

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Drunk! Not a bit of it. Did you ever see Torrovo drunk? I did not. I tell you it was a put up job. Torrovo knew you always looked at the invoices and tally, and he played this little game for you to see how well the boy wrote. He knew your anxiety to get the work done well would do the rest. But what's the use standing here talking? He's gone, and getting farther away every minute."

"We must follow—but in which direction?"

"In which direction? Why, in what direction would he go but toward his ally, Torrovo, the traitor? He has gone back to the 'Black Cat.'"

"He may have gone toward Buenos Ayres."

"Not he. What could he do there? I tell you, the bargain included the safety of Torrovo. The boy has gone back to join Torrovo, and the 'Black Cat' will sail for Buenos Ayres with these two precious fellows on board."

"I will order horses. We can reach the 'Black Cat' before morning. They will not sail till then. We may even overtake the boy."

Now that his stupor was over, Elvin could think and act quickly. He realized the danger in which he and his son stood as long as this intrepid and intelligent young American was alive and at large. He ordered horses to be saddled, and, after a drink to brace their nerves, father and son sat out on their errand—two men, to run down and kill a boy.

There was a moon, and the way was easily made. The horses were put to their utmost, and mile after mile was covered, but no Rob was seen.

Suddenly Starné drew up and called to Elvin.

"But you told me," said Elvin, choking with rage, and made worse by Torrovo's coolness; "you told me that he was your own nephew."

"Certainly—and so he is."

Both Elvin and Starné stood aghast at this. This was the most monumental cheek they had ever seen.

"He is Horton's nephew and mine also," said Torrovo, as if it was a matter of no importance. "You see, captain, Horton's sister married my brother."

"Liar!" shouted Starné. "Horton had but one sister. She is now in New York, and her name is Cleverdale."

"That is true, also," said Torrovo, with an imperturbable air that was amazing. "She married Senor Cleverdale after my brother died."

"But this boy's name is Cleverdale."

"Yes, they gave him that. He was only a year old when my brother died."

"But you sent him to me to spy, and report all to Horton."

"Captain, you are mistaken. I did not send him to you at all. You saw his handwriting and took him. Did I say for you to take him?"

"Enough of this talk!" exclaimed Starné. "You have told us a pack of lies. I know that Horton's sister was never married but once, and that time it was to Cleverdale. Torrovo, you are a traitor and you must pay the penalty. Where is that boy?"

"That is what I was going to ask you. You took him. I want him back. He is very valuable to me on the schooner."

"You will never see the schooner again!" shouted Starné.

Torrovo's quick eye saw the gleam in a pistol. He had none himself, but in the twinkling of an eye he had produced a long knife, and sprang upon

his course as well as he knew how, for Black Cat Bay, and started off on a run. He kept up this gait for some time and then rested. There was no sight of pursuers, so he trudged on again, keeping the direction, as he thought, straight to the river. But he did not travel as straight as he thought he did. He made quite a detour to the north, thus missing Torrovo, but toward morning reached the river a short distance above the bay. There was an island, quite a mountain, out in the river, which could be seen from the entrance to Black Cat Bay, and Rob could see it from the point where he met the river. From its position he knew he was too high up, and went down toward the anchorage.

(To be continued.)

The Tiger Got Out.

No circus menagerie is ever without its man-eater, you know," said the old wagon driver as reminiscences were in order. "We had ours when I was with Dan Rice, and the papers gave him such an awful reputation for ferocity that people dared not to come within ten feet of his cage. Of course I used to get off a lecture on him. According to my story he had killed and maimed thirteen different men, five horses, two camels and a rhinoceros. One day, after I had delivered the old stereotyped thing, that tiger pushed open the door of his cage and jumped out. Some one's carelessness, you know. There was a wild rush of people for the entrance, a general alarm outside the tents, and for a minute I was so scared that I couldn't even fall down. The tiger was looking around to see what he could tackle, when a mongrel dog not more than a third of his size came rushing up and sailed into him. True as you live, that dog humped that tiger three times around the tent, snapping at his heels all the time, and the Bengal got away from him only by leaping back into his cage. The affair got into the papers, and of course we got the grand guy all the rest of the season. It paid us, however. People who wouldn't think of going into the circus used to buy tickets to see that 'ferocious man-eater,' and he therefore brought us in more patrons than any other ten animals combined."

The Greatest Bicycle Town.

Denver, Col., enjoys the distinction of having more bicycles in proportion to population than any other city in the United States. Though Denver numbers only 160,000 souls within her city limits, she boasts of not less than 40,000 bicycles. Morning and evening alike thousands of bicycles may be seen on the streets of Denver mounted by men, women and children in every walk of life. Bicycles literally overrun things and they are used in every line of business, and street car companies say they have lost \$1,000,000 annually in traffic since bicycles have become the rage. In fact, one company went into the hands of a receiver two years ago, alleging that the universal wheel had impaired its earning to such an extent that it could not meet its interest demands. The open weather and fine natural roads are largely responsible for the popularity of the wheel, as it is conceded that ordinary riders can use their wheels daily for 50 weeks out of 52 and not suffer any annoyance from mud or snow. Add to this the fact that neither lights, brakes nor bells are required and the agility required of the non-rider in taking care of himself can be appreciated. Denver is said to be the only city in the country where the bicycle vote controls elections on municipal issues.

Banana Is a Prolific Plant.

A banana stalk yields but one bunch of fruit, and would die if it were not cut down when the fruit ripens or matures. One mat will produce from one to three bunches a year, growing continuously, as fast as one stalk is cut another taking its place. A remarkable thing about this plant is that if you cut into a half-grown stalk near the root, or any part of the stalk, a small blossom, or bunch of bananas, fully formed will soon shoot through the cut, but if allowed to grow will never reach any market value. Many people affirm that the banana and the plantain are the same fruit, but this is incorrect; although they grow like the banana an experienced person can readily distinguish the difference by the color as well as by the size of the small ribs in the leaf. The plantain grows in a bunch, but with only two or three hands to the bunch, and each finger or individual plantain is as large again as the banana and is more of a crescent shape. They are never eaten raw. The natives cook both the plantain and the banana, but prefer plantain.—National Magazine.

"Wow!"

Mrs. Nobbs—"What a funny name that nurse of the young Archduke of Austria has."

Nobbs—"What is it?"

Mrs. Nobbs—"Her name is Wowse."

Nobbs—"Well, every nursery is full of 'wows' at times, isn't it?"—Baltimore American.

As a Rival Looks at It.

"So he regards himself as a senatorial possibility," said one politician. "Undoubtedly," answered the other. "On what theory?"

"I don't know, unless it's the theory that the unexpected always happens."—Washington Star.

God and right must conquer. No great reform is born and grows to full stature in a night. Morals are subject to the laws of growth.—Rev. G. Lee V. Roberts.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"LESSONS OF THE RIVER," SUBJECT THEREOF.

Isaiah 48: 18: "O That Thou Hadst Harkened to My Commandments! Then Had Thy Peace Been Like a River."

"In the anatomy of countries the arteries are its rivers, through which throb the life and the strength of nations. Along their banks cities have planted themselves, and the whistle of the factory answering to the whistle of the boat, and the steady blow of the paddlewheel tell us that we are in a busy part of a busy world. Religion has made out of them her altars and devotees have bowed and worshipped at their shrines. By the side of the Gauges the cots of the dying are placed. As soon as the breath leaves a body, the mouth, the nostrils and the ears are filled with dirt, and the stenchful corpse floats down the stream. To the crocodile the Hindoo mother tossed her babe as an offering, and Charlemagne, to convert his kingdom to Christianity, drove hundreds of thousands of unwilling subjects like cattle into the stream, where the priests baptized them by the wholesale. Pilgrims returning from the Holy Land bring back water from the Jordan. Not because the Jordan is any better than the Abana and the Pharpar, but because we would have water from the same river into which Christ waded and into which he sank. Over the rocks leap the springs, and the creeks dash on toward the seas, and freshets come, until the water-sheds can hold no more. The whole land is drunk. As the finest gems are quarried from the darkest mines, the richest grains have waded knee-deep in the mud. The trees sink their roots and stretch out their leafy hands toward God in prayer, and everywhere the cry is, 'Drink, drink, drink give me.' Down the Rhine the tourist drifts in dreamy wonder at scenes where enchantment has been at work. Yonder a bold cliff, here a quiet pastoral.

"There history tells us a bloody battle was fought, and the dead and the wounded were pitched in until the waters were crimsoned. Here is the place where Caesar crossed, while upon that bluff a fortress has crouched for centuries. Along those embattlements the knights of old trod in armor clad. Every nook was a trysting place. In amazement you wonder how the ivy dared to climb such dizzy heights, and smile because the rocks have hidden themselves behind a curtain of green. That is the Rhine.

"Our grand old Hudson comes rolling down to the sea, flecked with white sails upon the plateaus of West Point, from which Benedict Arnold fled, on past the rugged Palisades which frown upon the opposite banks, where wealth and aristocracy have run to cover. Rocked upon the bosom of the waters, your eyes, like those of a sick child, are growing heavy. The distant hills whispering back their soft echoes, and the gentle splash from the oar blades are the lullabies singing us to sleep. The music grows fainter and fainter. All is not stilled. 'O that thou hadst harkened unto my commandments!' then had thy peace been like a river, a gentle river." Thus Isaiah pictures God weeping over the sins of his children and pleading with them to come back to his forgiving heart.

What the River Teaches.

"Lesson the first. The river teaches us the peace of obedience. Of all masters, the most inexorable is nature. She never laughs with us because we want to laugh, or weeps with us because we want to cry. Many a wedding day has been wet with shower and frozen with snows, and many a funeral procession wends its way through a garden. Even the birds may carol in the tree branches overhead when we lower the dear body into the ground, as though every heartache, sorrow, hopelessness and sob could be driven away by their happy songs. The farmers study the laws of the seasons. We plant at a certain time, reap when we ought to reap, care for the cattle as they ought to be cared for, and the more we obey the atmospheric commands the greater the crops, the fuller the hencoops and the fatter the calves. The sailors keep one eye upon the north star, another upon the compass, while the hand is flinging the sounding lead. They watch the chart as carefully as the weather cock with his bill touches the lips of the storm to feel the first breath of the wind.

Must Obey Natural Laws.

"The planets remain in the places for which they are intended. The longer we hear the 'Thou shalt' of astronomy the longer we live. Otherwise, as flying meteors, we tumble through space or dash ourselves in vain against some world destroyer. The sheep have to eat grass, the fish must live in water, the ground moles naturally burrow under the mountains, the flowers to escape the weeds find their companionship in a garden. The owls and the bats wait until darkness has settled itself before they can see to start out for food. The polar bear would soon die under the intense heat of the tropics, and an elephant would freeze to death sleeping upon an arctic iceberg. That horse has the greatest liberty who does not pull against the curb, or, as the Bible more beautifully expresses it, tries to 'kick against the prick.' For every river God makes a channel. If the water starts on the west side of the Rocky mountains it flows to the Pacific coast; if on the east side of the Alleghenies it flows to the Atlantic. God has marked out a course for your life and mine, and we must obey it, whether we will or no.

"As we follow that course, remember our peace, like a river, is not always

going to be smooth. Sometimes there will be shallows and shoals. Sometimes the miller's wheel will threaten to dash us into foam. Sometimes we shall have to go out of our way to pass a graveyard.

God Is Our Refuge.

"Martin Luther's favorite chapter was Psalm xlii. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.' And in the forty-third chapter of Isaiah we read, 'When those passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'

"Yet, so inexorable are God's laws, Naaman the warrior, to be cured of his leprosy, had to wash in the troubled Jordan, the swiftly flowing, filthy waters of the despised Jordan. 'Absurd,' answered the Napoleon of the Damascus capital. Am I going to make a spectacle of myself? I am not a hireling. I can pay for a cure. My servants are carrying the presents of 10 talents of silver and 6,000 pieces of gold and 10 changes of raiment. And I have a letter of introduction from my royal master to the king of Jerusalem. Besides that, what right have you to ask me to bathe in the waters of the Jordan? The two most beautiful rivers in the world flow past my palace door. Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel? Better than wash in them? Yet, when Naaman had submerged his will to God's will and had dipped seven times in the river Jordan, 'his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.'

Bridges.

"There is a strange theory that each bridge which spans a river has a key note. It matters not whether it be the Brooklyn bridge over the East river, or the Suspension bridge over the Ohio river, or the iron bridge over the River Tay, or the London bridges spanning the Thames, or the Parisian bridges arching the Seine. Whether they are made of iron, wood, stone, or steel. If a musician can once strike the key note of those bridges, certain waves of sound are started which will shake and oscillate and destroy the strongest bridge ever made and tumble the massive beams into the water. So manifest is this law an army on the march passing a river always breaks step for fear of starting the wood and iron in that fatal swing. Some commentators go so far as to claim that when the archangel blows the blast of the resurrection he will not make a loud sound, which will scatter earth to the four quarters of infinitude. That may be only a theory, but in our lives there are certain things we can do and certain things we cannot do.

"Once strike the key note of imperfection and keep playing it, and the bridge of moral character will totter and sway and tremble and crash into utter and everlasting demolition. May the divine finger guide us through the meadowlands and the green pastures that grow by the still waters of obedience, 'as a river, a gentle river.'

Teaches Practical Usefulness.

"Lesson the second. The river teaches the place of practical usefulness. We all look at objects from a different standpoint. The sportsman wants the river in which to fish; the manufacturer wants the river to turn his wheel; the yachtman that he might launch his craft and have it as a swan float along, spreading her white wings, dipping now and then to cool her blistering sides. The farmer utilizes the river that he may turn the waters into canals and make the desert blossom as the rose. The whole country of Egypt is dependent upon the River Nile. Every year it overflows the banks. In the thick mud the sower flings his seeds. If the river does not rise high enough to submerge the land there is a drought up and down the breadth and length of the kingdom. To this custom refers the strange passage of scripture when it says: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.' So important is the River Nile the Egyptians used to worship it as a god.

Uses of the Rivers.

"Everyone wants the river for something, from the artist studying the white caps to the pilot awake at his wheel, looking at sleeping cities or signalling passing boats filled with human cargoes, whose lights make them look like great floating palaces, while in the evening hour the lowing herds stoop to quench their thirst or watch the waters back up and overflow the meadows. Rivers were made for some practical use—so are we: 'God sent his messenger, the rain. And said unto the mountain brook, Rise up and from thy caverns look; And leap with naked, snow-white feet From the cool hills into the heat Of the broad, arid plain.'

"Now, remember the Bible was written in the vivid, intense, and picturesque language of the East, and you must interpret it accordingly. The Bible declares the promised land was a land flowing with milk and honey. Does that literally mean Palestine is a place where thousands of Alderney cows come down to the river banks and stand there chewing their cud while the Jewish maidens milk them and toss pailful after pailful of the foaming dairy treasure into the currents? Then these rivers of milk flow down, bending and winding as they go, churning themselves into islands of butter, upon which islands of butter the bees build their hives and buzz and buzz as they store the winter's food.

Our Guardian Angels.

"Turn to the thirteenth chapter of Matthew. 'If ye have faith as a grain

of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible for you.' And in the ninety-first psalm David wrote: 'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'

"Does the Bible literally mean we can say to a mountain 'Begone!' and it will tumble into the sea, or that we can jump off the ledge of rock overhanging Niagara, and the angels will fly down and catch us before we are flung under the falls? 'Of course not,' your answer. God expects every man to use his common sense. Jesus never helped anyone unless that person was first willing to help himself. He said unto him sick of the palsy, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk.' He commanded the ten lepers, 'Go show yourselves unto the priests, and it came to pass as they went they were cleansed.' And way back in the time of Job we read: 'The Lord turned the captivity of Job when he commanded him to pray for his three friends.' In other words, God did not help Job until Job's heart was ready to forgive his fellow men.

Places of Peace.

"This peace like a river is not up in the mountains, but down in the valleys, down in the home, in the store, in the factory. Anything that unfits you and myself for the ordinary duties of life and makes you unwilling as a parent to care for the child as an honest man to pay the butcher's, grocer's and clothier's bills is no gospel peace at all."

"As far as I can make out, holy water with most of us means we can tumble upon God all meanness and sins, and expect Jesus to do everything and we do nothing. Oh, for a practical gospel, for a religion to live by, as well as to die by, 'as a river—a gentle river.'

"Lastly, our peace, like a river, must have its source from above. An old axiom says water cannot run up hill. The physical law of gravity draws down, does not push up. But in Solomon's writings we read: 'All rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full unto the place from whence the rivers come, whither they return again.' And in the last chapter of Revelations St. John saw heaven as 'a pure river of water, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and on either side of the river was there the tree of life and the leaves of it were for the healing of the nations.'

"Then we turn back to the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and read 'As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, for my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither your ways my ways, saith the Lord.'

"Then the sun begins to work. The golden pulleys of evaporation lower, and the water does not climb up hill, but lifts itself unto the clouds. And if you should call, 'Whither bound, O storm?' the wind would shriek, 'I am carrying forth a reservoir that the rivers may be filled and the fields can drink so that man and beast and bird and things under the earth and above the earth shall live.'

Prayers for Blessings.

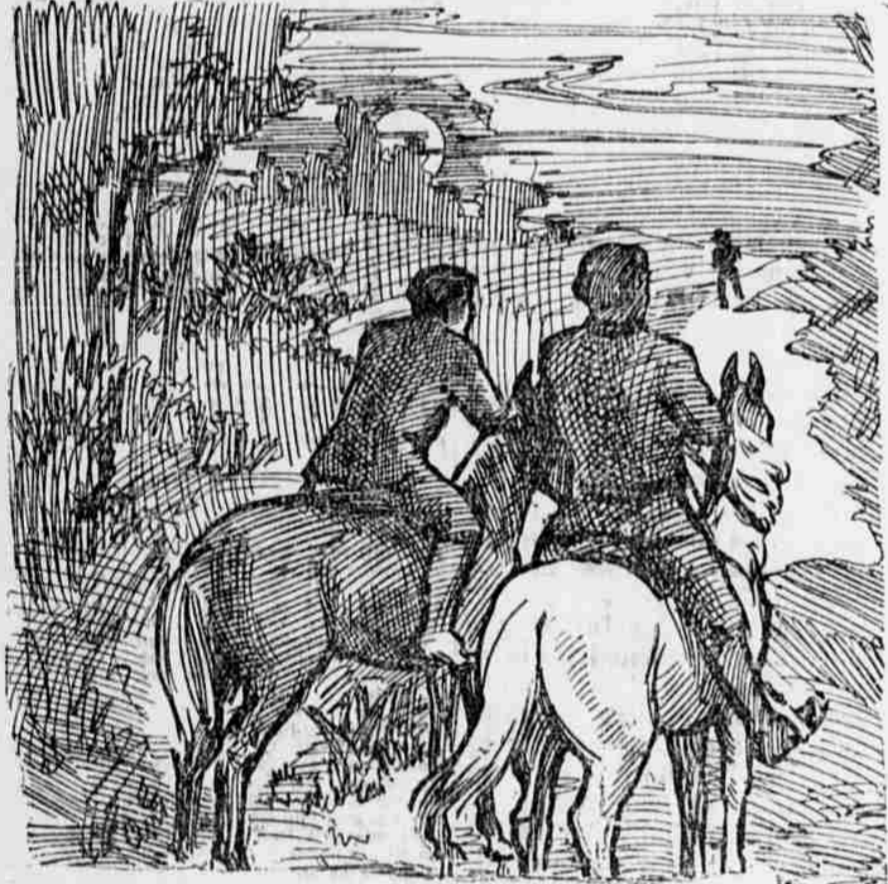
"Cannot we have this shower of blessing from above? Let us pray for a cloud burst of Pentecostal tears and the manifestations of the Holy Ghost. This thought is especially appropriate. Of all the Old Testament writers Isaiah is aptly called the evangelical prophet because he mentions many times the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and the sufferings of the crucifixion."

The Lumberman.

For all the lumberman's rough jocularly, his heart is right, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in the January Atlantic. Once the forest harbored fugitives from justice; but the railroad brought the sheriff, the sheriff brought the law, and law brings decency. Besides, as at sea and on the plains, the open air breathes a spirit of chivalry. Suppose a man affronts a waitress; twenty defenders leap to their feet. Suppose a poor fellow is hurt; round goes the hat. What is more, two comrades will drop their work and take him sixty miles to the doctor. And, sad to tell, there is need enough for that sort of sympathy. 'Woodman,' says Helen, who, in spite of my earnest remonstrance, never verifies her quotations, 'Woodman, spare that tree!' A fine hero, no doubt, is this man of the forest, a brave and a generous soul; but nevertheless, as in the case of Mr. Burgess' impurpled heifer, 'I'd rather see than be one.' For, roundly outdoing that sly humorist's confessed preference for 'fingers rather than toes,' the lumberman does his best to dispense with both. What are left by the woods are claimed by the mill.

Photographing the Inside of the Stomach.

Photographing the inside of the stomach has the sound of a very difficult operation, whereas it is really a very simple undertaking. The patient merely swallows the camera and electric light and conducts operations by a cord attached to the film. There is also a conducting wire which extends from the electric light out to an adjacent battery. The photographs are taken by pulling the cord, which enables the film to run past the lens, the electric light is then turned on until the sensitive plate has been impressed with the image. The light is then turned off and another section of the film is brought into play. When the film is exhausted the apparatus is withdrawn and the films developed and enlarged.



"BY JOVE, THAT'S TERREVO!"

"Hist!" he said. "There is a man coming this way on foot."

Elvin reined in his horse and sat looking in the direction indicated by Starné.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's Torrovo!"

And Torrovo it was, making his way on foot from the "Black Cat" to Elvin's headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Elvin and Starné rode toward him slowly.

"Be ready for treachery," said Starné. "Have your pistol in your hand. This fellow must be up to mischief."

Torrovo saw them coming, but walked on as if he feared nothing. Even had he stood in fear of his life there was no place to hide.

"Well," said Elvin, maintaining an outward coolness he did not feel. "What are you doing here? I thought you were to go to Montevideo."

"True, Captain Elvin. I am going. But I thought perhaps my nephew would be done with his new duties by now, and, as he has become very valuable on board, I am taking a walk out to your place to get him."

"Your nephew! Ha! That's good. And have you not seen that dear nephew of yours tonight?"

"I have not, captain. Else why would I be walking out to see him now. I have not been near your place this night."

"No! And neither has he! Look here, Torrovo, what is this game you are playing?"

"Game? What game? What do you mean?"

Torrovo's black eyes glistened with suspicion as he looked from one to the other. He readily saw that something unusual had happened, and from their words he believed they had discovered Rob's identity and his own duplicity.

"You know well enough what I mean. You are a traitor."

"That is what the judge said when I was convicted. That was five years ago."

"Yes, you were a traitor to your friends then, and you are a traitor to your friends now. Did you think you could hoodwink us? I knew that boy was Horton's nephew."

"So did I!" said Torrovo, stolidly.

Starné, Starné was still in the saddle, and all Torrovo could do was to slash at his legs. Starné aimed and sent a bullet into Torrovo's heart."

"One traitor less," he said, calmly, as Torrovo fell on the ground dead.

"What a glorious liar that fellow was. He would have been worth something if he could have been trusted."

"But we are in a fine fix!" said Elvin.

"The 'Black Cat' was due at Montevideo in two days to bring over General Quesada. Now we have no one to take command. We must have Quesada."

"I'll bring Quesada. The crew of the 'Black Cat' know me, and will obey me. I shall be missed in Buenos Ayres, but that won't matter. We will be masters there in less than a week. I will take the 'Black Cat' after Quesada. You lead my horse back. But you must find that boy."

"He must have gone toward Buenos Ayres."

"No, he will try to find the 'Black Cat.' Torrovo's anxiety proves that there was an agreement between them whereby the boy was to return. Torrovo's own safety depended on his keeping the boy with him and sharing the glory when we were all captured."

"It looks so. Well, I will have men out after him in the morning. He may even now be on the 'Black Cat.' If so, you will know what to do with him."

"Will I not!" replied Starné, with an evil laugh. "I'll kill him with his eyes open and looking at me."

The two men parted, Starné going on foot toward Black Cat Bay, and Elvin returning to his headquarters, leading Lemuel's horse.

But where was Rob Cleverdale, while Elvin, Starné and Torrovo were looking for him in vain?

He was on his way to the "Black Cat," as Starné suspected, but, being ignorant of the road, he had gone a little out of his way, and thus missed Torrovo.

Early in the evening, when Elvin thought he had gone to bed, the courageous young American had slipped out of the window, which was not more than five feet from the ground, and had fortunately chosen a moment when there was no one around to see him. Finding all clear, he had shaped