

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

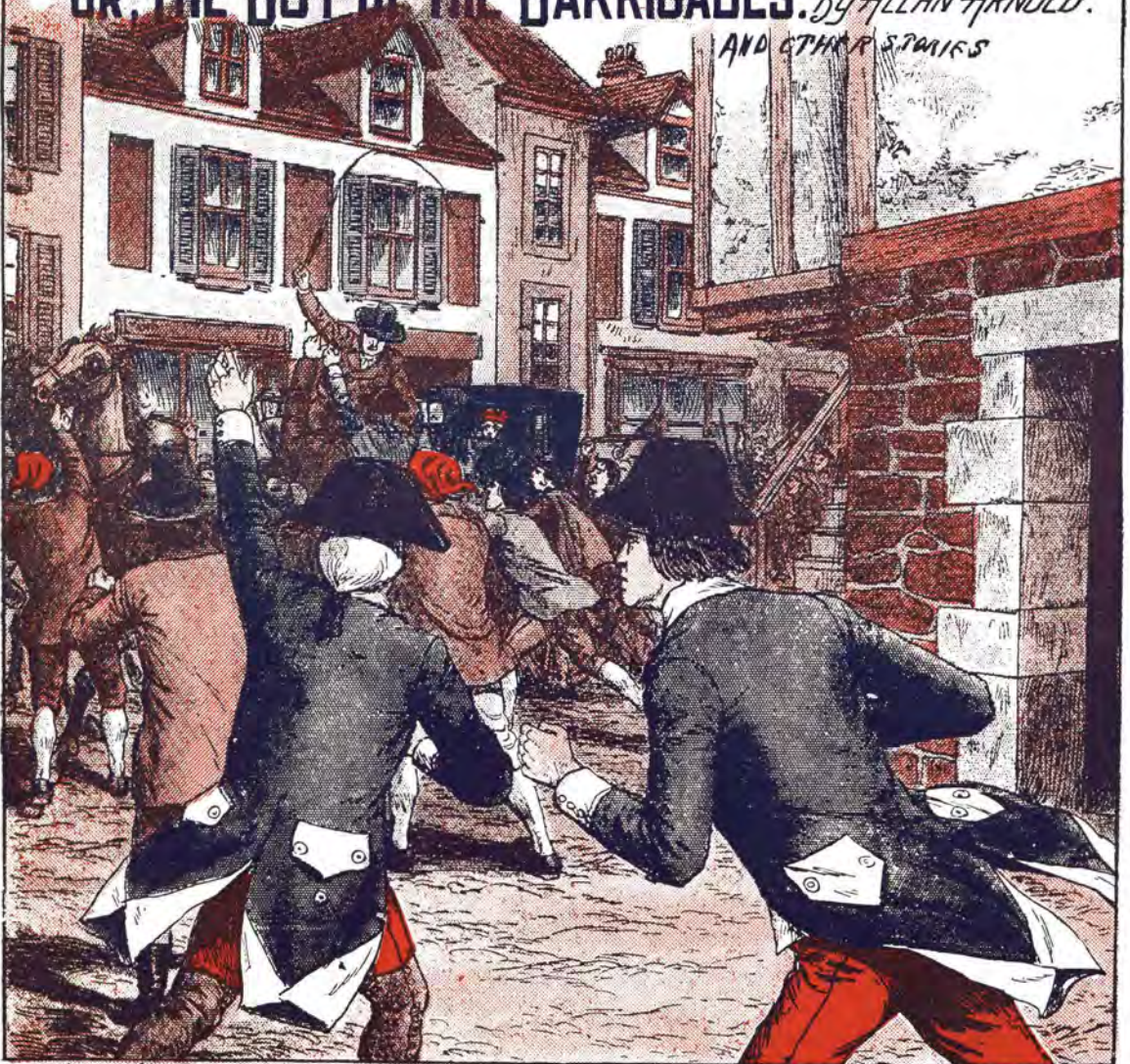
HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 25D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 1315

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1923

Price 7 Cents

THE LITTLE CORSICAN; OR, THE BOY OF THE BARRICADES. *By ALLAN ARNOLD.* AND OTHER STORIES



A terrified scream burst from the vehicle as the carriage was dragged down the street by the mob. Bonaparte and his companions attempted to go to the assistance of the woman in the carriage, but they were kept back by the mob.

Like Good Radio News? Turn to pages 24 and 25

PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolf, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1315

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1923

Price 7 Cents.

THE LITTLE CORSIGAN

OR, THE BOY OF THE BARRICADES

By ALLAN ARNOLD

CHAPTER I.—Behind the Barricades.

On a certain night somewhat late in the summer, toward the close of the last century, three persons met in Paris under peculiar circumstances. Those persons were destined to play an important part in French history thereafter. On that night a man of forty, who was possessed of a bold and cunning face, stood on the steps of a wine saloon in one of the narrow streets of Paris addressing a crowd before him in vehement language. The orator was inciting the people to raise barricades, and to fight against the military force then stationed in Paris.

France was ruled at the time by what was called a directory, composed of able men who were striving to fight the foreign enemies of the country and put down mob rule in the great city also. The king and queen had been put to death, thousands of their adherents had been sacrificed with them, and thousands more had been driven into exile, yet the fury of the people was almost as strong as ever. Mob law was still triumphant in Paris, and crowds flocked to the barricades to fight for confusion and anarchy.

No single man had ever appeared who possessed iron will and energy enough to suppress the rioters. That man would soon appear, however, and he was standing among the crowd that night listening to the orator. He was a small man, but he had a very large head and an eagle eye. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was a native of the little island of Corsica.

The orator who was inciting the people was known as Fouché, and he afterward became famous as a chief of police in France.

A young man, of very boyish appearance also, stood beside Bonaparte listening to the orator, when the former remarked in whispered tones:

"If I had my way I would shoot that fellow down this very night."

His companion nodded and replied:

"I have seen the fellow at work before here, and he was a friend of Marat. He was one of those who voted to put the king and queen to death, and he is a dangerous man and a scoundrel."

Even at that very moment Fouché was calling on the people to raise the barricades and defy the

soldiers of the Directory. A deafening shout of applause greeted his appeal, and then rang out the fearful cry that had so often thrilled through Paris, and that cry was:

"To the barricades!"

At that moment a carriage drawn by two horses rolled along the street, and someone in the mob yelled:

"Seize the carriage to aid in the barricade!"

Several wild fellows rushed to the carriage and stopped the horses, pulling the driver from his seat at the same time, while out rang the cries:

"Down with the aristocrats!"

A terrified scream burst from the vehicle as the carriage was dragged down the street by the mob. In the meantime other vehicles were drawn across the street, stones were piled on them, and barrels and boxes were dragged to the same spot by willing hands.

Young Bonaparte and his friend were actually prisoners behind the barricade, and so was the lady in the carriage and her young son, who appeared to be a manly little fellow of thirteen years. When Fouché advanced to the carriage door he recognized the lady, and he bowed to her with mock civility as he said:

"I am delighted to meet you, madame. Please step into the saloon with your boy, as this is not a place for a lady."

The lady recognized the man also, and she addressed him in civil tones, saying:

"Monsieur Fouché, I would be ever so much obliged to you if you will permit me to go to my home with my son."

"That cannot be at present, ma'am. Please follow me into the saloon."

Holding her son by the hand, the woman did follow the man into the saloon, while she still kept pleading for her release. The little Corsican, as he was called by his fellow soldiers, followed the lady into the saloon also with his companion. That companion was not a stranger behind the barricades, as he was formerly a wild gamine of the streets of Paris. Whispering to Bonaparte, Captain Gustave said:

"I know the fellows we have to deal with here, and I advise you to keep silent if you wish to live until morning."

The Little Corsican nodded his head and then cast a glance at the woman who was taken prisoner. She did not appear to be more than twenty-five years of age at most. She had brilliant dark eyes and a complexion of the same tint, such as has been noticed among the natives of Spain and the West Indies. In truth, the beautiful young woman was a native of the West Indies. Her name was Josephine Beauharnais, she was a widow, and her husband was a Frenchman who had been put to death as an aristocrat. The little fellow at her side shook his first at Fouché, as he cried:

"How dare you treat my mother in this way, you bad man?"

Fouché smiled at the boy as he replied, in mocking tones:

"My brave little fellow, you will now have a chance to serve your country by fighting behind the barricades."

"I will not fight behind the barricades," replied the little fellow. "I will fight with the good and brave men who are battling with the Austrians."

"That's a gallant little fellow," remarked Napoleon's companion.

Bonaparte nodded his head and cast an admiring glance at the beautiful woman as he inquired in subdued tones:

"How can we assist the lady? She is the most charming creature I ever beheld."

"By keeping quiet for the present, and waiting a chance to rescue the lady and her son."

The young officers were dressed as common mechanics, and they were out that evening for the purpose of examining sections of Paris where the rioters formed their barricades. Young Bonaparte was taking notes from the very first moment of the forming of the barricades, and the weak points of the rioters were carefully noted by him. Fouché soon noticed the young men lingering in the saloon, and he approached them, crying:

"Out to the barricades, you idlers, and work to defeat the murderous soldiers in the morning. Have I not seen you before?"

The question was addressed to Captain Gustave, who answered with a pleasant smile:

"Yes, citizen, I have worked behind the barricades ere now with you."

The man's cunning eyes were then fixed on young Bonaparte, as he inquired:

"Have I not seen you before?"

Young Bonaparte spoke with a peculiar accent as he replied, saying:

"Not that I remember, sir. I have not been in the city a great while."

"Where do you come from?" demanded Fouché.

"From Corsica."

"Then, my little Corsican, you and your companion here had better be out behind the barricades and see to your arms, as we may have hot work to-night."

Before passing out as thus ordered, young Bonaparte cast a sympathetic glance at the lady and her son, who were then seated in a corner of the saloon. The lady did not notice the glance, but the bright boy at her side caught the expression in those magnetic eyes. The little Corsican and his companion hastened out, and busied themselves, apparently, in preparing for the coming

struggle; but the former was still taking mental notes to use against the rioters. While they were thus engaged, the little boy who was with the lady stole up to Bonaparte and pressed his hand as he whispered in manly tones:

"I think you are our friend, sir."

The little Corsican patted the boy on the head as he replied in his shrill tones:

"You may be certain of that, my boy."

"Then you will save my mother from those dreadful men?"

"We will, my brave boy. Where is your mother now?"

"That wicked man has sent her upstairs, and he forced me out here to fight behind the barricades. I do not want to fight with the bad men, but I will remain with you, as I think you have kind eyes."

Bonaparte smiled at the compliment thus bestowed on him, and he pressed the boy's hand again, saying:

"Then remain with me, my brave little fellow, and you will not fight with the bad men."

Fouché kept his eye on the Little Corsican, and he noticed that he was very active in selecting arms and in strengthening the barricades. Bonaparte kept his eye on Fouché in turn, as he whispered to Captain Gustave:

"If that wretch would but retire to sleep we may rescue the lady and her son."

Captain Gustave nodded and replied:

"Yes, if Fouché would but sleep, I have a plan in my head for getting them out of the barricades."

"What is your plan, Gustave?"

"She must disguise herself as one of those wild women who are working here now with the men, and pass out with one of us as if seeking more arms."

Bonaparte smiled at the idea and then replied, saying:

"It is a good plan, and we will try it if that rascal lies down to rest."

Having thus formed a plan, Gustave set about procuring some rough female clothing for the unfortunate lady. Bonaparte kept busy around the barricades, with one eye always fixed on Fouché, as he said to himself:

"That rascal must rest soon, and I hope he will retire when the barricades are completed."

In the meantime, word came to Fouché that several other sections of the city had formed barricades also. The whole city was in a fearful uproar that night, as the leaders of the rioters had determined to crush the Directory at once, and formed a body composed of their own rash fellows. Then anarchy and terror would reign again. The soldiers who had returned to Paris to maintain order were on the alert preparing their arms for the strife on the morrow, but they missed the Little Corsican who had led them to victory against foreign enemies.

Fouché retired to rest at last, and then Captain Gustave sought out the lady, who was a prisoner, to inform her of the plan adopted for her rescue. The brave lady adopted the suggestion at once, and then hastened to disguise herself as proposed. Her little son clung to Bonaparte that night, but the Little Corsican noticed that four or five of Fouché's fellows were keeping a constant watch

on the boy, as if to prevent him from escaping. Bonaparte saw several chances of his escaping from behind the barricades, but it seemed impossible to take the brave boy with him.

CHAPTER II.—Before the Barricades.

It was all important for the Little Corsican to return to his command as soon as possible, as he knew that the soldiers would become demoralized at his absence. Friendship for the boy was all well enough, and so was his admiration for the handsome lady, but duty was the uppermost thought in the mind of the oldier. It was after midnight before the brave lady managed to push out from behind the barricades with Captain Gustave, and she reached a place of safety with her companion for the time.

Acting under the instructions of Bonaparte, Gustave did not give his own name or that of his companion, and the lady believe that she was indebted to two mechanics for her liberation. She was in terrible trouble about her little son, but Captain Gustave consoled her, saying:

"My friend has him in charge, and I swear to you that he will save him, madam."

"Will you return to the barricades, now?" she asked.

"I will return to my friends," was the reply.

The brave young soldier then started off to the barracks, where he was informed that their young general had not yet put in an appearance.

Gustave then hastened back to the barricades, where he was admitted on giving the password. He found the little Corsican attempting to pass out with the boy, but four rough-looking fellows seized the lad at the moment and declared that he was the prisoner of their leader.

"We have orders," said one of them, "that this boy must not leave the barricades to-night. If he attempts it again we will lock him up in the dark cellar."

Bonaparte knew that resistance would result in the destruction of all, and he addressed the fellow, saying:

"The boy is a stranger to me, and he has been my companion for the last hour or two, because he appeared to be friendless here."

The fellow retorted in gruff tones, saying:

"He will have friends enough here to-morrow when the work commences, as Fouché is determined that he must fight behind the barricades."

The boy was about to retort when Bonaparte motioned him to be silent. The Little Corsican then addressed the rough fellows again, saying:

"Very well, my friends. The little fellow will remain with you, and so will we. We will all fight at the barricades in the morning."

"Yes," said one of the rioters, "and we will then show the Little Corsican that he cannot come here to bully the people of Paris."

After a while Bonaparte drew the little fellow aside and said to him:

"My dear boy, you see that it is impossible to take you out to-night. Your mother is safe, but you must remain here for the present."

The little fellow smiled up into the face he admired so much, and bravely replied:

"So long as my mother is safe it does not matter about me."

"I will return to save you, my friend," said the Little Corsican, "but I must go forth as soon as possible. If you will retire to the saloon and strive to rest until morning, all will be well."

The boy looked up at the expressive countenance again, and then firmly replied:

"I will do as you request, and I feel certain that you are a true friend."

"I am a true friend, and I will save you."

The little fellow then retired to the tavern with an easy mind, and he was soon enjoying the sound sleep of youth. Bonaparte and his friend managed to steal out from behind the barricades soon after. They had not proceeded far towards the barracks when the Little Corsican remarked:

"Captain Gustave, I promise you that we will have hot work to-morrow."

"Will we succeed against the riotous rascals, general?" earnestly inquired the young officer.

Bonaparte rested his head on his breast in that attitude so often noted, and it seemed as if he was then looking into the future. After meditating some moments he muttered aloud, as if communing with himself:

"Yes, order must be restored in France. All true Frenchmen must strike against the foreign foe, and all traitors must be crushed."

The young general did not say another word until they reached the barracks, where his soldiers were delighted to receive him. Even at that early date the Little Corsican inspired old veterans with the belief in his invincibility. They knew that if he led them against the barricades tomorrow success would crown their efforts. They felt that the star of Bonaparte was still rising, and that he was not doomed to defeat by the hands of those who would fight on the morrow to ruin their country.

On the following morning Fouché was furious when he learned of the escape of the handsome woman. He was a little consoled, however, on finding that her son was still in his power. Drawing the little fellow into a private room, the cunning man demanded:

"Do you know where your mother is?"

"Yes, I know that she is safe at home."

"How did she escape?"

"I will not tell you, sir."

Fouché scowled at the brave boy in a furious manner, as he demanded:

"What is your name?"

"Eugene, sir."

"Did you not say last night that you would not fight with the people?"

The little fellow stared back in a defiant manner as he replied:

"I will fight with the people when they go out to fight the enemies of France. My father fought for the Republic, and what you call the people put him to death. I will not fight behind the barricades against the soldiers."

Another dark scowl appeared in Fouché's face, and he hissed forth:

"But I say that you will fight with the people behind the barricades. It will be a great thing to tell your mother that her son was in the ranks with those she despises so much. She is an aristocrat, and we will make you one of the people."

The boy hesitated a moment as to his reply, and then his brave eyes flashed defiance again as he responded:

"You may put me to death, but you cannot compel me to fight against the brave soldiers who have just returned from beating back the enemies of France."

"We will see about that," said Fouché, as he turned to summon some of his followers.

Addressing one of the rough fellows who kept watch on the boy during the night, he said to him:

"Take this boy out to the barricade, and place him in a good position. Give him a small gun, and see that he uses it against the troops of the tyrants. One of you stand on each side of him during the conflict, and strike him down if he attempts to leave his position."

The brave lad was then led away by the rough fellows, but he cast one more defiant glance back at Fouché, as he cried:

"You may kill me, but you cannot compel me to fire on the brave soldiers."

"We will compel you," said the rough fellow who had him in charge.

Soon after that Fouché received a message from the boy's mother begging of him to release her son. The cunning man sent back the following message at once:

"Your son is in the ranks of the people, and he is about to fight behind the barricades. He is a brave youth, and I feel that he will distinguish himself against the tyrants of France."

The leader of the barricade was very busy that morning receiving messages from the other sections. All those messengers declared that the barricades were perfect, that the people were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and that the soldiers would be defeated with great slaughter if they attempted an attack on the patriots of Paris.

Fouché was so busy in receiving the messengers and making other preparations for the strife that he did not notice the absence of the Little Corsican and his companion until two hours after daybreak. At that time a cry arose that the troops were advancing to attack the barricades. On making a hasty inspection of those under him, Fouché could not observe the Little Corsican with the remarkable eyes, and he made inquiries about him. Several of his followers had noticed the stranger on the previous night, but no one could give an account of him that morning.

Captain Gustave was also missed from the ranks of the rioters. On making further inquiries Fouché found that the two deserters had the passwords all correct, and that they were very busy on the previous night in working at the barricades.

"Then they must be engaged in some of the other streets," remarked Fouché, "and I will be certain to know the Corsican when I see him again. The other I remember well, as he fought with the people in other days."

At that moment a rumbling sound was heard in the distance, and some of the rioters cried:

"The soldiers are coming!"

"Prepare to resist them!" cried Fouché. "This day we will show the tyrants that the people are all powerful."

The rumbling noise grew louder and louder as the troops advanced, and then the bristling guns

appeared in the distance. Fouché heard the sound and he watched the approaching troops with great interest. As the column grew nearer and nearer the cunning man could perceive that they were bringing the artillery in force against them, and he exclaimed:

"The Little Corsican is an artillery officer, and his guns played well at Toulon, but we will show him that the people of Paris will laugh at him."

On and on came the troops, with the artillery in front, the infantry following, and the heavy dragoons bringing up the rear. In front of the guns rode a young officer on horseback, who kept his eyes fixed on the barricades, while he issued his orders to those behind him in shrill, ringing tones. Fouché fixed his eye on that officer as he approached, and he said to himself:

"That is a fearless youth, but he will be the first to fall by our fire."

It was the custom in those days for the officer in command of the troops to order the rioters to disperse, and the young man now advancing pushed on to a hailing distance to give the warning. As Fouché kept watching the young officer he muttered to himself:

"That face is familiar to me, but who can it be? He seems a mere youth."

When the mere youth advanced still closer Fouché recognized him at last, and he exclaimed: "Perdition seize me if it is not the little Corsican who worked with us here last night."

Several others behind the barricades then recognized the young officer, and out rang a wild shout, while some cried:

"Death to the spy and the traitor!"

"Yes, mark him well," cried Fouché, "as that is the little Corsican who was with us last night."

It was the little Corsican who was with them last night, but the rioters had yet to learn that he was the famous young soldier who had retaken Toulon, and who was then in command of the troops in Paris.

Bonaparte was to play a trying part that day. Could he put down the rioters of Paris when other generals had failed, or was his star to go down that day forever?

CHAPTER III.—Through the Barricades.

Little Eugene was one of the first to recognize the young officer who was so fearlessly advancing, and a cry of joy escaped from him ere he muttered to himself, saying:

"I knew he was a brave man, and that he would not fight with the wicked wretches here."

The men guarding the little fellow heard the cry of joy coming from him, and they fancied that he was delighted at the prospect of a conflict, as one of them remarked:

"He has changed his tune, and the little rascal is a brave fellow."

Bonaparte advanced until he was within hailing distance, when he pulled up his horse and sang out in shrill tones:

"I have orders to disperse all riotous gatherings, and I call on you to retire in the name of the law."

A wild shout of defiance arose from the barricades, and Fouché cried:

"Down with the tyrants."

The little Corsican only waited to issue his command when he turned the horse around and galloped back to his troops again. While in the act of riding back an order was given at the barricades, and out rang the guns in the hands of the rioters. The bullets whistled around Bonaparte and his horse, and four of his men in front fell at the first fire.

Yet calm and steady, as if on parade, was that young general when he regained his men. Glancing at the barricades once more he gave his orders in those shrill tones, so often heard on the field of battle. Another volley burst from the barricade before the big guns commenced to play. Then fearful was the crashing of the leaden balls among the rioters.

Directing one gun with his own hand, the Little Corsican aimed it at the weakest point before him, and down tumbled barrels and boxes in frightful confusion. Some of the gunners were ordered to play on the houses at each side of the barricades, while the weak points were pointed out to others by that heroic little general.

Fouche watched the struggle with intense interest and then with amazement. His own men were firing with steady courage, and several of the soldiers fell. Yet on blazed the cannon, down tumbled the fortification, and several breaches were already made.

Fouche's amazement increased when he saw his men falling around him on all sides, and he expected to see the foot soldiers in front dash in through the breaches made by those terrible guns. The foot soldiers did not appear at the time, however, but those fearful guns kept playing away, while out rang the shrill voice of the young general as he cried:

"Aim low, my good fellows. Batter the houses down on the sides, and then we will fire at the riotous rascals with the cold steel."

The rioters were already demoralized, yet they kept their ground mid the fearful havoc. Never had they given way before the troops when guarded by those barricades. Never had the troops assailed them with such a dreadful fire from the blazing cannon. And never before had so cool a general and so skillful in his management marched against the mobs of Paris.

Little Eugene was so enchanted with the dreadful scene that he could only shout with joy. While the fearful balls were striking the bulwarks on all sides of him, he kept his eye fixed in the direction of the gallant young general who had befriended him on the previous night. Now and again when the smoke would clear away the little fellow could perceive the boyish-looking officer moving around among his guns, and he could hear that shrill voice ringing out at times.

Consternation and dismay seized on the rioters at last, and they turned to fly in every direction. One of the men having little Eugene in charge was knocked down by a ball almost at the outset. The other fellow kept his eye on the boy, however, and when he turned to fly with the survivors he dragged Eugene with him, saying:

"You are a prisoner, and you must come with me."

Fouche noticed the little fellow at the same moment, and he cried to the man:

"Yes, secure the boy, and bear him away to one of the other barricades. That fiend of a Little Corsican will sweep us all away here if we do not retire. The day is not over, however, and the people will conquer yet."

The day was not over, but the first grand movement had been made by the Little Corsican. Away fled the surviving rioters in the utmost confusion, and then in through the barricades swept the troops, led by their little general. Down went the barricades on all sides, the Little Corsican directing the work of destruction. Then in dashed the cannon, and on toward the bulwarks at the other side of the street. The foot soldiers swept in also, and up into the houses they dashed to clear them and to seize the armed rioters therein. When the street was clear in rushed the heavy cavalry, and on through the next fortification of the rioters which had been torn away by cannon balls.

From street to street, and from barricade to barricade, the Little Corsican swept, clearing all before him. It was bloody work, and he felt that it was cruel work also, but it was necessary to maintain law and order in Paris, or France would be destroyed.

Ere the sun went down that evening every barricade was destroyed, and every rioter killed, wounded, or dispersed, while several of them were flung into the prisons to suffer for their crimes. During all that day of turmoil and strife Bonaparte never forgot the handsome little boy who was his companion on the previous night. And he did not forget his brilliant mother, either.

Captain Gustave looked for the boy also in the houses near the first barricade, but he could not find any account of the bright lad.

General Bonaparte looked for Fouche also, as he was anxious to secure that cunning man and to punish him for inciting the rioters. Fouche was not to be found, however, as he had disappeared.

The little boy was still in charge of the rough fellow who had dragged him away from the barricades, and who was one of Fouche's sworn adherents. Even at that time the great police chief had a secret band of adherents in Paris who worked for him with the utmost fidelity. When the struggle was over that night and the good people of Paris commenced to feel that the Reign of Terror was over a rough-looking fellow called on the mother of the missing son and said to her:

"I have come to tell you about your son."

The lady was in a terried state of distress about the boy, and she imploringly inquired:

"Oh, where is he?"

"I cannot tell you, madame," answered the man, "until you make me a solemn promise."

"What promise must I make?"

"Your son will be returned to you at once without receiving an injury if you will swear to me to befriend Monsieur Fouche hereafter, and forgive him for the part he played last night. He assures you through me that he only acted as he did to serve you, as you would have lost your life if the rioters had discovered who you were."

The lady adored her son, yet she hesitated to make a compact with Fouche. The man saw her hesitation and he spoke in stern tones as he said:

"If you do not promise what I ask you will never see your son again."

"What is it you do ask?"

"I ask you to swear that you will befriend Fouche hereafter, and protect him against his enemies if it is in your power."

The woman did not dream that she would ever rise to great power, and she at once answered:

"I swear to you solemnly that I will befriend Monsieur Fouche all in my power hereafter if he will restore my son to me now."

The rough man drew a false beard from his face and bowed to the lady as he replied:

"Madame, I am Fouche himself, and your son will be restored to you at once. Remember your oath hereafter, and see that you protect me, if possible, against my enemies."

The woman was startled on recognizing the man, but she replied in earnest tones:

"I will not forget my oath, and I will be your friend hereafter if you will restore my son."

It was a fatal promise for that handsome lady to make, as Fouche imposed on it in after days.

CHAPTER IV.—The Boy of the Barricades.

The lady drew back from Fouche with a feeling of repulsion, after giving her solemn word, as she stammered forth:

"Where is my son now?"

"I assure you that he is safe, madam, and I will have him here with you soon; but I wish to have a few words of explanation with you."

The beautiful woman drew herself up proudly as she demanded:

"I cannot see what further explanations are necessary. I have given you my solemn promise that I will befriend you hereafter if you will restore my boy to me, and I can only say now that I will keep my oath."

Fouche smiled and bowed as he responded:

"I am certain of that, madam, but still I would like to say a few words to you."

"Speak on, then."

"You are well acquainted with Monsieur Barras, who is the present head of the Directory, I know, madam."

"I am well acquainted with the gentleman, sir."

"And you have influence with him?"

"Some slight influence, perhaps."

"Then I would request that you use that influence in my behalf at present. I am now on the losing side, and I will be put to death as a rebel if I am taken."

The lady only nodded in reply, and Fouche continued, saying:

"Through the bravery and superior generalship of that little Corsican officer to-day, I can perceive that the days of the barricades are over. Barras will now be President of the Republic, and he will be all-powerful for the time; but I assure you, and I predict that another will take his place ere very long."

The lady was somewhat of a politician, and she listened attentively until the man was through, when she then inquired:

"Can you predict who that other will be, sir?"

"I can, madam, in confidence. That other will be the little Corsican who commanded the troops to-day. He is the man of the future, and I have

a presentiment that he will be the greatest man in France before many years."

"Who is this little Corsican?" inquired the lady, "and what is he like?"

"All I can say about him is that he was born in Corsica, and that his name is Napoleon Bonaparte. He commanded the artillery at the siege of Toulon, where he was very successful, and he put down the barricades in Paris to-day, a feat which could not be accomplished by generals twice his age."

"How old is he, then, sir?"

"I believe he is about twenty-five, but he does not appear to be more than twenty-one. I saw him recently, and I was impressed with his countenance. If he does not fall in battle soon, I predict that he will carve a name for himself in history."

The lady reflected for some moments, and it was very evident that she was becoming interested in the remarkable little Corsican as she inquired:

"How is it possible that so young a man could achieve such distinction, sir?"

"Because he possesses wonderful genius, courage, and skill. Mark my words, madame, he will become the leader of the French people before he is thirty years of age."

The lady was very anxious to inquire more about the Little Corsican, but anxiety about her son prevailed over her curiosity, and she curtly remarked:

"You have my promise, sir, and now I want my son."

"Your son will be produced in a very short time, madame. I would advise you in all kindness to seek the acquaintance of the Little Corsican as soon as possible, and judge of him for yourself."

As Fouche spoke he replaced his disguise and moved toward the door. Pausing there a moment, he addressed the lady again, saying:

"I trust you will not mention my name in connection with the disappearance of your son."

"I will not, sir."

The man then hastened away, and the young widow seated herself to wait the return of her son, as she muttered aloud:

"It is strange that I have never met this Little Corsican who has so distinguished himself. Can it be that he is the coming man? Fouche was a keen man, and he has deep penetration. I will seek to know this Napoleon Bonaparte and study him for myself."

In less than half an hour Fouche returned in his disguise, and little Eugene was with him. Great was the joy of the beautiful woman on beholding her son, and she clasped him around the neck, and kissed him over and over again as she exclaimed:

"My dear boy, what you must have suffered while you were away from me."

The little fellow laughed in a joyous manner, and then replied:

"Dear mother, I did not suffer at all, as I had immense fun. I witnessed several battles from behind the barricades, and I saw that brave young general driving the wretches from street to street. No one was unkind to me except that wretch who led us into the saloon last night, and who forced me to take a place behind the barricades. I would like to kill that wretch."

The disguised Fouche was still present, and it was evident that Eugene did not recognize him. The lady caught a meaning glare from the man's eyes, and she addressed her son in upbraiding tones, saying:

"You misjudge that gentleman, my dear boy."

"How is that, mother?"

"Well, I can tell you that he intended to befriend us."

"I can scarcely believe that, mother."

"I will explain hereafter, my son."

"Well, dear mother, whatever your explanation may be, I hate that wretch; but, oh, how I do admire that noble young officer who burst through the barricades. I tell you he is a hero, and I will fight under him. You should see him directing the gunners while a hundred guns were aimed at him, and you should hear his voice ringing out above the roar of the cannon. He will be a great man, mother, and he is a great man now."

Fouche nodded to the lady in approval, as if he meant to say:

"You see that your son believes as I do about the Little Corsican."

The lady withdrew to dismiss Fouche, saying:

"I thank you for restoring my son to me, and I will not forget my pledge to you."

"I trust that you will not, madam, and I may be of great service to you in the future. I am on the losing side now, but I feel that there is a future for me in France, as well as for the Little Corsican."

"I will remember you, sir."

Fouche left the house and the lady turned to embrace her again, saying:

"My dear Eugene, you must tell me all about your adventure behind the barricades."

"All I can remember, dear mother, is that I was placed in front of that first barricade, and that I delighted in the strife when I saw the soldiers under that little officer advancing to crush them."

"Then I was hurried from street to street and from barricade to barricade until the dreadful struggle was over. But I do want to tell you about one little fellow who was very kind to me, and who came here with me now."

"Who is he, Eugene?"

"He is a ragged boy, a little taller than myself, who was fighting behind several of the barricades, and his name is Paul."

"Then he is one of the mob, my son."

"He was, mother, but he is such a dear, brave boy, and he was so kind to me. He saved my life at the last barricade, and you must be kind to him, too."

"I am sure I will, for your sake, Eugene. And you say he is here in the house?"

"Yes, he is downstairs now, mother, but I want to tell you how I met him."

"Go on, my son."

"You must know, mother, that a big, rough wretch dragged me from barricade to barricade, and he said he did it to save me. At the last barricade the brute was shot down, and I was left alone. Paul saw me and spoke kindly to me, although he was firing away with his gun at the same time."

The lady was trembling with emotion at the recital, and she then inquired:

"And were you really behind the barricades

near where they were fighting at the time, my son?"

"I was, mother. The cannon balls were flying around me on all sides, and I didn't know which way to turn when Paul placed me behind an iron pillar, where I was safe for the time. When the barricade was broken down and the soldiers rushed in all the rioters fled save Paul and myself. One of the soldiers made a cut at me with his sword, when little Paul warded off the blow with his gun and cried out to the soldier that I was not one of the rioters. He then dragged me into a house close by, and gave me bread and wine."

Tears appeared in the lady's eyes, and she embraced her son again as she gasped forth:

"He must be a noble little fellow, Eugene, and I will be his friend, indeed. Now, tell me what happened to you afterward?"

"I will, mother. Paul said he would bring me home as soon as the streets were cleared. Soon after that the man who brought me here came into the house with three or four other rough fellows. When the man saw me he whispered some words to the others, and they at once seized me."

"The wretches!" exclaimed the lady.

"That was what Paul called them, mother, and he sprang at them as if he would kill them all. Then the man who brought me here seized Paul, and dragged him aside and spoke a few words into his ear. Then the good boy came to me, and told me not to be frightened, that he would protect me, but that it was necessary to remain in the house for two or three hours, until it would be safe to travel through the streets."

"Did the man who brought you here treat you any way unkindly, Eugene?" inquired the lady.

"Not in the least, mother. At Paul's request, the men holding me released me. Then the man I speak of left the house soon after."

The lady was anxious to know if her son had any suspicion as to whom the man was, and she inquired:

"Did you ever see that man before, my son?"

"Not that I remember, mother. Very little more remains to be said. The man came back in about an hour or so and said that he would take me to my mother. I said that I would not go with him unless Paul accompanied me. Paul did accompany me here, mother, and I begged of him to remain with me until you saw him. Oh, dear mother, you must be kind to him, as he is a noble boy, and so brave, even though he did fight with the rioters."

The lady embraced her son again, thinking of the dreadful dangers he had passed through, and she then addressed him in tender tones, saying:

"I will be kind to your young friend, Eugene. Bring him up here to me at once, and see what we can do for him."

With a joyful shout Eugene hastened out of the room, crying:

"If I have my way, Paul will be my companion while I live."

He soon reappeared in the room again, holding a rough-looking lad of seventeen by the hand, as he said to his mother:

"Dear mother, this is my friend Paul, who saved my life to-day."

The lady hastened to clasp the boy by the hand, and sweet was the smile she bent on his rough countenance as she said:

"My dear young friend, from my very heart I thank you for your kindness to my son."

The rough boy's face flushed under the glorious eyes as he stammered forth:

"Oh, that was nothing, madam."

"It was a great deal to me, my brave boy, and I will remember you while I live. What can I do for you now, I would like to know?"

The boy blushed again and held down his head under the lady's gaze, as he stammered forth:

"Nothing at all, madam."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Paul, madam."

"Have you no other name?"

The boy drew himself up proudly for a moment, and a smile of confidence appeared on his rough face as he replied in bolder tones:

"Oh, yes, madam. I am known as Paul, the Boy of the Barricades."

The lady smiled at the reply, and then inquired in her kindly tones:

"And why are you called the Boy of the Barricades?"

"Because I love to fight behind the barricades. Every time we have a row I shoulder my gun and take my place behind a barricade. It is glorious work, madam."

The lady smiled again, and asked:

"But wouldn't it be more glorious work for you to fight for France on the open field against the foreign enemies, good Paul?"

The boy rubbed his head, and a perplexed expression appeared on his rough face as he replied: "I never thought of that. I always fought with my friends at the barricades, but none of them ever spoke to me about going outside the city to fight against foreign enemies."

"They should have spoken to you about it, my brave boy," said the patriotic lady, still speaking in her softest tones. "It is the duty of every good Frenchman to go and fight the foreign enemies, and they are not wise who remain here in Paris to riot and throw up barricades against the soldiers."

"I am going to fight as a soldier against the enemies of France," cried little Eugene. "I am going to fight under the Little Corsican who led the troops against the barricades to-day."

The rough boy stared at the little fellow as he thus expressed himself, and then Paul's eyes brightened with fervor as he exclaimed:

"Ah, that was a brave little soldier. Twice did I aim at him as he directed his gunners, and now I am glad that I missed him. I saw him afterwards ordering his men to spare the people, and I heard him telling the soldiers to look to our wounded as well as to his own. How I would like to fight under such a leader."

"Then come with me and fight under him," cried Eugene. "I will ask permission of my dear mother to enlist under brave General Bonaparte."

The mother watched the two boys with smiling interest as she said to herself:

"This Corsican must be a young hero, indeed, to thus inspire all who witness him in a battle. First it is Fouché, then my Eugene, and now this

rude boy of the streets is enraptured with him also."

"When is the Corsican going forth to fight against the foreign enemies?" inquired Paul.

"Very soon, you may be certain," replied Eugene. "Mother, will you not give me permission to go and ask them to return my father's sword to me? I will see General Bonaparte in the morning. I will tell him that they keep my father's sword from me, and I am certain that he will give it to me, for, oh, he was so kind to me behind the barricade last night."

"Bonaparte behind the barricade, my son? I do not understand what you mean?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Did you not notice the two young men who were in the saloon when we were taken in there?"

"Yes, my son, and one of them was good enough to serve me by leading me forth in disguise."

Eugene then went on to tell about the manner in which the Little Corsican had treated him, and the lady was surprised to hear that the brilliant young general was behind the barricade in disguise, while tears appeared in her brilliant eyes at the thought of the kindness he had displayed toward her son.

"May Heaven bless the Little Corsican," she gasped forth, "and may he prosper in his glorious career until he delivers France from all her enemies."

The lady then questioned the rough boy as to his former life, when she discovered that he was an orphan, that he actually lived in the streets of Paris, and that his greatest ambition in life was to fight against the tyrants behind the barricades. She saw that he had a kind, manly heart, however, and that there was material in him for a gallant soldier. Both mother and son urged the boy to remain with them that night, and he consented, as he said to Eugene:

"I like you, little fellow, and your mother is a noble lady. But what do you want with a rough fellow like me, who only cares for living in the streets and for fighting behind the barricades?"

"I don't think you will ever fight behind the barricades again, Paul," said the lady.

"Why not, madam?"

"Because I am informed on good authority that the little officer you saw fighting to-day has put them down forever."

The rude lad shook his head, and then replied:

"That little Corsican is a fiend at fighting, but I do not believe that he could put down the barricades forever, as the people of Paris could not exist without them."

The lady saw that it would be useless to argue with the rough youth, and she left him with her son for the time.

On the following morning, while General Bonaparte was receiving reports from his officers, a small boy requested permission to see him. The young general kindly consented, and Eugene was introduced into the apartment, followed by Paul.

Bonaparte at once recognized the son of the beautiful woman who had never left his mind during all the fierce struggle on the previous day. Grasping the little fellow by the hand, the Little Corsican exclaimed:

"I am delighted to see you, Eugene, as I have

been thinking about you this morning. And who have we here with you?"

The boy's eyes blazed with enthusiasm at being thus received by General Bonaparte, and he replied with boyish emotion:

"Oh, General Bonaparte, I saw you fight yesterday, and I told my mother all about you. This is a noble boy who saved my life at the barricades, and he calls himself Paul, the Boy of the Barricades."

CHAPTER V.—Paul and the Little Corsican.

Bonaparte bent his keen eyes on the uncouth boy for a moment, and his heavy eyebrows contracted as he inquired:

"Why do you call yourself the Boy of the Barricades?"

The gamin appeared confused for a moment under that piercing glance, but he soon answered in bold tones:

"That is what my fellows call me, because I am always with them when we fight behind the barricades."

The Little Corsican's brow lowered still more, and his voice was severe as he demanded:

"Did you fight behind the barricades yesterday?"

"Certainly, general. I saw you charge on us three times, and I think you must bear a charmed life."

"Why do you say that, boy?"

"Because I fired at you six times, at least, and I could not hit you."

Bonaparte frowned still more as he demanded: "Fool, are you aware that I can have you shot on the instant for that confession?"

Paul shrugged his shoulders and looked boldly into the face of the Little Corsican as he replied in very quiet tones:

"Then you will have to shoot a great many of us, general."

Eugene then interfered, saying:

"Oh, General Bonaparte, do not shoot him, as he did not know that he was doing wrong. He told us last night that he was glad that he missed you, and that he admired you very much for your bravery and humanity."

Bonaparte bent one of his magnetic glances on the speaker, and a slight flush appeared on his face as he answered in his softest tones, saying:

"I did but my duty, Eugene. I suppose I cannot blame this boy, as he has been trained to fight behind the barricades."

"So he has, general," answered Eugene. "But he has promised me to enlist under you with me and fight against our foreign enemies."

Bonaparte bent an approving smile on each of the boys, and then remarked:

"That is well. And now what can I do for you, my little friend?"

Eugene then went on to tell about his father's sword, which had been retained by the authorities when the unfortunate man had been put to death. Bonaparte asked a few questions of the little fellow, making some hasty notes on a sheet of paper at the same time. When the request was concluded the Little Corsican wrote out an order and summoned a messenger, saying:

"Seek that weapon for me as quick as possible, and bring it here."

The messenger had scarcely left the room when a tall, dashing, handsome officer of about twenty-seven years of age burst into the apartment, crying:

"I cannot find the rascal, general. He must have left the city last night."

General Bonaparte frowned, and then quietly remarked:

"I think you are mistaken, Murat, as we took precautions against such escapes."

Bonaparte then turned suddenly on Paul and abruptly inquired:

"Do you know a man named Fouche?"

Paul nodded his head and replied:

"I have seen him, general."

"Can you find him for me?"

"If you desire to send him a message I think I can promise to place it in his hands, general."

"But I wish to find the rascal himself. If I pardon you and give you a chance to serve your country as a soldier, will you not aid me in finding the man I seek?"

The Boy of the Barricades did not seem to understand the question, as he shook his head and remarked:

"I do not comprehend you, general."

"Am I not plain enough with you? I wish to find a man named Fouche who led the rioters at one of the barricades last night."

Paul's eyes brightened on the instant, and he promptly replied:

"Why do you wish to find him, general?"

"What is that to you, rascal? Is it not enough that I wish to find him?"

Paul cast an indignant glance at the Little Corsican as he boldly replied:

"It may be enough for you, but it is not for me. He was fighting with us yesterday, and I will not betray him if you seek to injure him. If I become a soldier, would you have me betray the comrade who fights with me one day when I may fall into the hands of the enemy the next?"

Bonaparte frowned in a terrible manner, and the handsome officer clapped his hand on Paul's shoulder as he gruffly remarked:

"This young rebel will get a dose of lead."

Paul turned indignantly on the dashing officer as he cried:

"I am not afraid of lead. I saw you yesterday dashing through the barricades, and you used your sword without mercy, cutting the people down on all sides. If I ever fight against you again behind the barricades I will give you a dose of lead."

"You young scoundrel!" cried the officer.

Napoleon held up his hand as if to command silence, and he bent his staring eyes on Paul again as he thundered forth, saying:

"Insolent rebel, do you not know that you are now condemned to die? We must rid Paris of such vermin at once."

Major Murat dragged the boy toward the door as he cried:

"I will order out a file, general, and we will have one less rebel in Paris."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Eugene, as he fell on his knees before Bonaparte. "That brave boy saved my life, and he did not know that he was

doing wrong in fighting behind the barricades. Spare his life and my mother will bless you for it, brave general."

Napoleon Bonaparte's stern expression relaxed while the boy was thus addressing him, and he then turned to Murat, saying:

"Bring the culprit here, major."

Then addressing Paul in somewhat milder tones he said:

"For your friend's sake here, I will not put you to death as you deserve, but you will be tried and sent to the galleys, where you will be compelled to work, and where you cannot fight behind the barricades."

"Send me to prison," gasped Paul, "and all because I will not betray a comrade."

The dashing officer advanced at the moment and whispered into the Little Corsican's ear, saying:

"The rascal is right, general. He has the stuff of a soldier in him, and it would be a pity to punish him for standing by his comrade."

Bonaparte nodded in approval, and replied in subdued tones, saying:

"You are right, Murat. I was but testing him, and he is a rough diamond."

The little general then addressed Paul in softer tones, saying:

"We will not send you to prison for standing by your comrades, although you were fighting in a bad cause. Do you wish to become a soldier?"

A joyous grin appeared on the gamin's face, and he promptly answered:

"Certainly, general, if I can fight under you, as I know that we will then be victorious. Eugene here and his good mother tells me that it is wrong to fight behind the barricades while France has enemies marching against her. I would gladly fight against those enemies with you, but I cannot consent to betray my comrade, even though you send me to prison or to death."

At that moment the messenger entered, bearing a handsome sword in his hand.

Eugene sprang toward the man with his hands outstretched, exclaiming:

"Oh, it is my father's sword."

Bonaparte took the sword from the messenger's hand, and examined it a few moments before he turned to the little fellow, saying:

"This is your father's sword, my brave little fellow, and I now present it to you. I trust that you will bear it nobly in the service of your country."

The boy took the sword and kissed it fervently as he exclaimed:

"Oh, general, I thank you in my mother's name and in my own. With Heaven's help, and under your leadership I do hope to bear it bravely against all foreign foes. Oh, I am so happy I cannot say any more."

Bonaparte clasped the hands of the little fellow within his own as he responded:

"You have said enough, my eloquent little friend, and you have said it well. Give my respects to your good mother, and tell her that General Bonaparte would be delighted to know her."

The little fellow kissed the general's hand, saying:

"And mother will be so delighted to receive you,

general, as she heard so much about your bravery at Toulon and in the dreadful struggle yesterday."

Bonaparte's face flushed with emotion, and he then turned to Paul, saying:

"Return here in a few days and we will enlist you as a soldier. If you should meet Fouché, in the meantime, inform him that General Bonaparte remembers his treatment of a certain lady, and that he is looking for him. Where do you reside?"

"With me, general," answered Eugene. "He saved my life, and he is to be my brother hereafter."

Bonaparte then dismissed his little friend in the kindest manner, while he said to Paul:

"Forget that you fought behind the barricades, and you will be a good soldier yet."

A broad grin appeared on the boy's rough face as he replied:

"I hope to become a good soldier, general, but I can never forget that I am the Boy of the Barricades."

When the boys had left the apartment Murat addressed the Little Corsican, saying:

"Perdition seize me, general, but you will conquer the world if you can raise an army of such fellows as that."

"You are wise there, Murat," was the calm response. "If we can enlist an army of the rascals who fought behind the barricades, we will soon conquer the enemies of France, I assure you."

The happiest boy in all Paris that day was little Eugene, as he marched through the streets bearing the sword in his hands and with Paul by his side. They had not proceeded far when the Boy of the Barricades perceived Fouché in his disguise, and it was evident that the man had been watching them. Telling Eugene that he would soon be with him again, Paul darted away to speak to the disguised man, and he addressed him, saying:

"You are in danger, sir."

"How is that, Paul?"

"The Little Corsican is looking for you, and he desires you to know that he is angry with you for insulting a certain lady last night."

Fouché was not in the least alarmed at the information thus received, as he clapped his hands joyously on the instant, and exclaimed:

"Ha! And so the Little Corsican is smitten in that quarter. This is far better than I expected, and I think I will soon laugh at my enemies; but I must keep under cover for some time."

Fouché then questioned Paul, but the rough lad would not give him any more information, his only reply being:

"I am going to be a soldier and fight under the Little Corsican. He says that there will be no more fighting behind the barricades, and I believe him."

"So do I," says Fouché. "We will see no more barricades in Paris while General Bonaparte lives."

The man and the boy then parted, but they were destined to meet soon again.

Paul was hastening to rejoin Eugene when a young girl ran out of the side street and clasped the lad around the neck, crying:

"Oh, Paul, Paul, I thought you were slain, as I did not see you last night."

Paul did not return the embrace, but pushed the girl away from him in a rough manner, saying:

"We must part now, Flora, as I am going to be a soldier."

The young girl stared at the lad for a moment as if he had offered her a mortal insult, and then gasped forth:

"Going to be a soldier! You, the Boy of the Barricades, going to be a soldier!"

"Yes, I am going to be a soldier, Flora. You go and sell your flowers, while I go to fight under the brave Little Corsican. It is wrong to fight behind the barricade, and I am away from Paris."

The young girl appeared to be thoroughly dumfounded at the information, and she could only repeat:

"You are going for a soldier, Paul! What will we do behind the barricades without you?"

"We will have no more barricades, so the Little Corsican says. I say, Flora?"

The girl smiled in a winsome manner, and her face brightened again, as she inquired:

"What is it, Paul?"

"Why can't you be a soldier, also? Become a vivandiere, such as we have seen helping the soldiers to wine and tobacco in the barracks, and march away with us to fight the enemies of France?"

The young girl clasped Paul around the neck again, as she cried:

"I will, I will, dear Paul!"

"Then that is settled."

Paul then hastened to inform the girl that he was stopping with friends for the present, but that he would meet her on the following evening to settle about joining the army. Three days after the Boy of the Barricades joined the army, and Flora, the flower-girl, became a vivandiere. General Bonaparte took a great liking to the honest, fearless fellow who would not betray a comrade in the hour of defeat. After Paul had learned to drill and to ride a horse well, he was placed in a position as an attendant on the Little Corsican he admired so much. In the meantime General Bonaparte was introduced to the lady he admired. After a short courtship, that charming widow became General Bonaparte's wife, and Eugene was adopted as his son.

Ten days after the marriage, Bonaparte was called away from Paris to lead the French army on the plains of Italy. Little Eugene accompanied him in that stirring and eventful campaign. The brave boy was big enough to act as the general's messenger, and he was so anxious to flash his maiden sword that his fond mother could not refuse the request. The Boy of the Barricades went forth to fight his first battle on the open field, and Flora, the flower girl, marched with the army as a vivandiere. The dashing Major Murat rode out with Bonaparte also, to commence a career that was to make his name famous the wide world over as the most daring horseman of the age. The exciting times which followed are a matter of history. Eugene was taken prisoner by the Austrians and Bonaparte sent Paul in disguise on a mission to the Austrian camp to rescue Eugene. One hour after he left the camp Flora was on a tramp also.

CHAPTER VI.—In the Enemy's Camp.

When Eugene rode away to join the horsemen he was mounted on a beautiful black mare presented to him by Bonaparte. The animal was not very large, but she was as swift as a deer, and as lively as a young colt. The little soldier was an excellent horseman, however, and he took pride in the antics of the beautiful creature under him. On reporting to the general in command of the cavalry Eugene was requested to remain in the rear, especially in the charge, as the officer was well aware that the little fellow was very dear to his stepfather. Eugene did keep in the rear until the charge was sounded, and then on he rushed with the others over the plain to dash on the Austrian horsemen and to drive them back in utter confusion.

When that charge was over the grenadiers had routed the Austrian infantry, and the French horsemen were ordered to sweep along in pursuit of the flying enemy. Eugene behaved in a very gallant manner during the charge, as he engaged one young Austrian officer in a hand-to-hand fight, and he disarmed his enemy in the most skillful manner. When the order for pursuit was given, the impetuous boy still charged on with the horsemen, the black mare appearing to enjoy the excitement of the chase and the slaughter as much as her rider. After pressing on for several miles, slaying and taking many prisoners on the route, the cavalry general called a halt for the purpose of returning to camp with his trophies and the prisoners.

Eugene was then in the first rank of the pursuers, and he endeavored to pull up the mare when he heard the trumpet calling a halt. The lively little animal would not obey his rider, however, as it still kept dashing on at greater speed, though Eugene tugged at the bridle until his arms ached. On and on dashed the fiery black steed, leaving the French troopers far behind. Eugene perceived a troop of Austrians riding along in front of him, and he made still more desperate efforts on the bridle, yet on and on swept the spirited animal, until she rushed right in among the flying Austrians, overturning two of the riders. The mass of horsemen in front of them alone prevented the mare and its rider from being borne along still further in the furious flight, and the runaway was compelled to slacken her speed. Having gained some control over the mare, Eugene endeavored to wheel about and retreat again, but the Austrian troopers closed on him, the officer in command crying:

"It is a Frenchman, and take him prisoner."

The brave boy cut and slashed around for a few moments, but his sword was soon knocked from his grasp, and he was compelled to surrender. He was then borne along on the little mare, surrounded by his enemies, who did not halt in their flight until they were fully twenty miles from the battlefield. The Austrian infantry had scattered by side roads after the battle, and the broken bodies were making for a point near where the troopers halted, which was in a small village containing but one tavern. Scouts were then sent to the rear, some of whom returned at night to report that the French were not in pursuit. Eugene was soon summoned be-

fore the commander of the post. The officer was a stern old colonel, who was very bitter against the French Republicans, and he scowled at the boy as he demanded his name. The brave boy gave his name without any hesitation, as he had not been warned by his stepfather to deny it. The old Austrian colonel glared at the lad on hearing the name, and then demanded:

"Are you not the son of the woman who recently married Bonaparte?"

"I am the son of the lady who recently became the wife of General Napoleon Bonaparte," answered the manly boy, in proud tones.

A smile of triumph appeared on the old officer's face, and he exclaimed:

"Then you are a prize for us. I would not exchange you for the best general under Bonaparte."

Eugene was then placed under very strict guard in one of the lower apartments of the tavern. The brave boy stretched himself to sleep that night, as he said to himself:

"I will not be long a prisoner, as my brave father will soon push on and rescue me."

Bonaparte did not push on the following day, however, as he was compelled to remain at Lodi to await ammunition and stores and clothing for his half-famished and almost naked troops. The Austrian troopers remained in the village on the following day, as the scouts informed them that Bonaparte was not making another forward movement at the time. Eugene was kept in strict confinement during the day, but in the evening he was permitted to dine at the common table of the tavern with the German officers. A strict watch was kept on him, however, as the old colonel had received orders from his general to that effect. The boy could speak German, and he conversed freely with the young officers around him, who were not aware that he was Bonaparte's stepson.

While most of the Germans were denouncing the Little Corsican in very rough terms, one young officer bent a sympathizing glance on Eugene as he remarked:

"We must remember, friends, that General Bonaparte has proved himself a great general for one of his age. He forced us back yesterday and across the bridge in the face of our artillery. All honor to the brave, wherever they may come from."

A fierce shout of disapproval greeted the speech, while Eugene sprang from his chair and clasped the young officer by the hand as he exclaimed:

"I thank you from my heart, sir. Will you not give me your name that I may remember it? Your countenance I will never forget."

"I am Lieutenant Frank Goetz, and I regret that so young a lad should be a prisoner."

The entrance of the old colonel interrupted the conversation, and he was followed by two soldiers, dragging an old Italian peasant between them. The old peasant appeared to be very much terrified as he stammered forth:

"Good officer, I did not know that I was doing wrong to approach the tavern to get some wine, and I will go away to my home again if you will permit me."

"Where is your home?" demanded the officer.

"Back there in the hamlet on the road to Lodi, good sir."

"Were you not in the French camp to-day?" demanded the Austrian officer.

"I swear to you that I did not see a Frenchman to-day, noble officer."

Eugene was watching the old man intently, as he was startled on first hearing his voice. The old Austrian colonel suspected that the old man was a spy, as he had approached the camp from the road leading to Lodi in what he considered a very suspicious manner. As Eugene kept staring at the old man he drew a long breath as he mentally exclaimed:

"Can it be possible that I am mistaken in that voice? I could vow that it was Paul I heard speaking, but would the brave fellow dare to come here and rescue me in that disguise?"

The old officer was about to put another question to the aged peasant when a rough-looking girl rushed into the tavern and flung her arms around the old fellow's neck, exclaimed:

"Holy Virgin, what are they going to do with you, my poor father?"

The colonel stared at the girl, and so did the old peasant himself. The latter pressed her in his arms, however, as he whispered into her ear:

"You are a mad creature. For Heaven's sake play your part well, now that you did come, or we will both feel the rope."

"Fear not, Paul," was the whispered answer, as Flora sobbed on his neck in the most piteous manner.

The daring girl then turned and knelt before the old colonel, holding up her hands in the most appealing manner, as she cried:

"Oh, noble soldier, release my poor old father, as he could not commit a crime."

Eugene could scarcely breathe with agitation when he recognized Flora, but he controlled himself by a violent effort and resumed his seat at the table, as he mentally exclaimed:

"What devotion and what daring! They came here to rescue me at the peril of their lives, and I fervently pray that they will escape."

The old colonel appeared to be puzzled how to act, and he turned to one of his captains and inquired in subdued tones:

"Do you think there is anything suspicious about that old man?"

"I cannot see anything suspicious, colonel," promptly answered the officer.

"All the other peasants around here fled at our approach, and he was entering the village an hour ago on the road from Lodi as if nothing had occurred to dismay him," said the old colonel.

The officer he addressed shrugged his shoulders, and then rejoined:

"Perhaps the old fool was not aware that he was running any risk in entering here."

The colonel cast another glance at the old man and his daughter, and then remarked:

"I presume you are right, captain. I will release the old fool."

The old man was released on the instant, and he staggered to a table in the corner of the bar-room, as he gasped forth:

"Many thanks to you, good officer. Daughter, bring me a cup of wine."

The landlord of the tavern had been watching the old man and his daughter with curious eyes

during the whole scene, while he muttered to himself:

"It is very strange that I do not know them; but perhaps they came from beyond Lodi, as they speak with a queer accent. However, I will be silent, as it is not my business to betray my country people."

The girl advanced to the bar holding a coin in her hand, and she addressed the landlord in low tones, saying:

"Give us two cups of your best wine and be silent about your friends."

While thus speaking Flora placed a small gold coin in the landlord's hand. The man nodded in a familiar manner, as he replied:

"Certainly, my daughter; I will give you the wine and some bread also, as your poor father seems to be very weak after his short journey."

The old colonel was still watching the girl, and he approached her at the moment, as he demanded:

"Why did your father come here to the village, girl, when the others around her fled at our approach?"

"Because my poor father, noble sir, is not exactly in his right senses, and he was too weak to fly with the others. He is in the habit of coming here to get some good wine, and he did not know that he was doing wrong in coming here to-night. Oh, I fear he is so weak now that he will not be able to return to our little home with me."

The answer appeared to be satisfactory, and the young girl hastened over to her aged father with the wine. It may be imagined that Eugene was watching the whole scene with interest, although the brave boy did not betray any outward emotion. The other officers around the table resumed their meals, which was followed by a drinking bout at the expense of the Italian landlord. Eugene did not partake of the wine offered him by the kindly young German officer, as he excused himself, saying:

"I am too young to drink much wine, as it goes to my head very soon."

The disguised Paul and Flora were conversing in whispers at the table in the corner of the large apartment, the Austrians appearing to pay very little attention to them.

"You mad girl!" said Paul. "Why did you follow me? And how did you know I left the camp?"

"I saw you stealing away in disguise after the general summoned you to the tent."

"But how dare you follow me every time you see me leaving camp?"

"Bah! I am free to go where I please, and I am here now."

Paul frowned at the girl as he remarked:

"When I become a general I will not make you my wife, you spying creature."

"Who cares for that! Captain Gustave is nicer-looking than you are, and he is braver at that. He would not frown at me if I came here to save his life. If you do not need me, I will return to him now, as he awaits me in a wood not very far from here."

"Captain Gustave in a wood not very far from here?" repeated Paul. "What is he doing there?"

"He is out on a scout with fifty of his brave dragoons, and he is ready to charge in here to

my rescue if I do not return within a couple of hours."

"How far away is he?"

"About three miles to the right on the road to Lodi, you impudent clown."

They were sipping their wine as they thus conversed. Paul commenced to ponder deeply over the information received. He was not at all jealous of the gallant young Captain Gustave. Flora and himself had been brought up together from childhood in the streets of Paris, and they were endeared to each other by passing through many hardships and dangers. The former flower girl was as true as steel to her friends, and Paul knew it; while he was also aware that she was as sure and as good as if educated under a kind mother's eyes. The brave young fellow was thinking of Eugene alone at the moment, as he had resolved to rescue the boy by disguising him in his own costume and insisting on him leaving the Austrian camp under that cover. Paul was ambitious enough to aim at rescuing Eugene without any aid, but he also enjoyed a sharp struggle, such as would be afforded by a sudden dash into the place by Captain Gustave and his troopers. The clever fellow could perceive, while in the tavern, that a strict watch was kept on the boy prisoner, even while he was partaking of supper, and he reasoned that it would be very difficult to approach him. He also knew that the outposts of the enemy were on the alert, and that the French troopers could not approach within two miles of the place before the alarm would be given. Having surveyed all the points thus presented, Paul addressed the daring girl again, saying:

"Is Captain Gustave ready to make a dash in here if I request it?"

"Captain Gustave is a gallant officer, and he would dash into the whole Austrian army at my request to rescue the dear boy."

"Can you get back to him without any trouble?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will pretend to be very fatigued and totter out with you. You will then request the landlord to let me sleep in the stable, and you will leave me there to hasten away for Captain Gustave."

"Why do you wish to go to the stable?"

"That is my affair. You do as I order, and bring Captain Gustave in here on the charge as quick as you can. If he is not more than three miles away I will expect you back with him before an hour."

The girl freely consented, and Paul gave her a few more whispered instructions. The pretended old man and his daughter then left the tavern, the former staggering as if very weary or under the influence of the wine. They had not proceeded very far when Flora returned and begged the landlord to permit her father to rest in the stable for the night. The request was at once granted, and the disguised youth was led into the loft. Flora then hastened away from the village, telling the landlord aloud that she would return for her father in the morning with a cart. The stable and yard were crowded with the horses of the Austrian troopers, and the black mare was among them. Eugene was pondering deeply over the movements of his daring young friends, and he could not imagine what

measure they would adopt to effect his rescue. The Austrian officers continued their carouse, singing and denouncing Bonaparte and the French as they quaffed the Italian's wine.

Eugene was compelled to remain at the table, as he knew that the least movement on his part would excite the suspicion of his captors. Oh, how eagerly did the boy watch for the appearance of his friends again, but nearly an hour passed away, and he saw or heard nothing of them. The Austrian officers were still quaffing the wine with great gusto, and several of them were showing signs of intoxication, when sudden out on the night air burst shots and alarm cries, and the old colonel appeared at the door, as he cried in excited tones:

"To horse, to horse! The French are on us!"

In the excitement of the moment the prisoner was forgotten for the time. He ran out into the yard, where he met Paul in another disguise. Then the French troopers appeared with Gustave at their head. In the melee which followed Flora, not recognizing Paul in his new disguise, gave him a cut on the head with her short sword. Great was her dismay when she saw what she had done, and said:

"Dear Paul, would that I had cut off my right hand ere I wounded you!"

"It is nothing, you mad girl," said the brave fellow.

In the midst of the battle Gustave sent Eugene to report to the general that he needed assistance. The brave boy answered:

"I will ride my good mare to death, but I will bring you assistance, my gallant friends!"

Gustave sent Paul and Flora ahead in advance.

CHAPTER VII.—A Brave Girl's Devotion.

Paul's wound was more severe than he himself imagined, and the good fellow reeled in his saddle as he rode along with Flora. Paul and Flora turned their heads more than once to watch the movements of those behind them, and fearful was the agitation of the wounded young soldier when he heard the sound of the melee in the rear. Suddenly the animal on which the fainting boy was reclining stumbled and fell forward, and a cry of horror burst from Flora as she saw her dear young friend flung out on the side of the road. Scarcely waiting to pull up her own steed, the devoted girl sprang to Paul's side and raised his head from the ground, as she moaned forth:

"Oh, Paul, Paul, don't say that you are dead! Oh, the cruel wound is bleeding again, and to think it was I who gave it to him."

"What have we here?" cried a rough voice in German, as an Austrian officer and six or seven troopers ran out of a wood at the side of the road. The distressed girl looked up at the speaker and his followers, and her ready wit came to her on the instant, and as she almost instantly replied in Italian, saying:

"Oh, good gentlemen, this is a poor Austrian soldier who has been wounded by the French, and they are pursuing us now."

"Into the woods with them," ordered the officer, addressing his men.

Two of the troopers raised the insensible lad

from the ground and bore him into the woods, followed by the trembling Flora. Two of the Austrian troopers led the horses in after them, and the road was clear. On reaching the opening about twenty yards inside the wood, Flora beheld five or six more of the enemy unmounted, while a dozen horses were heard ready for the road. On casting another glance at the group of Austrians the brave girl beheld General Bonaparte's young stepson a prisoner in their hands. Eugene perceived Flora and her friend at the same time, but the sturdy little fellow did not pretend to recognize them. At that moment the tramping of horses' feet was heard on the hill-top, and the Austrian officer said:

"Keep silent all, as we are not strong enough to attack the enemy."

Flora raised her head as if intending to summon her friends to the rescue, when she caught a warning motion given by Eugene and she remained silent. Then along the road dashed Captain Gustave and his friend, and on after them in close pursuit thundered the Austrian troopers. Some of the Austrians in the wood moved out on foot to watch the ongoing riders, and when they perceived their own friends dashing along in pursuit, shouts of greeting rent the air.

"To horse, to horse!" yelled the Austrian officer in the wood. "Look to the prisoner and leave the wounded youth and the girl!"

"But you will leave us the horses?" pleaded Flora, as the troopers were mounting in hot haste.

"Yes, yes!" cried the officer. "Take him back to the village if you can. We will be back here presently and give you assistance."

Then out on the road dashed the small troop, bearing Eugene with them on the black mare. A joyous exclamation burst from Flora as she heard the troopers riding along the road in the direction of Lodi. Drawing a small flask from her pocket, the devoted girl poured a little brandy down Paul's throat, as she moaned forth:

"Oh, Paul! dear Paul! open your eyes and speak to me!"

Paul did open his eyes on the instant, and there was a merry twinkle in them, as he responded, saying:

"Perdition seize me, Flora, if you are not better than a witch, after all. A little more of that brandy and I can mount again."

It would be impossible to describe the joy of the devoted girl when Paul arose to his feet again with a little aid from her, as he remarked:

"I feel as strong as Murat now, and I think I could charge against the enemy."

A sharp argument then took place between the two young friends, and it was not yet concluded when they heard the sound of galloping horses again, and Flora cried:

"Here are the Austrians back again, and let us away through the wood."

"We will await them," answered Paul in stubborn tones.

"But you cannot speak German, you fool, and you will be discovered and put to death as a spy."

"Then I can play dumb. I will be in a swoon again and they will take me back on the horse. I can cling to the horse. I am strong enough, but I will play the invalid. Manage to get me beside

Eugene on the retreat back, and perdition take me if we do not baffle the Austrians yet."

"But, Paul——"

"No buts for me now, but lead this horse out when you mount your own. Up with you and obey me, or I will discard you forever."

The devoted girl had already secured her friend to the horse as directed, and she was then compelled to mount her own steed and move out on the road with him. They had scarcely gained the road when the troopers who had fled the wood rode along bearing little Eugene with them on his black mare. The officer in command halted on perceiving the two young friends, and he cried in Italian:

"Is the soldier able to ride now, girl?"

"He is very weak, sir, and he cannot speak, but he declared just now that he would ride back to the camp, and I have secured him on the horse."

"Forward!" cried the Austrian officer, and the little troop was in motion again.

During the brief halt, and while she was addressing the Austrian officer, Flora cast her eyes along the road to Lodi, and she could then perceive the strongest party of Austrians pushing on slowly along a mile or so after the others.

"If we encounter that old officer again," muttered the devoted girl, "he will recognize me in this costume, and Paul will be discovered; yet I will obey the rascal and keep with him to the last."

Paul was planning as they rode along, and he formed more than one scheme in his busy brain, but he could not see a chance of putting either of them in force during the journey. When the forward party reached the village tavern, the old colonel's troops lagged two miles behind. Eugene was led into the tavern, the officer in command of the little troop saying:

"We will remain here until the colonel comes."

Flora rode in toward the stable, leading Paul's horse, and the Austrian troopers did not appear to pay much attention to the young friends, as they were weary themselves after their long ride. On reaching the stable door, Flora sprang from her horse and assisted the invalid in alighting, as she whispered into his ear, saying:

"You stubborn rascal, you see what a nice mess you have got us into."

"Bah," answered Paul in the same tone. "Get me into the stable, and I will stretch on the straw. Keep the horses ready, and look to the black mare."

The stubborn fellow was soon stretched on a pile of straw in the corner of the stable, and the two horses were led into stalls. The Austrian troopers busied themselves for the time in tending to their horses, and they then sought the tavern for refreshments, before stretching their weary limbs to sleep.

"What must I do now, Paul?" inquired Flora, as she knelt on the straw beside her friend. "Do you feel strong now, you wretch?"

"Yes. I feel as strong as Murat, and I tell you what you must do first."

"What is it, Paul?"

"You must make a boy of yourself, and you must soil your face beyond all recognition."

"But where will I get the clothes, you wretch?"

"I saw a blouse and trousers hanging out on

the line there that will suit you. Hasten out for them, and be ready for other orders."

Flora hastened out of the stable to secure the garments, and she was soon back again, saying: "I have them, Paul."

"Then get up in the loft and take some mud with you. Be down here in five minutes, as we have not much time to spare."

The obedient girl hastened up to the loft without saying a single word, and in less than the given time she was back with her friend again in the new costume. In the meantime, the stern old colonel reached the inn with his weary troop. On perceiving Eugene in the bar-room he addressed the lad with a grim smile on his face, saying:

"And so you are with me again, my young friend."

"Yes, and I am sorry for it, colonel," answered Eugene. "It was not fair for those fellows to stop me on the road after I had escaped from you."

The little prisoner was then led into the sleeping-room at the back of the house, and one of the troopers was placed on guard outside the door. Another of the drowsy troopers paced to and fro outside the window of the little bedroom, and Paul's eyes were on that man at the moment. Flora was standing in the stable behind Paul at the time, and he turned to her saying:

"You must venture into the tavern and raise a blaze in there. In the excitement we will rescue Eugene."

Little Eugene was weary enough when he reached the bedroom, yet he did not retire to rest, as he felt certain that Paul and Flora would make a second attempt in his behalf that night. The little fellow drew a stool to the window and peered out into the yard. While thus peering out, Eugene perceived a boyish figure stealing out of one of the stables and entering another, and he said to himself:

"That must be Paul, and he is preparing my good mare for flight."

While thus watching the weary boy closed his eyes and rested his head on the window to sleep for the time. Eugene could not tell how long he slept, when he was suddenly aroused by someone in the tavern crying out in alarming tones: "Fire! Fire!"

The startled boy raised his head and looked out of the window, when a familiar voice fell on his ear, crying:

"Out into the yard with you."

The big trooper was still marching to and fro as if half asleep. At that moment an active figure sprang out from the stable door, and Eugene could see his devoted friend darting behind the trooper. In another moment and the tall soldier was lying senseless on the ground, and Paul was motioning to the little fellow to spring out from the open window. Eugene did not hesitate a moment, and he was soon beside his brave young friend, who said to him:

"Your mare is in the stable to the right, all ready for you. Away with you toward Lodi as fast as you can ride, my dear boy."

"But will you not come with me, and where is Flora?" protested Eugene.

"Yes, yes, we will be with you. Here comes the girl now, and the fire is blazing up. Dart

into the stable and out with the mare. Out with our horses, girl, and then for the road again."

The horses were brought out, the three mounted, and dashed away toward Lodi.

The next morning the Little Corsican was in the camp greatly disturbed because Eugène had not been heard from when an officer appeared and said Eugene had been rescued from the Austrians and had been sent on ahead for help by Gustave, and he was nonplussed because Eugene had not as yet arrived. However, a while later Eugene, Flora and Paul entered the camp, and stated their experiences since leave Gustave, who had arrived with his command and was present at the time. A man now approached, who was recognized as Fouche. Gustave stared at Fouche and said:

"Monsieur Fouche, I had the pleasure of meeting you behind the barricades."

"Yes, and I had the pleasure of meeting you when you were a little beggar on the streets of Paris."

CHAPTER VIII.—Fouche Plays His Points.

The little Corsican glared at Fouche for a moment with furious eyes and then exclaimed:

"Peace, peace! This gentleman is here as a messenger, and I must protect him."

The Little Corsican then drew Fouche into the tent, dismissing the others at the same time with one of his haughty gestures.

"What did you know of Captain Gustave in former days?" inquired Bonaparte.

"I knew him to be one of the most desperate young rascals among the rioters of Paris, general, and I incurred his enmity there at the time."

"Do you handle a sword, Fouche?"

"I have handled a sword, general, and I would not consider myself much of a man if I could not punish their young fellow if he claims satisfaction."

"He will claim it, sir, but I advise you that he is a perfect master of the weapon, as I have witnessed his feats in battle. I would advise you to avoid him, if possible, and if you must fight with him be very careful that you do not slay him."

A confident smile appeared on Fouche's face, but he responded in modest tones, saying:

"I will not seek a quarrel with the young man, general, and if I am compelled to cross swords with him, I will be content with giving him a slight wound."

Early on the following morning they all rode to a neighboring village, and entered a tavern. Captain Gustave and Fouche renewed their quarrel, and had drawn swords, when the Little Corsican exclaimed:

"Captain, put up your sword, as you will soon have use for it against the foreign foe. Monsieur Fouche, I have another dispatch for you to bear to Paris, and I beg that you will ride with all speed. Who comes here?"

In answer to the question General Murat rode up to the tavern, accompanied by a lady and four dragoons. The dashing general, who was one of the bravest and most popular men in the army,

was received with cries of welcome, the Little Corsican saying:

"Welcome back from Paris, General Murat, and what is the news from the capital?"

"Wrangling as usual, good general," was Murat's response. "Excuse me until I lead this lad into the house, and then I will report."

The lady in question wore a heavy veil, and none of those present could catch a glimpse of her face. One of the officers turned to his friend and remarked in subdued tones:

"Murat believes in love first always."

"But he is never last in war," replied the other, "as he is seldom second in the charge."

As the gallant cavalry officer was leading the lady into the tavern, Bonaparte turned to Fouche, saying:

"I request you to ride on with all possible speed, sir, and, if you must settle this dispute with Captain Gustave, wait until we have driven the Austrians out of Italy."

Fouche bowed to the general and replied with a smile:

"I will always obey the victor of Lodi. May you come back to Paris crowned with victory, and you will have no more faithful adherent than Fouche."

The cunning man then turned to Captain Gustave with another smile, saying:

"I hope to have the honor of crossing swords with you again, captain."

"And you will, sir," was the prompt response, "should I not fall in the coming campaign."

Fouche then sprang on a horse and rode away, as he muttered to himself:

"The Little Corsican is on the march to fame, and I still predict that he is the coming man in France. I will follow his fortunes, and reap a rich harvest. That Captain Gustave will not cross swords with me again, but I will crush him to the earth if he should return to Paris again. I wonder who that lady was?"

While the great police officer, that was to be, was thus muttering to himself, Murat was leading Bonaparte up into a private apartment in the tavern, and they were followed by little Eugene. In another moment the future emperor of France was clasping to his breast the only woman he really ever loved, as he exclaimed:

"My dearest Josephine, what a surprise this is for me, and what a delight. How did you dream of coming here to me without my knowledge?"

The beautiful woman was embracing her beloved son, and tears of joy were in her glorious eyes, as she replied:

"The gallant Murat volunteered to escort me, my young hero, and I could not resist the temptation of hastening here to salute the victor of Lodi."

Joyous, indeed, was the meeting between that noble woman and her husband and son. Josephine was proud of the Little Corsican, and she loved him dearly also. Although a little over twenty-six years of age, that wonderful young man had already achieved immortal renown by vanquishing the ablest of the Austrian generals in seven battles, and always fighting against superior numbers. He had gained the love and confidence of his own officers and soldiers; he had pushed on from victory to victory with an ardor

that carried all before it, and he had baffled the best combinations of the veteran generals commanding the best-disciplined armies in Europe. After the Little Corsican had embraced his wife and expressed his delight at seeing her, the fair woman said to him with a smile:

"Dear general, I traveled here in disguise, and my visit to you and to my son must remain a secret. I will resume that disguise at once, and I will remain with you a few days."

Bonaparte consented to the proposition, and he soon drew Murat aside and inquired:

"What do they say about us in France?"

"The nation is in raptures, general, but the infernal imbeciles at the head of the government will not stir themselves to assist you. I really believe that the hounds are jealous of your fame."

The Little Corsican's brow darkened for a moment, and his large head fell on his breast in that attitude so often seen in his portraits, while he muttered aloud:

"France must be saved at all hazards. If the fools will not aid us we must on with the brave men now at my command. The Austrians must be driven from Italy, and Lodi will not be my last victory."

Josephine had a long and earnest discussion with Flora that night, and she at last prevailed on the wayward girl to return to Paris with her. Early the following morning a welcome cry rang out through the French camp, and that cry was: "Forward—match!" Then on through Italy swept the Little Corsican and his heroic army. He met the Austrians at Castiglione, and defeated a superior army with great slaughter. On again swept the victorious legions, until Bonaparte encountered a fresh Austrian army at the great battle of Arcola, where he defeated an army more than double his own in numbers, killing twelve thousand of the enemy and taking six thousand prisoners. Fresh armies were brought against the indomitable Little Corsican, yet still he pressed on and on until he brought his enemy to a stand at Rivoli, where he almost annihilated the foe, and Italy was won.

When the campaign was over, Bonaparte returned to Paris to receive the congratulations of the delighted people. The gallant Gustave returned to his native city as the colonel of his regiment, and little Paul was a captain under him. The dashing Murat had covered himself with glory during the famous campaign, and he was a lion in the saloons of Paris in the winter season. The Little Corsican was advised by some of his friends to push himself forward on the popular tide and assume control of political affairs, but his wise and gentle wife warned him that the time was not yet come, and he held back. Early in the spring of the following year, the Austrians mustered again in the hope of conquering Italy once more. Then throughout France the war cry rang again, and the victors of Lodi responded to the order of: "Forward—march!" And it was a forward movement and a march the like of which was never known before since the days of Hannibal. Over the frozen Alps, up the steep mountain side, and down again through the glaciers of ice, swept the heroes of France, led on by that glorious Little Corsican.

As he had swept away the formidable barricades created by the mobs in Paris, so did he

overcome all obstacles presented to him on that great mountain pass leading into Italy. Over the mountain passes and into Italy poured the French troops, to fall on the Austrian foes before they were aware that the Little Corsican had formed his plan of campaign. Then on to Austria pressed that resistless French army, until the very gates of Vienna were threatened, and the armies of the nation were dispersed and beaten in every direction. The despised Little Corsican compelled the enemy to accept a treaty of peace, and he was able to turn his attention to the other enemies of France. When Bonaparte returned to Paris again at the head of his conquering legions, he was the idol of the nation.

It is night in Paris, and the gay winter season has set in. General Bonaparte and his accomplished wife are giving a grand reception at their beautiful mansion. Among the ladies present was a charming and vivacious creature, who was only known as Flora, the adopted daughter of the general's wife. The dashing Murat was paying marked attention to Flora on the night in question, when the young girl sprang suddenly away from him, crying:

"Oh, there is Paul now."

"The fiends take that puppy," growled Murat between his teeth, as he turned away. "I will have to get rid of him, or the girl will not look at me again."

At that moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and an insinuating voice whispered into his ear, saying:

"If you say the fiends take each of those two puppies, general, I will join hands with you."

"Ah, Fouché, is that you? What mischief are you plotting now?"

"You wish to get rid of one puppy and I of another. Let us join hands and the charming girl will be yours."

CHAPTER IX.—Flora In Danger.

Murat was a glorious soldier on the field of battle, but he was an unprincipled scoundrel in the paths of love. During the first campaign in Italy, the gay officer had been attracted to Flora as he saw her waiting on the wounded soldiers on the field of battle. Murat sought her again and again, declaring that he loved her dearly and that she would make a splendid wife for a soldier. The saucy girl only laughed at the gallant soldier and pushed him aside, crying:

"I have no time for love-making now, and you should not have, either. When the Austrians are beaten I may listen to you."

When Murat returned to Paris after the first campaign, Flora was at a boarding-school outside the city, and the gallant officer did not see her. A year and a half passed away before Murat caught a glimpse of the charming creature again, and then there was a wonderful change in her outward appearance as well as in her mental accomplishments. Murat was enchanted with the girl, and he sought to win her love, but she only laughed at his addresses, and replied in merry tones:

"You have no time for marriage at present, general, as another war will soon break out, and you must away to the field of battle."

The impetuous officer soon learned that Flora was attached to Captain Paul, the former boy of the barricades, and he became as jealous as a Turk. Through the friendly influence of Josephine Bonaparte, Fouche had become connected with the secret police of Paris, and he held an important position in that body on the night when he drew Murat aside to form a plot against the former flower girl and her old friends Paul and Gustave. Fouche was then very useful to Madame Josephine. Fouche gave Josephine much valuable and secret information, and she promised to advance his interests in return. Murat knew that Fouche was a cunning, able rascal, and the brave soldier was ready to listen to any proposition for the sake of winning the peerless Flora.

"What mischief are you at now, Fouche?" again inquired Murat, when they had gained the recess.

The police officer cast a glance out at the laughing Flora and her two young friends, as he answered in his cautious tones, saying:

"I believe you seek to win that young lady, general?"

"That is no secret, sir."

"And you believe that she is attached to the young officer known as Paul?"

"That is my belief."

"I believe you are mistaken on that point, but that does not matter now. I think she is attached to Colonel Gustave, and that her pretended preference for Captain Paul is only a cloak. But it is very strange that the gallant General Murat should find a successful rival in either of the beardless youths. If I had your position and influence I would marry the girl and crush the man she loved better than me."

"How in the fury can I marry her," demanded Murat, "when she has rejected me several times?"

"I will be plain enough, general. Did I hold your position, and did I love the nameless girl, I would bear her away to some quiet retreat and compel her to marry me."

"Will you aid me in such a scheme, Fouche, and I will be your sworn friend for life?"

"That will depend on the arrangement we can make."

"What arrangement do you propose?"

"I propose to secure the girl for you this very night if you pledge me your word to slay the first man who will challenge you to an encounter on her account."

"My good fellow, if that is all you require I pledge you my word to slay the first six fools who may challenge me on her account."

"Then we will settle the matter at once," responded Fouche as his eyes sparkled with mischief.

While the ardent lover and the cunning police officer were thus plotting and for some time after, Flora and her two young friends were conversing in the liveliest tones. Flora was called away from her young friends by an attendant, who informed her that Madame Josephine wished to see her in her private apartment. It was fully half an hour later when Josephine entered the reception room, and addressed Colonel Gustave, as she required:

"Where is Flor?"

"She was summoned to wait on you some time ago, madame," answered the young colonel.

"Summoned to wait on me? You surprise me, as I did not send for her."

The anxious lady was then about to hasten out of the apartment in quest of Flora, when Eugene hastened to greet her, crying in excited tones:

"Oh, mother, where has Flora gone at this hour?"

Josephine stared from her son to the two young officers, as she gasped forth:

"I fear some treachery is at work against the fair girl!"

"Who is accused of treachery in your saloon, Madame Bonaparte?" inquired Murat, as he approached the group with a laughing smile.

"I will speak to you again, general," answered the distressed lady as she hastened away in quest of Flora.

The fair girl was not discovered in the house, however, and the attendant who brought her the false message could not be recognized by either Paul or Gustave. Murat appeared to be terribly incensed when it was publicly announced in the saloon that Flora had disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and he swore that he would slay the wretches who had borne her away. After indulging in a torrent of invective against the unknown abductors, the sly rascal changed his tune, and turned to Gustave as he demanded:

"See here, colonel, I believe you are in love with the young lady, and perhaps you can tell us where she is at present"

"I assure you, general, that I am not in love with the young lady, and I do not know where she is at present, but I am willing and eager to be her champion, as she is a dear friend."

Fouche entered the apartment at the moment, and Colonel Gustave turned on him with a frown as he cried aloud:

"Monsieur Fouche, there is an agent of the police, and if he will find you the wretch who has taken off Flora I promise to slay him on the following morning."

"I accept that challenge, Colonel Gustave," replied Fouche, as he cast a sly and significant glance at Murat.

Captain Paul had not uttered a word since he heard of the abduction, but he was thinking deeply, and he was watching those around him the while. Paul noticed the blustering tones assumed by Murat, and he also perceived the sly glance cast at him by Fouche. Drawing Colonel Gustave aside, the former gamin whispered into his ear, saying:

"Will you do me a great favor to-night, old friend?"

"Is it in connection with Flora?"

"It is."

"Then you can command me to the death, Paul."

CHAPTER X.—Paul and Gustave to the Rescue.

After a few minutes' planning the two young men left the saloon, having informed Josephine that they were going in search of Flora. General Bonaparte was not at home that night, as he was away inspecting troops in one of the

neighboring towns. Fouche left General Bonaparte's house before the young officer, but Murat lingered behind, asserting more than once that Flora had made off with some favored lover. He finally left the house, and sauntered along the street with a swaggering gait, making his way toward his own quarters. He had not proceeded very far, however, when a cab rattled along the streets. The driver pulled up, saying:

"Enter at once, general."

When Murat entered the cab he found Fouche seated in a corner, and the police officer addressed him at once, saying:

"You will have to be very cautious, as I fear those infernal gamins suspect us."

"We will slit their throats if they show themselves," replied Murat. "Bah! I would not like better fun than hacking a dozen like them before breakfast."

"That is all very well, my brave friend, but I know them to be cunning young rascals, and they have friends here in the city who would give us trouble."

"Perdition take their friends and themselves as well. How did the girl take it?"

"She was furious, I understand, when she became aware of the trick played on her."

Murat laughed heartily before he rejoined, saying:

"I can imagine the charming Flora in a rage, and she must be delightful in that humor."

The cab did not proceed in a direct course, as the driver made several detours before pulling up at its destination. Fouche was the first to get out of the cab, and he cast careful glances around before leading Murat into a small garden situated on a very lonely street near the bank of the river. At the end of that garden was a small, neat cottage, which Fouche entered by means of a private key. Flora was seated in the principal room of the cottage when the two men entered the hallway. The brave girl was not at all alarmed at her situation, although she had been tricked in the most infamous manner by Fouche's agents. The heavy door was soon opened, and Murat confronted the charming young girl with a pleasant smile on his war-worn face as he remarked:

"I am delighted to see you here, my dearest Flora, and now we can settle about our marriage without interruption."

Fouche did not enter the prison room, but he was out in the hallway, and he closed and secured the door when his confederate went in. Murat expected a burst of indignation from the young girl, and he was thoroughly surprised when she confronted him with a merry smile and a burst of laughter before she answered, saying:

"Certainly, my dear general. Please be seated, and we will arrange about our marriage at once."

As Flora thus spoke she was caressing the dashing officer in the most endearing manner, and she even returned the kiss that he imprinted on her lips.

"You witch!" exclaimed the delighted soldier, "I see your game now, but I am so happy that I will forgive you."

The ardent lover then insisted that Flora should become his wife that very night, saying:

"I have a friend, a clergyman, who will unite

us, and I have a carriage ready to drive you to him at once."

Flora smiled in the most bewitching manner, and then shyly consented to the hasty marriage. After embracing his promised wife again, Murat hastened out of the room to tell Fouche of his good fortune. The cunning spy was almost astounded at the girl's willingness, and he told Murat she was deceiving him. While Fouche and Murat were consulting in another room, Flora was looking out of the barred window through the blinds, and she was listening intently at the same time. The brave girl perceived two figures moving to and fro outside, and she also heard certain sounds that caused her heart to beat with joy as she muttered to herself:

"I knew that dear Paul would come to my rescue, and it is well I remember the old signals."

Proud and happy was Murat as he led Flora out to the cab and handed her in, saying:

"Wait until I give a few directions to the driver, and I will follow you, my dearest."

Murat did give directions to the driver, telling him at the same time that Fouche had placed the cab under his control.

"Very good, general," replied the driver, who was muffled up almost to the eyes in the collar of his overcoat. Murat was so intent in making love during the ride that he did not notice a pair of bright eyes gleaming in at him through the window at the back of the cab. Paul was the owner of the eyes staring in at Murat, and Gustave was the driver. They had followed the cab through the streets for some time, and then Paul suggested that Flora must have been taken to Fouche's cottage. While the cab was making a detour in the hope of throwing any pursuers off the track, Paul and his friends reached the cottage. In less than two minutes after reaching the garden the young fellow was communicating with Flora through the window, and before Fouche and Murat arrived on the scene they had formed a plot for baffling them.

While the gallant soldier was making love to the young girl, Paul and Gustave pounced on the driver and bound and gagged him. They then dragged him into a secluded spot in the garden, threatening to put him to death if he made the least outcry. Murat was so absorbed in his happiness that he did not notice where the cab was driving to, and he did not perceive that the driver had a companion in the seat with him after they had proceeded some distance. Flora kept him in such good humor during the journey that Murat did not feel the moments fly, and he did not know that they had passed General Bonaparte's house. Very soon after the cab passed the house inhabited by the Little Corsican, Paul slipped down from the seat and hastened back to the door without attracting Murat's attention. The cab then rattled along around the block, the driver guiding his horses so that they were soon in front of Madame Bonaparte's residence again. He then pulled up suddenly in front of the house, and sprang down to open the door of the cab, as he cried aloud:

"Here we are, brave general."

Murat sprang out and clasped Flora by the hand, as he said to her in joyous tones:

"My dearest creature, you will soon be my bride."

At that moment Madame Bonaparte and her son appeared at the open door of the house, together with several of their friends. Flora sprang gayly out of the cab and darted up the steps, as she cried:

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, general. Come in and see Madame Bonaparte."

While Flora was thus speaking the driver sprang on his seat and away rattled the cab at a furious speed. Murat stared up at the girl and Madame Bonaparte, and he then cast a terrible glance after the flying cab as he exclaimed in furious tones:

"The fiends take you, girl, but I will be avenged on those who thus held me up to ridicule."

Murat hastened away, and the laughing girl retreated into the house with Madame Bonaparte to relate her adventures.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

It was not yet midnight when Murat reached the hotel where he was staying, and where several other officers were putting up at the same time. Almost the first persons he encountered on reaching the saloon were Colonel Gustave and Captain Paul. Captain Paul advanced toward him at once with a pleasant smile on his young face, saying:

"General Murat, I am happy to inform you that we have just come from Madame Bonaparte's, and to tell you that Miss Flora has returned there."

"Do you know who brought her back, sir?"

"I do, general. I happen to be that happy individual."

"You," exclaimed Murat, as he continued to glare at Paul. "Is it possible that you dared to interfere with me in a love affair?"

"Come, come, brave general, had I not a right to interfere in behalf of a girl who has been my companion since childhood, and who has promised to become my bride when I am a colonel?"

"Then I have been infernally tricked, and I must have satisfaction," blustered Murat.

"If you insist on it, general, I will give you satisfaction this very evening."

Colonel Gustave stepped forward at the moment and addressed Murat, saying:

"You were pledged to me first, General Murat, as I promised Fouché to challenge the person who bore Flora away."

"Then I will fight you two striplings together, as I will not disgrace myself by engaging either of you singly. Let us out into the garden and settle it at once by the light of the moon."

"You must fight us one at a time, general," cried Gustave, "or not at all. I appeal to our brother officers on the subject, and——"

"Appeal to me," cried a stern voice, as General Bonaparte strode into the saloon. "Murat, what is this broil about?"

Murat hastened to explain that Colonel Gustave and Captain Paul sought a quarrel with him, but that he would not fight them singly, and he continued, crying:

"They are mere striplings, and I will not draw my sword on them unless they engage me together."

"General Murat, the Austrians have reason to know that those striplings can use their swords, and it does not become a gallant soldier like you to insult them. I have just come from my residence, and I have heard of the affair you allude to. If you do not wish to raise a personal quarrel with me and sever our friendship, you will drop this matter as it stands, and become friends with those gallant young officers. War is about to break out again, and France will need all her gallant officers. Clasp hands, my friends, and forget this little incident of to-night."

Murat was just as impulsive for good as for evil, and he offered his hand to Gustave on the instant. As the three friends were conversing Fouché himself appeared on the scene, and he stared at Murat for an instant or so in apparent surprise before he addressed him, saying:

"General, I would like a word with you."

"Then speak out before my friends here, Fouché," answered Murat, in jeering tones.

"Then I would like to know if you did not pledge me your word to fight the person who bore away Flora to-night?"

The question was addressed to Colonel Gustave, who promptly answered, saying:

"And I am prepared to do so, Fouché. You are that person, and I will fight you now."

The old enemies were soon face to face in the garden back of the hotel, and the moon was shining brightly over them. Fouché was brave enough, but he was irritated and nervous that night, and he did not handle his sword with his usual skill. Colonel Gustave soon realized that he would have an easy victory, and he said to himself:

"This wretch deserves death at my hands, but I will not slay him, as it may cause trouble for me on the eve of a campaign. I will give him a wound, however, that he will not forget for some time."

The brave young officer carried out the mental threat to the letter, and the baffled police officer was soon lying on the ground with a severe wound in his right arm. Colonel Gustave followed the fortunes of the Little Corsican thereafter, and the gallant young fellow was promoted to the command of a brigade on the plains of Egypt. About two weeks after the abduction of Flora, Paul left Paris with his regiment on his way to Ireland. The former Boy of the Barricades passed through many thrilling adventures during that stirring campaign in the Emerald Isle. We have not time at present to dwell on Paul's thrilling adventures and miraculous escapes while fighting against the English in Ireland, but we are happy to say that he survived them all, and that he returned to Paris to wed Flora, the formed flower girl.

Next week's issue will contain "HEADLIGHT TOM, THE BOY ENGINEER."

History Prof.—Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages? Wise Fresh—Because there were so many knights.

CURRENT NEWS

BOY, 6, HOOKS PIKE WEIGHING 19 POUNDS

Six-year-old Tommy Falls is hailed as the Izaak Walton of northwestern Ontario.

At Shebawandon Lake, near Port Arthur, the youngster hooked a nineteen-pound pike, which, with adult assistance, he succeeded in landing.

TORNADO BLOWS GIRL, 9, A MILE

The village of Ernfold, Sask, sixty-seven miles west of Moose Jaw, is a mass of wreckage as the result of a tornado.

The nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rudd, of Uren, was blown from a buggy at the outskirts of Uren and was lost for ten hours. The buggy was upset as the child was torn from the mother's grasp. She was found uninjured a mile and a half away.

THE OLDEST FRAME BUILDING

What is said to be the oldest frame building in the United States is the old Quaker meeting house at Easton, Md. Local histories place its date of erection in 1684, giving the ancient structure an age of 239 years, and it is said that William Penn attended service in the meeting house while he was trading with the Indians. The only preservative used on the wood has been old-fashioned whitewash on the outside. Seven of the original plank seats and the woodwork inside have had no paint whatever.

GAMBLING FOR CANDY

Brooklyn police are carrying on a campaign against grocery, drug and confectionery stores in the borough which are attracting the patronage of Brooklyn children by candy lottery machines. According to an official at Brooklyn Police Headquarters, many complaints have been forthcoming from parents that the candy machines are developing "a gambling spirit among the children."

More than 500 of these machines have been confiscated by the police during the past two weeks. No arrests have been made but the drive against the machines will be carried on and any found in Brooklyn will be seized. In the device, if a penny falls into a certain slot it is returned together with a supply of candy.

MAKES \$92,000,000 IN COIN IN A YEAR

The Philadelphia Mint turned out 79,221,000 pieces of domestic coin with a face value of nearly \$92,000,000 and 39,000,000 pieces for Peru and Nicaragua in the fiscal year ended June 30.

Most of the year's work, numerically, consisted of 58,704,000 standard silver dollars, struck to replace those melted to provide bullion for the use of England in the East Indies. Other coinage included 1,597,000 gold double eagles, 538,000 dimes, 12,049,000 nickels and 1,431,000 cent pieces.

The coinage for Peru included 1,000,000 one sol silver pieces and 2,000,000 nickel five centavos. For Nicaragua the output was 500,000 one centavos and 400,000 half centavos.

BOYS, DO YOU LIKE DETECTIVE STORIES?

You Should Read

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

It contains the snappiest and liveliest stories you ever read. Each number begins with a rousing detective novelette, filled with pep from start to finish. Then there are from four to six short stories of police adventure with good plots and interesting situations. All these stories are written by the same authors who write for the higher priced magazines. Don't miss the articles about crime detection, yarns of the underworld and special items relating to ghostly happenings, peculiar events and current news of police cases.

Colored Covers, Fine Illustrations — 64 Pages

Get a Copy, Read It and See

How Interesting the Stories Are!

PRICE 10 CENTS

If you cannot procure a copy from your newsdealer send us the price (ten cents) and we will mail you one postage free. Address

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 W. 23d St., New York City

The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIII.

Working To Save Val.

It was an immense relief to Ellen and Jack, of course.

Catlettsburg reached, the remains of the unfortunate chauffeur were turned over to the local undertaker and Mr. Masterson then called up the governor on the phone.

Jack did not hear any part of the conversation, but when the secretary rejoined them, he said:

"The governor agrees with me, Torrance. I am to order Colonel Barker, who is in charge of the troops at Cross Creek, to arrest Dubey and Lorraine at once and to take them to Charleston. We will get dinner and then put it through as fast as we can."

Dinner over, an immediate start was made and at about four o'clock Jack was driving his car up the last rise. Beyond that mountain lay the valley of Cross Creek.

"Here comes a soldier on a bicycle!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Yes, and he is an officer, too," added Mr. Masterson, and as the man drew nearer, he exclaimed:

"Why, it's Captain Davis! Stop, Torrance. He has command of one of the companies at the Creek. He may have something to report."

Indeed he had!

Jack listened then to the story of the events of the morning and of the latest vanishing of poor Val.

"And where were you heading for?" asked the secretary.

"For Chatlettsburg to telephone you," replied the captain. "I spoke to Colonel Barker and he advised it. I am satisfied that young fellow really is Val Vane."

"Of course he is!" cried Jack, who until now had not spoken. "I am Jack Torrance, his best friend. Where is Ralph Dubey now?"

"The last I saw of him was at the office when I reported the young man missing," replied the captain. "He pretended to be very angry, but I could see secret triumph in his eye. I believe he had the boy spirited away."

"There is more to this than you know about, Davis," said Mr. Masterson, gravely. "Follow us back. I will see that the best is done to find out what has become of young Vane."

Of course the car soon outdistanced the bicycle. Descending the mountain, they were stopped by

the guard, who promptly passed them when Mr. Masterson made himself known.

Cross Creek reached, they went directly to the office. Jack and Ellen remained in the car while Mr. Masterson went inside.

The secretary soon came hurrying up to them. "I saw Melrose," he said. "He tells me that Dubey and Mr. Lorraine left for Charleston not half an hour ago in a car."

"Did you say anything to Mr. Melrose?" inquired Jack, but Mr. Masterson had not. He did not consider it worth while.

But Colonel Barker was taken into his full confidence and the guards were summoned. It took the colonel less than five minutes to get the truth out of them. Val had been turned over to Jerry and Mike on Dubey's order. The soldiers were told not to report to Captain Davis. Of course they had been bribed, though they denied it. They were immediately placed under arrest.

But where was Val?

These men, stuck to it that they had no idea.

He had been hustled into a covered wagon which Jerry drove away.

"We will go to the homestead," said Mr. Masterson, after a little reflection. "I shall have to stay here to-night in any case, and Mrs. Longworth shall entertain me whether she likes it or not."

Ellen protested that she did not want to go, but Mr. Masterson was firm, and to the big house they went to find it closed. Even the servants had vanished and there was no detectives on guard.

It was now nearly five o'clock, and as they stood there on the piazza talking a young girl suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of shrubbery.

"Pardon me," she said. "I have been listening. You are looking for Mr. Vane?"

"We certainly are. Speak."

"No," replied the girl, "that I cannot do, but if you will come with me—or rather take me in your car where I tell you I think you will find Val Vane."

"That is rather a singular way of putting it," said the secretary, doubtfully. "Who are you, then?"

"My name is Anna Wheelock. I am one of the mountaineers. Oh, please trust me. I feel that it is partly owing to me that Mr. Vane got into this latest trouble."

"Explain yourself."

"Sir, I cannot. I am under orders not to speak. I came here hoping to interest Colonel Barker in the boy. I was on the way to his headquarters when I saw you turn in here. After what I heard you saying it seemed to me that perhaps it would be better to speak to you. I saw you in Richmond once, Mr. Masterson. You are the governor's private secretary."

"Yes, I am, but I fail to remember you."

"Oh, you were merely pointed out to me, sir. Please do as I say. There is absolutely no danger."

"You want me to go to one of the striker's camps?"

"No, sir. Only to my grandfather, a poor old blind man. When you have talked to him you will know better what to do."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

SEEING BACKWARD

The hare can see objects behind as well as in front. Its eyes are large, prominent and placed laterally. Its power of seeing things in the rear is very noticeable in touring, for though the greyhound is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double. The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with the utmost difficulty on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see both ways with equal facility. This faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storms of kicks with which it defends itself.

A \$25,000 AQUARIUM

The world's largest and finest aquarium is being built under the caves of the bears and goats on the famous Mappin Terraces at the London Zoological Gardens. Over half a million gallons of sea water will be used for eighty tanks. The reservoir will be 220 feet long, 34 feet wide and 12 feet deep, and will be made of reinforced concrete.

Over it is to be fitted a promenade, on each side of which will be the glass-fronted tanks containing the exhibits.

When the whole is completed the reservoir will be filled with water from the North Sea, brought by barges up the Regent Canal.

"I expect that once filled it will not be necessary to add more sea water or to freshen up what is in the reservoir for a year or two," said the secretary.

A separate series of tanks will be put in for fresh-water fish. An elaborate electric plant will pump water to high-level tanks under the peak of the Mappin Terraces, where it will circulate continuously through the tanks in which the fish will live.

Heating apparatus is also to be installed, because the temperature in the various exhibition tanks will vary between 50 and 80 degrees, according to the part of the world the fish came from.

Half the exhibition tanks will be illuminated by electric light and the other half by daylight.

TO SAFEGUARD U. S. BANK NOTES

One of the great considerations in the manufacture of bank notes in the United States Bureau of Printing and Engraving is to guard effectively against the possibility of counterfeiting or theft.

The paper is made in a private paper plant, which manufactures for none but the Government. It is made of cotton and linen rags, in which are mixed the silk threads that may be easily seen by holding a bank note or a Treasury note to the light.

The printing and engraving process through which the paper is put is a very elaborate one and requires very complex machinery. The machinery used is so accurate and so well fortified against

successful imitation as to render both the means and the product practically beyond undetectable imitation.

The ink used is made in the same building where the work is done. One large room of the bureau contains something like a dozen large paint mills, which are kept busy grinding together the colors and the oil used on the presses. Only the best materials are used in the manufacture of this ink for bank notes and postage stamps.

The sheets on which currency is to be printed are counted when received. They are issued to the workmen on an order issued by the superintendent and are charged to that workman on a pass book provided for the purpose. When the printing is done the printer makes the impressions up in books of one hundred each, with brown paper placed between them. These are delivered to a clerk and the workman is credited with their delivery on his pass book. Some sheets may be spoiled, but all are credited to him so that his book may balance.

These impressions are counted and inspected. Spoiled ones are destroyed by properly authorized persons. The perfect ones are dried, pressed and again inspected and counted. They are then cut and delivered for issue.

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY

10 CENTS A COPY

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 128 THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE CAR, by Hamilton Craigie.
 129 THE DETECTIVE AND THE LAW, by Fredertck F. Shuer.
 130 THE HAND IN THE DARK, by Chas. F. Ouraler.
 131 THE TRAIL OF THE ROGUE, by George Bronson-Howard.
 132 THE WOMAN FROM NOWHERE, by Jack Rehdolt.
 133 THE TIME DETECTIVE, by Frank Bughton.
 134 THE WHISPERING ROOM, By Beulah Poynter.
 135 ONE CLUE MISSING, by Chas. F. Ouraler.
 136 THE DOOM OF THE DAMNED, by Joe Burke.
 137 THE CONSUMING DEATH, by Gilbert Hammond.

The Famous Detective Story Out Today in 138 Is

MRS. DEANE'S JEWELS

By BEATRICE S. LUISI

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
 166 West 23d Street, New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screen — Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays — Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films — Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
 166 West 23d St., New York

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

CROOKED "RADIO INSPECTORS"

Complaints have been received by the radio editors of many newspapers of a new variety of sneak thief. Calling himself a "radio inspector," he gains access to the house and takes advantage of it.

If you have only a receiving set, do not let him in. Official Federal inspectors are interested only in transmitting installations and they wear a Government badge.

LOADING COILS

One of the Bureau of Standards' circulars is No. 137, which deals with "Auxiliary Condensers and Loading Coils." A copy of this circular may be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for 10 cents. Instructions are given for construction and assembling the loading coils and condensers and for operating the receiving sets used with these additional parts. The function of the loading is to place the set in tune with higher wave lengths and the series condenser permits reception of lower wave lengths.

A GOOD TIP

The quantity of music or speech received from some types of loud speakers employing a metallic horn may be considerably improved by placing the horn about one-half an inch away from a wall or window, thus causing the sounds to be reflected and making them much clearer. If the strength of signal is sufficient to such an extent that it touches the pole pieces of the magnets, the sounds are very "tinny." This condition may be overcome by reducing the signal strength or by providing a means of adjusting the position of the diaphragm so that it may vibrate without coming in contact with the pole pieces of the magnets.

STATE RADIO CONTROL

State control of radio telegraphy in Denmark is provided in a bill recently introduced in the Danish Rigsdag by the Minister of Traffic, Assistant Trade Commissioner H. Sorenson reports. It is proposed that the Minister of Public Works shall be authorized to grant concessions for installation of radio receiving sets and that the provisions of the laws of April 19, 1907, concerning wireless telegraphy shall also apply to wireless telegraphy. It is said that on account of the restricted wave band that will be assigned to Denmark under agreement with the Norwegian and Swedish Telegraph Services the Danish Government will exercise full control over transmitting stations.

FREAK RADIO SETS

Wireless papers have heard of a number of freak receiving sets, which have the additional merit of displaying the ingenuity of the builders.

Sam Solot of Central High School, Philadelphia, has mounted a receiving set that works on a lead pencil.

Frank McHale, a West Philadelphia High School freshman, has a receiving set mounted on a corn cob pipe that brings in local broadcasting.

William B. Boyd of Kensington, Pa., has a workable receiver mounted on a prehistoric object known as a "beer" bottle.

Radio has gone completely to the head of Alfred Pogany, Philadelphia. He goes about wearing a derby hat with a receiving set mounted inside it.

Charles Plewinski, Roxborough, Pa., has built a receiver entirely within the shell of a peanut.

Charles F. Waag, Jr., Philadelphia, has built a workable receiver on a cigarette holder, two inches long.

INDIAN BROADCAST

Broadcasting in India will probably be limited to a single company, composed of British and Indian firms, according to a report of the recent Delhi Conference forwarded to the Department of Commerce by Vice Consul Harold Shantz, Calcutta. Non-British firms will not be allowed to participate, it is said.

The Director of Wireless has pointed out that under the proposed license an important set of apparatus would only be authorized if of British manufacture, but that it would be permissible to buy parts from the United States or other foreign countries and assemble them in India. The director said that the proposed company would be essentially an Indian one, registered in India and with headquarters there.

In this connection it may be observed that at the present time no wireless equipment can be imported into India which is not for Government use except under a special import license from the Director of Wireless and by persons who are licensed to operate.

RADIO DIFFICULTIES IN ENGLAND

Lord Gainsford, who presided at a recent meeting of the British Broadcasting Company, Limited, stated that although the Post Office figures show about 80,000 licenses have been issued to owners of radio receiving sets, he thought that if those figures were multiplied by four or five they would be nearer to the number of receiving sets tapping the ether lanes over the British Isles.

Unlike the laws governing radio receiving in the United States, Great Britain requires the owner of a radio receiving set to have a license. Lord Gainsford says "there is a wholesale evasion going on." Many people who listen in with radio receiving sets do not possess a license. The six English broadcasting stations now in operation depend partly upon the license fees for adequate revenue. It is claimed that the widespread infringement of the regulations is preventing the broadcasting companies from improving the qual-

ity of their programs as they had planned to do with increased revenue.

WHEN WINTER COMES

When cold weather is at hand and indoors far more inviting than outdoors, we will be face to face with a decided revival of radio interest. Following the radio craze of last winter and spring, we ran into a serious slump. This condition was due to several causes: first of all, summer weather is not conducive to good radio results, because of static interference; secondly, summer weather calls every one outdoors, and radio is primarily an indoor sport; thirdly, too many manufacturers and others jumped into the radio manufacturing business, and as a consequence much inferior apparatus made its appearance along with the good apparatus. That there has been an overproduction of radio material is certain, although it is equally true that of the good apparatus there never has been and there still is not an overproduction. With the return of cold weather and with the radio industry undergoing a clarifying process for the purpose of eliminating unsatisfactory apparatus, radio will be on the upward trend. Radio broadcasting stations are also giving a hand by broadcasting more interesting programs than ever, having the benefit of a year or more of experience to guide them.

THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN

Long-distance reception will become more and more common with the advent of cold weather. Whereas last winter and spring it would have been considered a remarkable feat to receive from a radio-telephone broadcasting station one thousand miles away, this is now a rather common occurrence. In large measure this long-distance work is due to the use of more power and better apparatus at the transmitting end, supplemented by better receiving sets and more intelligent handling at the receiving end. The usual regenerative receiving set is quite a complicated thing to handle, and it is only now, after many months of experience, that many novices are getting the most out of their apparatus. Stations which have figured largely in widespread long-distance work are the Atlanta Journal (WSB) at Atlanta, Ga., the Detroit News (WWJ), the Palmer School of Chiropractic (WOC) at Davenport, Ia., the Sweeney Automobile School, Kansas City, Westinghouse (KDKA) at Pittsburgh, Pa., and General Electric Company (WGY), Schenectady, N. Y. On several occasions the WOC broadcasting station has been received in New York by amateurs with a clarity that is truly remarkable.

OPERATING ON LIGHTING CIRCUITS

The employment of a high-voltage dry battery or storage battery for the plate circuit and a storage battery for the filament circuit of the usual vacuum tube equipment has proved a serious drawback. Several years ago the French and German radio engineers worked out schemes for operating vacuum tubes on commercial lighting circuits. Our own Bureau of Standards has been at work on the problem for some time back, and has recently established its findings. The

journal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers describes a five-stage amplifier which operates satisfactorily on 60-cycle supply for both filaments and plates. This amplifier has three radio-frequency stages and two audio-frequency stages and uses a crystal detector. The interference from the 60-cycle supply is practically eliminated by balancing resistances, grid condensers and special grid leaks of comparatively low resistance, a telephone transformer in the output circuit and a crystal detector instead of an electron tube detector. The account gives circuit diagrams, the final complete circuits for the five stages being reproduced, and states the values of the condensers, resistances and inductances used.

PUT YOUR AERIAL HIGH

The close proximity of a tin roof or other metallic structure to the antenna absorbs a considerable portion of the energy which is needed for clear signals. Where possible, the antenna should be supported about 30 feet above frameworks and surfaces of metal. The lead-in should also be kept clear of such energy absorbing objects, thus permitting the reception of signals from long distances.

FOR SWEDISH SHIPS

Vessels at sea may now obtain free medical advice through the wireless station at Gothenburg, Sweden. The radiogram telling the symptoms of the person affected is forwarded to the Alimanna and Sahigransha Hospital, from where free advice is sent to the ship through the Gothenburg transmitter.

AVOID LOOSE CONTACTS

Many condensers are designed so there is a friction contact to the movable plates; that is, the contact is made by the shaft touching a piece of metal. This is a cheap and easy way to make a connection, but it will develop into a loose contact and dust collecting between the shaft and the contact point decreases the efficiency of the entire set. Good firm connections, usually made in the form of pig-tails by wire fastened to the shaft or bearing, form a far superior contact. Scratching and grinding noises in the phones are often traced to a friction contact on a variable condenser.

Sliding and friction contacts are all loose connections and are a source of trouble. It must be remembered that most of the energy radiated by the transmitting station is lost in space. Only the smallest fraction of the current broadcast is picked up by a receiving station. A loose contact places resistance in the path of the feeble impulses passing through the receiving set and the sound is greatly decreased if not inaudible in the phones. Using three stages of radio frequency amplification, a detector and one stage of audio frequency amplification, all connections clean and firm, signals are picked up at the New York Times radio station from Leafelds, England, with sufficient strength to deflect a voltmeter.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1923

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	7 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	" "	90 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	" "	\$1.75
One Copy One Year.....	" "	3.50
Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50.		

HOW TO SEND MONEY — At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.
L. F. Wilain, Treas.

HARRY E. WOLFF,
Publisher, Inc.,
166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

HOUSE CLEANS, DESTROYS SAVINGS

When Mrs. A. C. Harter, eighty-six, Spencer-ville, O., cleaned house, she burned her year's savings, \$96 in currency. She had put the money under a rug in her parlor. Gathering up the papers under the rug, Mrs. Harter burned them. The money was destroyed with the papers.

A LARGE ENVELOPE ORDER

It will require 354,388,000 envelopes to inclose the mail of the Government next year, and, as an indication of what these figures mean, the Post Office Department announced recently that a contract had been let for 140,000,000 official envelopes for that department alone at a cost of \$178,061.

BEES STORING HONEY IN ICE CREAM FREEZER

Arthur Bitner, a West Packer farmer, near Hudsondale, Pa., is going without ice cream this week. His five-gallon freezer has been selected by a swarm of bees and they are engaged in filling it with honey for next winter.

The bees make their entrance and exit through the drain-pipe at the bottom of the freezer.

U. S. S. RICHMOND'S SPEED 34.3 MILES

The official trial trips of the new light cruiser Richmond have just been completed and have been a source of great satisfaction to the Bureau of Engineering. Her machinery, which was designed in the bureau, has more than met the expectations of the engineering officers. The Richmond reached a speed of 34.3 miles. If she had been built according to the original plans she would, it is claimed, have exceeded thirty-five knots.

The greatest achievement was the Richmond's ability to maintain a speed of fifteen knots for 10,000 miles without refueling. She sailed 7,200 miles at the rate of twenty knots per hour without refueling. This is a remarkable sailing radius and will make the new cruiser very effective.

BAGGING A HIPPO

There are two ways of bagging a hippopotamus, says a writer in the *Wide World Magazine*, and neither is justified unless the sportsman is sorely in want of food, for its meat is very poor indeed and wants a good deal of preparation to be palatable to any one except the starving. It has a taste I can only describe as fishy, something what beef would taste like after being wrapped up for a couple of days with a Scotch haddock of doubtful freshness.

The hippo may be shot in water. When mortally wounded he will sink and will not reappear on the surface for several hours, consequently a tiring lookout has to be kept for the carcass. If he is only slightly wounded, he may charge, but more often he will flee and die in the reeds to serve as food for scavenger birds or crocodiles.

The other and more sporting way is to shoot him on land. This is, as a rule, only possible at night or late in the evening and early in the morning. It would not be wise to find oneself between the river and the wounded hippo, for he at once makes for the water by the shortest route, and he goes so fast that getting out of the way requires pretty speedy feet and great coolness of nerve.

LAUGHS

Traveler (just landed)—I learn you have a new government. How does it start out? Native—Splendidly. We owe money to every nation on earth, and they are all afraid to molest us.

The Crocodile—What's become of the laughing hyena? The Lion—He happened to come along where I was taking a nap in the shade, and he thought I was dead, and—well, he ain't had anything to laugh at since.

"And what do you call yourself?" contemptuously inquired an indignant wife. "A man or a mouse?" "A man," answered her husband bitterly. "If I were a mouse you'd be on that table by now calling for help."

Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face? Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

Mr. Brown—Shall we have to buy new woolen underwear for all of the boys this year? Mrs. Brown—No, dear. Yours have shrunk so they just fit John; Johnny's shrunk to fit Willie, and Willie's are just snug on the baby. You are the only one that needs new ones.

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have fruit tarts twice." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think once is quite enough for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silent, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SCOTLAND YARD

Scotland Yard, in Whitehall, London, is said to have derived its name from a palace that formerly occupied the site, in which the Scottish ambassadors were lodged. That was in the days when England and Scotland were separate kingdoms and Scotland sent ambassadors to England. Scotland Yard was the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police up to 1890, when removal was made to New Scotland Yard on the Thames Embankment, near Westminster Bridge.

"ARMORED GLASS"

It is said that a fortune awaits the individual who shall invent a flexible, unbreakable glass. "Armored glass," so called because it contains a netting of galvanized wire and is not easily broken into small pieces, is too heavy and too nearly opaque for most uses. There is a glass of comparatively recent invention called "three ply." Although it is neither flexible nor unbreakable, it has certain advantages over other kinds. It is composed of two panes of glass with a thin sheet of transparent celluloid pressed between them and made to adhere by hydraulic pressure. It is said that a blow hard enough to shatter ordinary glass and to drive the pieces for some distance merely cracks the three ply glass.

SOURCE OF THE BASEBALL BAT

Ash ideally combines the qualities demanded of the baseball bat. Shape and size are matters of individual taste—the model room of a leading manufactory has on show 1,200 bat patterns—but ash is really the one accepted material. Now, although we have resources of nearly 10,000,000,000 board feet, ash is popular for so many purposes that its scarcity has already greatly affected the price, and farmers with suitable woodland might well devote it to this tree. The U. S. Forest Service has originated and perfected a laminated bat built up of short pieces of ash joined with the same waterproof glue as is used in airplane propellers; these bats are said to be as resilient, durable and satisfactory as the one-piece kind.

OUR ALIEN POPULATION

The alien population of the United States increased 24,541 in January, 28,773 aliens having been admitted during the month and 4,232 deported, the Labor Department has announced. Of the immigrants admitted, 15,661 came from Europe, 954 from Asia, 21 from Africa and 12,100 from the countries of the Western Hemisphere.

About 3 per cent. of the immigrants were listed as belonging to the professional class, 22 per cent. were skilled workers, 12 per cent. common laborers, 41 per cent. had no occupation, women and children being included in this group, while 22 per cent. had miscellaneous occupations. During the month 1,569 aliens were denied admission

while 284 were deported after entering the country.

A total of 249,585 aliens were admitted under the 3 per cent. restriction law during the first eight months of the current fiscal year, while 108,268, or about 30 per cent., may be admitted during the four remaining months.

The following countries have exhausted their quotas for the present fiscal year: Armenia, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Lithuania, Spain, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Africa, Atlantic Islands, Australia and New Zealand.

TOURING ON A BICYCLE

Touring on a bicycle requires especial care in selecting an outfit. The spectacle of a young man starting out on a long trip with a great pack on his back, bundles on his handbars and a luggage carrier is pathetic. One inexperienced tripper, so burdened, said his outfit weighed 140 pounds. He had a tent, waterproofs, blanket, spare clothes, food for many days, though he was passing towns every hour, and cooking utensils enough for a party of four, though they were taxing his strength and wearing out his stamped bearings and undersized tires.

A bicyclist's camping outfit, counsels a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, should weigh less than 50 pounds. All that he really needs is a nested mess kit, a blanket, a four-pound tent or waterproof canvas sheet, extra clothes, a canteen (a quart in settled regions, a gallon in arid lands) and a camera.

A rider should select food suitable to the region in which he is going to travel. He should carry no burden on his back, waist or any part of his person. Holsters, luggage carriers or bags should hold everything, and they should be fastened directly to the machine. Burdens should be so placed as to keep the center of gravity low; any pendulous motion of the luggage must be prevented. Nor is there any need to burden yourself with riding on a motorcycle. The motor will carry almost as much as can be stacked on it, but even so, the rule holds true that the lighter the outfit the greater the comfort and ease of travel.

Bicycling costs perhaps a dollar a day if the tourist camps out. If he cooks his own meals he saves two-thirds of the ordinary expense, and if he knows how to cook in camp he can live much better and have less indigestion than if he were to eat the messes served at some restaurants and hotels.

In arranging a schedule for a bicycle tour you can count on going 40 or 50 miles a day over improved roads. But in the region west of the Mississippi and east of the Sierras the best roads are rough and difficult. The deserts and mountains are indeed, inspiring, but you must walk up long grades and descend grades equally long, often with smoking brakes. You must keep your brakes always in good condition.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

IMITATOR OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Berlin's Columbus Circle has been the scene every night recently of a free show staged by an imitator of Charlie Chaplin. Shuffling about in Chaplin's characteristic fashion, the imitator would suddenly seize the nearest bystander as if to save himself from falling. The bystander would join in the general laugh.

Last night a man who had arrived home minus his watch and chain after attending the entertainment, revisited the place wearing a miniature clock so constructed as to sound an alarm upon its removal from his pocket. Just after the entertainer seized this man in a pretended fall, the alarm sounded and the performer was exposed as a pickpocket. He escaped amid a rain of blows from the spectators.

THE WHEEL IS OLD

Look at any allegorical painting or drawing that is supposed to depict the advance of civilization and you will in all probability see in one corner a picture of an ancient horse-drawn buggy. Perhaps this same corner will contain a horse-drawn street car. In the other corner there will be a modern railroad express train scotching over the rails at a tremendous rate of speed. Overhead an airplane will be gliding along, while on a parallel road will be seen an automobile. No such picture is complete without these items. True, there will be various types of boats and vessels, but we are more directly concerned just at present with land vehicles.

On all of them, regardless of the generation in which they reigned supreme, there is one basic scientific element that is responsible for vehicular development. The wheel, without which civilization would be almost at a standstill, is the one scientific element that is probably responsible for the spread of civilization to all four corners of the world. Yet, so common have they become and so taken-for-granted that we never stop to think of the part wheels have played in the world. Without them our modern trains, automobiles, buggies, wagons and numerous other means of transportation would be impossible.

The wheel was old when Egypt was still a new nation, and of its actual origin there is no authentic record. One theory goes back to the distant period of cave-dwelling man, whose chief occupation was building. He would drag logs of timber from the forest day after day and pile them at an angle against the rocks, filling in the cracks with earth and sticks, thus affording himself shelter. It is thought that by using semi-circular branches as runners underneath the logs it was found that they could be moved forward far more easily than by lifting the dead weight.

Another theory is that a circular stone having a hole in the center attracted the attention of a savage more intelligent than the rest of his fellows. Taking this up, he found that he could revolve it upon a stick and this, it is thought, gave him an inkling of the wonderful use to which he could put it.

MUSEUM FINDS OUT HOW A MOLE LIVES

The habits of the mole have at last been discovered. The American Museum of Natural History is now in possession of a complete nest with mother and young. In fact, it has three nests and a total of nine young. April 21 the museum announced a reward of \$25 for a nest in the hope that farmer, golfer or young naturalist would come across a specimen nest which would clear up the mystery of the moles family life, but for weeks no response was received until suddenly specimens arrived from New Brunswick, N. J., Tyner, Ind., and Marietta, S. C. To avoid being swamped with nests the museum now announces that the offer is closed.

The New Jersey moles were well grown. The structure of the nest leaves some doubt as to its being their original home. It was sent in by Charles L. Sullivan, and although it was not quite what the museum wanted, he was awarded \$5. The second nest came from William Johnson and Henry Johnson, Tyner, Ind., and was accompanied by four baby moles and their mother. It was the prize specimen. A third came from L. O. Mulkey, Marietta, S. C., with three young. Both the Johnsons and Mulkey were awarded \$25.

The valuable part of the finds, according to the museum authorities, is that definite information about the nests was available in each case. A letter from the Johnsons stated that their nest was found while plowing corn. It was in a ditch bank in sandy soil, about twelve inches beneath the sod, with a tunnel leading down the bank so that no water could get in the hole. The nest was made of grass.

Further details about nests were contained in a letter received from C. E. Cooper, Torrington Park, N. J., who reported that he had found four nests while plowing and that they were always made of grass, woven together in much the way a bird makes a nest. The young, from three to five a nest, are born without fur.

Mulkey gave accurate details of his find and told of the mother mole coming back during the night to hunt for her young. This nest had three runs leading to it, was made of old dead grass and was found on the edge of a cornfield.

Dr. F. A. Lucas, director of the museum, said accurate information, hitherto not available to scientists, had been secured.

"This is the first authentic information about a mole's nesting habits that I know of," he said, "and as far as I know the groups which we can make out of our specimens will be the first in any American museum. I had been unable to find any one who knew anything about the family life of a mole until I received the accurate information of the finders of the nests we now have."

Dr. Lucas plans to use the newspapers in further hunts for unusual specimens of animal life. He said that for three years he had been trying to get hold of a family of young gracoons under a month old. In spite of a reward of \$100 for such a family he has never been able to get one. He also said that he was after a family of young walves



“He’s Already Patented Four Inventions”

“**F**UNNY thing, too . . . When he first came here he was just an ordinary worker. For a time, when things were slack, I even thought that we might have to let him go.

“Then, gradually, I noticed an improvement in his work. He seemed to really understand what he was doing.

“One day he came into my office and said he had worked out a new arm for the automatic feeder. I was a little skeptical at first, but when he started explaining to me, I could see that he had really discovered something. And when I started questioning him, I was amazed. He certainly did know what he was talking about.

“So we sat down and talked for over an hour. Finally, I asked him where he had learned so much about his work. He smiled and took a little book from his pocket.

“There’s no secret about it,” he said. “The answer’s right here. Four months ago I saw one of those advertisements of the International Correspondence Schools. I had been seeing them for years, but this time something inside of

me said, *Send in that coupon.* It was the best move I ever made—I knew it the minute I started my first lesson. Before, I had been working in a sort of mental fog—just an automatic part of the machine in front of me. But the I. C. S. taught me to really understand what I was doing.”

“Well, that was just a start. Three times since he has come to me with improvements on our machines—improvements that are being adopted in other plants and on which he receives a royalty. He is certainly a splendid example of the practical value and thoroughness of I. C. S. training.”

Every mail brings letters from students of the I. C. S. telling of advancements and larger salaries won through spare-time study. There’s still a chance for you, if you will only make the start.

Just fill out and mail the coupon printed below and, without cost or obligation, get the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you. To-day—not To-morrow—is the day to take that first definite step toward Success.

These inventors and many others once studied with the I. C. S.

JESSE G. VINCENT
Vice-president of Packard Motor Car Co., inventor of the Packard Twin-Six and co-inventor of the Liberty Motor.

JOHN C. WAHL
First vice-president of The Wahl Co., inventor of the Wahl Adding Machine, the Eversharp Pencil and the Wahl Fountain Pen.

W. J. LILLY
Inventor of the Lilly Mine Hoist Controller.

H. E. DOERR
Chief Mechanical Engineer, Scullis Steel Co., St. Louis.

— TEAR OUT HERE —

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, BOX 4491-B, SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

- Automobile Work
- Gas Engine Operating
- Airplane Engines
- Radio
- Electrical Engineering
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Railroad Positions

- Civil Engineer
- Surveying and Mapping
- Mine Foreman or Engineer
- Marine Engineer
- Architect
- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Structural Engineer
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy

- Business Management
- Industrial Management
- Traffic Management
- Business Law
- Banking and Banking Law
- Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- Nicholson Cost Accounting
- Bookkeeping
- Business English
- Business Spanish

- Salesmanship
- Advertising
- Stenography and Typing
- Teacher
- Civil Service
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Common School Subjects
- High School Subjects
- Illustrating
- French

Name..... Street Address.....

City..... State..... Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

LITTLE ADS

THE WORLD'S
LARGEST
OIL TANK

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES.

Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.00, make \$1.25. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 171, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumers. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 9700 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE

LAND OPPORTUNITY! \$10 to \$50 down starts you on 20, 40, 80 ac. near thriving city in lower Mich.; bal. long time. Learn how we help you get a farm home. Write today for big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., M-1268 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel experience unnecessary. Write George Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

EARN \$20 weekly spare time, at home, addressing, mailing music, circulars. Send 30c for music, information. American Music Co., 1653 Broadway, Dept. ST, N. Y.

\$100 TO \$300 A WEEK. Men with slight knowledge of motors who can reach car owners can earn \$300 weekly without making a single sale. If they can also make sales their profits may reach \$25,000 yearly. Only proposition of its kind ever offered. V. L. Phillips, 1908 Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Humbal, Mo.

PERSONAL

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY, worth \$25,000, will marry. Club, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

BACHELOR, 36, worth \$100,000, anxious to marry. Y., Box 85, League, Toledo, Ohio.

BEST, LARGEST MATRIMONIAL CLUB in Country. Established 19 Years. Thousands Wealthy wishing Early Marriage, Confidential. Free. The Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

CHARMING WIDOW, 32, wealthy, will marry soon. League, Box 77, Oxford, Fla.

CHARMING WIDOW, with farm, will marry soon. Emma, Box 77, Oxford, Fla.

DECIDEDLY PRETTY GIRL, worth \$85,000, will marry. Box 1022, Club, Wichita, Kansas.

DO YOU WANT NEW FRIENDS? Write Betty Lee, Inc., 4234 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated!

HANDSOME LADY of means; would marry if suited. (Stamp.) Violet, Box 787, Denison, Ohio.

PERSONAL—Continued

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

LADIES, write Western Bachelor, 38, worth \$100,000. Y., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

LADY FARMER, 35, worth \$50,000, will marry. N., Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

LONESOME? Get acquainted. I will help you. My methods insure confidence. Hundreds seeking matrimony. Information free, stamp, please. Mrs. Franz, 947 Montana St., Chicago.

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get yours today. Don't delay. Sent full birthdate and 10c. K. Okie, 209 West 139th St., New York, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 38, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY, HEALTH, WEALTH—Members everywhere, worth to \$50,000. Photos, descriptions free. SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, Cimarron, Kan.

MARRY IF LONELY: "Home Maker"; hundreds rich, confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club", Box 558, Oakland, California.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 345, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from \$1,000 to \$50,000 seeking early marriage, descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Car. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

PRETTY MAIDEN, wealthy but lonely, will marry. Club, Box 56, Oxford, Fla.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., RR23, 122 Federal St., Camden, N. J.

PRETTY GIRLIE, wealthy, but oh, so lonesome, will marry. C., Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

WHOM SHOULD YOU MARRY? We'll tell you. Send 30c and birth date to Character Studies, 1515 Masonic Temple, New York City.

WEALTHY, pretty, affectionate girl, would marry. Write, enclosing envelope, Doris Dawn, South Euclid, Ohio.

SONGWRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We compose melody. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 405 E. Roman Bldg., New York.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superior Co., P.C., Baltimore, Md.

Factory to Rider

Saves \$10 to \$25 on the Ranger you select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval express prepaid for 30 Days Free Trial.

12 Months to Pay Possession and use at once on our liberal year to year plan.

Tires, wheels, equipment at half usual prices. Write for marvelous Mead Cycle Company Dept. C18, Chicago. Write to us today



GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

Especially Candy Factory? In your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 149 EAST ORANGE, N. J.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in side of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H104 Orzard Ave. & 58th St. ©AS 1923 CHICAGO

Genuine Diamond RING

Marvelous Value
Brilliant Blue White,
Perfect Cut Diamond

\$37.50

Cash or Credit

Venetian Diamond Ring
\$1.00
A WEEK

Mounting in 14-K Solid Green Gold, Diamond set in solid White Gold top. A popular Engagement Ring. Case in handsome ring box. A big bargain. Send \$1.00 with order, then \$1.00 a week until paid. Money Back if Not Satisfied.

LOFTIS
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Covering a area of twenty acres, and with a capacity of 1,750,000 barrels, the world's largest oil storage tank is nearing completion at Wilmington, Cal. The concrete tank will rise only eight feet above the ground, half of it being below the surface. The roof will be supported by wooden posts set in concrete blocks in the bottom of the tank, also of concrete.

Despite the vast quantity of oil that will be held in the tank, the sides and bottom will be only four inches thick. This feature is made possible by the careful preparation of the earth under the tank, by the methods of reinforcing the concrete and by the nature of the concrete. All soil around the excavation for the tank within accurately determined distances is removed and re-packed until it is much more dense than at first. This is accomplished by tractors treaded with iron attachments that resemble a sheep's hoof. The sides of the excavation are packed beyond the limits to which the side of the tank will extend. These sides are then cut through so that at all places the texture of the soil will be constant.

WERE YOU BORN UNDER A LUCKY STAR?

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL THAT THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR

Character Abilities
Disposition Friends
Good Traits and
Weaknesses Lucky Days

READ YOUR OWN CHARACTER

THE careful study of a thoro description of yourself is far more important than you may at first imagine.

For it is absolutely true that any added knowledge of your own inherent qualities will greatly assist you in reaching a higher degree of success. You can be just as successful as you desire. It is all in your power of will. But before you can exercise this power in the right direction, you must thoroly study yourself.

"How To Read Human Nature"

SERIES OF TWELVE BOOKS

Price 10 cents each. Postpaid to any address

These books give in concise form a positive key to self-development. They are based on a study of thousands of characters—are pregnant with keen analysis and most helpful character-building hints.

Send us ten cents and the month of your birth and the book will be mailed immediately. Use coupon below.

If you have a friend, acquaintance or business associate whose character and disposition you would like to study, obtain our book corresponding with the month in which such person was born.

IF YOU ARE IN LOVE — you should know the character, disposition, good points, abilities, and weaknesses of the person in whom you are interested. Ascertain the month of birth and then send for our book of that month. Enclose another dime.

CHARACTER STUDIES, Inc.,
Room 1515, Masonic Temple, N. Y. C.

I enclose.....

Send books of (give months).....

Name

Address

Sell Shirts



Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts, Pajamas, and Nightshirts direct from our factory to wearer. Nationally advertised. Easy to sell. Exclusive patterns. Exceptional values. No experience or capital required. Large steady income assured. Entirely new proposition. **WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES.**
MADISON SHIRT CO., 808 B'way, N.Y. City

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch



Guaranteed Time Keeper. Given for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap-Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily Sold. **EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS.** Order your cards **TODAY.** Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 127 Z, Lancaster, Pa.

FREE!



Big, Handsome, Dressed, Sleeping Doll sent prepaid for selling **ONLY SIX PACKETS** new Highly Perfumed Sachet Powder **AT 10c.**
This is a *Special Offer* to introduce our sachet.
We also give Mama Dolls, Walking Dolls, and premiums for boys.
Lane Mfg. Co. Dept. 153
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ASTHMA

or MAY FEVER Treatment mailed on trial. State which you want. If it cures send \$1; if not, don't. Write today.
Address W. K. STERLINE, 544 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, O.

MORPHINE FREE YOURSELF

SEND FOR INFORMATION
DR. QUAYLE SANITARIUM, Dept. 971 MADISON, OHIO

GOITRE Pay When Well



I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a trite while. Pay when well. Tellyour friends about this. Write me at once. **DR. ROCK,**
Dept. 94 Box 787 Milwaukee, Wis.

2.00 BRINGS THIS RING— NO REFERENCES NEEDED



Only \$2.00 down and \$1.00 per week for this platinum fin., finest hand pierced **ARTEX** ring with two French cut blue sapphires on sides. Guaranteed full 1 ct. perfect cut stone of blue white diamond radiance and beauty. For a flawless diamond of this cut and size, you would pay elsewhere, upwards of \$150. Our special price only \$12.00—and ten weeks to pay it. Send for yours now. State whether ladies' or gent's desired, giving finger size. Our guarantee protects you. **F. ARTEX COMPANY,** 1133 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

ANYBODY CAN PLAY



So simple a child can play—by numbers instead of notes.
"FUN" at parties, entertainments, etc.
SEND **NO MONEY.** Just your name. Pay postman only \$2.79 on arrival. We pay postage.
PUBLIC TRADING CO.
263 5th Ave., Dept. 59, New York
FREE — 15 SONGS!

VENTRILOQUISM

taught almost any one at home. Small cost. Send **TODAY 2 cents** for particulars and proof.
GEORGE W. SMITH
Room M-762, 125 N. Jeff Ave., Peoria, Ill.

PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1271 The Quaker Boy Spy; or, General Washington's Best Aide.
 1272 Cal Carter the Boy Lawyer; or, A Foe of One Million Dollars
 1273 The Board of Trade Boys; or, The Young Grain Speculators of Chicago.
 1274 Haunted; or, The Curse of Gold.
 1275 A Sawdust Prince; or, The Roy Bareback Rider.
 1276 Fred Farrell, the Barkeeper's Son. (A True Temperance Story).
 1277 The Marked Moccasin; or, Pandy Ellis' Pard.
 1278 Liberty Hose; or, The Pride of Plattsville.
 1279 Among the Sun Worshipers; or, Two New York Boys in Peru.
 1280 Engineer Steve, the Prince of the Rail.
 1281 A Wall Street "Lamb"; or, The Boy Who Broke the Brokers.
 1282 Chums; or, The Leaders of Glendale Academy.
 1283 The Little Swamp Fox; A Tale of General Marion and His Men.
 1284 Newsboy Nick; or, The Boy with a Hidden Million.
 1285 North Pole Nat; or, The Secret of the Frozen Deep.
 1286 Thirteen White Ravens; or, The Ghostly Riders of the Forest.
 1287 Little Dead Shot, The Pride of the Trappers.
 1288 Shiner, the New York Bootblack; or, The Secret of a Boy's Life.
 1289 Whistling Walt, the Champion Spy. (A Story of the American Revolution).
 1290 The Boy Maroons; or, Cast Away for Two Years.
 1291 Fred Flame, the Hero of Graystone No. 1.
 1292 The White Wizard of the Bowery; or, The Boy Slaves of New York.
 1293 Harry Dare; or, A New York Boy in the Navy.
 1294 The Little Unknown; or, The Young Hero of the Reign of Terror.
 1295 Jack Quirk, the Boy Engineer.
 1296 Lost in the Great Basin; or, The Wonderful Underground City.
 1297 From Bootblack to Senator; or, Bound to Make His Way.
 1298 The Seven Tigers of the Mountains; or, All for Love and Glory.
 1299 Slippery Steve; or, The Cunning Spy of the Revolt.
 1300 Blown Out to Sea; or, Lost Among a Strange Race.
 1301 The Boy Volunteers; or, The Boss Fire Company of the Town.
 1302 The Swamp Doctor; or, The Man Witch.
 1303 The Rival Roads; or, From Engineer to President.
 1304 The Boy Editor; or, The Struggles of a Brave Orphan.
 1305 Kit Carson, The King of the Scouts.
 1306 Lost Among the Slave Hunters; or, An American Boy's Adventures in Africa.
 1307 Rattling Rube; or, The Jolly Young Scout and Spy.
 1308 The Doomed City; or, The Hidden Foe of Plummerdale.
 1309 The Pride of the Volunteers; or, Burke Halliday, the Boy Fireman.
 1310 The Boy Milliners; or, Slavery or Death.
 1311 Always Ready; or, The Best Engineer on the Road.
 1312 Branded a Deserter; or, Boy Rivals in Love and War.
 1313 A Scout at 10; or, A Boy's Wild Life on the Frontier.
 1314 Diamond Dave, the Wolf; or, The Search for the Great Blue Stone.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,
 166 West 23d Street, New York City

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 85 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 85 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENABENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of teleks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Full explained by twenty-eight illustrations.

No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the well-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By B. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York

