-I watched him, and I saw it all. Young Mr. there. Sullivan, who's the bloodthirsti- Maskelyne is no sooner driven off the field and the girl made miserable than Mr. O'Rourke comes here with this wealplosions. Up gets Dobroski, and swears thy American widow, and, under the very nose of he poor girl whose sweetheart to warn him if he should be in danger?" war against the innocent. Says he won't he chased away, he is making love to run an indiscriminate Malay muck against Mrs. Spry. He is a fortune hunter, Aus-

### ed a triumph in becoming familiar with Dobroski.

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Attired in a frock coat, a glossy silk hat, spotless linen, and shining boots of patent leather, he looked eminently respectable as he emerged upon the street and took his way along the sunshiny side of the road to his customary restaurant. In a little while he hailed an omnibus. and climbing to the roof, hummed and smiled all the way to one of the gates of the Regent's Park, where he alighted and strolled like a gentleman at large into the refreshing expanse of green. Here he encountered Mr. Frost, who was also eminently respectable in aspect, though sad of countenance.

"Why, hillo !" cried Zeno in his slightly marked foreign way. "Who would have thought to see you here? How do you do?"

"Hillo !" said Frost. "How are you?" for the benefit of a passer-by. It was his creed never to neglect a precaution, and near at hand was a man who had mounted the omnibus after him and had alighted at the same point.

"Why, I've got a lot of things to say to you," he cried, with a genial, careless loudness which could only belong to an unscrupulous open-hearted fellow who had nothing to conceal. "Come along. Let us have a good long talk together." "I don't like the game you're play- Nichols of Nebraska. At that time, ing," said Frost. "I haven't closed an eve all night. Seems to me I'm running into danger all ways." Zeno turned to smile at him, but said nothing. "Oh, you est in the country, having the impres-can grin, but I'll be hanged if I can."

"Ah !" said Zeno, smiling still, and hug- York State antedated us, but not Choging his companion's arm, "how one pities the poor Frost, who cannot grin, and cannot sleep of nights, and is running all the ways at once into danger. Come then, he shall be taken out of danger."

"I wish he might be," returned Frost, with a sulky air. "He shall be," returned Zeno. "We

our dear friend and leader, Mr. Dobroski, and we will make complete submission to him and admire his patriotism and his humanity, and swear to live and

die for hm and then we shall be safe, shall we not?" "I'm not afraid of the Dobroski lot,"

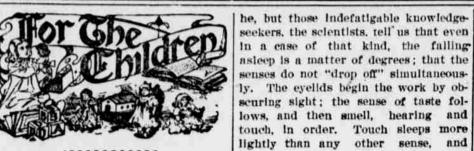
said Frost ; "but the other crowd is dangerous, let me tell you. As for Dobroski, he's neither more nor less than a fool." "Very well. Very well," returned Zeno. "He shall be as cunning as he dreamed that he was out when it belikes, and we will be as cunning as we

him." "And how long do you think you're going to play that double game?" "Suppose that in my capacity of at-

tached friend to Dobroski, countryman

smile was a study in villainy and craft-"I volunteer in his behalf to watch the others, and to know their schemes, and "Well," said Frost. "What's my share?"

"You are entirely devoted to Dobroski,"



# The First Boys' Camp.

therefore is more easily aroused. Hearing comes next. Smell is one of the Which was the first boys' camp? first to fall asleep, but it is one of the Squam lake, New Hampshire, is their native heath, at any rate. Here Camp go to sleep before others, too. The Thocorua was founded by Ernest Balch sleepy influence begins at the feet and in 1882. I think that it was the first works its way upward to the center to exist anywhere. It closed in about of the nervous system. That helps to 1889, and the boys jointly bought up explain why it is so hard to get to the island, returning there regularly sleep when our feet are cold. The sci-Mr. Zeno's gay surprise was intended for a fortnight every summer until entists find out lots of queer things, the late 90s; the open air chapel on | don't they? Chocorura Island, its wooded acre of The Garden Pirates. sand and laurel, white birch cross and A pirate's life is the life for me! stone altars, being regularly consecrated in the Episcopal diocese, still

My mates are brave and bold : Seven, and six, and five are we, Or eighteen years all told.

Hard-a-lee with the Susan, boys! Up anchor! Hard-a-lee!



Shooting a Tallow Candle. It may surprise the readers to know that it is possible to plerce a board with a tallow candle fired from a gun. The reason may be thus explained: When a candle starts from the breech of the gun its motion is gradually increased until it leaves the muzzle at a high velocity. When it reaches the board, every particle of matter composing it is in a state of intense veloci- supposed to come, he determined to put

the greater force overcomes the weak-

er, and the candle breaks through. You

will find many queer illustrations of

that kind when you come to study the

laws of motion in your natural philoso-

Compensations.



A Leap for Life. Old Ironsides at anchor lay, In the harbor of Mahon: dead calm rested on the bay-The waves to sleep had gone; last to wake. Some parts of the body When little Hal, the captain's son, A lad both brave and good,

in sport, up shroud and rigging ran,

And on the main-truck stood ! shudder shot through every vein; All eyes were turned on high! There stood the boy, with dizzy brain, Between the sea and sky. No hold had he above, below : Alone he stood in sir: To that far height none dared to go-

No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak ! With horror all aghast-In groups, with pallid brow and cheek, We watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, And of a lurid hue a riveted unto the spot Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped, "O God! Thy will be done!" Then suddenly a rifle grasped And aimed it at his son. Jump, far out, boy, into the wave! Jump, or I fire," he said. That only chance your life can save ; Jump, jump, boy !" He obeyed.

He sank-he rose-he lived-he moved, And for the ship struck out. In board we hailed the lad beloved With many a manly shout. The father drew, in silent joy. Those wet arms round his neck. And folded to his heart his boy-Then fainted on the deck. -Walter Colton.

## RYAN TO GROW PEANUTS.

Iny Go to Africa Soon to Look Over New Interests.

When Thomas F. Ryan interests himself in any enterprise he is more than ikely to get everything out of it that • be made to yield a profit, says the York Tribune. When he acquired he 70,000 acres in the Kongo district t was generally supposed that he would be satisfied with the gold, copper and rubber in sight there. But Mr. Ryan, as a Virginian, knows the potenlality of rich soil, and as there would be many thousands of idle acres in the Kongo principality which he had acjutred, and as his idle land would not ield any of the three great crops from which the greater part of his profit was

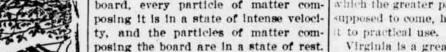
can. Eh? We will go and see Dobroski falling all about him. He remembered first and will swear to live and die with his dream the next morning and won-

through the air. To determine this, he carried a ladleful of the metal up to to Dobroski, trusted entirely by Dob- the top of a church tower and dropped roski. I deputed myself to watch him for it into the moat below. Going down, the other side? Suppose, again, that be he took from the shallow water several ing enthusiastic for Dobroski"-Zeno's handfuls of perfect shot. Thus came

A Barrel Stave Hammock.



to him the idea of the shot-tower.



corua. Be that as it may, the Balch camp's slang and customs exist in every one I have ever seen-"soak" for swim, "counselor" for what is called "master" at school. And I know of at least three camps which are direct offsprings of Asquam. Today, five dot will go by and by and make a call upon the lake, which is but seven miles long. -Outing.

holds out services throughout the sum-

mer. In 1891 I first went to Camp

Asquam, which had moved to Squam

The Shot-Tower.

A mechanic named Watts of Bristol, England, used to make shot by pounding out bars of lead into sheets of the required thickness and then cutting the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a barrel until the corners were worn off by the friction. One night he gan to rain shot-little balls of lead dered what shape molten lead would take if allowed to fall some distance

Zeno sat down and looked hard at Frost. "Is this true?" he asked, when the other had finished.

"True as the rule of three," said Frost. "I reckon," he added, shiftily, after a pause, "that the old man himself was to have carried one of them parcels."

"Perhaps," returned Zeno, rising suddenly. "But if he will not, he will not, my good Frost. And now, shall we go to dinner?"

## CHAPTER XIV.

Angela and Major Butler were standing on the platform at Janenne Station when the little engine with its freight of three carriages steamed in. Mrs. Spry was so eager to open the door herself when the train came to a standstill that she gave O'Rourke no chance to render her that small service. The widow fell upon Angela with great fervor, kissed her, held her at arm's length to observe her, and then embraced her. O'Rourke busied himself in collecting Mrs. Spry's belongings and his own. Whilst the two women were still locked in their second embrace, the major caught sight of him. and came to his assistance, unwittingly.

"Ha !" cried the major, heartily. "You're back again? Glad to see you !" "You know Mr. O'Rourke, don't you?"

said Mrs. Spry, drawing Angela forward. "You don't know how kind he has been. I'm sure I cayn't tell what I should have done if it hadn't been for him."

O'Rourke emerged from the railway carriage and raised his hat to Angela, who responded to his salute somewhat coolly, as he fancied.

"What?" said the discerning young gentleman to himself. "Does she object already to my traveling in the same carriage with all those dollars? I wonder If I shall have trouble with her?"

During Mrs. Spry's visit Angela heard more than enough of O'Rourke's praises. The fortunate young gentleman was always doing something which, in the pretty widow's fancy, was worthy of admiration, or saying something which was worthy to be repeated. Angela had a genuine liking for her guest and a genuine unliking for O'Rourke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics.

The friendship which was forming between Angela and Lucy was of a very different and more deep-rooted sort than that which existed between the little American lady and either of them. The married woman had her own experiences to guide her, and she saw that the girl sence. She more than guessed, too, that of his profession, was of an unconquerthe young American had retired before able hopefulness. His scheme of vester-O'Rourke's advances, which had been suf- day had failed, notwithstanding that it ficiently apparent to the observant wom- had seemed delightfully simple and cerplainly paying court to a richer woman upon another. Yet he was cheerful and

poor little widow. She's a dreadful simpleton, but she's a dear little creature. all the same. I own that Mr. O'Rourke has delightful manners. He is very clevenlist the sympathies of the churchgoing er, and he can be very charming. Austin, a fortune hunter is a creature I despise." "Look here, my dear. I'll go and have talk about this with O'Rourke himself."

"Austin!" cried his wife in genuine feminine horror. "I wouldn't have you speak of it for the world."

"You'd have me suspect an old friend and not tell him of it? An odd proposal, isn't it?"

"Austin! you make me angrier than I was. I will never speak to that base man again."

"Now, come," said Austin. "This is growing serious." It had grown so serious that Mrs.

Farley absented herself from the supper table that evening and declined Austin's entreaties to join O'Rourke and himself in the little garden afterward.

"You can tell him that I have a headache," said Lucy. Austin nodded and walked straight into his study, where he solemnly set down this memorandum ; "To be observed. Candor and veracity. Feminine."

Then he descended to the garden and sat with O'Rourke over a cup of coffee.

"O'Rourke," he blurted out, "what's the matter between you and my wife?" "Ah !" said O'Rourke, as well and as

readily as if he had seen the bludgeon falling, and had waited to parry it. "You've noticed it, have you? What is it? She's annoyed with me. She gave me a real snub this afternoon on the way back from Houfoy. And you know, old man," he went on, with an air of half comic, half earnest regret, "she and I have always been such friends. Do me a good turn, Farley. Find out for me what's the matter and let me make my peace."

"Vou've no idea what it is?" said Austin. O'Rourke noticed a sound of relief in the tone.

"Not the remotest in the world. I meant to ask you about it," said O'Rourke, genially, "but I didn't like to do so for fear of seeming to exaggerate the thing."

He felt the situation to be awkward, but he faced it with his usual courage. At the worst he could feign a recall. He must take time to think, and must think clearly. "If Mrs. Farley hasn't forgiven me by to-morrow morning," he said, rising and setting both hands on his friend's shoulders, "I'll ask her where I'm wrong and beg her pardon. You and I can't

afford to quarrel after all these years, anyhow."

He rocked Farley to and fro for a little as he spoke, and looked at him with a smile so frank and kindly that the novelist rose and shook hands with him in a little heat of renewed friendship.

"No, no," he said, with a laugh, "you and I won't quarrel."

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Zeno rose somewhat later than the lark, but gay and blithe as he, and during the progress of his toilet chanted a selection of scraps from the songs of was sad at Maskelyne's prolonged ab- all nations. Mr. Zeno, as befitted a man And now that O'Rourke was so tain, and so far he had not even hit than Angela, his old friend's wife, who good of heart, for he had at least achiev-

said Zeno, with his constant smile "You are as devoted as I am. But you are also devoted to the others, who know you better. You will be a little suspicious and careful about me, and you will watch me if you please whilst I watch Dobroski. You will report to your old friends whatever conversations I have with Dobroski,

and you and I will arrange the reports together so that they shall be nice and accurate." "They'll nail us at it," said Frost,

mournfully. "They're bound to nail us at it." "Ah !" returned Zeno, cheerfully. "But

we must not let them nail us at it." "Couldn't we split the thing?" demanded Frost. "Couldn't I stick on with the old lot, and you-

"Be found in your nasty, dirty, muddy Thames? No, dear friend, no. Let us work together, my good Frost. It will be so much pleasanter! Oh, ever so much pleasanter. See how nice that will be."

"I can see what you want the old one for." said Frost wearily. "He's been playing old gooseberry with the Czar and all his family arrangements ever since I left the cradle. But I don't know what the other lot have got to do with you. unless you're on for Scotland Yard as well."

"Now you are curious again !" cried "I know what I want with the Zono. other lot. Let that be enough for both. dear Frost. And now shall we go and swear to live and die with Dobroski? Eh?"

## (To be continued.)

His Sympathetic Friend. Friend-Got a cold, I see, Jinks-Yes, a little one. "You ought to be mighty careful. That cough needs attention." "Think so?"

"It has a graveyard sound." "Good gracious!"

"Awful dangerous time for people with colds-grippe, pneumonia, and quick consumption everywhere." "Eh ?"

"Yes. A friend of mine took a cold not half as bad as yours, last week, and in three days he was dead." "My stars!"

"Fact. The doctor said my friend might have pulled through if he hadn't worried so much. Take my advice and of the rope together, and to the loops try not to think about it."-London Tatler. enough to conveniently swing the hammock. A space of about one inch

Made Her Creep.

Pearl-Blanche has been nervous should be left between each stave. since the automobile show. She says she will never wear that horrid automobile coat again.

Ruby-Gracious! Why not?

Pearl-Why, one of those stupid re- swinging in as the ordinary twine hamporters described it as being mouse- mock. But then it is a novelty. colored.

Unusual.

"What are you looking so happy about?"

"My parishioners gave me a dona tion party last night."

"Well, that's a funny thing to look rleased over."

"But, man, it almost paid expenses." -Houston Post.

Occasionally you meet a man so unpopular he might as well become dog went to sleep the minute his head catches.

As the density of the candle, multiplied by the velocity of Its motion, is greater than the density of board at rest.

THE COMPLETED HAMMOCK.

To make this hammock procure a clean barrel, take off the hoops and carefully draw out all the nails. Then draw a pencil line crosswise three inches from and parallel to both ends phy. of each stave. Then, with a five-eighths

"Are you happler now that you own your own home?" asked the solicitous friend. "Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, there is a proud satisfaction in having my own place. But occasionally I can't help longing for the time when my wife kicked to the landord for re-

pairs instead of coming to me."-Washington Star. 8 The Thing to Do. bird. "Let's bury it in my garden," said

> Frank. "No; let's bury it in mine," said Willie.

"I'll tell you, we'll bury it in both, only in mine first," said Frank. And they did.

## Excusably Late.

Rob Roy's little new brother, who had come only the day before, failed to appear promptly at the breakfast table. as Rob expected.

Hearing nothing of him as breakfast went on. Rob remarked indifferently: "Wonder If that youngster's got up vet?"

## An Athletic School.

In an athletic school when a pupil broke a rule.

- And the teacher from his desk had sternly said :
- "Now, sir, stand up in your seat !" he might stand upon his feet, But more likely he would stand upon
- his head.

## Out of Breath.

We had been going very fast, And when at last the train stood still.

The locomotive panted some,

- As every locomotive will. "My! what a run! It seemed to me Just like a race for life or death !"
- Cried Dot; "and I don't wonder that The poor old engine's out of breath !"

#### "Deprived of His See."

As an example of the ability of the invenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class: "What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite corner of the dry goods box)-W'y, readily, "He went blind." An explana- all a feller'd hey t' do 'ud be t' h'ist tion was demanded, and the genius one o' them paranolas, an' he'd never brought up the text book. "There, sir," know 'twuz rainin'.-Puck. triumphantly, "the book says so." The sentence indicated by an ink stained digit read, "Odo was deprived of his see."-London Spectator.

If a man doesn't marry his first love You have all heard of the boy who he's apt to regret it-likewise also if ting more than his share of hard touched the pillow, so dead tired was he does.

Virginia is a great peanut State. The oll conditions in Mr. Ryan's Kongo lomain are peculiarly well fitted for peanut culture. The best-paying grade f peanuts that come from the Virginia parket are the so-called Jumbo variety. large, rich nut, abounding in oil and zeneral all-around nutrition.

Mr. Ryan is going to raise Jumbo seanuts in his mid-African property. Chese Jumbo peanuts will bring a big price in this market, and will be intrumental in breaking many a corner is now engineered by the shellers in Mr. Ryan's own State. Men with all echnical knowledge of the matter have een sent to the Kongo.

Probably the most-used peanut is what is called the Spanish, an offshoot of what used to be exclusively grown n Spain. This is the little round peajut so much used for salting. In Virzinia a greater part of the crop grown Frank and Willie had found a dead there is called Spanish No. 1. When the crop is short there the original Spanish is imported from Spain, but in fact, it is grown in Northern Africa. The conditions of the Virginia soll make it superior for this nut over any other section in the world except the Kongo district.

> The Jumbo variety brings the highest rice, however, and naturally it was that variety that Mr. Ryan selected for his crop. He will later grow the Spanish peanut, which, although cheaper, has a greater sale than the Jumbo. But Mr. Ryan's advisers, knowing that the Jumbo would have the greater sale if the price were lower, advised him to cry that grade first. And that is the grade that Mr. Ryan will grow in the Kongo district, and from the proceeds thereof he hopes to be able to pay no inconsiderable part of the expenses of the working of his rubber plantations, gold mines and copper enterprises.

> > The Teeth.

The accumulation of tartar on the eeth makes them unsightly and is often the cause of a bad breath. If the teeth are properly brushed each day tartar will not have the chance to accumulate, but if it has already been allowed to do so it can be removed by a very simple treatment. Moisten the toothbrush in warm water and dip it into magnesia. Rub on the teeth, and after three applications the tartar will have entirely disappeared.

#### The Bane and the Antidote

Gabe Gashall (on the southeast corper of the dry goods box)-It must be tur'ble t' be ketched out in a brainstorm. HI Hemlock (on the southwest

When you do exactly as you please, remember you are the only person leased.

Nearly every one imagines he is getrnocks.

part of the staves, then through the following hole. Repeat this until one side is finished. BOUND FOR CAMP. Thread the other side in the same manner, the the ends on either end; fasten the staves long

The hammock thus made will be

found durable and much more comfort-

able to recline in than one would imag-

ine, though perhaps not as safe for

This hammock will be found conven-

ient for camping parties; the barrel

can be used to pack camping equip-

ments and provisions in. The holes

having been bored and the rope thread-

ed through before it has been taken

apart, it can be taken to pieces and

formed into a hammock on arriving at

Falling Asleep.

the camp grounds.



the staves together obtain a piece of stout rope about 20 feet long. Thread the rope first through the holes

wider than others, you will have to use your own judgment in the distance apart you bore these holes. To fasten 10 0000

from the outside



