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STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Drummond's store was of fair size, and contained a considerable and varied stock of dry goods. Besides Mr. Drummond there was a single salesman, a young man of twenty-two, who wore a cravat of immense size, and ostentatiously displayed in his bosom a mammoth breastpin, witha glass imitation diamond, which, had it been real, would have been equal in value to the entire contents of the store. This young man, whose name was Nichols, received from Mr. Drummond the munificent salary of four hundred dollars per annum. Having a taste for dress, he patronized the village tailor to the extent of his means, and considerably beyond, being at this moment thirty dollars in debt for the suit he wore.

Besides this young man there had formerly been a younger clerk, receiving a salary of four dollars weekly. He had been dismissed for asking to have his pay raised to five dollars a week, and since then Mr. Drummond had got along with but one salesman. As, however, the business really required more assistance, he was quite willing to employ Walter on board wages, which he estimated would not cost him, at the most, more than two dollars a week.

"Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "I have brought you some help. This is Walter Conrad, a distant relative"—had Walter been rich, Mr. Drummond would no doubt have styled him a near relative—"as he knows nothing of the business, you can take him in charge, and give him some idea about prices, and so forth."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, in an important tone. "I'll soon break him in."

Mr. Nichols, who gave up what little mind he had to the subject of clothes, began to inspect Walter's raiment. He had sufficient knowledge to perceive that our hero's suit was of fine fabric, and tastefully made. That being the case, he concluded to pay him some attention.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I have to work like a dog. I'm pretty well used up to-day. I was up till two o'clock dancing."

"Were you?"

"Yes. There was a ball over to Crampton. I go to all the balls within ten miles. They can't do without me."

"Can't they?" asked Walter, not knowing what else to say.

"No. You see there isn't much style at these country balls—I mean among the young men. They don't know how to dress. Now I give my mind to it, and they try to imitate me. I don't trust any tailor entirely. I just tell him what I want and how I want it. Higgins, the tailor here, has improved a great deal since he began to make clothes for me."

Just then a customer came in, and Mr. Nichols was drawn away from his dissertation on dress.

"Just notice how I manage," he said in a low voice.

"Have you any calicoes that you can recommend?" asked the woman, who appeared to be poor.

"Yes, ma'am, we've got some of the best in the market—some that will be sure to suit you."

He took from the shelves and displayed a very ugly pattern.

"I don't think I like that," she said. "Have you not some with a smaller figure?"

"The large figures are all the rage just now, ma'am. Everybody wears them."

"I should like to look at something else."

"I'll show you something else, but this is the thing for you."

He brought out a piece still uglier; and finally, after some hesitation, his customer ordered ten yards from the first piece. He measured it with an air of triumph and, folding it up, handed it to the customer, receiving in return a two-dollar bill, which the poor woman sighed as she ten-
it, for she had worked hard for it.
the customer had left the store,
rned complacently to Walter.
did you like that calico?" he
ed to me very ugly."
it, though? It's been in the
years. I didn't know as we
r get rid of it."
you got any prettier pat-
wanted to get off the old
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but she swallowed every-
like a poor woman, who
l to buy a dress very
't come more than twice
ught to have given her
u could."
up those goods on the
t them back on the
Nichols. "Customers put
ieal of trouble that way
s. Captain Walker was in
noon, and I didn't know
ave to get down all the
fore we could suit her."
you pick out something
was all the rage?" asked
go down with her. She's
. We have to be care-
with such customers
minds me that her bun-
me yet. I'll get you to
way."
onsiderable disappoint-
o find that Walter was
ch, for he had proposed
se of Walter's purse as
permit. Even now it oc-
curred to him that Walter might have a supply of ready money, a part of which he might borrow. He accordingly took an opportunity one day to sound our hero on this subject.

"Walter, have you a couple of dollars about you to lend me for a day or two?" he asked, in a tone of assumed carelessness.

"Yes, I have that amount of money, but I am afraid I must decline lending. You know my circumstances, Joshua, and that I am in no position to lend anybody money."

Joshua stalked away in a fret, angry that Walter would not permit himself to be swindled. From that time he cherished a dislike for our hero, and this he showed by various little slights and annoyances, of which Walter took little notice. He thoroughly despised Joshua for his meanness and selfishness, and it mattered very little to him what such a boy thought of him.

This forbearance Joshua utterly misinterpreted. He decided that Walter was deficient in courage and spirit, and it encouraged him to persevere in his system of petty annoyances until they might almost be called bullying. Though Walter kept quiet under these provocations, there was often a warning flash of the eye which showed that it would not be safe to go too far. But this Joshua did not notice, and persisted.

"Joshua," said his mother one day, "I really think you don't treat Walter right. You are not polite to him."

"Why should I be? What is he but a beggar?"

"He is not that, for he works for his living."

"At any rate, he's a mean fellow, and I shall treat him as I please."

One afternoon there were a few young fellows standing on the piazza in front of Mr. Drummond's store. Joshua was one of them, and there being no customers to wait upon, Walter also had joined the company. They were discussing plans for a picnic to be held in the woods on the next Sunday afternoon. It was to be quite a general affair.

"You will come, Walter, won't you?" asked one of the number.

"No," said Joshua; "he can't come."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me," said Walter quietly.

"You didn't authorize me to speak for you!" repeated Joshua, in a mocking tone. "Big words for a beggar!"

"What do you mean by calling me a beggar?" demanded Walter, quietly, but with rising color.

"I don't choose to give you any explanation," said Joshua scornfully. "You're only my father's hired boy, working for your board."

"That may be true, but I am not a beggar, and I advise you not to call me one again."

Walter's tone was still quiet, and Joshua wholly misunderstood him; otherwise, being a coward at heart, he would have desisted.

"I'll say it as often as I please," he repeated. "You're a beggar, and if we hadn't taken pity on you, you'd have had to go to the poorhouse."

Walter was not quarrelsome; but this last insult, in presence of half a dozen boys between his own age and Joshua's, roused him.

"Joshua Drummond," he said, "you've insulted me long enough, and I've stood it, for I didn't want to quarrel; but I will stand it no longer."

He walked up to Joshua, and struck him in the face, not a hard blow, but still a blow. Joshua turned white with passion, and advanced upon our hero furiously, with the intention of giving him, as he expressed it, the worst whipping he ever had.

Walter parried his blow, and put in another, this time sharp and stinging. Joshua was an inch or two taller, but Walter was more than a match for him. Joshua threw out his arms, delivering his blows at random, and most of them failed of effect. Indeed, he was so blinded with rage that Walter, who kept cool, had from this cause alone a great advantage over him. Joshua at length seized him, and he was compelled to throw him down. As Joshua lay prostrate, with Walter's knee upon his breast, Mr. Drummond, who had gone over to his own house, appeared upon the scene.

"What's all this?" he demanded, in mingled surprise and anger. "Conrad, what means this outrageous conduct?"

Walter rose, and, turning to his employer, said, manfully, "Joshua insulted me, sir, and I have punished him. That's all."

CHAPTER VII.

Without waiting to hear Mr. Drummond's reply, Walter re-entered the store. He had no disposition to discuss the subject in the presence of the boys who were standing on the piazza.

Mr. Drummond followed him into the store, and Joshua accompanied him. He was terribly angry with Walter, and determined to get revenged upon him through his father.

"Are you going to let that beggar pitch into me like that?" he demanded. "He wouldn't have got me down, only he took me at a disadvantage."

"Conrad," said Mr. Drummond, "I demand an explanation of your conduct. I come from my house, and find you fighting like a street rowdy, instead of attending to your duties in the store."

"I have already given you an explanation, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, firmly "Joshua chose to insult me before all the boys, and I don't allow myself to be insulted if I can help it. As to being out of the store, there was no customer to wait upon, and I went to the door for a breath of fresh air. I have never been accustomed to confinement before."

"You say Joshua insulted you. How did he insult you?"

"I was asked if I would go to the picnic on Saturday afternoon. He didn't wait for me to answer, but said at once that I couldn't go."

"Was that all?"

"When I objected to his answering for me, he charged me with being a beggar, and said that but for you I would have been obliged to go to the poorhouse. If this had been the first time he had annoyed me, I might have passed it over, but it is far from being the first; so I knocked him down."

Mr. Drummond was by no means a partisan of Walter, but in the month that our hero had been in his employ he had found him a very efficient clerk. Whatever Walter undertook to do he did well, and he had mastered the details of the retail dry goods trade in a remarkably short time, so that his services were already as valuable as those of young Nichols, who received eight dollars a week. Therefore Mr. Drummond was disposed to smooth over matters, for the sake of retaining the services which he obtained so cheap. He resolved, therefore, to temporize.

"You are both of you wrong," he said. "Joshua, you should not have called Conrad a beggar, for he earns his living. You, Conrad, should not have been so violent. You should have told me, and I would have spoken to Joshua."

"Excuse me, Mr. Drummond, but I don't like tale-bearing. I did the only thing I could."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Drummond, "you were too violent. I would suggest that you should each beg the other's pardon, shake hands, and have done with it."

"Catch me begging pardon of my father's hired boy!" exclaimed Joshua, scornfully. "I haven't got quite as low as that."

"As for me," said Walter, "if I thought I had been in the wrong, I would beg Joshua's pardon without any hesitation. I am not too proud for that, but I think I acted right under the circumstances, and therefore I cannot do it. As for being a hired boy, I admit that such is my position, and I don't see anything to be ashamed of in it."

"You are right there," said Mr. Drummond; for this assertion chimed in with his own views and wishes. "Well, it seems to me you are about even, and you may as well drop the quarrel here."

Walter felt satisfied. He felt that he had won the victory and maintained his self-respect. There was one thing more he desired, and that was to go to the picnic. He would not have urged the request, but that he was well aware that Joshua would report that he was kept at home by his desire.

"It won't be very convenient for you to be away Saturday afternoon," said Mr. Drummond, who was principled against allowing clerks any privileges. "You know we have more trade than usual on Saturday afternoon."

"I don't think we shall have next Saturday," said Walter; "everybody will be gone to the picnic."

"If you insist upon going," said Mr. Drummond, reluctantly, "I must try to let you go."

Walter felt no scruples about insisting.

Meanwhile Joshua went home in a very unhappy frame of mind. He had not succeeded in humiliating Walter as he intended, but had an unpleasant feeling that Walter had got the better of him. He was very angry with his father for not taking his part, and was not slow in making his feelings known to his mother.

"What's the matter, Joshua?" asked Mrs. Drummond, observing the scowl upon his face.

"Matter enough! That beggar has been insulting me—that upstart, Conrad. He pitched into me, and tried to knock me over."

"What for? I am surprised to hear it, he seems so polite and well bred."

"Nothing at all. He sprang at me like a tiger, and all for nothing. He took me by surprise, so at first he got the advantage, but I soon gave him as good as he sent."

"I am really sorry to hear this," said Mrs. Drummond, distressed. "Are you sure you didn't say something to provoke him?"

"I only said, when he was invited to go to the picnic Saturday afternoon, that he wouldn't be able to leave the store."

"I am afraid you said it in such a way as to offend him."

"Seems to me you think a good sight more of him than of me in the matter," grumbled Joshua. "That's just the way with father. He wanted us both to beg each other's pardon. Catch me begging pardon of a beggarly hired boy!"

"He isn't any worse because your father hires him, Joshua."

"Oh, yes, of course, you stand up for him," said Joshua, sneering.

"Now, Joshua, you know I always take your part when you are right."

So Joshua continued to scold, and Mrs. Drummond to soothe him, until she found a more effectual way, by placing at his disposal half an apple pie which was in the cupboard. In the evening she told Walter that she was sorry there had been any difficulty between him and Joshua.

"So am I," said Walter, frankly, for he was grateful for her gentle kindness. "I am sorry, if only for your sake, Mrs. Drummond."

"I know he's provoking; but he doesn't mean what he says, Mr. Conrad."

"I'll try to keep on good terms with him, Mrs. Drummond," said Walter, earnestly, "if only in return for his mother's kindness."

"I am sure Joshua was hasty, and misjudged Walter, said the mother to herself, trying to find an excuse for her son.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

HAPPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Four thousand of the sultan's troops are in revolt.

A Seattle man was robbed of $10,000 by pickpockets in St. Paul.

Bubonic plague has made its appearance in Caracas, Venezuela.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, is recovering from his attack of bronchitis.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is ill in Chicago.

Frederick Arthur Stanley, Earl of Derby, and ex-governor general of Canada, is dead.

American warships are gathering at San Francisco, preparatory to their trip around the world.

A Southern Pacific gatekeeper committed suicide because his gates had accidentally injured a woman.

The German kaiser cordially received the American ambassador, David Jayne Hill, and talked with him for half an hour.

Rev. S. C. Lapham says women are worse than men in supporting pernicious fads, including free love. He says oratory is taking the place of the Gospel in the modern pulpit, and that social conditions are much the same as before the flood.

Taft leaders claim he will receive 704 votes on the first ballot.

Thaw will remain in jail because he hates the asylum attendant.

Leading English steel manufacturers deny the story of a new trust.

Suffragettes of all nations are to join in a monster parade in London.

The British Columbian government has decided to deport 1,000 Hindus who are paupers.

Rapid progress is being made on repairs to the Northern Pacific roadbed in Montana.

Utah democrats have instructed their delegates for Bryan, but paid a tribute to Cleveland.

Railroad commissioners of five states met in Chicago to decide on some uniform measure of doing away with the deadly grade crossings.

The plant of the Continental Oil company at Albuquerque, N. M., has been destroyed by fire. Nearly 100,000 gallons of oil were burned.

Over 50 Japanese women who have arrived at Seattle to meet intended husbands, will be detained until each individual case is investigated.

The British ship Haddon Hall and the German ship Hamburg collided in mid-ocean. Both were damaged, but were able to reach Montevideo.

Roosevelt threatens to intervene in Panama to secure a fair election.

The special senate committee has arranged the preliminaries to consider tariff revision.

The cars in the New York to Paris automobile race are encountering many difficulties in Russia.

Unofficial estimates place the population of Chicago at 2,140,000. The population in 1904 was 1,174,744.

Thugs entered a Spanish custom office and secured $12,000 after killing the chief official and four assistants.

An unknown steamer has been sighted off the California coast south of San Francisco with distress signals.

New York is sending 78 delegates to the Republican national convention. Of this number 23 are millionaires.

Two hundred Japanese immigrants have been stopped at Seattle until they can show that they have a right in this country.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, says he is not seeking another term.

A high wind storm near Guthrie, Okla., resulted in the death of one person.

Floods have reached their height in Kansas City. Nearly all railroads are blocked.

The New York legislature has passed a bill abolishing betting at race tracks. The measure was carried by one vote.

The steamship Lusitania has just crossed the Atlantic in four days, twenty hours and eight minutes. This is the best time yet made.

Cortelyou is mentioned as running mate for Taft.

Henry Watterson says Bryan will be nominated.

A daughter of Governor Cutler, of Utah, has eloped with a teamster.

A tornado did much damage in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, Iowa.

IRRIGATION FLUME DESTROYED

Hood River Strawberries Perish for Want of Water.

Hood River, Or., June 16.—Giant powder was successfully used Saturday night in an effort to cause the growers composing the Farmers' Irrigating Company the loss of a large portion of their strawberry crop. Disgruntled laborers are suspected.

About 150 feet of flume on a hillside on the west side of Hood River was destroyed, and the water in the big irrigating ditch is shut off. As a result, the crop of two-thirds of the valley, about 400 acres, is without water until such time as the flume can be repaired, which will take at the least estimate three or four days.

The growers stand to lose at least 10,000 crates of berries worth $30,000, and if the flume cannot be repaired before Wednesday, the loss will be far greater. The damage to the ditch will not amount to more than $500.

The point where the ditch was destroyed is high on a hillside. The members of the company state that it must have taken considerable work and three or four boxes of powder to product such disastrous results. This is the ditch from which all of the water is taken to irrigate the big strawberry crop on the west side of the valley.

Although 25 men were hurried to the scene of the trouble as soon as it was known today, it is estimated that it will take three days, working day and night, to repair the damage.

The Hood River berry season is now at its height, and no water to sustain the plants and ripen the berries during the present warm weather will cut down the yield to almost nothing. For the past few days from five to seven cars of berries have been shipped daily.

An investigation started this afternoon by M. H. Nickelsen, secretary, and A. C. Staten, manager of the company, in an effort to determine if possible who the ditch destroyers were, developed the fact that the noise of the shots was heard two miles away from the spot where the explosion took place, and that it occurred about 11 o'clock. Beyond this, nothing is definitely known.

It is said, however, that the officers of the company have under suspicion several men whom they had in their employ last year, and to whom they refused to give work this summer.

SMALLPOX ON TRANSPORT.

Sherman Reports by Wireless and Must be Quarantined.

Portland, June 16.—Wireless dispatches were received Sunday by The Oregonian from the transport Sherman while at sea that there was smallpox on board. The Sherman is bound for Portland from the Philippines with the First Infantry, 585 men in all, under command of Colonel McGonical.

Before the vessel reached Honolulu a navy man returning died of the disease and was buried at sea. Two days ago an enlisted man was taken ill with smallpox. The two men were in different parts of the ship, so the whole vessel is considered infected. This means that under the quarantine regulations each of the 1182 men on board must be vaccinated and quarantined for 14 days and the transport must be fumigated.

This process necessitates disembarking all the men, and owing to the lack of facilities at the Columbia River station, tents must be sent from some of the army posts of the district. Colonel Rogers, in command, fears that since the men have just returned from the Orient, camping out in this climate will be injurious to their health and he has requested the department to have the transport with all on board sent to the quarantine station at San Francisco. What will be done in this matter cannot yet be known.

The First Infantry is en route to Vancouver, where it will be stationed, succeeding the Fourteenth Infantry, which was transported a few weeks ago to Manila.

Refuse to Cut Salaries.

Manila, June 16.—After many extended and apparently hopeless conferences, the Insular Commission and the Philippines Assembly have finally arrived at an agreement upon the general appropriation bill, which, it is believed, both the commission and the assembly will ratify. The compromise measure appropriates 16,800,000 pesos, the assembly making a concession of nearly 1,500,000 pesos. The commission declined to assent to the reduction in salaries and the consolidation of some of the bureaus as proposed by the assembly.

American Horse Wins.

Paris, June 16.—Thousands of Americans Saturday saw W. K. Vanderbilt's bay colt, North East, with J. Childs up, capture the Grand Prix de Paris, the blue ribbon event of the French turf, which this year was worth about $72,000. Beautiful weather favored the running of this classic, and fully 150,000 persons gathered at Longchamps to witness the race, which marked the close of the Paris season.

Kaw River Falling.

Washington, June 16.—The Kaw river is falling, but the Missouri at Kansas City continues to rise slowly. The stage tonight was 30 feet, with a further rise of possibly one foot indicated during Monday, from water now in sight.

BROUGHT TO TERMS

Corporations Lose in Struggle to Rule San Francisco.

MUST PAY WELL FOR PRIVILEGES

Board of Supervisors Exacts Reduction on Gas and Telephones and Rent fyr Trolley Franchises.

San Francisco, June 16.—The annual struggle between the city and the corporations has just come to an end, with an unexpected victory for the municipality. The members of the board of supervisors, who represent the city in the negotiations with the corporations, are for the most part business men and lawyers. It was thought that their sympathies would run naturally to the vested interests and that the local service companies, which suffered heavily in the earthquake and fire, would take advantage of the situation and make up from the public what they lost in the fire. That is exactly what the corporations tried to do. They said so openly, and argued their right to do so, but a majority of the board stood firm for the taxpayers, and the city witnessed a most encouraging example of competent government.

Pressure from every possible avenue was brought to bear on the supervisors to force them to yield to the demands of all the service companies for higher rates. The gas company wanted an increased rate, the water company threatened famine unless it should receive a 15 per cent advance in rates, the telephone company resisted to the utmost, and the street railroad company ran cars without permits, seized franchises and attempted to bottle up the traffic privileges on Market street, when the supervisors stepped in and completely blocked the game.

The gas company asked for an increase from 85-cent to $1 gas. The board conducted an inquiry. The gas company promised to turns its books over to the supervisors for inspection. This, it afterward appeared, was a bluff, for when the supervisors asked for the records, the company refused to produce them until practically compelled to do so. It was then discovered that improper charges had been made in figuring the cost of operation. The mask was pulled aside by the "business" board and the gas company got an 85-cent rate.

An investigation into telephone rates resulted in a general reduction of from 15 to 25 per cent. The water rate was placed at the same figure as last year, with a slight increase in the allowance for hydrants. The trolley franchises which the United Railroads attempted to appropriate were withheld.

PROSECUTE ENGLISHMAN

Editor of Paper in Seoul Is Charged With Sedition.

Seoul, June 16.—Y. Mimura, the Japanese resident governor of Seoul, appeared as the prosecutor of E. T. Bethel, a British subject, who was today arraigned in a British court appointed under order of the privy council. Bethel is charged with spreading sedition by the medium of a newspaper published in the Corean vernacular, and of which he is the proprietor. The court includes Judge F. St. Bourne and Prosecuting Attorney Wilkinson, both of whom were specially sent from Shanghai by the British government at the suggestion of Ambassador McDonald at Tokio.

The prosecution said that it would prove that the publications in Bethel's vernacular newspaper was largely responsible for all the disturbances in Corea. M. Mimura asserted that the Corean government exists only subject to the direction of Japan. He further said he believed there were 20,000 troops now in Corea, and that half of the country was disturbed. Consequently the publications were creating a false impression regarding the real intention of the Japanese government, increasing the difficulties of the government and causing much bloodshed.

C. M. Cross, a lawyer of Kobe, who is defending Bethel, asked for a jury trial, which Judge St. Bourne refused.

Gold From Alaska.

Seattle, Wash., June 16.—The steamship City of Seattle, which arrived in port early this morning from Southwestern Alaska, brought the first shipment of gold from Fairbanks to reach Seattle by the Skagway route. In all, she brought about $1,806,000, the greater part of which was consigned to Dexter Horton & Co., bankers of this city. Another large lot was $504,000, consigned to the Washington Trust Company from the Washington Alaska Bank, its branch at Fairbanks. The gold came up the Yukon on the Prospector.

Cuban Patriots Amuse Taft.

Washington, June 16.—Secretary Taft laughed today when he was told of a further report of preparations of revolutionary uprisings in Cuba based on the proposed withdrawal of American troops on or before next Friday.