"IT'S SPORTY STANFORD," DECLARED JINGO JIM. "YES, THAT IS THE MAN WHO KILLED THE BOATMAN!"

THE SPORT OF TWO CITIES

OR,

JINGO JIM'S JAMBOREE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG PEDDLER'S ADVENTURE.

It had been a good day with Jingo Jim, for all his wares had been disposed of successfully. The money was in his pocket, and he would have felt rich if he had not had expenses to meet. Even as it was he went to the office of the concern from which he had his wares with a light heart. The manager was at the desk.

"Hello, Jim!" was his greeting. "What luck?"
"Count it!"

He took the direction the boy emptied his pockets and the manager quickly ran over the coins. Then he explained, "You must have had a rush of trade. Is this all for us?"

"No.

"You don't seem happy over it. Do you want a little more credit?"

"No.

"So right. Come around in the morning and we will fix you up for the day."

The laughing kangaroo must be going well.

"They be--great hit. I'll be round.

With this reply, and preserving a serious countenance, Jim walked out of the office. He was quickly forgotten by the manager, but it remained a fact that Jim had problems of importance to confront.

He was now fifteen years old and his own master and own helper, for he did not know of a relative in the world. His business, as before indicated, was the selling of notions on the streets of New York. He had done well, and he had managed to get a living which, to him, seemed good until he fell sick one day on the job.

When he was again about, his money was all gone and he had debts to pay. It might have been a grave matter to him if it had not been gone to the office. He was known there and trusted, and he had been allowed credit, which few could have obtained if they were as friendless as he was.

The latest novelty was a kangaroo toy, that turned hand springs in a fascinating way, and it had helped Jim a good deal. If he had been less conscientious he might have pocketed it, but he was too wise to that, and he paid all debts at home and at the office, and by doing this as fast as possible he had that evening made himself almost penniless.

After leaving the office he walked briskly on until he neared the tenement house where he made his home. Close to the door he noticed a small number of people around what proved to be a dead horse. Dead horses were novelty in New York, yet Jim did not fall to stop and look at this one.

It was not close to it, but this did not prevent uncomplimentary comments.

"He ought ter be took away quick," remarked a boy. "He's so poor his bones were in his shoes.

"He is the homeliest hoss I ever seen," added another. "He tried ter be white, but it got mixed up with seven or eight other colors."

"He's got a frame big enough for a thousand hosses, but he won't weigh over eight hundred.

These comments impressed Jinga Jim as frivolous, but he did not know what an important blessing they were to have on his future. He looked on with but slight interest, saying nothing.

He went to his uncle, another person, "that he has seen more thumps than grain lately."

"A clean case of starved to death," the owner of the horse suddenly announced.

What you chumps don't know would break down Brooklyn Bridge! he retorted, angrily. "That horse was twenty years old, and has been schooling for a month. He was all his, but I ain't been able to drive him for a long while, but I took him out ter-night jest ter exercise him. I should b'lieve he'd b'lieve, and that if it didn't it wouldn't be no great loss. That's why I put this dilapidation out."

When the horse first felt its rake rider had managed to lessen and remove the saddle. It was lying on the pavement. The owner now picked it up. He looked at it critically, saw how worn and apparently useless it was, and then looked up quickly.

"I wouldn't take this thing for a dozen of em," he pursed. "Anybody want it?"

He spoke as if he expected a general refusal, but he was a good deal surprised when a very fat man in a black coat and suit, looked up quickly.

"Yes, give it ter me!"

It was Jinga Jim, and as no one else, poor as some of them were, put in a claim for the old worn-out saddle, it was his property by right of first claimant.

"All you need now is a horse an' you will be fitted out," remarked a bystander, with sarcasm.

Jim made no reply, but, picking up the saddle, he entered the door of his tenement home without more delay. It was a building which, in its early days had been the most habitation, and in it Jim lived on the top floor, and to this point he took his way.

Entering a door, finally, he was in a good-sized room, which, however, was about as dirty as a pig's sty. Not one article of superfluous furniture was to be seen, and not much that was necessary. The floor was bare, and so was nearly everything else.

In one corner was a sort of bed, consisting of a few substitutes for quilts, spread in a pile. On this couch lay two men, sleeping. A third man sat on a dilapidated chair, smoking.

He looked up once as Jim entered, but grew more interested as he saw what the boy bore in his hand. Although the latter was not a puzzle in its nature, the man inquired:

"Wot ye got there?"

A saddle, practically replied Jim.

"I see you have. Wot in thunder do you want of it? It's so old you couldn't git five cents for it, an' this ain't no store-house."

"Bob, I want et fer a pillar," explained the peddler.

"Oh!"

Bob smoked silently for a few seconds, and then added, gravely:

"It may be wuth it."

"I've got a slipperin' with my head on my arm, an' this didn't cost me nothin', I think it's a good bargain."

"Hum!"

Bob had little to say, but Jinga Jim proceeded to try his idea. He brought out a piece of dirty carpet a few feet square, and spread it on the floor. He placed the saddle and then lay down on the carpet and rested his head on the saddle.

"It's bosses?" he declared.

"Hum!"

Really, Bob approved of the idea, but he thought the saddle would take too much room, he did not want to set the seal of his approval too decidedly upon it. Jim lay still and was quite silent.

This miserable room had been his home for a year. He had shared it in common with three others. Like with the threeboys, peddler, and nobody thought of being captious in regard to the quarter. The men all slept in the same bed, if the hat of rags could be thus called. Jim had the fragment of carpet, and nothing more.

It was not, that Jim had decided that he could afford a better bed, but the lost time and money had settled that for him, so he would be contented himself no more about it. The moment he saw the saddle outside a happy thought took him.

Here was a pillow. It was something gained, and perhaps the bed would come in time, and he began to plan for this great luxury as he lay there now, and the hope was heightened. He had always dreamed of a good bed. In business in general, all became mixed up in a confused medley and the boy peddler shivered. Jinga Jim was boomed. Some when Bob joined them it was a silent room.

This scene was repeated every evening. The party herded in the place like cattle. Occasionally, lived, bought, or was used to it, and he did not know that he was ill favored of fortune. Consequence, as was well known of Jinga Jim, to the whole of New York by day, and he had remained cheerful through all trials until his sickness introduced a serious element into his usually happy disposition.

On this night he slept for some hours without even a dream to disturb him, but he was finally wakened.

Nothing was disturbing his rest. He knew this before he was fully aroused, and his awakened consciousness was:

"Lemme alone!" he muttered, sleepily.

Thump!

He gave a start on the floor with a force which wholly dispelled sleep, and then he tried to spring to his feet. He only succumbed to the rush of blood; he got up again, and he was flung to the floor again by the collision.

Accustomed to wild life and to taking care of himself, he reached out with mechanical energy and his hands closed around somebody. He thought of himself, but crying person, out of the darkness.

"You've stole my saddle!"

"You drop that saddle or I'll smash you!" exclaimed the young peddler, in the emphatic language of the region.

"You drop that saddle or I'll smash you!" retorted the young peddler.

"I'll drop it!"

"Give up that saddle or I'll smash you!" shouted Jinga Jim.

What was happening was a ringing idea, and his guess seemed to be of steel, but he was having a rocky time of it. A good deal of the time he was out of breath, and, though his muscle stood him in good service, he gradually grew dizzy and confused.

Suddenly his hold broke and he went flying away, and as he fell heavily, a tremendous clatter told that he had struck the floor with a thud.

Partially stunned, he squirmed around without much method, and the next he knew he was lying on the floor.

"What's that?" cried the leader of the
peddlers. "Who's drunk? What smashed the door? Was there an explosion?"

Bob was confused and talked wide of the mark. But down still Jim was saying things practical. He struggled to his feet, and then his own voice broke in.

"Get this light. Strike a match an' we'll ketch him."

"Ketch who?"

"A peddler."

"What man?"

"Shoot it!" cried Jim, in great indigna-
tion. "You stop yer excklin' an' strike that grim light!"

Bob was awed by this fierce reproof, and he looked for the lamp without more ado. When he found it he made haste to get the light, and, presently, the gloom was dispelled. Jim looked around and then shot out of the door.

Bob glanced after him, looked at the broken chair and then back to the door where Jim had been.

"He's got it!" murmured Bob. "Who's got what?" asked one of the other peddlers.

"Jingo Jim is gone crazy."

"You don't say so!"

"What done it?"

"He got too rich, and it turned his head; that's what," said Bob, who was weary of the evil. Sudden wealth turned Jim's head like a wheel. That saddle is ter blame for it."

The speaker stopped short. He had turned to look for the saddle, but it was nowhere to be found. He took his head soberly.

"He must 've took it an' run off. Yes, poor Jim, he's gone crazy!"

The peddlers scattered around Bob. Nobody thought of disputing him. They had been asleep and supposed he had been awake. But he ought to know what he was talking about.

The crowd was not an especially interesting-looking one, and their intelligence was low, but they had kind hearts under their dirty clothes.

"Poor Jim!" they murmured, in concert.

"I always thought he was queer," added Simon Skiffsky.

"Tender, frivolous, at times."

"Yes, an' awful sober when he was sick."

"Sure sign he was crazy."

"We will hev' him put in a 'ylum."

"Yes, before he kills himself or us."

Meantime Bob was pacing up and down the room. Just then the object of their compassion came in hastily.

"Poor old feller," exclaimed the boy, 
"but of I don't nab him ter-night! I will later on. He didn't steal that saddle because he thought it was valuable. There's a mystery, an' I'll solve it, sure pop!"

CHAPTER II

JINGO JIM INVESTIGATES.

The older peddlers looked at the boy in surprise, forgetting for the moment that he was supposed to be crazy.

"What's that?" asked Simon Skiffsky.

"Gents," answered Jim, with energy, "I tell you that wasn't no common robbery. What would you want that saddle? It wouldn't sell fer so much as a necklace ter put on a hose's back, an' most everybody but me has a sm. There is a mystery about this robbery."

What mystery could there be in an old saddle?

"I don't know, but I'll find out." Jim, filled with anger because of his loss, placed his small hand on the handle of his chest, which brought back the previous ideas of his associates—that the boy was going crazy.

They fell back from him in haste.

"He's gettin' voydent," whispered Isaac Levy.

"See the wild an' frenzied gleam of his eyes," added Simon Skiffsky.

Jingo Jim had not been expected to be taken for a crazy person, so he missed all the fun and his joke.

"Sudden anger, you mean?" Isaac was for having put under restraint at once, and Simon thought it might well be done, although Bob was against it. He took the ground that the boy was not yet a dangerous person, and it would be best to wait and make sure. He was to be so before taking radical steps.

This counsel prevailed, and, though Skiffsky and Levy returned to bed with some misgivings, they managed to fall asleep again. Better still, daylight found the whole party alive—Jingo Jim had not made any violent demonstration.

The boy was unusually silent during the morning hours, and not disposed to discuss his loss. What he thought he told to nobody, but went about his business as usual.

All day he peddled his hopping kangaroos without evidence that he had other matters on his mind, but when night approached he gathered his wares, put them in his bag, and took his way home.

Disbursements and rows were common in his高等学校, and his equipment was in constant requisition by the boys. He was expected by the events of the previous night except those in the room, but the other peddlers had spread the news, and when Jim reached home he was prominently vis-

ied by a stent tenant of Irish blood and the name of O'Brien.

She was a woman with a heart as big as her body, metaphorically speaking, and she was charmed with sympathy implanted on her red face.

"Sure, Jimmy, be you alive?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm alive."

"And yer bones must be all broke."

"Why?"

"Because they was bloody in the last night."

"That was only a scratch."

"Ye've onto the stuffs that did it?"

"No.""Watch Denny Stone."

"He be?"

"Watch Denny Stone, Mrs. O'Brien repeated, with an emphatic nod.

He was a tall, lank, muscular feller. He knew Denny Stone. Denny was a boy of his own age, who lived in the tenement, and it was generally known that the boys had long known each other; they had fought time and again, and Denny had spent most of his time, according to the best of Jim. Denny had been a tough boy, cordially hated by Jim, and well known as the latter's enemy.

"What o' him?" inquired Jim, after a pause.

"He was out in the crowd when you got that saddle, an' pretty soon I see him talkin' with a sport. I guess the sport was a dealer in second-hand goods, that's what I guess. While they talked they was on the street, but I didn't hear what they said. I was up this way often, and I thought then they was talkin' about that saddle. They knew you got it fer a dollar, and this put-up job ter keep ye out o' the thing. The sport an' Denny was after it. Now you go and git the facts, and tell me what you find."

"Me git a cop."

"Sure, an' didn't I say so?"

"Well, they was a cop here yesterday, an' I telled him all about the affair."

"Me cousin's brother-in-law has a sister whose best killer is a cop up in the goat town, and they called him."

"Well, you let me use influence fer ye. We'll hev' this took ter court."

James slowly shook his head. He knew policemen of old, and had not found them friends. To him Denny had had a special antipathy to peddlers, and he had been more hindered than helped by them. More, he knew, that Denny was not valuable enough to engage the attention of any court.

"Me think it over," he finally replied. "Don't think—act!"

"Well, maybe I will." He was not in the humor to give it up. He was somewhat pressed for time, and so soon left him to himself. His mind did not dwell on policemen.

"I'll bet a dollar Denny's in ter it!" was his comment. He was not the one who shook me up so. That may have been the sport.

Now I think of it, I believe I did hear somebody else near the door, an' Denny may have been right alongside the thief. I'll look ter Denny an' see wot's he's about."

Jim went out of the room and was about to investigate that part of the human bee-

hive where Denny lived, when he himself emerged from his parents' rooms and started toward the front door.

"Mr. James," answered James, "he's got some new clothes."

This was an event. Denny was not a worker, and his efficiency as a peddler was, of course, governed by this处处. He had had an occasional shirt, but Denny was somewhat pressed for time, and so soon left him to himself. His mind did not dwell on policemen.

"I'll pipe him," decided the peddler.

Denny kept on his way, and, leaving the house, walked on up the street. He was not anticipating pursuit, and Jim had no trouble in shadowing his game.

In less than a minute Denny was in Chatham Square, and from there he walked on until the Brooklyn Bridge was reached.

"He will take the promenade," muttered James.

He was wrong. Denny marched up to the ticket office, disbursed five cents for two green tickets, and pursued his way into a car. He rode in triumph to the Twin City, while, in the next car back, rode Jim. Reaching the other side, Denny took his feet and tramped along. When, on a street corner, he was suddenly accosted by a man whose appearance suggested the watching peddler at one.

"Cricket! there's the one."

Of course the boy referred to the special sport mentioned by Mrs. O'Brien. There was no proof that he was right in this sus-
picion, but Denny surely was in conversation with a man whose looks fitted the character of a man about town.

He was a rather decent-looking fellow as far as face and figure went, but had a rakish air, and his clothes were those of a flashy man of questionable character.

"They talk ter each other earnest," mur-

mured the spy. "I wish I could hear 'em. Can I?"

There did not seem to be any chance. He had a street advantage on Denny, but Denny was not blind, and would not fail to recognize his fellow-tenant of the Chath-

man Square region if he saw him.

"No, I can't," he decided. "I've got ter keep on the edge. Mebbo I can get onto him, but I guess I did not keep an eye on it. Say, but they are havin' a nice little chat. Jest suits Denny stone, too. He's a cop as well as a peddler."

The scene moved to a nearby block, where Denny stood on the street corner and said:

"No."

The sport had put his hand in his pocket. Now it came out, and he handed some money to Denny.
The Sport of Two Cities.

"True! true! The chances are against our living heard, I fear. What? Can we be kidnapped thus in the city of Brooklyn?"

"I can't say as ter that, but I know w'n't been done,"

"We will see. I will shunt."

"We shunted making the threats and used his lungs in earnest. He called for help until it seemed to them in their close prison that the streets must be full of men, but when the wagon rolled on, and nothing came of their efforts to escape.

"Boy, who are you?" suddenly asked the unknown."

"'Name, James Madison Moss; residence, near Chatham Square,'" said Jim, and you are not, tell the police that Aldrick Lee has succumbed to his foes.

"'So your name is Aldrick Lee?'"

"'Has the sport done this?"

"'The sport is named Ruthven Stanford, and he is a rascel of the worst sort,'"

"'Well, I should remark that he was! Say, be we goin' ter be killed or not?""

"'We got up shunt, we got up shunt, an' the two liverymen, an' now they will strike our fur the wrong way. Be they goin' ter kill us, mister?"

"'Doubtless I shall be killed.'"

"'That's cheerful.'"

"' Destruction seize Ruthven Stanford, Y'can't git a grip too quick. But, mister, it seems ter me us is that destruction has got jest now.'"

"'We must get out!"

"'So we must!'"

"'We are being taken away at a rate where we could never escape, which point our enemies have in mind. It mustn't be. Here, give your help, and let us throw ourselves against the door to free ourselves.'"

"'I'm with ye, general.'"

"The two prisoners ranged themselves side by side, and in the same manner the rush was made. The door stood fast, and they were the only ones to suffer from the shock, but suddenly a small oifice opened above and a voice exclaimed:

"'Keep still, or die!'"

"The prisoners looked up hurriedly.

"'Crack! he's got a revolver!' muttered Jim."

"The light from above did reveal that man. But Lee must have used them. He first made a forward rush to seize the weapon, but in vain, and then he cried out:

"'Who are you?'"

"'What do you mean by this vile work? Let us out, or—'

"'Humph!'"

"Jingo Jim put in the exclamation in disgust, as the small loophole above was closed with a bang. They were once more shut in, and the rapid progress of the wagon was not lessened.

"This is infamous!' cried Lee. "Must we endure such things? What kind of a wagon is this, that the frail top can't be broken open?"

"'Let's be it!' echoed Jim. "Well, of you call sheet-iron frail that's jest the kind of a toothpick this place is, but I don't see it in."

"'Sheet iron!'"

"'Nothin' shorter.'"

"I do believe you are right. The things has endure such things? What kind of a wagon is this, that the frail top can't be broken open?"

"'Boss, it's a clear case o' mouse and cheese, an' I'm the miserable mouse. If I had kept my hands off I wouldn't be, say, think, about what is this sport that you call Ruthven What's-his-name?'"

"'A crook.'"

"'Sure?'
The Sport of Two Cities.
Stanford turned to Nat.
"Done?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nat.

"Done?'"

They turned to leave the cabin.

"Say, old skidels!" cried Jingó Jim, doing his best make your hide wrinkle when I get out this.

"Yes, when you do."

"Yes, jest then, old gutter roller. You'll git it where Adolphus used to be."

"The time will never come. I may as well say that both of you are doomed. Death is near to you."

CHAPTER V
IN GREAT PERIL
Stanford did not get the satisfaction of hearing a reply, so he added after a brief pause:

"I did not intend to tell you, but the fact is, this old sloop will soon Le at the bottom of the East River, and you will go down with her. The craft is a desolated wreck, anyhow, and we have only to bore a few holes in her hull to insure speedy results.

"The ship has just been pulled out and the sloop will be floated. She will go out into the stream, float a few minutes, and then sink. So will you."

"This is infamous!" exclaimed Aldrick Lee.

"I am going to dispose of you!" asserted the sport.

"Sourdrel;"

"Or, any of what you will; it will not save you from sinking."

"At least, do not doom this innocent boy."

"He must drown, too."

"But he has no share in my work—"

"No, go the Cable, AL!" cooly directed the boy from Chatham Square.

"Don't waste words on this old crook. He's too mean to eat honey without turning it into vinegar. Don't even speak ter the lantern-jawed old rat-ketcher."

"Boss," advised Nat, "we want ge' a move on. This craft will go and take us with it."

"Away!" ordered Stanford.

The vessel started out. Just at the last moment the sport paused and looked malevolently at the prisoners; then he manned the oars and the helpless pair were alone in the cabin.

Both were depressed and worried, and seemed to be possessed of speech from them. Then James aroosed.

"We are aloof!" he exclaimed.

"Stanford has kept his word," admitted Lee.

There could be no doubt of that. The ship was bounding and bumping around, as the water caught her dilapidated sides and tried to hold her up. That this could not long be done was certain, for her every movement told how much of a wreck she was.

"She tips up bad," added the peddler, after a pause.

"Yes," said Nat.

"Any hope of rescue, do you think?"

"See us," said Nat.

"But they wouldn't know anybody was in the cabin."

"True."

"How would work ter yer tell like Klimach Injuns?"

"Yes, we are all enclosed, and the way shut off for shouts to reach the outer world."

"Al, look here! The water is coming in!"

A light had been left burning, and if Jingó Jim standing at the beamhead he would have seen the latter change color.

Water was coming in, and not in a tiny rivulet, either. It came fast, and Lee muttered:

"It will soon be over."

"Say! cries Jim; "be you gone ter drown?"

"What can we do?"

"Git yer lamps open an' you'll see wot I'll try ter do!"

Jim began a furious struggle with his bonds, and through his face wholly unexpressed, Lee followed his example. They twisted and squirmed until they were subdued, and then lay as a bad breath hard and bruised about the wrists.

"Free bath!" muttered James, grimly.

The cabin had a liberal supply of water now, and it was washing the prisoners as the old craft lurched and plunged in its vain efforts to keep afloat.

"We must be in mid-river."

"Yes, somebody may see us."

"Boy," seriously spoke the boatman.

"I am exceedingly sorry you must suffer with me when you are wholly innocent. You are so young—too young to die so miserably a death."

"Yes, an' too good," added Jim, with grim bombings.

"I hope you will forgive me—"

"Ockie-o,

Jim interrupted as the sloop gave a big lurch, which sent him and the boatman rolling into a corner in headlong style. They were bruised, but not badly injured.

"Good as a gymnasium," commented Jim, ejecting a load of water from his mouth.

"Our hour has come. I am an old river man, if I am young in years. I understand this well, and can gauge the passage of events well. About five minutes—Ah! how the water pours in!

"It comes not in a flood! Hear it gurgle! Death is here!"

Jim was choking, but he managed to lift his head a little and eject the water again.

"Brace up, Al!" he gasped.

The boy did not seem to have exaggerated. The sloop was pitching wildly and the water came furiously. It needed an expert to see that the craft must sink speedily.

There was a gurgle from Lee which told of his dire extremity. Up to that time James had been indifferent. His had not been a happy life and death was not to him as it was to others more favored. Now, thinking the boatman was about to die, he stirred into horror and desperate energy.

He began a new, a frantic struggle with his bonds.

Every muscle was strained to the utmost.

"It's bust 'em or die!" muttered the boy.

The gurgle was louder from Lee, who was in deeper water.

"Whoop!"

Jim's bonds gave way, and he signaled the fact with a shout of triumph. His hands were free, and he whipped out his pocket-knife with wild haste. The blade was keen, and he severed the cords on his ankles quickly.

"Al, Al!" he cried.

The gurgle ceased from the corner. Jim leaped forward in the water, seized his companion and dragged him back.

"Brace up, Al!" shouted violently, "I'll git you out. Here I go!"

The heroic boy slashed at the boatman's bonds and knocked him without much trouble. Lee was swimming around and gurgling painfully, but Jim pulled him to his feet.

"Get a grip on yer cable!" cried the rescuer. "This is a game we can't afford to lose, Al! So the measly old sloop is mak'n bows ter the brine with alarin' politeness. We must skip or drink up the East River. Unlimber yer joinits."

Lee blew the water out of his mouth vigorously. He had been near to death, but with the first breath of pure air he regained in a measure and all of his courage returned.

"We must go!" he gasped.

This way. Hi! the companionway is bloood, but we must clear it!

"Let me at it!"

he boatman spoke with vigor, and he dashed at the mass of obstruction. With the sloop still pitching wildly, he clawed away energetically, and Jim did his share. Such work could not take a mark, and the peddler's voice suddenly rose in a jubilant shout.

"All clear! Here we go!"

They rushed out and were soon on the deck. Water was running over it, and it was a wonder the craft had stood up so long.

"We are in the middle of the river."

"No other boat in sight."

"Can you swim?"

It was Lee who asked the question, and Jim's reply was prompt.

"Kins! Kin ye'le uncle saw wood? Why, I'm half duck an' the rest marmaid, Al! Come on, Al. Be you ready?"

"Yes. Quick! The sloop is going down!"

The adventures leaped together. A sudden lurch of the craft had them flying with erratic curves and they came down like lead, but both knew what to do. Jingó Jim was flying at his top速度 occasioned by the fear that the sloop would sink and drag them down with it through the force of suction.

Not until they were several fathoms away did they pause, but Jim's voice said:

"Say, Al! It strikes me we are alive, ain't we?"

"And the sloop—she is still up."

"Look, look! She lurches again; she pokes her nose under water."

"She is gone!"

It was true. With a last gurgle and a good deal of commotion the vessel went under, never to rise again of her own accord. The river rolled above her as if to mark the grave of the wreck.

"Boy," spoke the boatman, gravely, "if we hold on five minutes later we should not be alive now."

"Right, old man!"

"Close call. But we are in the middle of the East River. Let us strike out and get to land as soon as possible. Hold for the New York shore and swim for it. Talk no more now."

It was good advice, and they went on with steady strokes. Aldrick found that his young companion was quite equal to the task, and no aid was required. Tired, but safe, they presently landed at a New York pier.

"This is glorious," declared Lee. "I never was so glad before to see the city lights."

"Ditto, me!" agreed James. "Now, I'm ready ter hear wot it's all about."

CHAPTER VI
JINGO JIM'S HELPING HAND.
The peddler spoke with cheerful assurance, but Lee did not take the hint. He still regarded the streets before them with a pencil expression, and the air of an artist.

"Boy," he added, "you don't know how lucky you are to be a resident of New York. For you are a great place and the face of the globe, and well may its people be proud of it."

Correct, but let's defer thinkin' of it now. It's a day we take a spend-off.
The Sport of Two Cities.

The countryman pulled out the money. "I’ll do it." "Hold up!" suddenly cried Jingoo Jim. "This is robbery. Stop it!"

CHAPTER VII.

A MAN WHO WANTS SOMETHING.

I am a man who wants something. Jingoo Jim followed up his cry by pressing further forward. Keeping a wary eye on the countryman, he again addressed the countryman: "This is a skin game," he declared, "an honest man is a thimble-rigger. You give up any cash with him, an’ you’ll get salted. See?"

He was the manipulator of the shells waxed indignant. "How dare you lie about me, you little crow?" he angrily demanded. "I am a man of honor, and I’ll run with you like you can’t bluff me. Get out, or I’ll smash ye. See?"

Then he abruptly turned to the countryman. "All right, I take your bet," he proceeded. "Here goes."

Jingoo Jim deftly matched the money, and the hesitating stranger was too late to back out if he wished. "Like hell!" added the sharper. "Don’t do it, mister," urged Jim. "Get ye’ bodge back now, or you never get it. Ketch them closer cable.

The sharper was about to make a rush for the boy, but the victim made his decision. "I’ll try it," he replied. "I select that shell." He plucked the thimble-rigger coolly lifted it. Of course there was nothing under it.

"Made a miss-guess, didn’t you?" smiled Jim. "Better luck next time. I’ll go you—"

"A cop!" exclaimed a voice near at hand. "Cheese it!" cried the thimble-rigger, and he gathered up his shells with remark for his expedition. Another moment and he was dodging into the shadow of a building and hastening off.

"Say, m’sy," cried Jim to the victim, "you goin’ ter let his jogs work this snap?"

The countryman seemed very much disturbed. The crowd was speldbound as the advancing parolman saw no reason for haste in marching along his beat, so he went on his way. Finally the victim answered: "I really don’t know—"

"I do," retorted Jim.

"Eh?"

"You might as well try to ketch last year’s dew as him. He’s gone, an’ ye’ plunks have gone with him."

"Say, boy, was there really anything wrong about that?"

"Not much."

"Then, why did you talk as you did?"

"All that was wrong was this: The first better was a pal o’ the thimble-rigger, and he was allowed to win ter draw you on. See? An’ when you fell breakin’ the net the boss o’ the job was enough of a slighty- hand performer ter shuffle them shells under ye’ nose so that your lumps, an’ nobody else’s, couldn’t follow the roller thimble. Oh! Jugs Brown is a boss at that stuff.

"Jugs Brown?"

"That was the thimble-rigger’s name—so called because he was once a bar tender at that crabbed old kid in New York who ked ‘er spotted the game. It’s old as the hills, mister."

"I’ve been caught by such a trick as this?" muttered the victim, with a shamedface.

"I mean ye’ cash an’ see, mister.

There was momentary silence; then came an air of resignation.

just ghost over it. At present time, as I go ter guess, I am curious to know why we came so near being subjections for the fishes."

"I am in Rutherford Stanford’s way."

"Why?"

"The boatman hesitates. "I am up ter this for now," he finally responded. "I do not under-estimate the debt of gratitude I owe you, but I was only thinking that I wonder if you knew Stanford to be, I never dreamed he had it in him to do such a vile deed as this."

"You know it now."

"Yes. He is a gambler, race-truck shanghaier, and roundaboutabout known in both of the Twin Cities. Look out for him—he has proved to be more than a man-about-town."

"I should remark."

"For now his grudge against me may remain secret, but I have no objection to mention-all o’ each other."

"All true enough, but you know very well that I had practically succumbed to the very influence of this man. I cannot help but feel that I should be the first to re-join him into this world. I will not forget this of you. Give me your full name."

"James Madison Moss, Esquire."

"And address."

Jim was not wholly in an amiable mood, for he declared that he had been told more after he had done all he could for Lee, but he accepted the rebuff as the possible, and he disliked it. Then he wended his way homeward. Neither was any the worse for the late adventure, but they had not a young ally to keep clear of Rutherford Stanford.

Now that the sport knew him as a friend of Lee, he might do anything lawless to silence the boy.

In due time the pair separated and James was taken. Then the boy, and when he reached the tenement and found Bob, Simon Shifgoff and Isaac asleep beside him, found no comfort in the still wet clothes where they would dry to best advantage the peddler sought his bit of camp.

He inwardly rebelled bitterly against the unjust luck that had deprived him of fortune.

"I’m sure I can’t sleep good without that saddle," he thought. "I got used ter it an’ it was a great thing for tired bones. I didn’t make no progress ter night toward gettin’ a drow ter the saddle, but I’ll see ‘em again. Denny Stone talked with a sport jest before I was robbed, an’ I’ll haunt him until I git my saddle back or—"

Right here James fell asleep and his worldly affairs haunted him no more for some hours except in his dreams.

"Every young friend," thorough business- ness an’ all the next morning he rose and went to work as usual. He said nothing to Bob and the other men of his adventure, though he could not suppose how close he had come to death.

All of that day he peddled the leading knowledge of the world was the best of the. By night he had so much cash in his pocket that he was inclined to forget he was even sick and to blow the world as a very bright and inviting place to stay in.

He felt rich, and an idea came to him. He wandered, after business hours, to Chambers Street, and, passing in front of a store there, looked long and lovingly at a saddle displayed in the window. It tempted him.

"I’d like ter buy one, an’ I believe I will in a few days. I need a piller ter sleep on, an’ I need et bad. Some folks would prefer a reglar pillow, but they ever try one? I ’spect I’d git a bit richer I’ll buy another saddle."

Tearing himself away, presently, the man met and nodded an hurley welcome with Bob, Simon and Isaac, but indoor life had less attraction for him than before his adventures.

He finally put on his hat and wandered down to Chatham Square.

"I may try that saddle," was his unspoken hope.

Nothing arrested his attention at first, but, later on, he noticed a group of men gathered further along and he went that way. In their midst was something which interested all. It seemed, and Jingoo Jim was not indifferent to sensations. He managed to get partially into the group, so he could see and hear.

A breezy man had the center, and by him was a small board located on a convenient barrel. On the board were three little shell. The man suddenly held up a five-dollar bank-note.

"Now, gent," he cried, "I will place this bill under any of these shells, give you one, give them all, and then let one of you guess which shell it is under. If you can, you’ve won it."

Jingoo Jim elevated his nose in contempt.

"A thimble-rigger?" he muttered. "His game is so old that every fly kid o’ six years is oniter it. He can’t ketch no one."

A tall man moved closest to the supposed thimble-rigger.

"I’ll try once," he remarked. "Done! Put up your own live-winner, to have both."

It seemed that the first bank-note was put under a shell and the trio of shells shuffled. Then the tall man guessed as to its location, and the name the right shell and the money was his. The thimble-rigger seemed crestfallen, and wanted to try again. They tried once, twice, and a third time, and no one guessed his shell.

"I won’t give you another show," declared the thimble-rigger. You are a mind reader, isn’t fair to me. Any other gent want to try?"

Another "gent" did, and he moved forward.

"Grass!" muttered Jingoo Jim. It was his terse way of saying that the new risker was a country-man. He did not look like it. He had an intelligent face, but his clothes did not fit and his hair and beard looked sadly in need of shears and a barber’s grasp. He had an air of profound wisdom which was impressive.

"I will hazard something with you once," he remarked.

All right, but mind you, if you are another second later, I will have but one go. Where is your fire?"

The money was handed over; the shells were shuffled, and the country-man pointed to one.

"Guess!" directed the thimble-rigger.

"This is the shell," replied the supposed countryman.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

The reply was quick, for the guesser had watched closely and believed that he had followed the right shell through all its movements when the three were being jumbled.

"What will you bet?"

Ten dollars.

"Unless I make an error you are wrong. I’ll go you twenty dollars you are wrong."
The Sport of Two Cities.

He waved his arms wildly, and started for the middle of the street, and Jim saw a horse moving smoothly along with a light-weight covered carriage behind him. A man was in it, but he looked around as the doctor yelled loudly.

“What’s eatin’ you?” asked the boy peddler, as he came toward.

“That’s the spangled horse.”

“You don’t mean—”

But Andrew Walker was already on his way to the street when the outfit was proceeding so calmly. Walker was not calm—he was deeply excited, and he swung his arms and yelled at the same time as he rushed forward. 

“Crickety!” murmured Jim. “Can et be he has spotted the spangled horse? I’ll see et out.”

The resolution proved to be harder to keep than he had thought. For some reason the driver had no sooner taken in the scene fully, and noted the forward rush of the man from Hamilton County, than he gave his horse the whip and went bowling away rapidly.

The next moment there was a lively scene on the street. The carriage led a procession, and after it plunged the doctor with wild excitements on his face, and his whole body seeming about to fly to pieces, so violent were his exertions, and in the midst of it Jim, intent only on seeing the thing out. The doctor did not confine his efforts to his legs, but also a series of yells which would have done something decisive if any policeman had chanced to be near.

“Stop! Stop! Where are you going? Wait an’ let me speak to you, Say, hold up! Pull in that horse! Stop! stop! Wa-hoo—oh—oh—oh—”

He wound up with a discordant yell which had nothing but breath and dissonance in it. There was cause for it—he had seen that he was not to be obeyed, and his wind was giving out.

The driver did not stop, nor did he dal- y. Giving his horse a few more cuts with the whip, he dashed away at such speed that the race was about over. He rounded a corner, and was soon perfectly safe. At about the same time the doctor caught his toe against a hitch stone of the sort New York is too much gifted with by far, and down went the pill-maker in the dust.

The foreman had seen all this without offering aid, but Jim was true to his new friend, and the boy now arrived on the scene.

Are you hurt?” asked the boy.

“Hurt? Not in my body, but I’ve seen the spangled horse and lost him again!”

CHAPTER VIII.

A STREET SKIRMISH

The doctor was barely able to grasp the words.

He was out of breath and strength, and he kept his place on the ground and panted like a dog after a long run.

“Be you sure it was the spangled hoss?” asked Jim, breathlessly.

“Of course I be.”

“Why didn’t you ketch him?” asked the peddler, as he came toward.

“Ketch him? Great land of love! didn’t I try? Didn’t I run until my legs almost dropped off? But what was the use? I might as well have chased a comet. That horse isn’t one to be run down by any man on foot. I’ve seen him, and now I’ve lost him. Oh, oh—oh—oh!”

“Cheer up, major! Don’t get the blues. We will see him again.”

“Doctor,” Walker took his head and groaned.

“You had better get up,” suggested Jim, “You ain’t bad enough to be washed with dust and dirt, and it don’t seem dignified for a man o’ medicine.”

“By gosh! you are right, and I’ll stop it.”

The doctor scrambled up and brushed his clothes.

“Rather have given a hundred dollars than to lose that beast,” he added, soursly.

“If he be so valuable?”

“I must have him.”

“All right. I will help you out as agreed upon. I took a good look at the driver as we had him in sight, and I shall know him as well as the hoss of I see him again.”

“I can’t believe it! Just do you this thing up successfully, and we won’t haggle on cash. You shall be properly paid!”

“Right, doc. Where do you put up?”

Walker mentioned his hotel, and, as it was not far away, Jim decided to walk that way with him. They started, following the same course pursued by the driver of the spangled hte. The doctor seemed to like the idea of talking by himself, and he kept up a constant flow of language. It told Jim nothing new, and did not interest him at all.

They were in a part of the city not generally deemed safe by those who lived in the bowels of the town, and walked through the streets and playground of the peddler, and he did not think it necessary to caution the doctor against taking an interest.

Finally the latter remembered that it was a part of his mission to watch always for the horse, but he grew a little bored and proceeded to carry out his plan. It was just after this that Jimbo caught sight of the horse and was able to take it to the walk, one of whom he recognized immediately.

He might have recognized the other if he had looked further, but he obeyed the first impulse as he saw Jugs Brown, the thIGGER.

“There’s an old friend o’ yours, doc,” he remarked, smiling.

“Thunder! so its!” cried Walker.

“You might call a policeman,—”

James stopped as Walker abruptly shot ahead.

“Hes got ter tackles Jugs!” exclaimed the peddler.

It was only a few paces, and Walker cleared the distance quickly. But a new surprise awaited him.

“Why, he grabs the wrong man!”

Crickety!

A breaker broke in on himself. Walker had indeed seized, not Jugs, but the latter’s companion, and it was not this that made Jimbo Jangin laugh at him.

As the doctor whirled the second man around the boy ally met with a second remonstration.

“Rutherford Stanfield! he gasped. It was, in truth, the Sport of the Twin Cities, and the same man who had lat- erly placed Jim so close to death. He was dressed in fashion deemed faultless in that section, and expensively, though he had the vulgar display of the man about town.

He appeared to be very indignant over the much desired boy in him.

“What do you mean, fellow?” he cried, sharply.

“I’ve got you,” exclaimed Walker.

“Got me? Well, you release me, or you will have more than you want. Leave go of me!”

“Where’s that horse?” shouted the doctor.

“What horse, you fool?”

“The spangled hoss.”

“What rubbish are you giving me?”

“You are the man who stole it from Parson’s Plains.”

“1? I stole a horse?” cried the sport, waxing indignant.

“Why, fellow, if you say that again I will smash your jaw!”
The Sport of Two Cities.

"I do say it, you thief!"
"Take that!"

Ruthven was choking him back, but just as he was about to shoot his fist forward, the arm was grasped from behind.

"Why put him in a shop an' sink him in the East River?" coolly demanded the man who had seized the arm.

Something about this address impressed Ruthven strongly. His arm fell by his side, and he regarded warily.

"I never saw you before, mister," quoth James.

"Never!" declared the sport, trying to rally.

"Oh, we ain't, eh? Go ask the fishes how it is. Wanted ter drown me, didn't ye? Wal, you see how it worked."

"I never saw you before, mister. You are a liar!" bluntly asserted James.

"Yes, and he lies to me!" cried Doctor Walker, pointing to the man who stole the spangled horse from Partridge Plains—

"I never was in Partridge Plains in my life," answered Ruthven.

"That's another lie!"

"It is a case of mistaken identity—just as if I would forget you!" snorted Walker, as he vanished.

Ruthven ran back to the station, where several police and villagers had come to the Plains. You wear your hair several inches longer than most men, and we thought you were a Western cowboy when you come in among us. Forget you with that long hair? Never! Why does he look like a cowboy," agreed Jim.

This is all nonsense," persisted Stanforth, Doctor Walker's knave, of you. Accidental resemblance; no more."

Ruthven started to speak. "I am the galaxy, you said, that the thief to make me an Al Lee up, but we are still into it. See?"

Stanforth saw, and with experience with city life led him to understand, that his proper place of action was somewhere else. Thus far good luck had kept any patrolman from appearing on the scene, but if one did appear it might mean serious trouble. Let Jim take charge against him, and he would sleep in a cell that night.

A此次 conversation ladies Brown had been overlooked for the time, but he was quite as eager as Stanford to get away, and he hailed an order from his friends. "Stop them!" cried Ruthven, suddenly.

The pair flung themselves upon Walker and Jingio Lee. Several blows were given with rapidity, and when it was all over both of the latter were sprawled on the sidewalk.

"Cheese it!" added Ruthven.

He dashed off, with Juggs at his heels, and they soon made themselves invisible. Jim and the doctor had been roughly used, but the boy was soon on his feet. Before he knew it, he had rubbed them and looked around eagerly.

"They're gone!" he jubilantly muttered.

Walker scrambled up, with his nose dripping a few red drops.

"Did you didn't you ketch them?" sniffed the doctor.

"I did ketch them, an' I ketch it!"

"You let them get away!"

"How about you, mister?"

"I'm a fool and an idiot," roared the man. "I don't seem to be any good. Why, there's a heap I was the best fighter in Partridge Plains, but now it don't take much of a man to thrash me. It must be the climate. Yes, that's just what it is—my liver has got out of order."

He whipped a box out of his pocket, selected two pills, and swallowed them with avidity.

"Take some," he advised. "They will act on your liver, and ward off the ill effects of this fight."

"I pass, doc. We'll, we've lost our men."

"Hang it all, so we have."

"Do you really mean to say that the sport was in a man who stole your spangled horse?"

"Well, I can't swear that he did, but he put in an appearance at the Plains just before the horse was lost. I will swear he was there, whoever stole the horse."

"Doe, I cease you ter put the peculius on this job—"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Walker. "Why not? It's only a horse-case."

"Oh! but it is more—far more. Lost horse! Bah! Do you think I would leave my patients up in Hamilton County and come all the way down here just to hunt for a lost horse? Not by a long chalk! It is more, far more, and it is a matter of vital importance."

"What?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Wot is the need o' mystery?"

"It is impossible to explain, but I tell you life and death may depend on us. We must ketch the spangled horse."

CHAPTER IX.

JINGIO JIM'S MYSTERIES.

Doctor Walker was not a man of aris-to-cated appearance, had an intelligent face, and, though Jingio Jim was inclined to joke him at times, there was something of a master in the pedlar, as he was not a mere green countryside, and not to be looked upon with disdain.

Now he was addressing the boy.

"Case o' mystery, is it?" inquired James.

"Mystery and life or death," added the doctor.

"Tell me all about it an' I kin help you—"

"No, no; it would not do!" hastily declared Walker.

Jim was silent. Ruthven Stanford began to look round for the man of more than passing interest. Both Walker and Aldrick Lee had something in the Sport of Two Cities which had an importance in its way, and neither would tell what it was.

This was puzzling and attractive, and now that the two cases had centered around Stanford, Jim arrived at a decision.

"I'll get right into this game for keeps," he thought. "Then, when the big blows, I shall be in the hunt."

With this he turned to the doctor and added: "All kin be fixed ter suit ye, mister, an' yer horse thief shall be winged an' bagged. I am jest about the kidder for the job, too, an' I'll keep along with the game until the end, of you remember our bargain on cash."

Walker quickly pulled out a dollar.

"Here is a dollar in advance. Take it and do your best. I have heard it said that the street boys of New York are about as sharp as anybody can be, and I do not want any cheap work."

"It was the best I could buy when I was at the market," replied Jingio, seriously.

"You are an appreciative youth, but that does not lessen your value. I want you in my service right along."

"I've seen the same thing, like see Sporfy Stanford again, wouldn't ye, mister?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I can find him for you. I'll try a raid on him, anyhow."

Jingio Jim was about to mention Aldrick Lee and ask if the doctor knew him, but he thought better of it. He ranked the boatsman above Walker, and was inclined to give Lee the first chance.

The doctor felt his hurts somewhat, and when Jingio suggested that he go to his room and put in a peaceful rest, there was no opposition. Jim saw him inside the door, and then the latter turned away, leaving Jingio alone.

"I'm off ter see Ali" he muttered, emphatically.

Whether as possible he made his ways to the extreme East Side, and, reaching the boatsman's residence, he rang and asked to see Aldrick. He was disappointed; he was informed that Lee had gone out at dark, and had not returned, nor was it known when he would be home.

"My name is Gold-lift," murmured James, as he moved off. "Can't compare notes to-night. Sorry, for Ali ought to know that Sporty Stanford is aware that at least one o' his victims escaped from the river."

If the sport makers a brace for Al, he may get it where Adam got the apple.

He did not know of any way of reaching Aldrick that night, especially as he had heard the latter say he often worked in theDS on the twin rivers at night, so he wended his way toward Chatham Square.

It was proceeding along a side-street, when he chanced to look up toward the sky—why, he did not know, except that it was a moon and that he followed it."

"No moon, but sky clear as a girl's complexion," murmured James, poetically.

I reckon we shall have a fair day."

He stopped short in both his speech and his steps, and then added, in a different voice.

"Wot's that?"

He was nearly opposite a shed which was used as a coal office. Next to this structure was a three-story brick dwelling house, and right there was the something which puzzled Jim. The latter huddled over to a bar wall on the side next to the shed, and first view would have led one to think there was no break in it.

Jim had discovered more than this. He had seen something white fluttering up to the house-top, and it impressed him.

"It's gone," he added, after a pause, "but I believe I know where she's at—here—just 'big enough for a baseball ter go through handy. Yes, it's a winner, an' be-yep."

The white thing fluttered again, and this was not all.

"I kin see a human face, and there's somebody wavin' of a white cloth. Wot does it mean?"

A hand came out of the window and seemed to beckon.

"I'll be figgered if I don't think somebody is in trouble up there. Like as not they are shunt in the big accident, an' ought out, or it may be somebody is held prisoner there. The stars shine pretty bright to give Lee the first chance.

Now, James had a heart in his breast which was not apt with have too much in it, and when he arrived at the conclusion that such a case was before him, and put in the wind and began to plan how he could, best aid the unlucky stranger.

What had been done up to the coal-shed, took hold of its rough side and began to climb. He reached the roof without difficulty, and was so much near-
The Sport of Two Cities.

er the stranger, but there he seemed quite as useless as he was below.

He could not see so much, and was un-able to trace the brick wall. He meditated and then acted.

"Hullo!" he called softly.

"There?"

"Here I be!" he pursued.

Only silence above him.


While he floated down to him.

I dare not speak. Come up closer.

With this there was a total disappearance from the window, and Jim looked be- wildered.

"Come up closer!" he repeated. Say! be a bird? Et so, where are my wings? This ain't my week fore flyin'—well, I should shurrup!

Again the hand came out of the little window and seemed to beckon to the boy, and Jim grew more and more interested. He did not want to desert anybody who was in trouble, but how was he to help this stranger as matters were situated?

"Say!" he repeated; "can't you hang on a bit longer?"

"Hush!" was the caution. "Come up on the roof, an' then I kin talk with you."

The stranger disappeared, and Jim shook his head.

"I really am expected ter fly, an' my wings are tied down," he explained in the case.

"Shut, I hate to give up et. I should say et was a female woman, or small girl, an' I'd hate ter have such in trouble.

Further survey gave him a clew to the meaning of the request from the sup- posed girl.

There was a small hole on the top, and the use of this would certainly land him on the roof, if he could climb.

"I kin try," he muttered, "but I don't doubt that there will be a funeral in my neighborhood by ter-morrer. It's my lucky, an' I'm pretty precious package. But, by gum, I am going to give et a try.

There was no sign of his new acquaintance, so he went to the corner and tried the water-pipe. It seemed to be quite firm up near the surface.

Grasping the pipe firmly, he began to climb.

It was not long before he discovered that his venture was a dangerous one, but he did not hesitate. Swimming be- tween the bottom and earth, he progressed as fast as possible.

"Sick rite, J. M. Moss," he urged, "or this will be yer funeral."

CHAPTER X.

STARTLING EXPERIENCES.

Jingo Jim's strength stood him in good stead, despite his apprehensions, and he drew near the roof. With one last effort he drew himself fully up, and was on the nearly flat surface.

"Here I be," he commented. "Didn't ex- pect to turn sky-traveler this week, but you can always tell me you will rise in the world. I am high up now, an' ef difficulty should come all of a sudden I am thinkin' it would go hard with ye. Jim ter git down without breakin' his neck.

Regaining his breath a little, and mak- ing sure that he was not under watch of hostile eyes, he rose to his feet. All was as still up there as he could wish for, and there was no close at hand was suggestive of possibilities, it was closed and did not threaten mischief then.

"My honeysuckle at the win- dow!" he muttered, with a smile.

He moved forward to the edge of the roof, and lay down with his head and neck pushed forward. He was only a yard above the little window, but he could see nobody there.

"Hullo?" he whispered.

"No, nobody could even see Jingo Jim," he repeated.

He had it all to himself.

"Now, see here," he added, aggrieved, "if you hav' n't fresh air trouble some- thing, and you ain't no true Julia-ett, an' I'm a fool Romaner, as sure as guns. I say, hullo!"

He was rewarded by hearing a slight sibil.

"Hullo!" repeated the adventuress.

"Is anybody there?" came the answer, at last.

"No," replied Jim, in disgust. "I come ter tell you I couldn't climb up.

"Oh, let me out, won't you?" cried an era voice.

"Sure! Go it, immediate.

"I am shut in.

"Open the door."

"It is locked."

"Why?"

"Mother Mag did it."

"Be you a kid?"

"Yes; I am a girl, ten years old."

"Better come."

"Mother Mag ain't my mother, an' she's a wicked woman. She will kill YOU if she catches you. She never can see you."

"She must be a pleasant old lady ter meet. Where does she bury her dead? Does she give them gravestones?"

"Coolly asked James.

"Don't you let her see you, or ye'll need a gravestone."

"You do."

"Let us come ter biz. Idle talk is obnox- ious ter a business gent. Wot is your name?"

"Kate Floyd."

"Wot hev you ter do with Mother Mag, and vice adversity?"

"What?"

"Oh, that is a Latin term that girls ain't sposed ter understand. Wot has Sue ter do with you?"

"I work for her, that's all.

"Does she have ter shut you up ter make ye do it?"

"She ain't shut me up before, an' I ain't workin' now, but she has got scared of me an' shut me in this room. I can't get out, an' I am dreadful afraid she will kill me."

"Miss Kate, this is serious, an' it can't be allowed. This old catamount of a Mother Mag had better come down off her perch. I hate to treat you out, an' then you can go before a police court an' make charges against the female pirate. Kin I git down the culture?"

"Don't try it! Don't you come in here or she will do you up, too. You just go an' get a policeman."

"Some would do it that way," calmly agreed James, "but I am in the habit of workin' 'pons hands, I am comin' to ter rescue you, so get yer bun on an' pack up yer silks for movin'. Good-by until I get there.

Jim was talking very cheerfully, but he sud- denly stopped short, interruptet in a most emphatic and unpleasant manner. One month his tongue was flying glibly; the next, he felt rough hands on his ankles, and before he could turn to see what was the difficulty, he was dragged back- ward violently, his face and stomach scrap- ing along the roof.

"Hey!" he cried. "Wot has broke loose?"

He was not allowed to see, but, without any pause, he was dragged to the scuttle and dropped down. He went thumping along the scuttle, and then brought up on the floor with a fresh thump. All this was trying to his nerves, but he was aroused thoroughly, and he scrambled to his feet hastily. A light burned close at hand, held by a bony old woman, and a man was hurrying down the stairs. A look at the face of the woman was enough to convince the boy peddler that he had fallen into evil hands. With jaws that owned the face bad in all ways, but as the man showed up more fully, Jim had a better idea of what he had been to.

He recognized Jugs Brown, the thimble- rigger.

"Jim looked for a loophole of escape, but none presented itself, so he had to stand his ground. Both of his new companions aimed at him sharply. Jugs did not recog- nize him, however.

"Is this all we have nabbed?" he asked, in disgust.

"Ally!" repeated the woman.

"Yes!"

"You call it all?"

"He's only a kid."

"If there is anybody that can make a poor trouble it is a kid, me-lady. They have sharp ears, an' they just go an' tell all they know. That is what this one would have done if we hadn't nabbed him.

"You are probably right. Anyhow, we have cut off his talk with Kate, and we will see that he does.

"Yes, for he won't leave here."

"See here, munn," interrupted James, "take a place ketch up yer ey' curves. Why hev I been snaked inter hock this way?"

"You don't shut you up an' keep your mouth still."

"My mouth is a sleepy feller, anyhow, but ain't the point. I am here, and was I invited? Did you send out cards in due style?"

"Get yer curves!" growled the woman. "The long and short of it is you have meddled with what ain't none of yer business, an' you have what has come of it. Take him back, Jugs."

"I protest—"

James began to speak with emphasis, but Brown gave him no time to finish his plea. He seized the prisoner and pulled him violently along until the next room was reached. This seemed to be the living- room of the family, and Jim was forced into a chair and still menaced by Jugs, Brown.

"What do you make of it?" asked the latter.

"Sis," tersely replied the woman.

"Jim whown?"

"Oh, I didn't mean he was sent. He is only one of the little good-for-nothins of this world. I am funnny, and got the worst of it, I reckon."

"Then you think him but an idle med- dler?"

"No more."

Jugs did not appear to be wholly satis- fied on this point, but he refrained from argument.

"We have him—what shall we do with him?"

"Keep him until the lad comes, an' let him pass judgment. Possibly," she added, looking at Jim intently, "we shall have to kill the spyn' little brat!"

Jim was not ready to be killed, and he began an elaborate argument and asser- tion of innocence, but he was wholly ig- nored, and not long allowed a chance to talk. The woman, who proved to be Mother Mag, was clearly the ruling spirit there, and, as she had decided that Jim was no more than a casual meddler, the latter was not subjected to severe inquis- iting examination as would otherwise have been the case.

He was hustled into a small room which led off of the large one, died to a bed, and left to his own thoughts. It was not a pleasant occupation.

"Well, James Madison Moss," he mutter- ed, "you hev gone an' got yerself into trouble this trip. The cable car has gone
The Sport of Two Cities.

CHAPTER XI

JINGO JIM'S BIG SURPRISE

Jingo Jim had hoped that he would not be able to escape his new position, but his hopes were doomed by the unexpected visit of Ralph Stanford. Jim was surprised and somewhat disappointed to find that his old friend had come to see him.

"What a coincidence," Jim thought, as he greeted Ralph. "I didn't expect to see you here, but I'm glad you did."

Ralph looked at Jim with a smile. "I knew I'd find you here," he said. "I've been looking for you for a long time."

Jim laughed. "I guess you finally found me," he replied. "I was getting worried about your whereabouts."

Ralph shook his head. "I was afraid you might have gone off the deep end," he said. "I heard all kinds of stories about you."

Jim gave Ralph a look. "That's not my style," he said. "I know I can be a little impulsive, but I always try to do the right thing."

Ralph nodded. "I know," he said. "I've seen the worst of you, but I've also seen the best."

"Well," Jim said, "I'm glad you found me. There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Yes," Ralph said. "What is it?"

Jim took a deep breath. "I've got to tell you about something," he said. "Something that can change our lives."

Ralph looked at Jim with an intense gaze. "What is it?" he asked.

"It's about the sport of two cities," Jim said. "I think we can make a difference in the world."

"The sport of two cities?" Ralph asked, confused.

Jim explained the concept to Ralph. "It's a way for us to connect two cities," he said. "To bring people from different places together, and to show them that we can work together to achieve our goals."

Ralph nodded. "That's a great idea," he said. "I'd love to be a part of it."

"Good," Jim said. "I'm glad you're on board."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box. "This is what I've been saving," he said, opening the box. "It's a small token, but it represents everything we're trying to do."

Ralph took the box and opened it. Inside was a small ring. "What's this?" he asked.

Jim smiled. "This is the ring of the sport of two cities," he said. "It represents the bond between two cities, and the connection between the people who live there."

Ralph looked at the ring and back at Jim. "I think this is something we should share with the world," he said.

Jim nodded. "I agree," he said. "Let's start this new sport together."

Ralph smiled. "I'm in," he said. "Let's make a difference in the world."

Jim and Ralph shook hands, and together they began the sport of two cities.

And so, with Ralph Stanford's support, Jim was able to take his sport to the next level, and to show the world that even small ideas can make a big difference.
Jugs Brown was nearest to the door, and, as he recovered a little from his bewilderment, he lurched forward and said: "I am sure the latter found his collar grasped firmly, and, as he had not time to plan or act, he was checked in his flight and nearly pulled over into Jingo's lap.

"I've got you!" exclaimed the caper.

"Lemme go, you old crook!" shouted Jingo.

Ruthven stalked forward.

"Let me settle this!" he cried. "I know I can turn him, and I have a debt to settle—What?"

The sport broke off short. Jingo Jim was not willing to be troubled in the way indicated by Ruthven, and he played a trick often practiced among his boy companions in safer moments. With a sudden movement he squirmed out of his coat, leaving the garment in Jingo's hands, and then made another rush for the door. This time there was nobody in the way. Jim tore the door open and dashed out into the hall.

The place was but dimly lighted, but it was enough for him to discover the stairs, and he made use of them promptly. Down below, he heard with leaps so long as to endanger his neck, but he heard the pursuers clattering along in the rear and he did not hesitate. Doors were opening here and there as others heard the clatter.

"Who's it?"

"Fire!"

"Thieves!"

"Call the police!"

These cries, rising here and there, did not quiet the fugitive any, and he kept on until he reached the end of the block. There, seeing that he was not closely pursued, he stopped.

"Well, James Madison Moss, he muttered, "you hev' a pretty close rub. Ef you hadn't been a regular Sheephead Buck, you wouldn't have been so far behind. At least we worked the worst way, an' got it where Adam got the apple."

The rubber was over, and he did some thinking.

"Guess I may as well call on Abdrick Lloyd as when he died, I know how things is goin' on, or he may ketch it as much as I hev'. I'll call at his headquarters.

Jim went, but Lee was still absent, and the warning could not be given. The peddler had not forgotten the girl prisoner, and he considered how he could help her. In his business career he had received more unfriendly words than kind ones from policemen, and he did not have faith in the craft. He dared not go to a station now, but he did go to a safe place, where he made a special report to the department of the fact that a girl was thus held prisoner, and sent the note to the nearest post.

This done, he went home, spread his bit of carpet out near Bob, Isaac Levy and Stanford, who was reading a song paper, and slept heavily until late in the morning, and rose refreshed and ready for action.

For some time he was not a peddler, but an employee of Dr. Andrew Walker, so he went to the doctor's hotel. Meeting that gentleman he briskly announced:

"I'm all ready ter hunt for the spangled horse."

Walker rubbed his chin meditatively.

"Say?" he presently replied. "Is there any place in New York where I can buy a second-hand saddle."

"'Wot?"

"A second-hand saddle."

"'Wot in the world do you want o' that thing?"

"It's like this. When I first began to practice medicine I went in as assistant to an old man who was getting shaky through his age. The country up that way was new then, and roads were bad. As a result, the old doctor always used a horse and saddle and let wagons so very alone. That suited me at all. Of course, I took up with the same practice, and I have kept it ever since. I still ride on horseback to see my patients."

"But why do you want to buy—"

"I need another saddle."

"Why do you want a second-hand one?"

"It is nearly as good, and I am not so young as I was once."

"Jingo Jim, you don't face me frankly; you are keepin' somethin' back. Wot is it?" bluntly asked James.

Walker proved uneasy, and then blurted out:

"Hang it all! I want to find a saddle I have lost!"

"Oh!"

"Yes. All this talk about the spangled horse is nonsense. Such a horse has been stolen, I know it, though I am no rich man. I have spilled a hundred dollars in Partridge Plains, and no body need think I—an M. D.—would take all this trouble for that spangled creature. But the saddle—that is what I wish to find."

"An old saddle?"

"Yes, well worn; very shabby."

"Doc, come right out with it. You wouldn't have had a hundred dollar horse, but you would for a shabby saddle."

"Why, why, you see there is something inside of that. I can't tell you where the value lies; right inside it. Boy, I must have that saddle."

"Doc," said Mr. Walker, "I've been talking to your esteemed, I've seen that saddle!"

The man from Hamilton leaped to his feet.

"You have? Where? When? How?"

"Wai, as for that 'how,' I seen 'em with my lamps, but the rest ain't so favorable..."

"Take me to the saddle at once!"

"Delighted, I'm sure, but I can't do it. The mousy thing has sorter slipped away from me."

"What do you mean? Speak quickly: do not keep me in suspense any longer."

"I won't. I owned that saddle once, and 'sued er' for a pillar as long as I had it—"

"Don't trifile with me, boy. This is no joking subject."

"Just my view of it. Doc, now you hold yer bosses an' hear the facts o' the case. I will soon run you onto the whole game as far as I know it, though that won't be much of a gain."

Jingo Jim, to whom he had acquired the saddle, used it for a pillow for a few hours, and then been mysteriously robbed of it. Walker listened with intense interest.

"Who could have taken it?" he demanded.

"Ruthven Stanford, Jugs Brown and company."

"Stanford—the same man who was up at Partridge Plains?"

"Yes, sure."

"Thunder! Do believe you are right. Hurrah, my lad, we are on the track, and we will have that saddle or bust! Victory is near!"

**CHAPTER XIII.**

**The Twin City Trail.**

The good doctor was so excited that he leaped to his feet, rushed across the room as if in pursuit of the coveted saddle, and was proceeding to do other fantastic things when he suddenly recovered his wits a trifle and returned to Jingo Jim. He shook the boy's hand.

"Victory is near!" he repeated.

"I wish the saddle was the same," replied James.

"Then all this talk about the spangled horse ain't meant much, but the searchlight is wanted on the saddle. Say there is something inside the saddle. What is it, doc?"

"I can't tell you now, but when we get it—Say, can it be the same saddle? Why should Stanford part with it, after so much trouble to get it? There must be a mistake; it is a different saddle. How about the man and the horse you saw when you got your signal? Were they the same as Stanford and the spangled horse? But, no; your horse died—or he may have come to life. I haven't secured the saddle. Describe the man and the horse."

"The man wasn't Stanford."

"No? Sure? And the horse?"

"Was dead, sure; an' it wasn't never a spangled horse."

Walker was not willing to be convinced, and he had many questions to ask of Jim. The latter had not forgotten the comment the day before, and when he saw the dead horse that evening. None of them agreed with what Walker said of the spangled horse.

The latter had been a plump beast that would weight not over nine hundred pounds in condition. The dead horse had been thin of flesh, and, according to the crowd, would have weighed thirteen hundred pounds in condition. More, his color did not correspond, and Jim was emphatic in thinking that it was sure he was not the spangled horse. However, the other, he was sure the "dead horse" had been dead, and, according to the doctor, the spangled one had been seen the night before.

"But the saddle can't have been mine," persisted Walker. "It is in somebody else's hands, and Stanford surely would not have parted with it, after all his trouble to get it."

"Suppose he had took out the vellariales?"

"In the doctor leaped to his feet.

"Hoo-ray!"

"Or maybe he didn't know of the treasures in the saddle."

"Why take it then?"

"Now you've got me."

"It is discouraging."

"Keep up courage, Mr. Walker. I see you, this Ruthven Stanford, or Tim, as his real name seems to be—"

"Yes, Tim Alberty."

"Can't say as ter his other name."

"Yes, sure."

"Keep up courage, Mr. Walker. I see you, this Ruthven Stanford, or Tim, as his real name seems to be—"

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"Yes, Tim Alberty."

"Can't say as ter his other name."

"Yes, sure."

"Keep up courage, Mr. Walker. I see you, this Ruthven Stanford, or Tim, as his real name seems to be—"
"How do you account for that?"
"Then about the delivery wagon," added the office boy, "the clerk had charge here.
"Any more?"
"Nothing, except that we have learned that the wagon once belonged to a big dry goods firm, and was sold to a man down near the river, but that man can't be found now."
"The man lived near the river, eh?"
"I don't know, but it was down that way.
"Not very definite," thought Jingo Jim, "but of all signs point toward the river I guess I may as well point that way myself."

Speaking aloud he carried on the conversation with the other boy for some time, but did not reveal anything of importance.

Finding that nothing was to be gained by the conversation, he walked off and moved toward the river, taking, as near as he could judge, the direction pursued by the wagon when it whirled himself and Aldrick Lee to captivity.

All that day James had been impressed with the idea that the section was not one which so much of a sport as Ruthven and Walker knew about, but he was encouraged by the further thought that Ruthven might then be desirous of getting back to his base, and was in a circle just as humble as the river district of Brooklyn.

Several blocks had been traversed when Jingo Jim finally passed over a man as each tried to turn the same corner in opposite directions. Jim was not aggressive, and the man saw that the man kept on without hardly looking at him.

The young New Yorker, however, stepped smartly and looked hard.

"Say, by jingo!" he murmured, "ain't that Nat?"

Keeping his eyes fixed on the retreating man, his suspicion was not confirmed.

"Yes, sirree, that's one o' the skunks that Ruthven used ter trap Aldrick Lee! Crickey! Wal, I should shout that I would!"

And he did. Falling in behind the supposed young farmer, Nat, Jim set a course along and was thus led toward the river still further. Finally the stream came in sight, and, though the point was new, Jim was encouraged.

"It is Sporty Stanford's pal, sure, an' he's bizz on hand. All right; so hev I. I'm goin' ter see this game out!"

CHAPTER XIV
THE RIVER GANG

The supposed Nat walked out by the river side. Jingo Jim paused in the shadow of a house and reconnoitered.

"He crosses over and goes close to the drink. Kinder seems that he is interested in a vessel on the pier. Yes, that is his home-base, I guess. He speaks to some o' the men who lounge on the pier. Wal, so for that don't prove nothin'; I see some o' the men on the pier. Lee. Wal, so for that don't prove nothin'; do I see Sporty Stanford anywhere? Not ter my knowledge."

Aldrick Lee shook his head. For a moment he was inclined to fear that he had followed a useless trail, and been drawn from all chance of his amissment, and the object thereof lay unnoticed by the men, but Jim was all nerved up, and don't feel any more, "but a mighty queer place for things that belong ter a hoss. I want ter see it closer."

If James had been prudent his curiosity would have been held within bounds, but he forgot Ruthven Stanford, Doctor Walker and all else in what he considered a matter of moment.

"Ef that's my piler I am goin' ter have it!" was his decision.

Neither the street at this point nor the pier was an orderly place, and the various articles of little account—boxes and the like—furnished cover which he proceeded to utilize.

Stooping, he crept closer to the water, and each moment gave force to his belief that it was the same of which he had been robbed. When he could get his mind off of it a trifle he satisfied himself that the man he had followed was none other than he, and his face lighted up.

"I'm right inter er," he declared, "an' I shouldn't wonder if I made it lively fer them!"

The men, all of whom bore the stamp of stevedores, or some other line of riever, were three in number, and they seemed to be idling time away. Presently two of them walked to the limit of the pier, and Jim became more nerved up than ever.

"Why don't the other one go? I don't exactly like ter make a break while he is here" (he gazed at the smallest man) "but if he'd let me enter me, but I must hev' that thing, come what may. It is mine—ah!"

Three yards forward, rose and walked to join his comrades.

"Crickey!"

Jingo Jim leaped out of cover and darted like a hawk toward the saddle. His nimble legs played their best, and he was not long in reaching the coveted article. He snatched it up, and said inside his breast to himself, "I'll have that horse to my heart; he ran like a deer toward the street."

For once his legs played him false. He stumbled over a loose barrel, and both he and the board went flying with a tremendous clatter. Jim came down hard on the pier, but his wits were as active as ever. Even while he was falling it flashed upon him that all these noise and that further running would be dangerous just then.

He had fallen close to a box which lay on its side, and, with a quick motion, he rolled over and hid himself behind it. More, he noticed that the box was uncovered and presented its open side invitingly. It was a good cover, and timely.

He crawled into the box. He did not dare to look out, so he hugged the saddle and waited until the alarm. If such he had caused, should blow over. Lovingly he surveyed his trophy. "This is it, this is my own saddle. I would know it among a thousand. That ragged place, and that one, an' the other back the way. I had swear to them rags. Hi, hi! but I guess I will have my piler back, after all!"

Footsteps sounded into his ear and waited. Voices came to his hearing.

"I'm sure it was on this pier, Nat," declared an unknown voice.
"It did sound close."
"But who could have done it?"
"I don't see nobody."
"Sounds travel a long ways sometimes."
"That sound didn't."
CHAPTER XV
THE NIGHT TRAGEDY.

Jingo Jim digged down behind the rail with celerity.

"Crickety! who would 've thought of seein' him?" added Nat, "No comment, no comment.

Certainly the spy had not expected to see Stanford. True, he had lost sight of pier and deck for a few yards, but no sounds had told that the sport had arrived on the field of action. He was there, however, as Jim turned to the spy and as the spy was now within twenty feet of Stanford, it was only the fact that the latter was looking the other way that saved him from discovery.

James clung to the chains and became very still.

"Sporty! Stanford has beat me out," he thought. "He's got a lap ahead of me, an' now how be I goin' ter kick up? I can't go through on the back of the old scooner, an' sporty will get his peepers under me of I try ter cross the deck."

"It was an accident, and James was a good deal of a philosopher, and, when the first flush of his disappointment had passed, he set up per-dubsibilis."

Anxious to see all that was transpiring, his head was again raised above the rail. Stanford was close. The sportsman seemed a bit worried, Now what has gone wrong with the deary boy?"

Several paces before he found out, but Ruthven suddenly took a quick turn across the deck and came closer to the spy. The sport looked toward the street.

"No sign of them yet," he murmured. "They may be along any minute," replied Nat.

"But they are half an hour late already, and my orders are that they should not fail to be prompt."

"I guess they will come."

"But, man, we can't wait. I am nervous about it, and I dare not delay here. I fear our extra men have succumbed to love of wigsley and filled up on that stuff of yours!"

"We ain't got another out of the herd, Nat, can we sail her alone?"

"Bless me, no."

"We ain't got another out of the herd, Nat."

"Only two practical seamen."

"True."

"It never would do. The harbor we make at Staten Island is a tough one to pull into, and two men never could make it."

"All depends on our aids. However, I don't think they are coming, and, if they don't show up soon I shall change the programme."

"In what way?"

"Get out the wagon again, and take our prisoners off to another prison that I might use."

"I would not risk taking them into the street again, if I were you, Nat," declared the sport.

"We must get them away from here," declared the sport.

"Well, you see, we got an 'excited conversation at the further side of the deck. It was followed by the hasty departure of Pat, and Jim knew something had been decided upon. What it was he never saw when the old familiar ex-delivery wagon came rolling down on the pier.

"Go below and bring them up," ordered Stanford.

"This is the first time I ever tried the street game again, he be," they answered. "Of 'f we succeed Jest let yer uncle know. If they drive off of the pier I will let it after them an' hall the first cop I see. Oh! won't I do them up the worst way? Ha, ha, ha!"

He was very merry over the situation, but he forgot it all when there was a stir by the companionway and a group from the pier, that suddenly discovered that the prisoners had been brought up—he could see a man and woman, with hands fastened behind them that they were Aldrick Lee and Kate Floyd.

The spy confronted them, and seemed to gloat over their misfortunes, whereupon Aldrick broke forth explosively.

"Well, knowing what story you have you afoot?"

"You will learn later," responded Stanford.

"There is no limit to your villainy, I am aware, but what one thing I ask of you if you have any advantage on me. This girl—know not how she has incurred your hatred, but she is a mere child. Set her free, and then I will fight it out with you."

"Out of it!"

"If you prefer the term, I will accept what fate has in store for me."

"That is my business."

"She is young—"

"What sharp eyes you have. Young! I suppose you judge by her short stature, her teeth and temper. Wonderful perceptions you have. You know a good deal!"

"You don't talk like a man of sense," retorted Lee. "You are turning from villainy to folly. Still, I ask no favors of you. Will you favor another person—an innocent person—young girl?"

"No!"

"Then, by Jupiter! I will use the little power that is left in me!"

The boatman spoke with sudden vehemence, and, as he did so, he threw off Nat's grasp and stepped upon Stanford. It was an impetuous attack, and the sport reeled back from it, crying out for help. His followers gathered thick, while Jingo Jim hastily scrambled up to the deck.

"By gum! I want a hand in this mess!" exclaimed the young man.

Just as his fists touched the deck he saw that he was too late. Aldrick had forced his way back close and Stuyvesant had pined upon Stanford. It was a desperate clutch, and the other members of the gang had piled upon the single man so that it was hard for Jim to see the exact effect. But one thing soon came in a decisive manner.
The Sport of Two Cities.

If there was no will he was, in one sense, heir to the old doctor."
"Now you have it all."
"No, I ain't. Who was the will supposed to go to?"
"Aldrick Lee."
"The dickens it was!"

Stanford's legal name, as you have learned, is Timothy Alberts. Perhaps I should not say he was heir to the old doctor, though it amounted to that, as all sorts of wheeler-dealers married the woman who was the true heiress. She has been a cat's-paw in Alberts' hands, and will even show him in fear, and partly because she is not so strong-minded as she might be. She is a most slippery killer in life. Now that Stanford—or Alberts, as he really is—ever has been married, but such is the case. He has his wife, calls on her when he sees fit, uses her decently well, gives her plenty of money, and all that satisfies her. Yes, she is a mere cipher, and it is the sport who will handle the cash if it ever goes to the woman. See?"

"Sure! Where does Al Lee come in?"
"She'll be heir with him. He would be heir to all if she was dead. However, that does not count, for it is known that the old doctor meant for Al Lee everything. Find that will and the woman is out of it, and Lee will be moder-

"If he is alive."
"Why, you don't think anything has happened to him, do you?"
"I do that same," declared Jim."
"I hope not."
"I know there has."
"What?"
"He's dead."
"What?" cried the doctor, springing up.
"What?" by guess."
"I don't done up an' he's shot an' drowned."
"You frighten me. Why do you think it? Speak out—tell all?"

James was not reluctant, and the story of the adventures of the night in the Twin City were soon told. Doctor Walker listened with eager attention, and the end left him excited and dismayed."

"This is horrible, horrible!" he asserted."

"He had gone to New York," added Walker, "just why I want it. I have reason to believe it contains a will."
"Yes."
"A will?"
"Yes, a testamentary document, you know, disposing of property."
"Oh!"
"Yes. I have told you about the doctor whom I succeeded at Partridge Plains. He lived to be ninety-six years old, and only died a few months ago. He was a very eccentric man, and his mind weakened as he reached such extreme age. After his death I learned for a while he had made no will, but it was afterward learned that he had done so and that, with Walker's assistance, he had concealed it in that old saddle, fancying it was safer than any other way.

"Well, he was a queer one," admitted Jim. "His trolley must he've been twisted."
"He will you now see why I came down here, post haste. I have suspected that the long-haired man—your sport—had stolen the spangled horse and the saddle. Yesterday we learned he had stolen the horse and it was in New York, so down I came, hoping to find the will still safe in the saddle."

"But why should Ruthven Stanford go all the way up there to Partridge Plains to steal it?" inquired Jim.

Bang! It was the report of a revolver, and the shot caused the weapon that had been fired by Rutiven. Just how the rest of it happened Jim could not tell, but, in a moment the boulders were alone, and a splash followed in the dock.

"Great guns! Al Lee is overboard!" gasped the boy."

"No, we haven't," declared the sport."
"He has lost himself. He had me by the throat and was choking the life out of me, and gave me his death. Lave him! Not much! I fired with the revolver touching his side, and you can rest assured he won't make more trouble."

Stanford leaned over the side of the vessel, but his men seemed to be frightened. They did not join him, but began to look around apprehensively, and Jingo Jim saw what prudence demanded of him. He took shelter behind an obstruction to their vision.

Jim was a good deal excited. It had not needed Stanford's argument to tell him that Al Lee's friends were small, and he felt overhauled by the turn of affairs."
"Al is a gone one," he thought mournfully."
"Is there any sign of the fellows?" asked Nat, presently."

"No, replied the sport."

"Isn't he swimming away?"
"Swimming?" cried Stanford. "I tell you he is a dead man. I shot him. He's gone already. I will kill all my enemies the same way!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSING MAN.

Jingo Jim shrank further back and shook his head. The sport's threat had been a sangraining one, and his manner had been equal to his words. Suddenly Jim thought the boy, "they will make me a defunct kid in stianter."

There was no chance for him to leave the deck then, so he kept quiet and waited. There was still a small chance that they would have to wait for so much thing as that. If we can all skip together we can keep together, but I skip now, in company with you or alone. Which is it to be?"
"Your way is best," admitted the sport."

"Get the gun on the wagon and all go together. Hushie!"

There was a flurry on deck, and, in a brief space of time, all the party were on the dock and getting into the wagon. Jingo Jim was divided between two opinions, but his loyalty to Aldrick Lee was final. He wanted to see that the wagon was stopped by the nearest policeman, but Lee might be dancing in the dock. Agilitly the spy mounted to the raul and then dropped down into the water. He looked all around, but was just as unsuccessful as Stanford had been. He saw nothing of Al Lee. This did not lead him to despair. His theory that the boatman might be clingling to one of the supports kept his blade up. He looked long and carefully, but found nothing."

That settles it!" he finally muttered."

"Al Lee is a dead man murdered by the red-faced thug. By gum! he shall swing for that—he just shall! Poor Al! He was a skilful man and a good fellow. I am sorry for him. Say, but I won't get a move on now? I'll go ter the police, an' they may be able to tell and the gang this very night. I'll try it."

He climbed to the pier. Stanford and his aids had gone from view, and the whole place was still and deserted by all but himself. He did not know where to find a police station, but he was not long in locating one. He was about to rush into the building when he remembered that, in all probability, he would be held as a witness and deprived of his liberty for some weeks to come, so he resorted to another method. He hired an hack, and sent it to the station house instead."

"Dum'no' as they will take any notice of it," he confessed, gloomily, "but I can't afford to wait. I never was so anxious to do anything in my life."

Well, I've wound up here, so now I'll skip back ter New York. He was agitated by the need of comfort from some one, sought Doctor Walker's lyceum at once. The man from Partridge Plains had just come in, looking serious and tired."

"What luck?" asked James."

"I haven't seen any of the gang," admitted the doctor. "In fact, I took a notion to go and see if I could meet this friend of yours, Aldrick Lee. I went to his boarding house, but didn't find him there."

"I was afraid not."
"Boy, I want to explain to you what all this is about; I don't see any reason for secrecy."

"Nor me."
"First, about that saddle—"

Jingo Jim gave a start. For once he had forgotten his own interests in his friend's. This was to be sold by Lee's wife, and the saddle had been accidentally left at the pier in Brooklyn."

"I will tell Walker, just why I want it, I have reason to believe it contains a will."

A will?"
"Yes."

"A testamentary document, you know, disposing of property."

"Oh!"
"Yes. I have told you about the doctor whom I succeeded at Partridge Plains. He lived to be ninety-six years old, and only died a few months ago. He was a very eccentric man, and his mind weakened as he reached such extreme age. After his death I learned for a while he had made no will, but it was afterward learned that he had done so and that, with Walker's assistance, he had concealed it in that old saddle, fancying it was safer than any other way."

"Well, he was a queer one," admitted Jim. "His trolley must he've been twisted."
"You will now see why I came down here, post haste. I have suspected that the long-haired man—your sport—had stolen the spangled horse and the saddle. Yesterday we learned he had stolen the horse and it was in New York, so down I came, hoping to find the will still safe in the saddle."

"But why should Ruthven Stanford go all the way up there to Partridge Plains to steal it?" inquired Jim.

"If there was no will he was, in one sense, heir to the old doctor."
The Sport of Two Cities.

"Sure enough—why not call around near where Jugs Brown lives? Jugs wasn't in Brooklyn when we need him and he'd have to be boarded. Perhaps he will be there soon. I will wait; in fact, I can't do anything else, for there is not a safe place in either of the two cities for me now. The blood of Aldrick Lee is on my hands, and I doubt not that the police will be on the watch for me out of this. I owe all this to that meddlesome boy, who has upset my plans right along."

Jim closed the projecting door softly and whispered softly to his companion.

"Say, Skipsey, kin you go an' bring in a policeman?"

"There is a detective—Mr. Spear—lives right on this block, ain' I know him. He would believe me quicker than a stranger.

"Skipsey, you swing yer legs lively an' get that same detective. Tell him there is a murderer here. See?"

"I'm off!"

The second boy slipped quietly away; then James opened the door a bit again. Ruthven was still there and on his feet, but was occupied in a different way now.

He had a new capper in his hands and was reading busily.

"Last will and testament of Phineas Rogers, planter, of Parridge Plains, New York," he read, snarlingly, "He gives and bequeathes all to his 'honest' slave punished of me. Bah! Lee never will get it, for he is for the fishes."

"More's the pity!" murmured Jim.

"A pretty chase I've had for this paper," proceeded the sport. "I went to Parridge Plains to find the will, but found nothing; stole a horse out of sight, came to New York City; tossed away the saddle and saddle blanket in my purpose for a few days, sold the horse and thought: I was out of the hunt—and then learned by accident from a friend I had made in Parridge Plains that the will was in the saddle. Hunted for the saddle and found a boy using it as a pillow; stole it from him, carried the saddle off to Brooklyn and got the will out of it. Yes, I have the precious paper, and I defy all the world to get it from me."

The chandelier over the sport's head was equipped with several burners. He had lighted them and now he went closer to them and held the will near the light.

"Vanish!" he added, with savage jubilation. "Get out!"

He held the paper closer and was about to ignore it when suddenly an arm was wound around his neck and the paper was snatched from his grasp.

"Not yet, old man!" cried a small, keen voice.

Stanford wheeled. He was just in time to see a boy fleeting toward the door, and recognition came swiftly.

"The same kid!" he almost shouted.

His face grew red with rage and he rushed to seize the boy, but as the latter tore the door open which led to the hall, he ran fully into the arms of another person. Three strong men crowded into the room and Skipsey stood close behind them.

"There he is!" shouted Skipsey.

Ruthven and Stanford were not slow of wits, and he saw that he was cornered. Mad with rage, he drew a revolver, but before he could use it the three men pounced upon him.

"That is Detective Spear and two of his friends," announced Skipsey.

Ruthven and Stanford stood close. On the contrary, he made a desperate resistance, but all in vain, and he was finally wholly subdued and the grasp of the detective's aids scowled upon all there.

"Now," spoke Spear, "let me know what this is all about." The story was told with brevity and eloquence, and the detective was fully impressed.

A dark deed, truly," he admitted.

"But is this really the murderer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young peddler.

"There can be no doubt about it, Skipsey."

"It's Spoffy Stanford," declared Jingo Jim. "Yes, that is the man who killed Old Lee.

The prisoner began a vehement denial, but was soon cut short. His captors took him out of the house, but they had no sooner reached the sidewalk than they met several men face to face.

"Crickesy" gasped Jim. "It is Al Lee, alive! Hooray!"

"Yes, it is Al Lee," cried the boatman, "but charge him with another murder with seeking to murder me. He nearly did it, too, though his revolver shot went wild at the pier. I was carried away by the water and finally landed well below. We have rescued the girl, Kate Floyd, from the power of this knave, and have been pursuing him. This gentleman with me is Doctor Walker, whom I lately met by chance, and the rest of the party are detectives."

"Then there is no murder," remarked Spear.

There is plenty of villainy for which Stanford must answer, and he is under arrest.

"Surely don't object, for this boy has told me too much for me to advise leniency.

Aldrick turned and seized Jim's band.

"My lad!" he exclaimed; "you are a trump card."

Doctor Walker pressed forward and took the other hand.

"He beats all the pills and powders I turned out of my shop," asserted the doctor.

"Say, give my wings a rest?" requested James, turning to Skipsey, with a smile.

"Everything is owed to him," added Aldrick. "I will not forget him."

"All right, I was carried away by Jingo. I don't suspect Spoffy Stanford will, either. By the way, Al, here is the will of old Doctor Rogers, set it aside with my blessing; an' now, let us all adjourn an' take a snooze in our proper places. Spoffy Stanford, your proper place is in the Tombs. See how you like that hotel. This winds you up, I guess."

It did wind the sport up, for, as the final result of Jingo's long and dangerous trip, he had laid out his plans, he was tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing. He went with Jugs Brown, Mother Mag and others of the gang as his companions in prison life.

Doctor Walker returned to his home in Pennsylvania.

Aldrick Lee inherited the money at stake, and did not forget Jingo Jim and his jackaroes. He has sent the street patrol to school, and the boy's prospects for the future are of the best. His jackaroos bids fair to be the masters of his.

THE END.