

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER IV.

"But the great 'Black Cat!'" exclaimed the captain, who spoke better than any one else on board. "It's only a boy!"

"But I'm grateful to you for saving my life, even if I am," said Rob, between his chattering teeth.

"Oh, ho! Of course! But what under the sun are you doing in the river?"

"Him swim berry well," said one of the men, who had gone in the boat. "Him swim like fish! Him make good one!"

"Come with me," said Captain Torveo. He turned, and led the way toward the companion hatchway, whither Rob followed him.

It had been so dark on deck that Rob could not see what kind of men he had been saved by. He was therefore surprised when he entered a small but comfortable and well-lighted cabin to find the captain to be a small, swarthy, evil-faced fellow, who looked as if he would sooner kill a man than save one.

"The young senior is very wet," said the captain, with a grin that was meant to be friendly. "I will give him a change of clothing, and he may tell me how he came to be in the river. Of course, I understand he fell from that steamer that just passed."

"I fell—or was thrown," said Rob. The captain seemed to pay little attention to this. He eyed Rob narrowly, with an evident desire to measure his stature. Then he opened a trunk or sea-chest that stood in one corner of the cabin.

"Ah! Ho! Ha!" exclaimed the captain, each explosive coming louder than the preceding, as he attacked the store of garments that was packed away in the sea-chest. Finding what he was after at last, he sent one piece after another flying across the cabin toward Rob.

"There!" he said, with a grunt of satisfaction. "The young senior can

"Now, tell me how you got into the river and what you are doing here," said the captain, beginning to feel even more friendly.

"I don't believe I can tell you how I came to fall into the river," said Rob. "I am on my way to Buenos Ayres to my uncle's, and met on board the steamer a gentleman by the name of Starné. He and I were on the deck talking and he told me to look down in the water. I did so, and then I felt some one seize me and throw me in. But I can't understand why Mr. Starné should wish to kill me."

"No! No! Did you ever meet him before?"

"Never."

"Was any one else near you?"

"I saw no one else."

"Ha! Ho! Look out for Senor Starné, whoever he is. Now, who are you?"

"My name is Rob Cleverdale. I was on my way to make my home with my uncle, David Horton, of Buenos Ayres. Have you heard of him?"

The captain of the "Black Cat" gave a long whistle of surprise.

"You are the nephew of Senor Horton?"

"Yes."

"The black hand is in it."

Having uttered this mysterious sentence, the captain of the "Black Cat" walked to and fro a moment and seemed to be doing some hard thinking.

"Look here," he said, suddenly. "I didn't know what I was doing when I picked you up. Even now, I ought to throw you in again. But I won't do that. But you must promise one thing."

"Promise one thing!" echoed Rob, staring at the captain in surprise and terror. "What do you mean? Why ought you to throw me in again? What have I ever done to you that should make you wish to kill me?"

"Nothing to me, except fall in the way of my schooner," said the captain.

difference a name meant to a fellow who was sure to be killed.

"Not a word out of you about this night. Do you hear?"

"Yes," stammered Rob again.

"Very well. Now go to bed. You need sleep."

Rob looked at the captain doubtfully.

"You need not fear, if you obey," said the captain of the "Black Cat." "I like you. We are short-handed and need a boy. You will be safe—if you keep your tongue still. If not, I cannot be responsible for your safety."

"I'll keep still," said Rob.

"I know. Go to bed. Come, I will show you your room."

He led the trembling and wondering boy to a cabin near him and had the black steward bring a light. This room was clean and comfortable.

"Sleep!" said the captain. Tomorrow you will have work to do."

Wondering what the captain meant, our hero lay down on the bed, and, though he wept a little, and was much troubled, the youth could not be kept from slumber, and he was soon asleep.

When, after a sleep that was somewhat disturbed by dreams, Rob at last awoke and went on deck, the schooner had come to anchor in a beautiful sheltered bay on the south shore of the river.

And what an amazing and bustling scene met Rob's astonished gaze.

CHAPTER V.

The "Black Cat" lay peacefully in a bay that was, to all appearance, from Rob's point of view on deck, completely surrounded by water. It was evidently a deep bay, with a winding entrance, so that the great river could not be seen from it, and the anchorage of the schooner could not be seen from the river. The water was as smooth as glass. The shores of the bay, nearest the schooner, were low and gradually sloping. Near the water's edge there was a long line of sand. Above and beyond this there was higher ground, with plentiful verdure, flowering plants and trees.

But it was not the natural beauty of the place, great as it was, that attracted Rob's attention.

There were, plying from schooner to shore and back again, three or four boats, manned by men as black as negroes, stripped to the waist and straining at the paddles till the perspiration glistened on their skin. These boats were not like the small boats of the "Black Cat." They were large, flat things, evidently used for conveying goods from the vessel to the shore. And that is just what these men were doing.

Rob had paid some attention to political matters, and while studying in school about various South American republics, had also taken up the constitution of each, and the points of difference in their governments. He had read the tariffs of all, and recalled the fact that there was a large duty on tobacco and rum in the Argentine Republic. There was an odor of tobacco in the air, and Rob was not long in reaching the conclusion that these men were engaged in the dangerous business of smuggling tobacco and rum into the country without paying this duty.

(To be continued.)

Whims of Race Horses.

From the Washington Star: "Talking about people being peculiar," remarked an old trainer out at the Benning race track the other day, "if there is anything more peculiar than race horses, I haven't come across it. Race horses, I mean thoroughbreds, of course, are as full of whims as well as a woman, and you've got to humor them just the same as women. I remember one I trained some years ago—a horse, I mean, of course. He was a great one, and few of them could show him the way in. Yet that fellow couldn't be exercised in preparing him for a race unless the boy on him was rigged out in the stable's regular colors. You couldn't fool him about it, either, for he knew just as well whether the boy was fully dressed as we did, and if he wasn't you couldn't get the old fellow on the track. But when the boy put on the duds, why, the old horse would go out and do all that was wanted of him."

"Then there was another that I had that wouldn't associate with other horses, and the consequence was that we had to train him by himself. Actually had to wait every time until every other horse was off the track. Then, when he had the whole track to himself, we had all we could do to get him off when we thought he had been given enough. This same one we had to send to the post by himself, and when we got him there we had to keep him away to one side, off from the bunch. Another one I had was just the opposite, for he wouldn't go on the track, either for exercise or for a race, unless he was accompanied by another horse."

"Then there is the horse that runs true as long as he is in the lead, but will stop and give up the fight the moment another one gets near him or passes him. On the other hand, there is the horse that tries all the harder as long as he is behind. Then there is the horse that will not try if the jockey has a whip, while there are others that will not try unless they are given both whip and spurs. But, as I said, they are very peculiar, and have as many whims as mankind."

Misunderstood.

Mixtikofski, the butler (sticking his head in cautiously)—"Did your terrorship call me?"

Xtypmw Xtygmwvitch—"No, you idiot: I was only sneezing!"—Harp-er's Bazar.

ENLARGE THE WHITE HOUSE

It Needs it and Plans Are Being Prepared.

Plans for additions to the white house will be submitted to congress by the president within a short time, writes a correspondent of the Boston Herald. They are being prepared by Col. Bingham, the superintendent of public buildings, at the request of Senator Cullom and under the authority of Mr. McKinley, who will give them a final revision. It will be suggested that two wings be added, and the appropriation required will not exceed \$250,000. One of the wings, according to the notion entertained, will be occupied chiefly by the state dining-room, while the other will provide for the executive offices, which at present

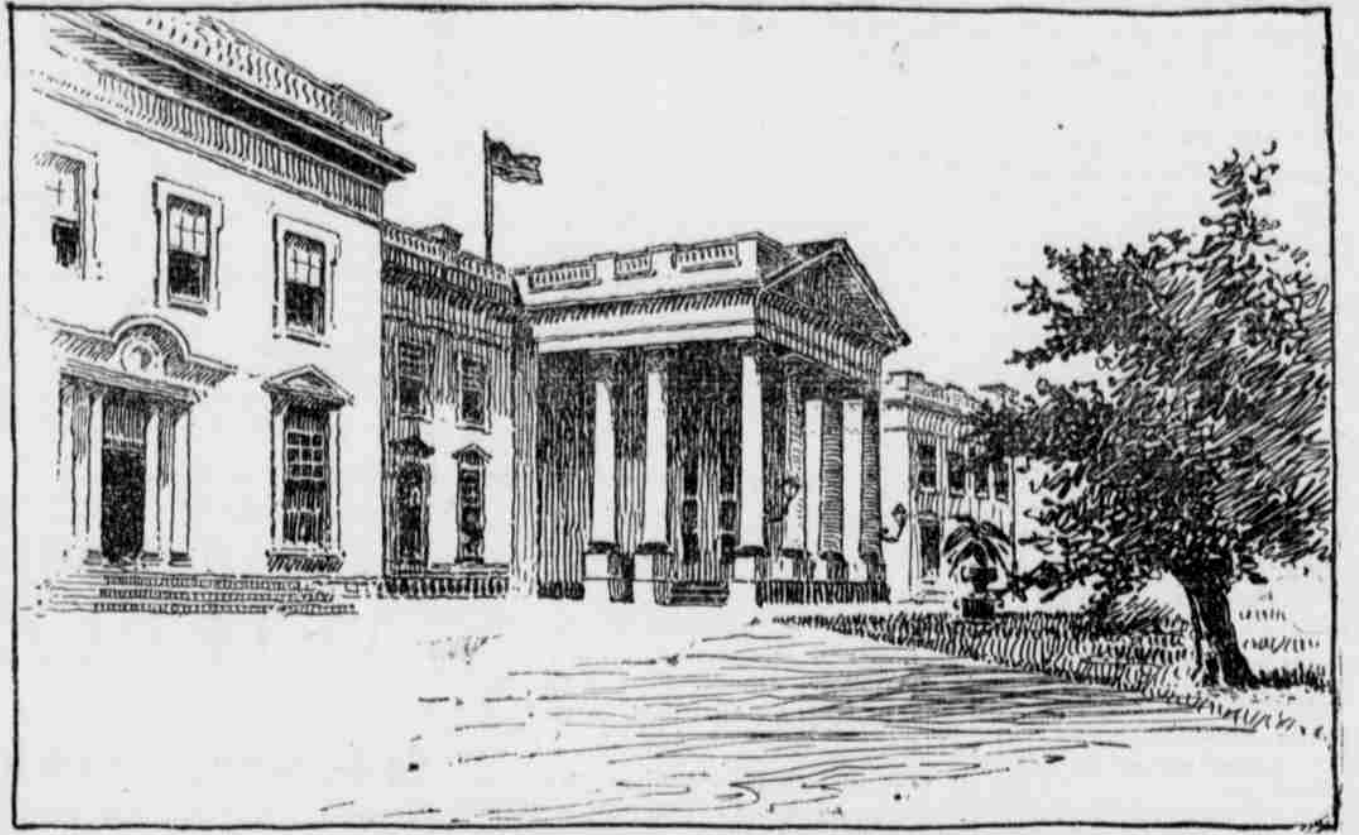
"Why so?" inquired the impecunious one, preparing to go into fits of laughter. "Because it was a pesky poor relation," was the answer, and the nephew's hilarity was somewhat forced.—New York World.

EVILS OF IRREGULAR EATING.

Moody and Headachy Women Often to Blame for Their Own Woes.

The doctor was tired, and, it must be confessed, somewhat out of patience as he spoke. "Lack of proper attention to their food," said he, "throws a great many women off their balance. I have just been prescribing for and soundly

on this globe, and it is still the basis of all other occupations. This is a truth sometimes forgotten by people who think they have risen in the world since their grandfathers raised corn and potatoes. In a remote little southern settlement a "literary" was held not long ago as a sort of mental stimulus to the community. The meeting had scarcely been called to order when old Silas Whittaker obtained the floor and forthwith began a homely dissertation on fodder-pulling and cotton-picking, which bade fair to last well into the next hour. The school-marm, who had a word or two to say herself about Longfellow and the American poets, grew restive. At length she rose to a point of order. "I'd like it explained," said she, "what corn-raising and fodder-pulling have to do with a literary meeting." "Wal," said Silas, "it's got jest this ter do with it: Ef it warn't for corn 'n' cotton 'n' bacon 'n' greens, there wouldn't



THE WHITE HOUSE AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN ENLARGED.

crowd so painfully the living quarters of the mansion.

The writer, though he has seen the plans, is withheld from printing any further details by a request of Col. Bingham, who is obliged to reserve information until the president has given his decision. It may be said, however, that the new state dining-room will be one of the most beautiful apartments ever imagined, being designed after a mode as original as it is exquisite. If congress does not interfere inopportunistly, the nation will owe to Col. Bingham a lasting debt of gratitude for the improvement of a classical structure. That it is extremely difficult to modify such a building without injuring its architectural is obvious enough.

When Mrs. Benjamin Harrison came to Washington, she remarked, jokingly, that she was leaving a house with twelve bedrooms for one with only five. In a measure, therefore, the change for her was a "come down." The fact is not to be denied that the white house is a very cramped place for the chief magistrate of this great nation to live in, and many persons of wisdom are of the opinion that the country ought to provide him with a dwelling of his own a short distance away, so that he might use the present executive mansion merely for official purposes. Some day, very likely, this idea will be carried out, but not by this congress, nor within twenty years from now.

Among many reasons for enlarging the white house, perhaps the most cogent is that the mansion today has no adequate room for meetings of the cabinet. When the government was first started, the cabinet had only four members, representing the departments of state, treasury, war and justice. For that number the space allowed might be sufficient, but the president's advisory body has been increased to eight, and in consequence it is absurdly crowded. The apartment occupied on Tuesdays and Fridays, when meetings are held, adjoins Mr. McKinley's private office, and it is of very moderate size, about half of it being taken up by the long mahogany table that serves as a council board. It ought to be fully six times as large, with a capacious desk for each secretary, in which to keep documents, etc., and there should be space enough for geographical globes, big maps, and various other paraphernalia.

The condition of affairs described is certainly not creditable, and is likely to be made even worse by the creation of new cabinet members. Already there is serious talk of a colonial secretaryship, and much pressure is being brought in favor of a proposition to appoint a secretary of commerce. In addition to the two departments over which these officials would preside, a third is recommended—namely, a department of labor, which, as a matter of course, would also be represented in the cabinet. Thus that body would number eleven persons, with possibly more to come.

Like Himself.

The impecunious nephew, who had been doing his best to be agreeable, finished his funny anecdote and laughed uproariously, but his wealthy uncle smiled not. "The manner in which you told that story was like yourself," said the latter, after a pause.

lecturing a patient who has been inexcusably guilty in this matter. Love affairs that go wrong are also responsible for no little trouble, though these would have serious effects in but few cases comparatively if the women were properly fed; but among the illusions in which girls and women indulge is that, as they care very little about their food, so the lack of it cannot have much effect upon them. They rather despise men for being careful to have regular meals, whether business presses or not, and are inclined to vaunt their own superiority in such respects. But if this disregard of the natural instincts of hunger leads us in the same path as 'drink and hurry and worry' lead men, and if we are to be humiliated by hyper-sensitiveness in love affairs, how pre-eminently does male common sense stand out in the matter. We so often exalt our weakness into something to be proud of! And if we go without our lunch some day an avenging headache swoops down and makes us irritable. Surely that is nothing to be proud of. Or, if the men of the family are dining out, the women have tea and toast and scrambled eggs, and next morning wonder why they feel so limp and a' if everything to be done were dreadfully troublesome and impossible."

be a H'trary man in the hull country, blame if there would."

A Lightning Calculator.

Dr. Lindley of the chair of psychology in the Indiana University, has brought to the institution Arthur Griffith, aged 19, for the purpose of investigating the limit of the youth's remarkable power as a "lightning calculator." He knows the multiplication table up to 130, has a knowledge of the squares up to 130, and the cubes to 100. He knows the fourth powers up to 20. His particular skill is in finding short methods of operation. He has devised 47 methods of multiplication, six of division, six of addition and three of subtraction. He can multiply two five-place numbers in six seconds. Although not having studied algebra his mind has approximated the binomial theorem. Griffith was born in Milford, Kosciusko county. Dr. Lindley says he is not a simple calculator, but that he belongs to a higher class.

Well Met.

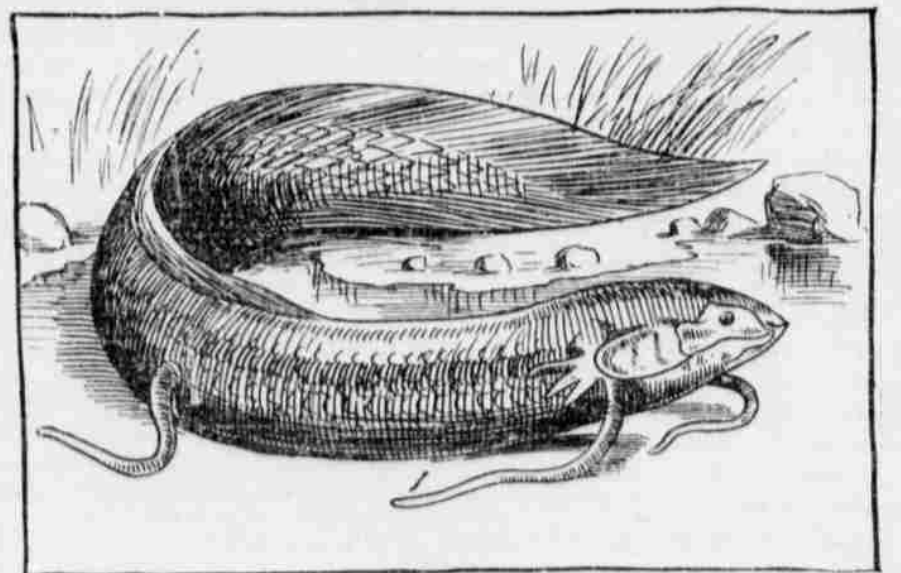
Mr. Pursyval—"You can't buy a cigar like that every day." Young Keene (with pensive appreciation)—"True. I suppose the dealers are afraid of being arrested for selling them!"—New York World.

The darkest hour is the joy of the itinerant match peddler.

Literature and Farming.

Farming was the first employment

THE STRANGEST FISH.



THE DERATODUS.

The strangest fish in the world is found in the abodes of strange creatures, Australia, and in the wilds of Africa. It appears to be almost the connecting link between fish and air-breathing animals. The Australian variety of lung fish—deratodus—has not only gills, but also a bladder by

fish sometimes emerges from the water and crawls over marshy places, by the aid of its fins, making a noise like a bark, which sounds more than eerie in the silence of the night.

The air bladder is an adaptation by nature of this strange fish to the peculiar conditions under which it is compelled to exist. The streams in which it is found dry up in the dry season, and the lung fish has to breathe air, sometimes for months at a time. It buries itself in the mud, and only when the warm rains come does it awake to active life again.

Another kind of fish—protopterus—is found in Africa, but it does not grow so large as the other. It seals itself in a clay sack or cone, and lies dormant until the rains soften the clay and let it out into the water again.



THE PROTOPTERUS.

which it breathes air and utters sounds that have frightened men who knew nothing of its habits. This strange



TOOK A GLASS AND DRAINED IT.

find plenty to wear. Come! You are wet. We must hurry!"

Rob at once began to take off his wet garments, and the captain brought out a rough towel with which he gave the drenched boy a good rub down. Having brought a glow of warmth, he desisted, and Rob dressed himself in the dry garments.

Rob had never seen so picturesquely clad before. Nor so richly. First, he put on a suit of the finest underwear, that fitted him very well. Then, over these, he put a pair of white trousers, all embroidered with red silk. Then a silk waistcoat, and over all a fine velvet jacket made gay with lace. Spanish shoes, with fine points, completed the outfit, and were put on over silk stockings, the like of which Rob had never seen before.

The gay clothes transformed Rob into quite a different boy, and he could not restrain a laugh as he looked at himself in a glass.

"And now the young senior will need something to warm him up," said the hospitable captain. He called out a name that Rob did not understand, and in a moment a black fellow appeared. The captain gave an order in Spanish, and the black one disappeared. He soon returned, however, with two glasses of hot mixed rum.

"The young senior will drink it," said the captain.

"No, sir," said Rob. "I thank you, captain, but I never touched a drop of that stuff, and I never will."

"To warm up, senior."

"No, I don't want it. I am warm enough now."

Bob thought of his mother, and the many promises he had made to her that he would never touch a drop of alcoholic drink.

"The captain of the 'Black Cat' looked in amazement at Rob.

"You won't drink, senior?"

"No."

"Then I will."

He took one glass from the black steward and drained it. He then took the other and seat its contents after the first.

The black boy then took Rob's clothes to dry them.

"But I know this Senor Starné. He is—well, there are others who know him and who know me. If it was known that I picked you out of the water and saved your life—pr-r-r-r!"

The captain drew his hand across his throat most significantly.

"But what have I done! Why should any one kill you for helping me? Tell me!"

The captain banged his fist on the table.

"Look here!" he said, now in an angry mood. "I tell you, that I have taken a risk in saving you. Ask me no questions. But I tell you this. From today you are no longer Senor Horton's nephew. Do you understand?"

"But I am," said Rob. "I am on my way to get to him."

The captain of the "Black Cat" exploded with an oath.

"Hang you!" he cried. "I will kill you myself if you do not obey. You are no longer his nephew. You are mine."

"Yours! Your nephew! What do you mean?"

"Listen! You are stupid, I think. But listen, and I will tell you what I mean. I mean that where we are going the name of Senor Horton is death to him who utters it—unless to curse it. If you let it be known that I saved the life of the man that Starné tried to kill, I shall be killed myself, and you will lose your life in the end. There is plenty of reason for hating him. He is rich. These duties are put on to make him richer. And he hires soldiers to hunt us down and kill us, to protect his own interests. I don't know why Starné wished to kill you. But I know that the name of Senor Horton will lose your life and mine if you utter it."

The captain spoke so hotly that Rob could not doubt his sincerity. A terrible fear crept into his heart—a fear that after all he was never going to see his uncle, and perhaps never going to see his dear mother again.

"Your name is Ricardo, my nephew," said the captain. "Ricardo Torveo, the same as mine. Do you understand?"

"Yes," faltered Rob, wondering what