DICK MERRIWELL'S DARING LEAP

BOUND TO GET THERE

DICK ROSE TO HIS FEET, POISED HIMSELF CAREFULLY AND MADE A DESPERATE, DARING LEAP FOR THE REAR PLATFORM OF THE LAST CAR.
Tip Top Weekly.

(LARGE SIZE)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

Don’t fail to read these stories if you have not already.

280—Frank Merriwell’s Command; or, Dick Merriwell’s Rebellion.
281—Frank Merriwell’s Support; or, Dick Merriwell’s Great Work.
282—Frank Merriwell’s Hard Hit; or, Dick Merriwell’s Red Friend.
283—Frank Merriwell’s Energy; or, Dick Merriwell’s Triple Play.
284—Frank Merriwell’s Fellows; or, Dick Merriwell’s Fast Work.
285—Dick Merriwell Enters Fardale; or, Following in His Brother’s Footsteps.
286—Dick Merriwell in the Hands of the Five Fiends; or, Fighting His Way to the Front.
287—Dick Merriwell on the Gridiron; or, In the Fray for Old Fardale.
288—Dick Merriwell’s Nerve; or, Handling a Deadly Enemy.
289—Dick Merriwell’s Determination; or, In the Game to Do or Die.
290—Dick Merriwell Up Against It; or, In and Out of Hard Luck.
291—Dick Merriwell’s Strategy; or, A Way to Treat Spies.
292—Dick Merriwell’s Long Run; or, Saving the Day for Fardale.
293—Dick Merriwell to the Rescue; or, Elsie and Inza in the Hands of Kidnappers.
294—Dick Merriwell’s Strange Battle; or, Fighting a Bucking Automobile.
295—Dick Merriwell at Dead Road Mill; or, A Drop to Death.
296—Dick Merriwell’s Wonderful Throw; or, Bracing Up the Basket Ball Team.
297—Dick Merriwell’s Kindness; or, Saving a Falling Enemy.
298—Dick Merriwell’s Race For Life; or, The Steady Hand and True Heart.
299—Dick Merriwell’s Set-Back; or, Outplayed by the Masked Mysteries.
300—Dick Merriwell’s Ride; or, Foiling the Agents of the Secret League of Spain.
301—Dick Merriwell’s Honor; or, The Sacrifice That Cost Him Dearly.
302—Dick Merriwell at Bay; or, Defending the Pirate Treasure of Hidden Cave.
303—Dick Merriwell Trailing the Treasure; or, Face to Face with the Pirate Captain.
304—Dick Merriwell’s Peril; or, Left to Die in the Flames.
305—Dick Merriwell’s Snowshoe Hunt; or, The Hidden Hut of Blue Mountain.
306—Dick Merriwell’s Disappearance; or, The Mystery of Moaning Cave.
307—Dick Merriwell’s Racket; or, Who Was the Traitor?
308—Dick Merriwell’s Discovery; or, The Evil Genius of the School.
309—Dick Merriwell’s Revenge; or, Fighting a Desperate Enemy.
310—Dick Merriwell’s Life Struggle; or, The Veiled Woman of the Woods.
311—Dick Merriwell’s Tramp Chase; or, The Awakening of Scudder.
312—Dick Merriwell’s Nine; or, Trouncing the Regular Team.
313—Dick Merriwell’s Danger; or, Solving a Strange Mystery.

With Tip Top No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

DICK MERRIWEll'S DARING LEAP;

OR,

Bound to Get There.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGER IN THE GYMNASIUM.

It was a nasty night.

Along the rain-swept street of Fardale skulked a man, whose hat was pulled far down over his eyes, the lopping brim shedding water, and whose coat collar was turned up about the lower part of his face.

The fellow had his hands thrust into the pockets of his trowsers, while his shoulders were hunched in defiance to the weather, or in an effort to disguise his natural aspect.

He avoided the places where lights shone from shop or store windows, and he hastened past the dim and flickering street lamps. In the dark spots he paused now and then to glance round, seeming to fear that he was being followed.

In this manner the man came to the village post office and peered through the window, seeming to hesitate about entering.

It was near the hour for closing the office for the night, and the young clerk was looking out through the general delivery window. The mail for the morning train had been sorted over, and the clerk was counting the seconds until he could close the window.

Seeing no one in the office, the man entered and approached the window, where he inquired in a low voice for mail.

He had bushy whiskers, which seemed to cover his face almost to the eyes, which were keen and dark.

As this man was standing in front of the delivery
window another man, wearing a long rain coat, came swiftly across the street and stopped outside the office window, looking in.

When the other man turned from the delivery window the one outside the office had disappeared.

Disappointed at receiving no mail, the bewhiskered individual slouched out of the office and turned away. He passed a doorway, in the dark recesses of which stood the wearer of the long rain coat.

On the corner was a street lamp. The bewhiskered man had to pass near it, and, just before reaching it, he heard a quick step behind him. Turning, he found the wearer of the rain coat at his heels.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the latter, in a hoarse tone; "but can you tell me where Eben Gardner lives?"

"No, I can't," was the short answer. "I'm a stranger here." And the speaker sought to turn away and hurry on.

But the wearer of the rain coat grasped him by the shoulder, stopping him beneath the street lamp.

"Wait!" he said. "I think I know you."

Instantly the other seemed in great consternation, but, before he could make a move, a hand fastened in his heavy whiskers and snatched them from his face with a single jerk, for the beard was false.

The face revealed was clear cut, smooth shaven and boyish in appearance.

"I thought I knew you, Manton St. Elmo!" exclaimed the man who had torn away the false beard. "Stop that! Don't try to draw a weapon! I do not mean to harm you, for I'm your friend."

"Friend?" doubtfully exclaimed the one called Manton St. Elmo. "Impossible! I have no friends! Who are you?"

"I am Phil Carter."

The following day the field at the academy was too wet for practice, but the cage in the gym was available, and, urged by Dick, Captain Nunn kept the team at batting work.

Dick had repeatedly urged upon the captain of the nine the importance of having a strong batting team, and, at last, Steve had awakened to the fact that, taken as a whole, the Fardale boys could not bat as well as they ought.

While they were at work in the cage, a young man entered the gym and stood watching them. He was a stranger, but he seemed quite at his ease.

Dick Merriwell did some of the pitching, using his left hand the most of the time.

"Say, pard, shift over to the other paw," urged Brad Buckhart. "Somehow that southpaw movement bothers me worse than anything else. It does, I know!"

"That's a good reason why I should not shift," said Dick. "The man you are going against next Saturday is a clever southpaw twirler, and he'll do his best to make all of us look like thirty cents. You must learn to bat a left-handed pitcher."

"I'm afraid I can't ever do it," confessed the Texan. "The onery curves seem to go the wrong way."

"Then you're going to stand up in front of Tate next Saturday thinking all the time that you can't hit him. Is that it? If so, you'll be no earthly good on the batting order."

Brad dropped his bat.

"Well, I can get off the batting order in a right smart hurry!" he exclaimed, flushing hotly. "If you don't want me on it you don't have to have me! You hear me vociferate?"

"Come out of it!" laughed Dick. "You're no kid, Brad, and you have more brains than to get mad over anything like that. What I want is for you to bat a left-handed pitcher, and you can do it—if you'll try."

Muttering to himself, yet feeling ashamed of his foolish display of anger, the Texan picked up the bat. Dick gave him a wide curve.

Brad basted it hard, causing Dick to dodge to get out of the way of a liner that came whistling straight at him.

"That's the stuff!" he exclaimed. "But let's see you do it again."
“All right!” said Brad, and he did, driving another straight at Dick.

“Here,” decided young Merriwell, “is a fellow who will do his best when he’s half mad. Most fellows are no good then, but Buckhart is in trim. I’ll have to remember it.”

A short time later, Dick left the cage, Urie-Scudder taking his place to pitch for the fellows who wished to get some batting practice.

When Dick came out of a dressing-room he was met by the stranger who had been watching the practice.

“Mr. Merriwell, I want to speak with you,” said the stranger.

“Dade Morgan!” exclaimed Dick, looking anything but pleased. “What are you doing here?”

“I came here to see you.”

“But I have no desire to see you.”

“I presume that is true enough, and I don’t blame you; but, still, it will be decidedly to your advantage to see me.”

“I doubt it.”

“I can prove it.”

“I doubt that, too.”

“You think me a thorough rascal?”

“Exactly.”

Morgan made a slight gesture.

“Still, I can’t blame you. But I came here for the purpose of setting myself right in your eyes, if possible. Let’s go outside the gymnasium, where none of the others on the team are likely to see me just now. I don’t wish to be recognized.”

“I don’t blame you, for it’s likely some of them would feel like giving you a coat of tar-and-feathers. But why should I waste my time on you?”

“Because I am here to warn you.”

“I believe you took lots of pains to warn me last Saturday. You also tried to drug me. Luckily, I changed glasses with you at the time when the runaway occurred in front of the hotel, and you drank your own dope.”

“So that was the way it happened!” exclaimed Morgan, as if relieved. “I wondered if I did the trick myself in some foolish, blundering way. I’m glad to know I didn’t. The stuff was harmless, as you see.”

“But it made you daffy that day, and——”

“I quickly recovered. I knew it would not harm you, and I was paid to get the stuff into you. I confess it with shame and with regret. You may not believe me sincerely, but I am. Your brother was my friend at Yale, and it was shameful for me to attempt such a trick on you. I have been troubled with remorse ever since.”

The fellow spoke so earnestly that he really seemed sincere; but Dick continued to doubt.

“I know you don’t believe me,” said Morgan, “and I don’t blame you. If you knew—— But never mind! It’s useless for me to talk. Still, I could tell you something greatly to your advantage. But it’s likely you would not believe, if I told you.”

Then, as if considering the matter hopeless, he turned and walked out of the gymnasium.

CHAPTER II.

MORGAN’S WARNING.

Seized by a desire to hear what kind of a story the fellow would tell, but still without the least faith in him, Dick followed Morgan. When they were outside he spoke to the fellow again.

Morgan seemed surprised, pretending that he had not expected Dick to listen further.

Merriwell fancied it was clever acting.

Together they walked to the corner of the gym, where they paused.

“I’m going to warn you, Merriwell, whether you take any stock in me or not,” said Dade. “I know I sold myself pretty cheaply to Carter, but he had me in a bad hole. I won’t try to explain, but he could have made no end of trouble for me. He gave me one chance to get out of a bad scrape, and, like a fool, I took that chance. I’m glad I did not succeed in carrying out his plot. I’m glad he failed! But he has sworn to make it up, and he means to do so.”
“Make what up?”

“To get square. He is a cheap chap, and he hates you now, because you cost him a lot of money. He hates me, too, because I failed to drug you. But I hate him, for he struck me!”

Morgan’s face flashed and he looked savage enough. Really, at that moment, he seemed like a revengeful fellow, and it was easy to imagine him as one who would wish to wipe out the disgrace of a blow in the face.

Was it not possible that, intensely desiring revenge, Morgan had turned against his former friend?

“Well,” said Dick, quietly, “how does he propose to get revenge on me?”

“I don’t know just what his plans are, but he is here?”

“Here? Where?”

“In Fardale.”

“Are you telling me the truth?”

Morgan flushed a little, bit his lip, and then answered:

“Why should I tell you anything else? Carter is here. I know he has a plot on foot to do you some sort of a bad turn.”

“How do you know that much?”

“Because I have talked with him.”

Dick lifted his eyebrows a little.

“But I thought you hated him?” he said. “How does it happen that you——”

“Talked with him? Because he thought me a fool that he could work just as he pleased. He thought I would forget that he struck me. He thought he could get me to do some more of his dirty work!”

The sincerity of Morgan could scarcely be doubted now, yet Dick’s suspicions were not wholly lulled.

One thing caused young Merriwell no end of wonder. From Frank and Frank’s friends he had heard that Morgan was a passionate, fiery, dangerous fellow who would not hesitate on sufficient provocation to kill an enemy; but, having dealt with him and seen his bearing under humiliation, Dick could not believe that the fellows who had known him in college had not made a mistake in their estimation of him. Either that, or there had come about a remarkable change in Dade Morgan.

For it was Dick’s belief that Morgan was weak and vacillating.

“Then he made a proposal to you, and you know something of his plans?” questioned young Merriwell.

“He did not make a proposal to me, because I did not give him time. I am sorry now that I did not.”

“Why didn’t you give him time?”

“Because I was too mad to do so. I told him what I thought of him right off the reel.”

“And then—what?”

“He sought to frighten me again by threatening me, but I defied him. I thought I would get out of town right away. Then I resolved to see you and warn you. It’s all I can do to square what I did in Rivermouth. I don’t know that you’ll thank me for my trouble, but I’ll feel better, anyhow.”

Had Morgan looked him squarely in the eyes, Dick might have been convinced; but the fellow failed to do so, and a vague suspicion lingered in the mind of the Fardale lad.

Still, what could be the fellow’s object?

“You have some sort of belief concerning Carter’s plans? What game do you fancy he intends to try?”

“You play Fairport next Saturday?”

“Yes.”

“In Fairport?”

“Yes.”

“I think Carter means to square himself on the game in some way.”

“To square himself? How?”

“For his losses last Saturday.”

“By betting?”

“I think so.”

“Against Fardale?”

“Yes.”

“He will lose again.”

“If you pitch.”
"I shall."
"Not if Carter can prevent it. I think that is his game. He means to keep you from pitching in Fairport."

Dick smiled a bit, in a grim way.
"He tried to keep me from pitching last Saturday. He did everything in his power, but fizzled."
"And that makes him all the more determined to get the best of you next Saturday. He believes he can find plenty of persons who will bet that Fardale beats Fairport Saturday. I believe he has done so already in Rivermouth."

"Well, it will give me great pleasure to make it expensive for Mr. Carter once more."
"But you must be careful. I want you to get the best of him. It will give me great satisfaction. I suppose I might find out his plans."

Morgan paused, as if expecting that Dick would make some sort of a proposition; but, if this was the case, he met with disappointment.
"I am much obliged to you for your warning," said Merriwell; "but I think I'll be able to take care of myself now."

"Then you don't want me to——" Dick shook his head.
"I'll go it alone," he said.
"All right," muttered the other, plainly disappointed. "But if I happen to get onto any of his plans I'll let you know.

Dick did not urge him to do this. He had no stomach for a compact of any sort with a chap like Dade Morgan.

And so, though plainly dissatisfied with the result of the meeting, Morgan was compelled to take his leave.

Dick paused on the academy steps and watched the fellow walking away.
"Who is it, pard?" asked Buckhart, on his way from the gym. "Looks like that onery varmint, Morgan."

"You have named him."
"What? Morgan here in Fardale? You don't say so! Whoop! Whatever is the measly coyote doing here?"

Dick explained in a few words.
"Well," said Brad, slowly, "I don't just get next to his little game, but I'll bet a good horse he has a game of some sort. You hear me asseverate!"

"I don't know about that," said Dick; "but I do know he has told me Carter is in Fardale. That may be worth something to me—and to the nine."

"I'd like to get a crack at that there Carter," declared the Texan. "He'd make good bait for wolves. He would, I know! And Morgan—well, that low-down varmint hadn't better cross my trail. I'll lift his scalp if I get a good chance and hang it in my wigwam. That's the kind of a bad man I am!"

Dick smiled, for he was familiar with Buckhart and his peculiar style of talk, which now seemed second nature to the Westerner, although he had acquired it since coming East to school.

"We gave the fellow quite a jolt last Saturday," said young Merriwell; "and we may give him another next Saturday."

"But a Pinte that will resort to dope is dirty enough to be up to any sort of a trick, so keep your eyes peeled, pard. And don't take any stock whatever in Morgan."

"Thanks," smiled Dick. "I'm not likely to."

CHAPTER III.

BENEATH THE TWIN OAK.

On the shore of the little body of water sometimes called Lily Pond, for all that many sought to give it the name of Mirror Lake, a new boarding-school for girls had been opened.

The buildings were not entirely finished, having been pushed to completion as hurriedly as possible, as the prospectus of the school had announced that it would be open that spring; but they were far enough advanced to enable the school to begin with about thirty pupils. When finished, one hundred or more pupils could be accommodated.

The success of Fardale Military Academy had led
to the opening of this school, which was located about a mile from the boys’ school.

Many wondered just who had furnished the capital necessary for the enterprise, which was a matter of mystery, save to a very few persons, who seemed pledged to secrecy.

It seems best, however, to acquaint the reader with the fact that Frank Merriwell was the mysterious backer of the project, which was the pet scheme of Miss Eliza Tartington, an old maid of an unrevealed number of summers.

Miss Tartington had long entertained the desire to be at the head of such a school, and to Frank she had come with all her plans, and to him she had pleaded not in vain.

Although he seriously doubted if such a school would be self-sustaining, Merry’s heart was touched by Miss Tartington’s appeals, and he finally consented to back the project.

But he made Miss Tartington promise absolute secrecy as far as he was concerned, and, as a blind, a stock company was organized, several of the prominent men of Fardale and neighboring places being taken into it. These men were willing enough to come in on given certain shares of stock and placed on the board of trustees.

Little Felicia was placed in the school by Frank, Miss Tartington taking her under her especial care.

Doris Templeton and Zona Desmond also attended the school.

The three girls were great friends, although neither Zona nor Doris could fully understand little Felicia.

Still, they knew of the shadow over Felicia’s life, and Doris in particular was stirred by sympathy for her.

Doris had a sunny disposition, for all that she could be aroused to extreme jealousy at times. But there came a day when she was pale, nervous, excited and apparently apprehensive of something; and she would not confide in either of her friends, although Zona, actuated by curiosity, tried to draw her out and discover what was the matter.

The afternoon session was over when Zona came to Felicia, all in a flutter, urging her to tell Miss Tartington that she was going for a walk.

“I’ve got the greatest secret to tell you!” breathed the dark-haired girl. “We must get away by ourselves. It’s about Doris.”

“A secret?” said Felicia. “Is it right for us to know?”

“Dear me! what a silly question! It’s about a fellow. And I have something to show you.”

Of course, Felicia was curious, and, with a sudden heart-throb, she thought of Dick Merriwell, knowing Doris was fond of him.

Felicia loved Dick, and she had found it no easy thing to put out of her heart all feelings of jealousy toward Doris.

So, wondering what Zona had to tell, she sought Miss Tartington and asked permission to go for a walk.

“Yes, child,” said the kindly old maid, noting the paleness of the girl. “You need some fresh air. But take care not to get your feet wet.”

The frailness of Felicia worried Miss Tartington, who sometimes feared that the slight, dark-eyed girl was too delicate for this world.

So Zona and Felicia left the school together, turning toward the road that led along the eastern shore of the lake.

“Haven’t you noticed how queer Doris has been this afternoon?” asked the tall, handsome girl. “She hasn’t been a bit like herself.”

“That’s true,” agreed Felicia. “She hardly noticed me when I spoke to her at intermission. I hope she isn’t ill.”

“Oh, I guess not very!” laughed the other, with a toss of her proud head. “But I know what ailed her. You’ll be surprised when I tell you.”

Felicia’s curiosity was being whetted.

“What is it, Zona? You said it was something about a fellow?”
“And so it is. She has gone to meet him this minute.”

Felicia repressed an exclamation of surprise, but again she thought of Dick, with apprehension in her heart.

“Gone to meet a fellow—Doris?” she said, slowly.

“How do you know that?”

“Oh, I found out!” laughed the other. “I saw her get the note from him.”

“The note?”

“Yes. A boy brought it to her at intermission. He was waiting outside, and he called her as soon as she left the building. I saw him slip something to her, and I watched her read it. That was what ailed her when you spoke to her.”

“But still I don’t understand how you—how you know she has gone to meet some one.”

“Why, I sit with her, and—well, just read this!”

Zona produced a folded sheet of paper and handed it over to her companion.

It was part of a letter, and this is what Felicia read:

DEAR DORIS: I know you will be surprised to learn that I am in Fardale. I must see you, dear, at once. It is very important to me, as I must leave this part of the country as soon as possible, and I shall not go away until I have seen you. If you love me as you used to say you did you will meet me after school by the Twin Oak near the lake. I will wait there from four until five, and you must come.

That was all. Plainly, it was only part of the letter, but the back of the sheet had not been written upon, indicating the letter had been finished on another sheet.

Felicia flushed and paled as she read the incomplete letter. There was a guilty feeling in her heart.

“Where did you get it?” she asked.

“Under the desk,” answered Zona. “She dropped it there, and I picked it up.”

“Oh, but you had no right to read it!”

“Fiddleticks! don’t be so silly! How could I help reading it when I saw it was a fellow’s writing, and he had begun by saying, ‘Dear Doris:’ What do you think of it, Felicia?”

“I don’t know what to think.”

“Well, isn’t it perfectly scandalous! And Doris is properly engaged to Hal Darrell, too!”

“Not just engaged, Zona. She had nothing to do with the arrangement made by her father and Hal’s, you know.”

“Still, she’s almost the same as engaged. And this is not from Hal. I wonder who in the world it can be from?”

“I haven’t any idea.”

“Nor have I. But just see! He calls her ‘dear’ and says she used to say she loved him. Now, what do you think of that? The sly thing! She’s always pretending she never cared a snap for any fellow. Why, Felicia, she must be an awful flirt!”

“Oh, no!” exclaimed the dark-eyed girl; “Doris wouldn’t deceive anybody in the world!”

“Perhaps not,” laughed Zona. “But I’ll bet she never told Hal Darrell of this other fellow.”

Felicia’s mind was in a whirl. Again she repeated that she did not believe Doris would deceive any one, but still she was filled with wonder and speculation.

They had walked some distance along the lake road, and Zona said:

“Well, we’ll just have a look at this mysterious fellow. If she has met him near the Twin Oak and they are there now we can see them without being seen ourselves.”

Then, for the first time, Felicia realized that their walk was taking them straight toward the trysting-place named in the letter.

She stopped.

“We oughtn’t to do it,” she said. “It is none of our business, and we have no right to watch them.”

But Zona quickly ridiculed her out of this stand, although Felicia did not get over the feeling that it was not right.

They left the road and crossed a field, coming to a small grove. Through the grove led a path, and when they reached the further side of the little patch of timber they were in sight of the Twin Oak, which stood in a small clearing near the shore of the lake.
Beneath the tree were two persons—Doris and a stranger. The latter was several years older than Doris, but he had a beardless and not unhandsome face. He was talking earnestly to the girl, who put up her hands and pushed him away when he tried to approach her.

Suddenly the youth sprang forward and clasped Doris in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PICTURE IN THE LOCKET.

The girl uttered a cry of alarm and tried to break away, but he held her fast. She was quite helpless in his hands.

From the edge of the little grove the watching girls, who were startled and breathless, heard him talking to her earnestly in a low tone.

"No, you shall not have it!" cried Doris, plainly.

"It was given to me!"

Then he said something in a low, fierce tone, upon which she exclaimed:

"I tell you I have no money!"

Again his voice came to the ears of the startled, staring girls, but they could not understand what he said.

With an angry exclamation, Doris tried once more to push him off and break away.

"What is he doing?" breathed Felicia, all a-tremble, with her face very pale. "He is hurting her, Zona!"

"It seems so," said Zona.

"See! see!" gasped Felicia, grasping her companion; "what is he doing now? He's trying to take something away from her!"

"The chain and locket she wears!" said Zona.

"He's robbing her!" panted Felicia. "What can we do?"

"We must run for help!"

"We must help her!"

"What can we do?"

"He may be frightened and run away when he sees us," said Felicia, although she was shaking all over with fear herself. She tried to control her feelings, tried to be brave, but felt like a coward in spite of herself.

At this moment a scream came from Doris, who was furiously fighting the man.

The sound was too much for Felicia, who started forward.

But suddenly she stopped, clutched by Zona, who exclaimed:

"Look—look there! Somebody has come to help her! Watch!"

A boyish figure was running swiftly toward the Twin Oak, unobserved by those beneath it.

"It's Dick!" cried Felicia, in relief. "He will protect her! You see, Zona?"

Just as Dick Merriwell came up the fellow tore the chain to which the locket was attached from the neck of Doris.

"Give me your ring!" he commanded. "Give it to me! I must have it, and I will!"

"Not to-day!" exclaimed Dick Merriwell, as he tore the girl and her assailant apart. "So you have turned highwayman, Dade Morgan! And you chose a helpless girl as a victim!"

"Dade Morgan?" murmured Doris, catching her breath. "Why——"

But her words were drowned by a torrent of angry ejaculations from the fellow she had met by appointment beneath the Twin Oak.

"Confound you, Merriwell!" snarled Morgan.

"What do you mean by meddling here?"

"You will find out directly," returned Dick, tearing off his coat and flinging it aside.

"Why, you——"

"I am going to give you the thrashing you deserve, and then I will hang you over to the sheriff," said Dick. "Give her that locket and chain!"

"I won't!" snarled Morgan, starting to put it into his pocket.

Faint and trembling, Doris leaned against the old tree.
"Let’s go to her, Zona," urged Felicia. "She has been awfully frightened. She’s going to faint."

Still the older girl held her back.

"If we go, she’ll know we followed her here. Dick will take care of her. We must not show ourselves."

Again Felicia was convinced that they had done wrong in watching Doris, for Zona practically confessed as much by her desire not to permit Doris to know anything about it.

"You’ll give it back before I am through with you," declared young Merriwell, with his eyes fastened on Morgan.

"Bah! You’re a mere kid! I don’t care for you. You may think you are something wonderful, but you are not."

He thrust the locket and chain into the pocket of his trousers, tearing off his coat a moment later.

Dick was ready.

"Don’t fight!" entreated Doris. "Please don’t!"

She got between them, holding out her hands, one to each, as if to keep them apart.

"He’s robbed you, Doris," said Dick. "And he has insulted you by his brutal attack! He is a cheap rascal. He refuses to give up the locket and chain!"

"Let him keep it! let him keep it!"

"Let him keep it?" echoed Dick, wonderingly.

"Yes, yes—I give it to him!"

Morgan laughed derisively.

"You seem to be making yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble, Mr. Merriwell," he said. "The locket and chain are mine now, and so you have no business to bother us at all. Put on your coat and go away before I throw you into the lake."

But Dick was not at all alarmed by Morgan’s manner, although he was surprised because Doris had said the fellow might have the locket and chain.

Why had she said that? Was it because she was afraid some harm might come to Dick in the encounter?

"Give back what you have stolen, you cheap dog!" commanded Dick, stepping quickly past the girl.

"Give those things back!"

"The locket!" exclaimed Doris, suddenly—"give me the locket! You may keep the chain!"

"If Mr. Merriwell wants me to give them up so much," said Morgan, "let him give me ten dollars for them. I must have the money."

In another moment Dick had the fellow by the throat.

"Out with them!" he commanded, harshly. "No further fooling! Be quick!"

With a choking gasp of rage, Morgan struck at Dick’s face.

It did seem that the boy was no match for the rascal he had so boldly attacked, and it is likely that Dade Morgan fancied he could handle Merriwell in a fair fight.

But Dick was no common lad, as Morgan was soon to find out. He thrust up his elbow and deflected the fellow’s blow. Then, with his free hand, he swung on Morgan’s jaw.

The crack of Dick’s knuckles again: the scoundrel’s jaw was like the report of a pistol.

Without a sound Dade dropped limply, his legs seeming to melt beneath him.

While Morgan lay half-stunned on the ground, Dick thrust a hand into his pocket and took out the chain and locket. The tiny locket came open as it was drawn forth, and within it young Merriwell saw a small picture that caused his heart to leap and his face to flush strangely.

It was the picture of himself!

CHAPTER V.

INTO THE LAKE.

Never until that moment had Dick dreamed that Doris wore his picture in the locket he had often noticed attached to the chain about her neck.

The discovery caused his heart to throb wildly, while burning flushes ran over his body. A strange delight seized upon him.

As he held up the locket and chain, the girl suddenly caught them from his fingers, uttering a little, glad cry.
"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said.

Yet she had been willing to sacrifice them to the ruffianly fellow who had attacked and robbed her! Now it seemed certain that her object had been to protect Dick from possible harm at the hands of Morgan.

For all of her thoughtfulness, he did not feel entirely flattered by her lack of confidence in his ability, for it seemed that she might have known through past experience that he was fully a match for such a cheap scoundrel as Morgan.

But now, as Dick held the rascal helpless, Doris suddenly grasped his shoulder, panting:

"Don't hurt him, Dick—please don't!"

"Why not?" said the triumphant boy. "He deserves it! He ought to get it! It will do him good!"

"You must not!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you must not hurt him, Dick!"

That cry produced a change in the feelings of young Merriwell, for it seemed that it was Morgan she feared would be hurt. Had she feared for Morgan all the while?

How happened it that she was there—alone—-with this man beneath the Twin Oak by the shore of the lake? It was the trysting-spot of lovers!

Did she know Morgan? If not, was it possible she had seen the fellow and flirted with him since his arrival in Fardale.

Dick knew that often village girls are extremely foolish in such things, flirting with strangers about whom they know absolutely nothing; but he did not wish to think such a thing of Doris Templeton, who seemed far superior to an ordinary girl.

Still it began to seem very suspicious. The girls of Fardale were great flirts, and strangers attracted them. Perhaps Doris had seen Morgan in or around the village post office. Perhaps he had smiled at her and she had given him a glance in return. Perhaps he had somehow induced her to meet him beneath the Twin Oak. Then he had betrayed his true nature by attempting to rob her.

Why had she sought to protect him? Why had she been willing that he should keep the chain and locket?

Almost instantly an answer to the questions flashed through the mind of young Merriwell. She had feared exposure. If Morgan was arrested, he might tell how he had met her and made a date with her for the meeting beneath the oak. Rather than have this become public she had been willing that he should keep the locket and chain.

Dick turned cold as these thoughts ran through his mind, and, for the time, he was stiff and inert.

It was then, at the precise moment, that Morgan made a great effort and suddenly flung the lad off. In a twinkling the fellow was up and had pounced upon Dick, seeking to crush him to the ground.

Morgan's hand had caught upon a loose stone, and with this he sought to strike the boy over the head.

Doris saw Dick's danger, and from her lips burst a cry of fear. She sprang forward and grasped the wrist of the hand that was uplifted to strike Dick unconscious with the stone.

The moment of delay thus caused by Doris was enough to give Dick the opportunity he required. He recovered from his stupor and there was an upheaval of his athletic young body.

Morgan was hurled aside.

Quick as a flash Dick rose, while Morgan struggled up at the same time.

On their knees they confronted and reached for each other.

Up to their feet they came, but, like a young panther, Dick was at his antagonist.

Morgan expected to handle the boy without much trouble in such a match, but somehow Dick gave a twist and a turn, getting the fellow across his hip and giving him a whirl into the air.

Morgan's heels went up and over in a half circle, almost whistling through the air, and he came down upon the hard ground with such a thump that the breath was knocked from his body.

Dick was angry now. He realized that, through
his own carelessness, he had given the fellow a chance to crack his skull, and that the opportunity would have been accepted but for the prompt work of Doris.

Rising quickly, Dick grasped Dade Morgan. They were not more than fifteen feet from the edge of the lake, and in a twinkling he had the fellow on the bank.

Morgan seemed aware of Dick's purpose, for he caught the lad about the leg and tried to cling there.

Reaching down, Dick quickly broke the hold of the other, but the fellow half rose and got young Merriwell about the waist, trying to lift him off his feet.

"Now it's your turn!" he panted.
"Not yet!" returned Dick.
"It is! I'll fix ye—I will!"
"You have tried hard enough to fix me."
"I'd done it if Doris hadn't interfered." Morgan asserted.

The fellow called her Doris! What right had he? It enraged Dick beyond measure, and he struck Morgan back of the ear, causing the rascal to pitch over on his hands and knees.

In another moment young Merriwell had the fellow by the collar and a convenient portion of his trousers. He lifted him, gave him a swing, and sent him flying through the air.

Morgan struck with a great splash in the water and disappeared from sight.

"That will cool you off a little!" said Dick, grimly. But as he stood there, looking for the wretch to rise to the surface, Doris grasped his arm, panting:

"He may drown! Oh, Dick! I don't think he knows how to swim! He will drown!"

"Oh, I guess not," answered the boy, his jealousy again stirred by her solicitation for Morgan.

"He will! he will! I am sure he cannot swim!"
"How do you know?" demanded Dick, as Morgan rose and began to flounder about in the water.

"Oh, see! see! He is drowning!"

Doris was in great terror and distress, but she did not answer Dick's question, and again his mind was filled with speculations, doubts and misgivings.

In truth, it quickly became apparent that the rascal in the water could not swim. He choked and gurgled, and shouted huskily for help. At times his head disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

"Stand up, you dunce!" cried Dick. "The water is not deep enough to drown you there. It is not over your head."

Morgan heard and comprehended. He stood up and the water did not come to his armpits.

"I don't think there is any danger that he will drown now," said Dick. "All he has to do is walk out. But I'm waiting for him, and I think I'll see that he is safely secured in the Fardale lock-up tonight."

Again Doris showed consternation.

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "not that, Dick! He has been punished enough! Let him go."

"Punished enough for attacking you and attempting to rob you? I hardly think so."

"Oh, yes, he has! Besides, he did not get a thing. I have everything back."

"But through no relenting on his part. I insist, Doris, that he deserves to be locked up and sent to jail. That is what he will get for this piece of business."

"For my sake, Dick!" she entreated, her hand trembling on his arm. "Please let him go! You will simply get me into trouble if you have him arrested."

That admission stung her defender to the quick, but he sought to hide his feelings.

"All right, Doris," he said, shortly. "If you put it that way, he shall go. But he had better get out of Fardale in a hurry. It will not be healthy for him to remain here."

Morgan was quite satisfied that Dick Merriwell, although several years younger than he, was his match. The ducking in the lake had cooled him off quite thoroughly, and he was willing enough to get away if Dick would let him go.
Therefore, on hearing the words of the boy, he waded out slowly, looking subdued and disgusted, and picked up his coat.

"I'll go, Merriwell," he said, "but I am your enemy hereafter. I might have been your friend, but——"

"That's enough!" interrupted Dick. "Do you think I would accept the friendship of a low fellow like you! Go on now, and don't stop to make any more talk."

Morgan gave Doris a look, seeming to desire to say something to her, but evidently deciding that it would be useless. She did not look at him, and he turned away, carrying his coat.

Dick and Doris were left together beneath the Twin Oak.

CHAPTER VI.

HEART THRIBS.

Zona and Felicia had witnessed all this. Once Felicia had almost broken away from Zona and rushed forth from the shelter of the little grove. It was when Morgan came so near striking Dick with the stone.

Under ordinary circumstances Zona Desmond pretended perfect indifference to Dick Merriwell; but his struggle with and victory over Morgan caused her to utter exclamations of admiration.

"He's just perfectly grand, Felicia!" she declared. "Did you see? Why, he handled that fellow, who is lots older! I don't know how he does it, but it's wonderful!"

Felicia was silent. She was watching Dick and Doris, who stood beneath the Twin Oak, while the baffled young rascal hurried away. She saw that the eyes of Dick were fastened on Doris, who did not look him in the face.

Her heart beat flutteringly in her bosom, and she scarcely seemed to hear the words of her companion.

"He does care for Doris!" she told herself. "I know he does! He cannot deceive me!"

Then Dick took a step nearer the girl before him, bending forward. It seemed that he was almost on the verge of putting his arm about her.

Seized by sudden fear of what she might see, Felicha pulled at her companion, panting:

"Come, Zona—come away!"

"Wait," urged the other.

"No; come, come!"

"Oh, wait! Let's watch them!"

"I do not want to watch them! Oh, I can't watch them! Come, Zona!"

"Don't be silly! I do believe he's going to kiss her! If Hal knew!"

But now Felicia left Zona and fled along the path through the grove. When she saw this, the older girl reluctantly followed, and Dick and Doris were left with no watching eyes upon them.

But they had not known they were watched. After the vanishing of Morgan, Doris stood abashed, her eyes downcast, while the boy sought to read her thoughts.

"Doris!"

He drew near as he spoke her name, but still her eyes refused to meet his. He fancied there was something of shame in her manner, and it maddened him.

"The fellow is gone," he said, with sudden coldness.

"I'm glad," murmured the girl.

"Are you?"

"What a question, Dick! Of course I am! He frightened me nearly to death. It was so fortunate you came along just in time, and I thank you for——"

"You owe me no thanks," he declared, in the same cold manner. "Instead, I believe my thanks are due you."

"Me? Why?"

"For opening my eyes!" he exclaimed, somewhat bitterly. "I do not pretend to understand it all, but I think I understand quite enough."

Now she flashed him a sudden glance of wonder and aroused resentment.
"What do you mean, sir?" she asked. "I am sure I do not understand you at all."

"I did not think it of you, Doris!" he said, reproachfully. "I thought you were not a girl who would meet a stranger like this."

Her face flamed scarlet in a moment.

"So you think that of me now?" she cried, her voice trembling.

"How can I think anything different. Dade Morgan has been in Fardale but a day or two, yet you meet him here. He called you by name. And he proved what sort of a rascal he is by trying to rob you of your chain and locket."

Doris drew back, her blue eyes filled with the indignation she felt.

"You are insulting, Dick Merrick!" she flashed, again trembling, but this time with anger.

"Perhaps you may think me so, but I cannot help that. You did meet him here by appointment, didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

"Oh, nothing!" he answered, in a way that meant it was a great deal. "But you see what came of it. It should be a lesson to you. I could have told you that fellow, Dade Morgan, was a scoundrel."

"Why do you call him Dade Morgan?"

"That is his name."

"Nothing of the sort. It is not his name at all."

"How do you know?"

"How? Because I—well, because!"

"It is his name, Doris, and he is a very cheap rascal. I know him, and he is thoroughly crooked."

"I tell you it isn't his name at all. How did you get the idea that it was?"

"It's the name he goes under. My brother knew him at Yale. I presume he may have given you a false name. It is the way of such fellows. They give fictitious names to the girls they meet in different places."

"You think you know a great deal more than you really do," declared the girl, haughtily. "He is no stranger to me, and you have no right to suppose that he was."

"You knew him before meeting him in Fardale?"

"Of course I did! I have known him all my life."

Dick was taken aback, but he did not doubt that she spoke the truth, for never had he known her to tell an untruth. In one way his mind was relieved, for he saw in a moment that it was not a common case of "mash;" but, at the same time, it awakened apprehension of a different sort.

Who was this fellow that Doris declared she had known all her life?—this fellow who gave his name as Dade Morgan, and who was a thorough rascal?

"If you have known him so long, Doris," said Dick, gravely, "you must have known what a worthless fellow he is. I am surprised that you should have anything to do with him."

Again the flaming color showed in her cheeks, and she drew herself up proudly.

"You talk as if you thought yourself my guardian!" she exclaimed.

This was too much for Dick.

"I am sure you need a guardian if you persist in meeting such scoundrels!" he retorted. "What is the name by which he is known to you?"

"No matter! It is nothing to you!"

"It's considerable to me. I may wish to swear out a warrant for his arrest, and—"

"Oh, no, Dick—no! You won't do that! He has had trouble enough! If you only knew!"

"It's not safe to have such a scoundrel loose. It may be necessary for you to appear against him."

"I will not! I will not! If you do this thing I shall hate you—I shall hate you!"

"Then you must care for him a great deal? Doris, it may be none of my business, but, until you can explain, I can never think of you as I did before."

How his words hurt her!

"I presume you mean that you are ashamed of me?" she said, slowly, looking him straight in the face now. "You have judged me in your mind without knowing the facts. Very well, sir! I shall let you think what you like! It is nothing to me—"
nothing whatever. We have been friends, but this
ends it."

"Doris!"

"Don’t call me that! Our friendship is ... an end!
Do you think I could ever forget what you have
told of me? Never, never! You confessed it!
You cannot deny it now! You thought something
bad of me! Yes, you did! yes, you did! I am be-
ginning to hate you, Dick Merriwell!"

Never before had she looked so handsome. She
was a perfect little queen in this burst of indignation
and anger.

Dick was thrilled, and he felt that he had made a
mistake. He had been too hasty.

"Forgive me, Doris!" he exclaimed, earnestly.
"But you—I—I thought so much of you that—"

"I cannot forgive or forget!"
She turned away, and he sprang to her side.
"Don’t touch me!" she exclaimed. "I am going
—aloe!"

"Let me walk with you till I know you are safely
back to the seminary."

"No!"

"That fellow——"

"He will not touch me again."

In vain he pleaded; she was firm as adamant.

"Then," said Dick, "at least I shall walk behind
you and make sure you are not molested."

She said nothing, and so he followed her at a dis-
tance and watched until she had safely reached the
grounds of Miss Tartington’s school.

Dick turned away with a bitter feeling of dissatis-
faction in his heart. He knew he had made a mess
of it, and still he could not conceive that he had been
entirely wrong.

"That fellow Morgan had better get out of Fardale!" he muttered, as he strode away. "Morgan!
Morgan! She said that was not his name. Was
she right? Franck has told me that Dade Morgan
was a mystery at Yale. No one seemed to know
just where he came from. Is it possible that before
attending college he lived somewhere under quite an-
other name, and that Doris knew him there? It is a
mystery. At best, he is not a fit acquaintance for
any decent girl. Even Doris must know that since
his brutal attack on her. She has declared our
friendship over. Has the end really come?"

While he was asking himself this question, Doris
hurried straight to her own room, where she flung
herself on the little white bed, and burst into tears.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she exclaimed.

But, after a long time, when her tears had sub-
sided somewhat, she opened the tiny gold locket and
kissed the picture it contained.

CHAPTER VII.

STRUCK DOWN.

Dick looked for Dade Morgan frequently after
that, but it began to seem that the fellow had lost no
time in getting out of Fardale, probably alarmed by
his encounter with the boy and Dick’s inclination to
have him arrested for attacking Doris and trying to
rob her.

Dick greatly regretted the outcome of his talk
with Doris after the encounter with Morgan.

He had thought it over many times, and always
with a feeling of dissatisfaction with himself.

True, he did not understand how it happened that
Doris knew Morgan so well, and was so anxious to
protect the fellow, but, still, might there not be an
explanation that would clear her of any blame?

She had declined to explain because hurt beyond
measure by Dick’s suspicions.

He could not blame her. When he came to think
it over, he wondered that she had not been more
angry than she was.

But he knew he had been led into saying the things
he did because he thought so much of her. Had she
been another girl, for whom he cared nothing, he
might have thought of many things, but he would have
kept silent.

And could it be that Doris had begun to care for
him more than any one else? For some time she
had seen Hal Darrell but little, and it appeared cer-
tain that she was trying to cause him to forget her and take interest in some other girl.

Hal had ceased to speak of her; apparently, he scarcely thought of her.

But Dick was satisfied that Hal was a fellow who generally kept his thoughts to himself, and something led young Merriwell to believe his friend still held in high esteem and regard the charming blue-eyed girl chosen by his father as the wife for him.

Dick, also, had been endeavoring to forget Doris. He had kept away from her as much as possible.

To confess the truth, however, it was the hope of catching a glimpse of her that had led him along the shore of the lake the day he saw her struggling in the arms of Morgan beneath the Twin Oak.

It was spring, with the woods green and beautiful, and a fresh smell in all the air.

And it seemed that something in the atmosphere turned his thoughts to Doris.

The unpleasant outcome of the affair made him seek to forget it all, but he thought of her more than ever.

He longed to have another talk with her, and it was for that purpose that he began to haunt the vicinity of Miss Tartington's school whenever he could get away from the academy.

If Doris saw him in the vicinity he was not aware of it. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her, but she seemed utterly unaware of his proximity.

He noted that she was keeping much by herself, and something told him she was in serious trouble. He was sympathetic, and he longed to comfort her somehow; but he knew she would repulse him if he sought to approach her.

She had said she hated him. Perhaps she did, but he hoped that her hatred was only temporary. He longed for circumstances to arise that would enable him to overcome that hatred. He longed to show her that he would do anything in the world to serve her.

What if she had been indiscreet in meeting a fellow like Morgan? All the more reason why she should have some one to protect her. And now he confessed to himself that, as long as it was not a case of "mash," and she had known Morgan before he came to Fardale, it was possible her action was not so reprehensible, after all.

It was Friday evening. On the following day the Fardale nine was to take the early train for Fairport.

Dick expected a letter from Frank, and he was in the village to call at the post office for the evening mail. Almost as he was entering the door of the post office he saw some one that caused him to stop and retreat quickly.

Dade Morgan was within, calling for mail at the general delivery window.

"There he is!" muttered Dick. "At last!"

He crossed the street, and leaned against a telegraph post until Morgan came out of the post office and walked hurriedly away.

"I thought he was gone," said Dick, softly. "But he's still here. I wonder how it happens."

He quickly decided to follow the fellow.

Morgan turned toward the Harbor, a portion of the village that lay over beyond a hill.

Dick knew something of that part of Fardale. It was a section of bad repute, with grog shops for sailors. Many a drunken brawl took place at The Harbor, and there had been more than one cutting affair in that part of the village.

The street over the hill was dark and lonely. At the summit there were some gloomy trees, beneath which several hold-ups had taken place.

But Dick was not afraid. He followed Morgan with the stealth of an Indian on the trail, thanks to the teachings of old Joe Crowfoot, his redskin instructor.

Morgan did not know he was shadowed. He walked along hastily, reaching the brow of the hill and swinging down toward the lights of The Harbor with long strides.

Having passed the bit of road where the highway robberies had taken place, Dick paid little attention to anything but the task of keeping track of Morgan.
Half-way down the hill was a hut-like house close to the road. From an uncurtained window shone a light, shooting a bar across the road.

Morgan passed through this bar of light without turning or looking to the right or left.

Dick chanced it and followed at an interval, slipping through the light as quickly as possible.

"A man sitting on a chopping-block in the darkness, near a corner of the house, saw Dick plainly. This man rose and retreated quickly through the yard, jumped a sagging fence and hastened down the hill by crossing lots, in such a manner that he came to the winding road some distance below.

He vaulted the fence by the roadside and stepped into the dense darkness beneath two trees that grew on the very shoulder of the road.

In less than a minute Morgan came along and passed.

A few moments later, without a sound, Dick Merriwell followed.

The man under the trees flattened himself against the trunk of one of them.

In his right hand he grasped a weapon.

When Dick passed, the man made a spring that carried him into the road behind the boy. Then he struck Dick down with a sandbag.

Dick dropped like a log.

Immediately a whistle sounded from the lips of the man.

It was answered by Morgan, further down the road.

The man repeated the signal, bending over Dick.

In a few moments Morgan came hurrying back. He stopped when he saw the dark figures in the road.

"That you, Carter?" he asked.

"Sure," answered the other. "Come on."

"What are you doing?"

"I have been doing business!" was the triumphant assertion. "Dick Merriwell will not pitch for Fardale to-morrow."

"Why not?" asked Dade, as he advanced.

For an answer Carter struck a match, the light of which glowed redly upon the pale face of Dick Merriwell, lying silent and unconscious in the middle of the road.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORGAN'S TRIUMPH.

"Lord!" gasped Morgan, startled. "You haven't killed him, have ye, Carter?"

"Oh, no! Just sent his wits wool-gathering for a while. He is liable to come to himself any time, so take a hand here and help me tie him securely."

As they bound Dick and made him helpless, Carter briefly told how it came about that he was able to sandbag the boy there.

"Following me, was he?" exclaimed Morgan, savagely. "Well, he got just what he deserved!"

"I was waiting for you to come back with the mail," said Carter. "Sitting near old Jin Cottle's house. Saw him sneak past after you. Then I cut across and lay for him here."

"Now, what are you going to do with him?" asked Morgan, as he aided Carter in prying apart Dick's jaws, between which a gag was forced.

"Put him where he'll not take part in the baseball game to-morrow. He will be missing when the Fardale team leaves town in the morning, and he'll not appear on the field at Fairport. I know lots of suckers who will bet anything that Fardale wins the game to-morrow. With this chap out of it, Franklin will do the trick easily. Tate is a great pitcher for a boy, and he'll make the cadet kids look like lobsters."

"But where are you going to keep him?"

"Crazy Dean's old house is the place."

"Good place; but how'll we get him there?"

"Lug him."

For some reason Morgan did not seem very willing to take Dick to the place mentioned. He had been hiding there for some time, as the old house was avoided by almost everybody who knew anything of its history.

Ben Dean had believed that he could communicate
with spirits. After the death of his wife, he announced that he talked with her frequently. It was his conviction that a vein of quicksilver would some day be found near Fardale, for he claimed to have discovered oozings of it around marshy spots in the vicinity of the town.

One day he declared that the spirit of his wife had come to him and told him to dig in the cellar of his house, promising that the vein of quicksilver should be struck.

The rest of Dean's life was spent in the hopeless task of digging a tremendous hole in his cellar. Day after day he toiled there, going deeper and deeper, drawing the dirt up in buckets by means of a windlass and haggling it out through the house in baskets.

Down, down he went. Water came in upon him, and he was forced to pump it out, but when he had sunk the shaft still lower, he finally came to a fissure through the rocks that proved to be a natural drain, leading out at the foot of the hill far below.

It was at this point that Dean used to take visitors into his mine and ask them to listen. They could hear a strange, pulsing sound, as of something gushing through the earth at regular intervals.

Dean said it was the quicksilver.

It made no difference to him that derisive ones declared it was simply the throbbing sound of the heart of the listener, distinctly heard in the stillness of the deep hole. He would have continued to dig, but one day he died.

After that the old house was closed and deserted. It was said that the ghost of old Dean appeared nightly and dug in the mine beneath the house. There were many who declared they had listened and heard the sound of his pick.

This house had proved to be an excellent place of concealment for Morgan, who had remained there since his encounter with Dick Merriwell.

To his objections in regard to taking the unconscious boy to that old house, Carter said:

"It's just the place. No one will think of looking for him there. You can stay and keep watch of him until after the game. Then I will meet you in Bixby's Falls, and pay you well, for I'll have plenty of money."

"I don't take much stock in that," returned Morgan; "but I owe this fellow a little score, and I am willing to settle it with him. It will just about make us square. All right."

"You'll keep him there?"

"If we can get him there."

"No trouble about that. Take hold."

So they lifted Dick and carried him across fields and through timber until they came at last to the deserted house of old Dean, which sat on the outskirts of Fardale, in neither the main village nor the portion known as The Harbor.

And there it was that Dick finally became conscious, with Dade Morgan sitting near on a chair, watching him by the light of a smoking candle.

"Hello!" said Morgan, as Dick opened his eyes. "I was just beginning to think you would never come out of it. Thought perhaps your skull was cracked."

Dick did not speak. He wondered what had happened, and, divining this, Morgan explained with a lie.

"You thought yourself mighty smart in following me, didn't you? Well, I fooled you. I knew you were following, and I led you into a trap. Now I've got you."

"It looks like it," admitted Dick, from whose mouth the gag had been removed. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Oh, I'll just get even, you can bet on that! I told you I would get even!"

Dick realized that he was helpless in the fellow's power. It galled him to the quick.

"You will not play ball to-morrow," said Morgan. "Fardale will play without you—and be beaten. Perhaps you'll never play with the team again. People around here seem afraid of this old house. If they keep away from it in future as they have in the past, you may starve and rot here."
"That's a pleasant prospect!" exclaimed Dick, who, however, did not seem greatly alarmed.

"Oh, you think you have lots of nerve!" sneered Morgan. "Well, we'll see about that."

Then he glanced at his watch and gave a start, muttering something to himself. He rose and went into the next room, from which he issued, and suddenly flung himself on Dick, grasping the latter by the throat. It seemed that the young ruffian meant to choke his helpless victim to death. Instead he simply compelled the boy to open his mouth, into which he once more forced the gag.

When this was done, Morgan dragged Dick into the next room and left him there, closing the door between the two rooms.

Of course, Dick struggled to get free, but all his efforts were in vain. At last, to his amazement, he heard Morgan speaking to some one who had entered the other room.

Lying quite still and listening, Dick heard and recognized the voice of the visitor to Dade Morgan.

It was a girl.

And that girl was Doris Templeton!

CHAPTER IX.

DICK'S FATE.

Doris there—at that hour, too! Dick was benumbed with horror. He lay quite still, scarcely breathing, listening intently.

"Have you brought the money?" asked Morgan, somewhat harshly.

"Oh, Manton! I've brought all I could get, every cent! I borrowed ten dollars from Miss Tartington, although I had to tell her a fib to get it, and I'm so afraid she will find out. This, with what I had and could get together, makes more than twenty."

"But I told you I must have twenty-five—must have it. It will take that much to enable me to get away. And I know the officers are looking everywhere for me."

"I've done my best for you, Manton."

"But you wouldn't have done a thing if I hadn't threatened to make a scene. You tried to keep away from me after that dog Merriwell interfered by the lake."

"Yes," confessed the girl, "I did try to keep away. But I was sorry for you. I didn't want to see them take you back to prison."

"Well, I don't propose to go! Not much! Give me the money!"

There was a pause.

Dick was almost stupefied by what he had heard. Doris had brought money to the worthless fellow, who was plainly an escaped jailbird.

Why had she done it? What hold did the rascal have over her?

"Only twenty-two dollars and thirty cents!" exclaimed the man. "I told you I must have twenty-five! Give me that locket and chain!"

"You shall not have them! I left them in my room."

"Oh, you did? And the chain was solid. I could have raised a tenner on it anywhere. Perhaps it's just as well, for some one might have thought I had stolen it. I suppose I'll have to get along with this money. You'll not hear from me again in a long time if I get out of the country."

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know; somewhere that I'll not be in danger of arrest—South America, perhaps."

"I hope they do not catch you. You were so good to me when I was a little girl. I can never forget that, Cousin Manton! I can never forget that once you saved me from drowning!"

Dick Merriwell gasped behind his gag. "Cousin!"—she had called the fellow that. He almost doubted his senses. Was it possible the fellow was Doris Templeton's cousin?

In a moment some things became clearer, while others were still more bewildering. He understood now how it happened that she had known the rascal before his appearance in Fardale, and why she had taken such an interest in him.

But was it possible that the fellow known at Yale
as Dade Morgan had sailed under a fictitious name? And what crime had he committed that he was now a fugitive from justice?

But Dick was happy. All in a moment he understood the position in which Doris had been placed, and he did not wonder at her indignation over his unkind suspicions.

She had not cared to confess that this young jailbird who had attacked her and attempted to rob her was her own cousin.

She had not wished to give his name, fearing it might put the officers on his track, and lead to his recapture.

And she had refused, for very good reasons, to appear against him in case Dick had him arrested.

But the fellow himself was a thorough scoundrel. Of that there was no question.

"I must go, Manton," Dick heard Doris saying.

Then he roused himself. Sympathy with Doris must not cause him to forget his own position and peril. How could he let her know he was there? He was gagged and could not call to her.

He lifted his feet and brought them down with a thump upon the floor.

"Hark!" exclaimed the girl, in a frightened voice.

"What is that? Didn't you hear it?"

"I didn't hear anything," lied Morgan. Dick repeated his action.

"There it is again!" chocked the girl.

"Don't be frightened," said the man. "It's nothing. I have heard those sounds many times. You know, they say this place is haunted by the spook of old Dean, and—"

But Doris was shaking with terror now.

"I must go at once!" she exclaimed. "It's so dark. Please come a piece with me, Cousin Manton— please do!"

He agreed to that, and Dick heard them go out, closing the door behind them.

For almost an hour the captive boy was left alone. During that time he worked hard to free himself, but gave up at last in complete exhaustion.

Morgan finally returned and came at once into the room where Dick was lying, his jaws aching from the terrible pressure of the gag.

"Well, I suppose you have been having a fine time while I was away?" chuckled the rascal. "You nearly frightened sweet Doris into fits by your kicking about."

Dick made not a sound, but his eyes told of the feelings within his heart.

"Would you like to talk?" asked Morgan. "Well, I don't mind hearing you beg, so I'll remove that gag."

It was a great relief when the gag was taken from beneath the teeth of the helpless boy.

But Dick did not beg.

"You're in a bad hole, Merriwell," said the triumphant rascal. "I might have been your friend if you had not been so fresh the day you found me with Doris by the lake. I am a chap that does not forget, and I swore to get even for what you did that day. I thought my turn would come, and it has."

"Make the most of it," said Dick, with an effort. "It is my turn next!"

"Oh, I am not at all afraid of you and your turn. To-morrow I leave Fardale, never to return. You'll never see me again. In fact, you may never see any one again, for few persons come near this old place. You will be missed in the baseball game at Fairport to-morrow."

"Don't you believe it!"

"Oh, but I do believe it—I know it. Fairport will win, and Phil Carter will make a haul. He has promised me some of his winnings, but I do not trust him, and I shall be on hand to collect. I shall leave Fardale by the first train in the morning. While the game is taking place, you will be resting peacefully at the bottom of Crazy Dean's mine."

"Then you mean to add murder to your other crimes?" Dick exclaimed. "I see your finish—on the gallows!"

Morgan laughed scornfully at this.

Suddenly he clutched Dick and dragged him from
the room to a flight of stairs that led downward into the cellar.

Bound though he was, Dick did not mean to submit without an effort, and he managed to pull up his feet and kick his enemy down the stairs into the darkness, the candle being extinguished.

Morgan gathered himself up, swearing furiously. After a time he struck a match, found the candle, and came back for Dick.

He put the candle down at the head of the stairs, and grasped the boy who never gave up.

"I'll fix you!" he snarled. "You think you are smart, but I'll fix you! You'll roll at the bottom of old Dean's mine! You may yell as much as you like; nobody will hear you. If any one should, he would think it the spirit of Dean and run away."

The fellow managed to get Dick down the stairs, and then he went back for the candle, which he brought down and placed on a shelf.

In the middle of the cellar was the opening of the shaft, huge and dark, with a wooden windlass above it. About the windlass was twined a heavy, but rotten-looking rope.

"I ought to dump you down the old shaft," said Morgan, fiercely. "It would serve you right!"

"You might as well," said Dick. "Go ahead and finish the job! It will be better for you, as I swear I'll make you sorry for this piece of business if I ever get out alive!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that! Perhaps, after a week or so, I'll write to somebody in Fardale and tell them where to find you. I'll be far beyond your reach by that time."

Morgan seized an end of the rope that was attached to the windlass. He did not find it an easy task to get the rope round Dick's waist, but he finally succeeded, and made it secure.

"There you are!" he cried. "Down you go!"

He dragged Dick to the brink of the shaft and seized the crank of the windlass.

In another moment Dick swung off, and oscillated to and fro over the yawning mouth of the dark hole like the pendulum of a clock.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Morgan. "It's all over now. Why don't you squeal?"

"Because I'm no squealer," returned Dick. "You are the one who will squeal before the finish of this business. You shall feel the weight of my hand in the end!"

Again the fellow laughed.

"You have lots of nerve," he confessed; "but nerve will do you very little good in a case like this. Good-by, Dick Merriwell! I hope you will enjoy yourself down there."

Then he lowered the dangling lad into the darkness of that dark hole.

Down, down, down! The creaking of the windlass sounded fainter and fainter. The rope vibrated and threatened to snap asunder beneath the strain. It seemed that the bottom would never be reached.

Down, and still down! Dick wondered if there was no bottom to the place.

At last! The bottom of the shaft was reached, and Dick Merriwell, bound and helpless, lay on the damp, hard ground, his feet in a pool of stagnant water.

A moment later the rope that had been attached to the windlass came whirling downward and fell in a twisted, tangled mass, burying Dick beneath it.

Morgan had cut the rope and left Dick Merriwell to his fate.

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CHAPTER X.

BURIED ALIVE.

Let's pass over the terrible hours of agony endured by Dick at the bottom of the old shaft.

At last, he found a jutting edge of rock where he could rub the rope that bound his wrists together against it, and he finally wore it away so that he freed his hands.

Then he released his feet.

Still he was a captive in the terrible darkness of that hole in the ground, the rope that had extended up to the windlass was cut, and there seemed no way for him to escape.

But he had found that the air in there was not as foul as he had anticipated, although it was far from fresh.

And he thought of the old drain that, it was said, extended from Dean's mine to the foot of the hill hundreds of feet away.

Having released his cramped limbs, and rubbed them until natural circulation was restored, Dick set about searching for the opening to the drain.

He found it, and the sense of touch told him that
it was barely large enough for him to squeeze his body into.

"If it continues large enough all the way, I'll get out somehow," muttered the dauntless lad. "I am going to take part in that baseball game in Fairport! I will be there! And I'll take pains to look after Mr. Morgan."

It took great courage to crawl into that drain, but it was the only chance of escape.

Before entering the place, Dick took off his coat, that it might not hamper him.

Then he began crawling slowly along the drain.

In places the fissure through the rocks was wide and roomy, while in other places it was narrow to discomfort.

On and on crept the determined boy, his hands and knees damp and cut by the rough stones.

At last he came to a place where the drain became so narrow that there seemed no way of getting through. After much effort he squeezed a portion of his body through, and then he seemed to stick.

Cold perspiration started out on Dick's face. Rather would he have faced a score of foes than passed through this ordeal.

But he did not lose his head and become frantic. Instead he waited a bit, seeking to cool off, and then set about the task of dragging his body bit by bit past the narrow spot.

Not without infinite effort was the task accomplished, but he succeeded in the end and breathed freer when he found the place was passed.

After that his progress was not so difficult until he came to what he believed must be the mouth of the drain. There a mass of rocks and earth had settled, and he found to his untold dismay that the passage was quite choked up.

With all his strength he pushed against the obstruction, but it did not yield.

A feeling of great horror overcame him. Hope had been high in his heart after passing the narrow place in the drain, but now what lay before him threatened to blot it out entirely.

"I must do it!" he muttered, setting his teeth. "It is the only way! There is no other escape!"

Again and again he tried, but each time with the same result. The obstruction remained undisturbed.

"It's no use!" he confessed, at last. "I can't get out this way. Perhaps there might be some way of climbing out of the shaft and reaching the cellar."

After a time, he began to back along the drain, but this, for the most part, was slow work.

Finally, he came to the narrow point in the passage, where he knew he would find the most trouble. There he made a startling and horrifying discovery.

After he had forced his way past that point a mass of earth and stone had slowly settled into the passage, blocking it completely.

Feeling about with his feet, Dick finally concluded that, beyond a doubt, the passage was entirely closed.

He was buried alive!

CHAPTER XI.

DICK'S WILD DASH.

Great wonderment and alarm over the disappearance of Dick Merriwell. The night passed, and he remained away. In the morning an alarm was sent out, and the search for him began.

The Fardale baseball team was filled with consternation and dismay.

"I reckon there has been oneerry crooked work!" exclaimed Brad Buckhart, as he stood on the station platform, waiting for the time to arrive when the train should pull out. "Somehow, I'm not a bit afraid but Dick will turn up all safe and sound by and by, but I opine that some kind of a game has been played to keep him from pitching against Fardale today. It's meanly mean! It is, I know!"

"I'm afraid we'll make a poor showing against Fairport without Dick in the box," said Fred Stark.

"All aboard!" called the conductor.

Brad took one last, despairing look along the street leading to the station, but saw no signs of Dick. He swung himself aboard the train after it was in motion, and thus the Fardale nine started out, feeling that there was no chance to win without Dick.

Fairport was full seventy miles from Fardale, and the game was to begin at two o'clock in the afternoon. There was another train leaving Fardale at ten o'clock in the forenoon, but it did not connect with the express that reached Fairport at twenty minutes past two in the afternoon. Leaving Fardale at ten, one could reach Fairport at five-thirty in the afternoon by rail.

It was nearly half-past ten when Dick Merriwell,
covered with dirt, his hands bleeding, his coat gone, came running across the grounds to the academy.

He was seen and recognized, but when any one tried to stop him and question him he dashed past them or pushed them out of his way.

Up the stairs he bounded, straight to his room he rushed.

It did not seem five minutes later when he came tearing down those stairs, with the blood and dirt washed from his face. Over his arm he carried a coat he had caught up.

A crowd had gathered.

“Merriwell!” they shouted. “Where have you been?”

No answer.

“Where are you going?” demanded one, as he sprinted away.

“To Fairport!” was the answer he flung over his shoulder as he ran on.

They gasped. To Fairport! Was he crazy?

“Here Dick, Dick! It’s no use! The accommodation train has gone! You can’t get to Fairport to-day!”

“I will—or die!” he grated.

“He’s daffy as a loon!” said one fellow. “Does he think he’s going to run all the way to Fairport?”

Dick ran straight to the village and to the best livery stable in the place.

“See here, Mr. Higgings,” he cried, finding the proprietor there, “I want the best saddle horse you have. Saddle him instantly! Don’t lose a second! Seconds are precious! Quick! Quick!”

“Sorry, Mr. Merriwell,” said the keeper of the stable, who knew Dick well, “but I haven’t a good saddle horse left. Gyp is lame, Prince is out, and Old Bill is——”

“I must have one, I tell you! The best you have! A tough horse that will stand pushing. If I kill him, I’ll pay for him. If I hurt him, I’ll pay for him! For Heaven’s sake, don’t waste time talking, but saddle up something for me!”

His desperate manner caused Higgings to send a boy jumping after a horse, onto which a saddle was flung and strapped.

Dick had his coat on now, and he was waiting beside the horse for them to make the animal ready.

“Here’s a place to mount,” said the boy, indicating a step.

Dick snatched the rein from the boy, made a leap and was in the saddle. A yell burst from his lips, and the horse shot out of the stable, went galloping madly along the street, turned a corner and disappeared, bearing Dick toward Fairport—seventy miles away.

Some minutes later several boys from the academy came hurrying to the livery stable and asked for Dick. They were told what had happened and asked where he was bound.

“To Fairport,” they answered; “but he’ll never get there until the game has been over for hours.”

“To Fairport!” gasped Higgings. “Well, he’ll hardly get there! That horse won’t last him an hour. It’s just gotten over being sick and ain’t strong, but he would have a horse. Bet he kills the critter.”

It was not long before Dick himself discovered the horse was not strong. It began to lather and blow. But he hoped the animal would hold out until a neighboring village could be reached. He expected to get another horse there.

But when Dick rode a staggering, sweat-covered, dirt-bedaubed horse into the little village he queered himself. The man from whom he hoped to get another horse looked at the animal from which the boy had just dismounted, noted its hanging head, heaving sides and general played-out condition and declared he would not let Dick have a horse for love or money.

“See here!” exclaimed Dick, desperately, “I’ll buy one!”

“You? What for? Why, you’re a boy and—— Why are you so blamed anxious? I believe you have done something, and you’re running away!”

Suspicions were aroused. Men gathered round him and threatened to detain him forcibly. He was compelled to explain, and that took valuable time.

“To Fairport to play ball?” cried a listener, decisively. “At two this afternoon? Well, you may as well hold up. You’ll never get there!”

“I’m going to get there in time to take part in that game!” grated the boy, his eyes flashing.

Then he appealed again to the keeper of the stable.

“If I can reach Kingman in time to flag the express, I can get into Fairport at twenty minutes past two.”

“Horseshit can’t get to Kingman in time,” was the declaration.

But Dick flashed a roll of money. He induced the man to hitch up two of his best horses and take him
on the road toward Kingman. They whirled away a short time later, with the villagers staring after them and declaring the boy was crazy to think of such a thing.

The roads were bad. Six miles from that village one of the horses stepped in a hole and sprained its leg. Within five minutes it was so lame it could scarcely walk.

“This settles it!” said the driver. “You may as well turn round and go back. Can’t drive Daisy out of a walk.”

“Go back—not much!” grated Dick. “I’m going to Fairport, and I’m going to get there, too!”

The man laughed derisively.

“You didn’t have a chance in a hundred before Daisy fell lame. Now, you ain’t got no chance at all.”

“Here!” Dick thrust some money into the man’s hand. An instant later he was out of the carriage and running.

“Well, of all the fools I ever saw!” gasped the driver, pulling up and watching the boy.

Dick ran on steadily and swiftly until he disappeared over a hill.

A man was tinkering at a large touring automobile that stood beside the road. He heard the sound of running feet and looked up to see a boy, carrying a coat flung over his shoulder, come running toward him. The face of the boy was very red, but his lips were pressed together, and there was a squareness about his jaw that betokened unconquerable determination.

The boy stopped.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said; “am I on the right road to Trafton?”

“Yes,” said the man, shortly. He was annoyed by the breakdown.

“Can I help you?” asked the boy.

“No.”

“Can you tell me how far it is from Trafton to Kingman?”

“Twenty-three miles.”

“I’d like to reach Kingman in time to flag the express. Is there any chance that I can do it?”

“You might if you had wings,” was the answer, as the man paused and gave the boy a close look for the first time.

Somehow he was pleased by the appearance of the perspiring lad. He began to ask questions. Dick explained quickly.

“Give it up,” advised the man. “It can’t be done. If this machine was all right, and I was going that way—— But I’m not, and the machine is out of running order.”

“Let me see if I can’t help you,” said Dick.

He took hold. Within three minutes he discovered just what was the matter, and enabled the man to set things right.

“I’d like to give you a lift, boy,” said the man, “but I am going the other way, and——”

Dick talked to him. He had a way of talking that was winning, and within two minutes they were seated in the automobile, which was spinning along the road toward Trafton.

Dick told the man everything.

“I’ll land you in Kingman,” said the stranger. “It’s your only show. Horseshoers can’t do it in time to intercept the express. If I was prepared, hanged if I wouldn’t try to take you straight through to Fairport in time to let you get into that game; but this machine runs by electricity, and I’ll have to hold up in Kingman till I can have it recharged. But I’m going to get there and see you onto that express.”

They whizzed through Trafton, setting the natives staring.

Beneath the machine the brown road flew backward like a rushing river. The wind cut their faces. Sand and dirt smote their flesh. There was a whis-thinging in their ears. They were shaken and jolted and hurled about, being compelled to hang on con-stantly. It was the wildest ride Dick Merriwell ever experienced.

And about five miles from Kingman, the automobile suddenly gave out once more.

The man looked at his watch.

“No use!” he exclaimed. “We can’t get there now.”

But Dick was not yet ready to give up.

“The express might be late,” he said; “let’s try.”

They finally found out what was the matter, and soon they were ready to start on again.

“Still, we can’t get there in time,” asserted the man. “I have done my best for you, my boy; but fate is against you. The express will reach Kingman about five minutes ahead of us.”

But the very thing Dick Merriwell hoped for happened. The express was a little late.
As they swept over a rise and bore down toward a crossing of the railroad about two miles from Kingston, the train whistled in the distance.

"She's late!" cried the man; "but not quite late enough. We can't make the town in time."

Like the very wind they flew down toward the crossing. But the train came on even swifter. Dick saw the line of smoke rising against the sky and heard the whistle still nearer.

Then the train was seen coming through an opening in a strip of woods.

The owner of the automobile sought to get over the crossing ahead of the train, but he miscalculated the speed of the express.

Just before the crossing was reached, the road swerved and ran for a short distance close to the railroad.

It was impossible to entirely check the speed of the automobile, even when the express whizzed past at their very side.

Suddenly Dick Merriwell rose to his feet. Before the man could understand his purpose, he poised himself carefully and made a desperate, daring leap for the rear platform of the last car.

It seemed like a most reckless and foolhardy thing to do.

Through the air flew the boy, and his hands clutched the iron standard of the rear platform.

For a moment it seemed that his body straightened out in the air, and then he swung in to the step.

The gasping driver of the automobile turned across the track as the express shot onward.

And on the platform of the last car Dick Merriwell, minus his hat, straightened up and waved his hand triumphantly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

The game was going against Fardale, and the cadets were discouraged. Darrell had pitched the first three innings. Then he was taken with a cramp in his shoulder and forced to retire in favor of Scudder.

Scudder was fruit for the Fairport fellows. It seemed a lost hope.

"Oh, if Dick were here!" groaned Steve Nunn.

Knowing nothing of the fact that Dick was missing, several girls from Fardale had come over to witness the game, and Doris Templeton was one of them.

Hal had felt extremely mortified because the condition of his shoulder had compelled him to give up pitching.

Phil Carter, the gambler, had been able to place all the money he desired, for it had been generally thought that, with young Merriwell in the box, Fardale would win the game handily.

The progress of the game pleased Carter.

No less pleased was Dade Morgan, who was on hand, keeping close to Carter, for he was determined that the gambler should keep his word in regard to paying him a share of the winnings.

It was the beginning of the fifth inning, and Scudder was pitching. Fairport had made one run in the inning, followed by hits and a base on balls which filled the bases.

And not a man was out.

"Oh, if Dick were here!" groaned Captain Nunn, once more.

Even as he uttered the words, there was a sudden commotion on the bleachers, where the dispirited Fardale fans were huddled in a body.

"Merriwell!" shouted somebody.

The commotion spread swiftly.

"Whatever are those fellows yelling about?" growled Brad Buckhart.

"Merriwell—Dick Merriwell!" was the cry.

The crowd on the bleachers rose. The Fardale colors fluttered in the air. The Fardale cheer went up.

And then Dick Merriwell himself was seen walking swiftly from the gate toward the diamond.

And the Fardale crowd went wild with joy.

* * * * * * * *

When the baseball team and the "rooters" returned to Fardale on the late train, they were met at the station by a wildly-cheering crowd of cadets bearing torches and tin horns. The cadet band was on hand to play "Fair Fardale," and it seemed that the greater part of the village had turned out to witness the triumphant home-coming of the victors.

For Fardale had won by a single score, after eleven hard-fought innings. In the last three innings Dick Merriwell had done amazing work, not giving Fairport a score or a hit.

How the cadets roared and roared! How the horns blared!
Never had there been such a scene of enthusiasm and excitement at the little railway station. Dick Merriwell had saved the day. But how had he done it? How had he reached Fairport in time? It was something marvelous and bewildering.

Dick had explained to his friends on the train, but the particulars of his wild dash and daring leap were still unknown to those who had firmly believed it impossible for him to get into the game when he left Fardale.

As the victorious players descended from the cars they were seized and shaken by the hands and patted on the back and showered with praise. One after another they simply said:

"Merriwell did it."

Dick appeared.

Cheer after cheer went up. Torches were waved and horns blared. Then somebody set off several cannon crackers.

"What's the matter with Dick Merriwell?" roared a fellow with a loud voice.

"He's a bird!" bellowed another chap. "He must have had wings to get there!"

They lifted him aloft. He laughed, and begged them to quit their nonsense, but up and down the platform they marched with him.

"Yi! yi! yi!" yelled Brad Buckhart. "Ye-ee-ee-ee! He did 'em! He's a jim dandy! You hear me whisper! Whoop! Whoop-ee!"

"Make him tell how he did it!" shouted many voices. "Make him tell!"

Dick was placed on a box and compelled to say something.

"The story is too long to go into particulars," he said. "I felt that I had to do it, that is all. I made up my mind to get there—and I did!"

"The long cheer for the fellow who got there!" cried Bob Singleton.

After it was given, they paraded the main street of the town, the band playing.

It was a great night for Fardale.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Of course, there were boys on hand to escort three girls to Miss Tatterington's school when the celebration was over, and Dick was one of them. He sought an opportunity to speak with Doris, and found it, for they fell a little behind the others.

"Doris," he said, "I wish to ask your pardon. I feel mean enough about it, and I confess that I made a very bad blunder when I sought to reprove you for meeting your cousin beneath the Twin Oak."

"My cousin!" she exclaimed, with a start. "How did you find out?"

"I found out last night at Crazy Dean's old house when you brought him that money."

"You, you—where were you?"

He told her the whole story. He explained how he had escaped after having been buried alive in the drain. Finding he could not retreat into the shaft, he again crawled to the point where the fallen mass had choked the outlet to the drain. There, after a while, he obtained a brace for his feet, and, by a mighty outlay of strength, had pushed the stones and earth away, creeping forth only to find that it was past the middle of the forenoon, and the baseball team had long before departed for Fairport.

But he did not tell her that on the express he had encountered an officer who was looking for Manton St. Elmo, which was the real name of the fellow who had called himself Dade Morgan. This officer had arrested St. Elmo on the baseball ground at Fairport, but her interest in the game had prevented Doris from becoming aware of it. Dick felt that she would find it out soon enough.

St. Elmo had falsely represented himself as being Dade Morgan, a Yale man. Morgan was still at Yale and a member of the baseball team there.

When Dick had told Doris of the peril he had passed through, he found her trembling somewhat.

"Oh, Dick!" she whispered. "Wasn't it terrible! Oh, I didn't think him that bad—truly, I didn't! What if you had died in that terrible place!"

"Would you have cared, Doris?"

"Would I—— Dick!"

She could say no more, for her feelings overcame her. But somehow that was enough to satisfy him.

THE END.
APPLAUSE.

Having seen quite a number of letters in your aplaus column in regard to Bart Hodge, I thought I would write one to show my indignation. Keep Bart by all means; see how good he is to Frank. He would not harm him in any way, and how many times he saved Frank’s life. If you put Bart out, too; see how he was to Dick. Elise and Bruce Browning next to Frank are my favorites, but I will stick up for Bart through it all. Keep Bart. Yours very truly,

Batsia, N. Y.

E. W.

Again, one of Bart’s good friends heard from. You are very loyal and show the right spirit.

I have been reading Tip Top for a long time and think it justly deserves its name. I think that Frank is all right. I like Brad, Hal Darrell, Old Joe and the rest of Dick’s friends very well. I think that it is time for Ted Smart to go to the extreme rear and be seated. I enjoyed the last number very much. Dick and Doris should come to the understanding. Hal and Felicia would make a nice match. How would Buckhart, the Pecos terror, suit Zona, and what would a lot of little roaring terrors look like following the professor down the street? I remain a true follower of Prof. Coach, the roaring terror of the galleries.

Memphis, Tenn.

You seem to be well imbued with the romantic spirit in setting up these love affairs of the boys, but we shall have to wait and see what happens.

I am a constant reader of the Tip Top Weekly, and wish to tell you that the paper deserves every bit of credit given it. I also want to state my views concerning the treatment Bart Hodge is receiving from such vile dogs as McNeel and others. I think it is a shame. I would like to have the honor of being the Philadelphia boy Tom’s second when he meets the soundret McNeel. Dick is a great favorite of mine and I think he should let Hal Darrell have Doris. With best wishes to Mr. Sandish. “Tom.” Bart and Dick, I am

F. T. SMITH.

Pasadena, Cal.

Thank you.

I have read the Tip Top for quite awhile, but I have never written to tell you how pleased I am with it. I prefer it to any other book in the world and like all the characters in it; but Frank is my hero and Bart is next. He is just as brave and noble as Frank. In one of the letters in Applaus column Bart was called a snob. I do not think that person fully appreciates the Tip Top. As for Bruce, he is lazy at times, but that does not make me like him less, as he is always ready to stand by Frank, and he can work, too, if he is put the will to. Of the girls, Inza is my favorite. I am very glad Frank is going to marry her. I think she will deserve a husband like Frank. Elise is also a very sweet and noble girl. She is just the girl for Bart. Dick, and Hal are two more heroes. Of the girls, I like Felicia best. I think I have written enough for this time. I close with best wishes to all the Tip Top heroes, Mr. B. L. Sandish and also Street & Smith. Yours truly,

Silver Creek, N. Y.

LIEZIE KONI.

Thank you for your enthusiastic remarks regarding Tip Top. Bart is anything but a snob, though, of course, all are entitled to an honest opinion.

Having read the Tip Top for several years, I thought I would write and tell you how much enjoyment I have had from it. One thing I would like to mention is the way that several boys have defended Bart Hodge. In one letter a boy said that if he could get at the reader who said Hodge should be put out of the thing, he would “break his face.” Now we don’t want to be so narrow-minded that if any person does not agree with us, we want to “break his face.” I have a suggestion I would like to make. Frank and his friends are almost lost to us; I think it would be a good idea to devote the next ten issues to publishing the pictures of Frank’s friends. Yours truly,

Alququerque, N. M.

WILLIE TALBOT.

In your defence of Bart you certainly hold no pugilistic views. As long as your friend who did not side with Hodge wished to “break his face,” I am glad to see you do not take the same narrow view, though the “face breaker” was probably more expressive than he really meant to be.

I think Tip Top is a splendid weekly for boys to read. In regard to Bart Hodge, I should think the question is about settled. I think the Johnstown boy ought to be made to apologize for what he said about Bart or be run through a coffee grinder. Where would Frank be if Hodge had not struck Harvey Bramble’s arm and saved Frank’s life when Bramble fired the shot at Frank? Step up, boys, and defend Bart. Three cheers for Dick, Ted Smart, Brad Buckhart and Frank! Wishing success to Tip Top, I remain

HENRY PAUL.

Middletown, Mass.

Your views on Bart’s bravery are all right. He was on hand to defend Frank at the supreme moments. Your call to Hodge’s friends to come to his rescue will surely spur those people on to do the right thing.

I have been intending to write you for some time my opinion of the Tip Top. I think it is fine. I have been a reader from the first to the last issue. I remember when Frank had to fight to protect himself and punish his enemies, and think Dick is fast excelling his brother. If there were more of the fools dead the world would be better off, such as “Mercer” and others. Bart is all right, and so is the rest of the flock. Hope Dick and Doris will get along nicely. She is the girl for him. I remain as ever a loyal friend of Dick and Frank.

Yours truly,

C. C. DOUGLAS.

Thank you. Keep up your interest in Dick and you will not be disappointed.

As I have been a constant reader of your grand weekly, the Tip Top, I have decided to write in regard to this “racket” about dear old Bart. It is needless to refer to the name of “the few” who have been trying to have Bart thrown out of the flock. I think that their names spoil the paper they are written on. I heartily agree with Mr. Sandish. “It’s too bad.” In regard to those notoriety seekers. In my estimation, Bart is equal to Frank, and that is saving a good deal. The majority is so great in favor of Bart that it would be needless to count them. There is not another character in Tip Top as hu-
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man and well portrayed as Hodge, and Mr. Standish deserves great praise for it. Well, as I have added my mite in defense of Hodge, and hoping that the many other admiring readers will follow, I will conclude with best wishes to Mr. Standish and Street & Smith.

AN ABSURD ADMIRER OF HODGE.

Joliet, Ill.

Your mite in defense of Hodge is what proves to us how many good friends and admirers he has. You will not be wrong in sticking to him.

I have read your fine weekly for quite a while and wish to make a few comments. In reply to Jacob Levy's statement that Bart Hodge should be dropped, I wish to say that he is nutty. Any one who would think of dropping Bart should have his neck broken, and I would like the job. I am not in love with Bart myself, but I like his character, for it makes the Tip Top interesting. I believe that Bart's opinion in many cases has helped Frank, and the story of Bart's character has improved Frank's. I know a great many will uphold me in this matter; in regard to the girls, Inza has always been my favorite, and I think if Frank changes his mind it is his affair, as he is the one most concerned. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

A BART DEFENDER.

You have a very level head, shown by your remarks on Bart. Certainly, by dropping him from the flock one of the most interesting characters would be gone, for the very fact of his causing so much talk proves more than anything his real value as a subject of deepest interest. We, too, are sure that many will uphold you in the statement you make regarding Frank being helped by Bart, for no one, no matter how good, but can profit by example of another.

Having been a constant reader of the Tip Top since the first issue, I thought it would be no more than right to add my in-dorsement to its great list of admirers. It is certainly the boy's king of weeklies and Street & Smith should be congratulated upon their having the good fortune to secure the services of the best writer that ever tried to please the American youth. Bert L. Standish, I am sure, has succeeded wonderfully well in love with the physical education department is especially interesting and cannot fail to be of great benefit to the Tip Top athletes. It is unnecessary for me to say anything further regarding this question, for with common sense can see that his defenders are clearly in the wrong. I would like to ask Constant Reader and a number of others if he would have the nerve to walk up to Bart and say to his face that they have written about him. After they have finished reading their applause (?) it leaves the impression that there is a few fellows considerably worse off than Bart was before he became a reader (in 207), we see where some of the Elsie-Inza affair, but I see some of the Elsies are still hanging on; those real loyal little geese don't know when they've had enough. And there's Dick! He is all right, too, but he is starting out with the wrong girls. Zora is the one for him. Well, we'll close up with a merry toast: May the Tip Top and all concerned have a long and happy life, drink 'er down.

Yours respectfully,

A ZORAITE.

Thank you.

I have read the best and most popular of all novels, the Tip Top, from the first number until the present one, and not seeing any applause from our town, we take this opportunity of expressing our estimation of the Tip Top as a whole. We are more than satisfied with the manner in which Bert L. advises every boy to follow in the footsteps of Frank and Dick and their associates, with one exception passionate Bart Hodge. We are of the opinion that this low-bred lad should be dismissed from the flock of the "true blues," and think he will not make a suitable husband for tender-hearted Elsie. We now give the following reasoning for keeping Bart Hodge: In the first place, he is too hot-tempered. Show us an example where Frank wanted to do something that Bart did not fight against. And again, from the very first he has done Frank all possible injury he could. And he reformed. I was very much pleased with the final outcome of the Elsie-Inza affair, but I see some of the Elsies are still hanging on; those real loyal little geese don't know when they've had enough. And there's Dick! He is all right, too, but he is starting out with the wrong girls. Zora is the one for him. Well, we'll close up with a merry toast: May the Tip Top and all concerned have a long and happy life, drink 'er down.

Yours respectfully,

A ZORAITE.

Having read all the Tip Tops from 1 to 305, and they are perfect in every respect. I have read the letters in the Appliance Column of Karl Y. Livingston, G. W. McNell, C. C. B., Constant Reader, Hal Filbert and others, and I think they are crazy. They surely read the novels under a false impression. I wish to thank H. B. Barn for his gallant defence of Bart. Who, indeed, was it that saved Frank from the burning hotel? Who was it that saved Merriwell from being carried to death in a balloon by shooting the rope? Who is it that is always the first to go and help Frank when he is in danger? Loyal Bart Hodge, the man for a comrade who will never go back on you. What friend could have loved Elsie for years and held it back, not even letting Frank know it for fear it would gain him? Nobody but a man with a will-power like Hodge. I am satisfied as to the Inza-Elsie affair. I like them both, but admire Inza the more. I have a hot-headed comrade, but I admire him for his name is Sam Wright. Take this up if you dare, Livingston. Answer my remarks. I would like to hear from H. B. Barn. Harrah for Dick and the flock. I am

JOE ZORAITE.

FEED M. CARTER.

Your defence of Bart is a good one. If you, too, have a hot-headed friend you can then so easily understand Hodge. If Livingston accepts your challenge to answer your questions concerning your friend Bart he will have a good task to accomplish.
Good buy, boys! This is the way to hit them out at the finish. Get the bases full and keep them moving. They speak for themselves.

A safe hit at the start-off is as good as a three-bagger. Don’t let up until the last man is out. Here are the scores for the week.

Caledonia A C (Philadelphia, Pa.), 26; Crescent A C, 4;

The Caledonia A C baseball team—R. A. Lute, p; J. J. McDonough, c; Bower, Grace, 1st b.; J. Campbell, 2d b.; J. Ferguson, 3d b.; J. D. Lewis, a. s.; J. F. Franks, t. f.; J. Hageman, c.; J. E. Loew, c. f.; J. Lewis, r. f.
The Crescent A C baseball team—J. Smith, s.; J. Kirby, c.; S. Smith, 1st b.; J. Morris, 2d b.; J. Morgan, 3d b.; E. Bryan, a. s.; J. B. Smith, r. f.; M. Patton, c. f.; M. Bernard, l. f.
Manager—Edward Grace.

Central A C (Dayton, Ohio), 11; Dayton View A C, 0;
The Central A C baseball team—Roederer, p; Cronin, c.; Tarr, 1st b.; Yav, 3d b.; Branch, 3d b.; Wise, a. s.; Lotte, r. f.; Shanuck, c. f.; Turner, l. f.
Manager—H. A. Laver.

Central A C, 18; Central Juniors, 1;
The Central A C baseball team—Bearder; p; Geharty, c.; Turner, 1st b.; Laver, 3d b.; Graven, 3d b.; Kirkbride, a. s.; Winchett, F. F.; Crow, c. f.; Anderson, l. f.
The Central Juniors baseball team—Graves, p; Talbot, c.; Wise, 1st b.; Makler, 3d b.; Sommers, 3d b.; Jacobs, a. s.; Friend, r. f.; Barr, c. f.; Levy, l. f.
Manager—H. A. Laver.

Central A C, 21; Central Juniors, 3;
The Central A C baseball team—Bearder, p; Geharty, c.; Turner, 1st b.; Laver, 3d b.; Graven, 3d b.; Kirkbride, a. s.; Winchett, F. F.; Crow, c. f.; Anderson, l. f.
The Central Juniors baseball team—Graves, p; Talbot, c.; Wise, 1st b.; Makler, 3d b.; Sommers, 3d b.; Jacobs, a. s.; Friend, r. f.; Barr, c. f.; Levy, l. f.
Manager—H. A. Laver.

Central A C, 20; M. C. A., 0;
The Central A C baseball team—Bearder, p; Geharty, c.; Turner, 1st b.; Laver, 3d b.; Graven, 3d b.; Kirkbride, a. s.; Winchett, F. F.; Crow, c. f.; Anderson, l. f.
The M. C. A. baseball team—Shannon, p; Hillman, c.; Weller, 1st b.; Spark, 3d b.; Ballies, 3d b.; Honer, a. s.; Sweetman, r. f.; Turbott, c. f.; Zitter, l. f.
Manager—H. A. Laver.

Central A C, 8; Mulberry A C, 2;
The Central A C baseball team—Bearder, p; Geharty, c.; Turner, 1st b.; Laver, 3d b.; Graven, 3d b.; Kirkbride, a. s.; Winchett, F. F.; Crow, c. f.; Anderson, l. f.
The Mulberry A C baseball team—Edelman, p; Melton, c.; Putnam, 1st b.; Witter, 3d b.; Pecker, 3d b.; Loomis, a. s.; Duffy, r. f.; Pierson, c. f.; Waxter, l. f.
Manager—H. A. Laver.

Juniors A C (New York, N. Y.), 8; Wingfield A C, 4;
The Juniors A C baseball team—Louis Rosenberg, p; Nathan Bernstein, c.; Morris Liebnitz, 1st b.; Morris Malon, 2d b.; Abe Cohen, 3d b.; Harry Watkins, a. s.; Morris Parson, r. f.; Samuel Kliman, s. f.; Simon Polakoff, l. f.
The Wingfield A C baseball team—John Burke, p; Michael Levenson, c.; Hyman Horowitz, 1st b.; Samuel Lemon, 2d b.; Abe Lifschitz, a. s.; Jacob Cohen, r. f.; Joe Harber, c. f.; Samuel Dots, l. f.
Manager—Ben Watkins.

Seekers’ A C (Buffalo, N. Y.), 17; American A C, 6;
The Seekers’ A C baseball team—thebzen (capt.), p; Lebky, c.; Scott, 1st b.; McCarthy, 2d b.; Miskey, 3d b.; Cullum, a. s.; Cullum, P. F.; Mooney, c. f.; Fuller.
The American A C baseball team—Gastello, p; Stanton, c.; Grifflin, 1st b.; Lacy, 2d b.; Notton, 3d b.; Handsford, a. s.; Ryan, r. f.; Daly, c. f.; Downey, l. f.
Manager—Cheeser.

Tip Top A C (Waltham, Mass.), 14; Riverside A C, 5;
The Tip Top A C baseball team—Lorius Earlow, p; S. Fruchtman, c.; C. Crowley, 1st b.; P. McCarthy, 2d b.; C. Hedges, 3d b.; Fred Clarke, a. s.; Sanderson, r. f.; Clyde Hanor, c. f.; Morris Goodwin, or Atwood, l. f.
The Riverside A C baseball team—William Lynch, p; Leslie Carter, c.; John Gisely, 1st b.; Frank Dean, 2d b.; R. Lafoord, 3d b.; H. Taylor, c. f.; L. Lafoord, r. f.; S. Stanley, c. f.; Witherbee, l. f.
Manager—I. Murray.

Tip Top A C (Ravena, Neb.), 11; Pleasanton, 2;
The Pleasanton baseball team—Bert Nolte, p; Henry Butler, c.; Ward Back, 1st b.; Jim Hunter, 2d b.; Minnie Nolte, 3d b.; Arthuiter Hunter, a. s.; George Abbott, r. f.; Bill Southworth, c. f.; Joe Jenkins, l. f.
Manager—R. M. Thompson.

Keystone A C (Philadelphia, Pa.), 16; Roslyn A C, 0;
The Keystone A C baseball team—Fise, R.; Carlin, c.; Williams, 1st b.; A. Schaefer, 2d b.; Norris, a. s.; E. Schaefer, r. f.; Pink, r. f.; Troy, c. f.; Cox, l. f.
The Roslyn A C baseball team—Jones, p; McDevell, c.; Biddle, 1st b.; Broderick, 3d b.; Rand, 2d b.; Wagner, a. s.; Cameron, r. f.; Dunn, c. f.; Haywood, l. f.
Manager—A. Schaefer.

Montford A C (Baltimore, Md.), 25; Young Loyals, 0;
The Montford A C baseball team—H. Hofmeister, p; B. Hornay, c.; Beaver, 1st b.; A. Hohman, 2d b.; H. Smith, 3d b.; Hughes, a. s.; Lang, c. f.; Hofmeister, c. f.; Marshall, l. f.
The Ravens (Bridgeport, Conn.), 12; The Sattelles, 0

The Ravens baseball team—Hunt, p.; Clore, c.; Rupert, 1st b.; Stullman, 2d b.; Keith, 3d b.; Dillingham, s. a.; Booth, r. f.; Mack, 1st b.; Davenport, c.; Gough, 1st b.
The Sattelles baseball team—Wilcoxson p.; Keen, o. b.; Jackson, 1st b.; Coover, 2d b.; A. Coover, 3d b.; M. Giesmer, s. a.; H. Gowan, r. f.; White, c.; Foster, l. f.
Manager—Harry B. Hunt.

The Defenders (Brainerd, Minn.), 12; The Stars, 6

The Defenders baseball team—Frank Miller (manager), c.; Vincent McCarthy, 1st b.; Ben How, 2d b.; Val Bertram, 3d b.; Edgar Smith, s. a.; Norman Hills, r. f.; Leo Willis, c.; Elmer Wilcox, l. f.
The Stars baseball team—Henry Olsen, p.; Quinn Farkey, c.; Charles Bucek, 1st b.; Leo Ringenberg, 2d b.; J. Burns 3d b.; F. Nelson, s. a.; Ed Burns, r. f.; C. Cromwell, o. a.; Jim, l. f.
Manager—Fred Miller.

The Winton A (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 8; The Collins Field, 2

The Winton A baseball team—Harr, p.; Morris, c.; Jennings, 1st b.; Kennedy, 2d b.; Spilber, 3d b.; Morrier, s. a.; H. Simotkus, r. f.; Weiser, o. a.; Shepard, r. f.
The Collins Field baseball team—Crane, p.; Collins (captain), c.; Giaquinta, 1st b.; Lescari, 2d b.; Borden, s. a.; R. Leggett, r. f.; Story, c.; Valentine, l. f.
Manager—Wm. Morrier.

The Crescents (Olath, Kan.), 23; The Whirlwinds, 17

The Crescents baseball team—Roger Glover, p.; John Macomber, 2d b.; Frank Nowling, 3d b.; Robert Layman, r. f.; Tom合适; Dave Buck, c.; Jay Glover, r. f.; Freddie Campbell, l. f.
The Whirlwinds baseball team—Whitewoods baseball team—Fingress, p.; Mongrain, r. a.; Charlie Bartlett, r. f.; Roy Wilson, 3d b.; Bill Whitley, 2d b.; Drake Williams, c.; Dave Buck, l. f.; Frank Holfenback, c.; l. f.; Robert Hunter, l. f.
Manager—Roger Macomber.

The High School (McKinney, Tex.), 18; Second Team, 7

The High school baseball team—Ray Largrute, p.; Charles Abbott (captain), c.; R. F. Tibbs, 1st b.; Bert Smith, 2d b.; Jason Crouch, 3d b.; Royston, s. a.; Hugh Webb, r. f.; Fred Schofield, l. f.; Robert Dow, l. f.
Manager—Roy Scotty.

The High School, 27; Melissa, 13

The High school baseball team—Beverly Worsham, p.; Cox, c.; W. T. McMillin, 1st b.; E. B. Smith, 2d b.; W. T. McClellan, 3d b.; Worsham, s. a.; R. Sargent, r. f.; Beverly Worsham, 2d b.; Sargent, r. f.
The Melissa baseball team—Right, p.; Bateam, c.; Bateam, 1st b.; Sandy, r. f.; Jim, 2d b.; Leman, s. a.; Dunlap, r. f.; Eivan, c.; Ross, l. f.
Manager—Roy Scotty.

The High School, 9; Melissa, 2

The High school baseball team—Ray Sargent, p.; Austin Moore, c.; Charles Aches (captain), 1st b.; Bert Smith, 2d b.; Jason Crouch, 3d b.; Royal Scotty, s. a.; Hugh Webb, r. f.; Gibbons Caldwell, c.; l. f.; Proctoren, l. f.; J. Scott, J. Newsome.
The Melissa baseball team—Right, pitcher; Bateam, c.; Bateam, 1st b.; Sandy, r. f.; Jim, 2d b.; Leman, s. a.; Dunlap, r. f.; Eivan, c.; Ross, l. f.
Manager—Roy Scotty.

The High School, 23; Second Team, 11

The High school baseball team—Ray Sargent, p.; Austin Moore, c.; Charles Abbott (captain), 1st b.; B. Smith, 2d b.; T. Crouch, 3d b.; W. T. McMillin, s. a.; R. B. Caldwell, r. f.; R. Stacy, c.; R. Brown, l. f.
The Second Team—Sargent, Beverley, p.; Wells Beverly, o. a.; Scott, c.; W. T. McClellan, 1st b.; Wm. Chapman, 2d b.; W. T. McMillin, 3d b.; Wallace, s. a.; Carpentier, r. f.; Vet. Smith, c.; Tom Newsome, l. f.
Manager—R. Scotty.

The Yale Juniors (New York, N. Y.), 17; Crescent, 0

The Yale Jrs. baseball team—Michaels, p.; Leman, c.; Carlson, 1st b.; Robbins, 2d b.; Starrson, 3d b.; Corder (captain), s. a.; Mooney, r. f.; Mason, l. f.; Crescent baseball team—Wilson, p.; McKenzie, c.; Vallette, 1st b.; B. Smith, 2d b.; J. F. R. Marshall, 3d b.; B. Smith, r. f.; J. F. R. Marshall, s. a.; W. T. McClellan, c.; Daniels, r. f.; Siegert, l. f.
QUESTIONs AND ANSWERS

EDITED BY PROF. FOURMEN

Professor Fourmen's advice, through this department, to young athletes has proven so beneficial that Street & Smith have engaged the good and learned professor to continue the department so long as there are young men and boys in this country who are anxious to develop themselves, or ambitious to become athletes. So our young athletes may continue to seek Professor Fourmen's advice, which we and they know to be of the best, through this department.  "If there is anything you want to know about yourself write Professor Fourmen."

PROF. FOURMEN:
Would you please give an exercise that would, without the use of any instrument, enlarge the capacity of the chest.

M. W.

Calisthenics are fine for this, as well as boxing and the breathing exercises.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I wish to ask you a question, and you will greatly oblige me if you will answer it. I am 18 years old and am 5 ft. 9 in. tall and weigh 160 lbs. How is my weight compared with my height? Hoping to see this in next issue of Tip Top, I remain,

A CONSTANT READER.

Your measurements are just right.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have read your column for the last few months and I think it is just grand. I was first induced to read it by a member of my set named Mr. Atwater. With the help of your column, I am now the strongest man in Hotchkiss Academy. Although I am well developed and 17 years of age, yet my voice has not changed, but remains very high. Please tell me how to remedy this and I will be very much obliged to you. Hoping to see the answer of my question soon appear in Tip Top, I remain yours respectfully.

ELISHA MORGAN GILBERT.

Plenty of exercise in the open air will aid you greatly. Do not worry, as yours is not an exceptional case. In time your voice will change so gradually that you will hardly be aware of it.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I am a constant reader of the Tip Top. I thought I would ask your opinion as to my age, height and weight. I am 14 years, weigh 100 lbs., and am 5 ft. 2 in. in bare feet. I started in training last year when you first published in the Tip Top about the prizes. I was determined to get one. I trained for three weeks steadily. In the morning when I got up I used the dumbbells for about 5 minutes. Then I boxed with my brother for 3 or 4 hard rounds. Took a walk about a mile before breakfast, then in the evening before I went to bed I used dumbbells for 5 min. And before I used to come in I took long walks. I want to ask your advice about a few questions. 1. What time ought a boy of my age rise in the morn-

ing, and what time ought I go to bed? 2. Are 1-2 pound dumbbells too heavy? 3. After I run about one-half mile I get a pain in my left side. What do you think it is from? 4. Is witch hazel good to rub on the muscles? This is my first letter to you. Hoping to see it in print and thanking you in advance, I remain,

"KID."

1. You should have 8 hours' sleep, so you can set the hours accordingly for retiring and rising. 2. No. You, no doubt, exercise too soon after eating or else run too violently. Take things in moderation for a time. 4. Excellent.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have read a great number of Tip Tops, and am very much interested in athletics. I have never trained before, but am going to start now. I am just 14 years old, am 5 ft. 4 in. high and weigh 121 lbs. 1. Is this enough? 2. I would like to know what weight dumbbells I should use, and if 15 minutes night and morning are enough to start with? 3. Is running a half mile daily good exercise? Hoping to see this in next week's Tip Top and thanking you in advance, I remain,

H. M.

1. Yes. 2. Use 1-pound dumbbells, and 15 minutes twice daily is sufficient for a beginner. 3. Yes, running is excellent exercise.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I read the Tip Top and think it is fine. I am 15 yrs. old, weigh 113 lbs and am 5 ft. 4 in. tall. 1. Are my measurements good? I use 2 pound dumbbells, 1 1/2 pound Indian clubs, punching bag, and ride a bicycle. 2. Are these exercises sufficient? I also box a great deal. I cannot "chin" 3 times, and my standing broad jump is 7 ft. 4 in. Is my running jump 9 ft. 4 in. Am I doing well? A CONSTANT READER.

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. You are steadily improving and deserve great credit for your good records.

PROF. FOURMEN:
Being interested in the developing of the body and being a reader of the Tip Top since No. 1, when Frank was at Fardale, I take the liberty of asking a question. I am 17 years old; weight, 145 lbs.; chest normal, 36; expanded, 38 in.; chest contracted, 33 in.; calf of right leg, 23; left, 23; neck, 14 in.; both arms, 12 in.; expanded, upper leg, 20 in.; waist, 32 in. My height is 5 ft. 7 in. How long should I exercise before re-
Tip Top Weekly.

TIP TOP.

THOROUGHLY WHAT IS THE BEST EXERCISE TO DEVELOP THE CALVES OF THE LEGS? HOW ARE MY MEASUREMENTS? Hoping to see this in the next number, I am always a reader of the Tip Top Weekly. A Texas lad in New York.

Your measurements are good. You should exercise from 20 to 30 minutes before retiring. Skipping the rope is an excellent exercise for developing the calves of the legs.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I read the Tip Top and think it the best weekly published. I am 14 years old, very large for my age, and stiff in the joints, especially in my legs. Will you kindly tell me what will cure this, and is it better to exercise in the evening or just before retiring?

WILLIAM SMITH.

Try skipping the rope, and after exercising, massage the joints well with alcohol or witch hazel. Exercise both night and morning if you can conveniently do so.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have followed your instructions for about two months and have noticed quite a change. I have an ambition to become a whaler, and I write to you for a whaler. Is standing on all fours and raising on legs and swinging them back and forth a good exercise for the legs? I am 15 years old, weigh 250 lbs. and am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Is this about right? Is the tattoo punch a good muscle developer for the arms.

DE剧本.

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I am 16 yrs. old, 5 ft. 3 in. and weigh 195 lbs. 1. How are my measurements? 2. How can I improve in running? I am a slow runner, and would like to know if I could make any improvement.

P. G. M.

Your measurements are good. Increase the distance of your run daily and time yourself until you can run 3 miles or so in a given time without apparent effort. Have your limbs well massaged with witch hazel after exercising.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I wish to know what you think of my developments. I am 17 years old 5 ft. 6 in tall, and weigh 175 lbs. Chest expanded, 35; normal condition, 35. Let me know if these measurements are good. Hoping to hear from you in the next issue, I remain,

WILLIAM J. GORDON.

The measurements are very good indeed.

PROF. FOURMEN:
If you would kindly answer these questions in your next Tip Top you will greatly oblige a constant reader of your most excellent work. I am a boy 12 years old, and weigh 79 pounds, stand 4 ft. 7 in.; expansion, 27-35 in.; circle of left and right calf, 11 in.; left and right thigh, 17 in. Are these good dimensions? Good luck to Frank and Dick.

RICHARD D. BOTT.

Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:
As I have been an admiring reader of your publication from its birth to date, I write to you for a little advice. I have been exercising quite frequently for several months, but thus far have failed to see any improvement. This may seem contradictory, but it is so, for when I have hardened my muscles I do not see that I have developed one inch. I use Indian clubs, dumbbells, wrist machine and punching bag, and endeavor all the time to concentrate my thoughts upon the muscles worked. I have been told by a physician that it is not possible for some people to increase their proportions by any amount of exercise, and while I think this nonsense my own experience thus far verified his statement. I have the frame for a splendid development, have an excellent appetite and am perfectly healthy, but cannot gain one pound. All times I feel completely discouraged, but I will not give up until positively convinced that there is no remedy. With apologies for the space I have taken, and thanks for your kindness, I remain,

A Tip Top Admirer.

You must not become so easily discouraged. Athletes are not made in a day, nor a month, either. Keep up the exercises and work harder than ever—you will notice an improvement, I am sure, in a short time. Perhaps it will be such a gradual one that it will scarcely be perceptible, but the good work will be going on nevertheless, so shake off this discouraging attitude and let me hear from you again, telling me of your athletic success.

PROF. FOURMEN:
Will you please answer in the Tip Top Weekly if my measurements are all right? Age, 18; weight, 145 lbs.; and height, 6 ft.

HENRI KEMP.

You should weigh 10 to 15 pounds more.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have been reading your weekly since 24th, so I thought I would write and ask you a few questions. What is a good exercise for the back? Which is the best way to take exercises, slow or fast? Are my measurements good? Age, 18 years; weight 79 lbs.; height, 4 ft. 9 in.; chest, 34 1-8-20; thigh, 15 in.; calf, 10 in.; arm, 8 in.; neck, 12. Hoping you will answer this soon, I remain,

DAVID BLACKMORE.

1. Try the back exercises which I have so often described in Tip Top Weekly. 2. Exercise slowly always. 3. Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have been taking up physical culture for a short time and would like to know what you think about these measurements: Age, 20; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 155 lbs.; chest, normal, 30 in.; expanded, 34 in.; neck, 14 in.; hips, 32 in.; right and left arm at wrist, 17 in., waist, 26 in., leg calf, 14 in.; right and left upper leg, 17 in. I punch the bag, use 1 1-4 lb. dumbbells and a Mackenzie's exercises; also 5 lb. dumbbells. Are these too heavy.

J. W. SMITH.

Your measurements are good. No, the dumbbells are about right for you.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have seen so many letters addressed to you through the Tip Top Weekly I thought I would write to you and ask what you think of my measurements. I am a boy of 10 years old and weigh 115 pounds; height, 5 ft. 7 in. Please let me know if this is the right weight for my height.

THOMAS CLIFORD.

You should weigh 20 pounds more.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have seen so many letters addressed to you through the Tip Top Weekly I thought I would write to you and ask what you think of my measurements. I am a boy of 10 years old and weigh 115 pounds; height, 5 ft. 7 in. Please let me know if this is the right weight for my height.

THOMAS CLIFORD.

You should weigh 20 pounds more.

PROF. FOURMEN:
1. How far should any one run daily after he has acquired good wind? I am 4 ft. 11 in. tall, and am 10 years old; weigh 92 lbs. 2. Are these good measurements? 3. Would you advise me to go to the gymnasium?

VIRGIL LEE HERBERT ALLEN.

1. From 3 to 4 miles daily. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. By all means join a gymnasium.

PROF. FOURMEN:
I have been an interested reader of the Physical Culture Department in Tip Top. Would a cold bath be harmful for one who has a weak heart? Thanking you in advance for your replies, I remain,

WILLIAM MEHAN.

Do not take too cold a bath, as the shock might be too severe.
Everybody Play Ball!!

IF YOU HAVE NOT ENTERED THE

Tip Top Base Ball Tournament
DO SO AT ONCE!

Look over the Prizes announced on the Back Cover and embrace your opportunity to make a record in the National Game. The Tournament will be conducted in Four Divisions, to be known as Leagues, namely, the Eastern, Western, Northern and Southern Leagues.

The Winning Team in each League will receive one of the Four Valuable Prizes, each of which will consist of a complete baseball outfit for an entire team.

The team which at the end of the season has the highest average, that is to say, the team which has played the greatest number of games, scored the most runs and has been least scored against by opponents will be declared the LEAGUE WINNER of its respective League.

That team of the Four League Winners which has the highest average will be declared the TIP TOP CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM OF THE ALL-AMERICAN BASE BALL TOURNAMENT, and will receive in addition to the regular First Prize, a large white pennant bearing the above device.

Tip Top will publish scores of all games played by league teams during the season.

DO YOU KNOW THE SAFEST HIT YOU CAN MAKE?

HERE IT IS:

Our Base Ball Poster

Every good Base Ball Nine needs good advertising. Don't let your team go unadvertised. Just as soon as you enter the Tournament get a Poster.

We furnish you them which are 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, red letters, and a red-hot chance to advertise your Club. Every Team entering the League Contest will receive

50 POSTERS
FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to enter the Tournament right away. After each game fill in the following coupon and send it to Street & Smith, 232 William Street, New York City.

TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT COUPON

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<th>Name of Team</th>
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Winner       Final Score       Manager
Tip Top Prize Gallery

Notice to Tip Top Athletes and Photographers

A Full Photographic Outfit

GIVEN AS A PRIZE FOR THE BEST Amateur Tip Top Photograph of ANY ATHLETIC EVENT or ATHLETIC TEAM

If you want a FINE and COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT, here is your chance. All you have to do is to take a good clear picture of any of the following subjects:


ALSO SEND A DESCRIPTION OF WHAT THE PICTURE REPRESENTS

Prize Photograph No. 8 was entered in the Photograph Contest by W. F. Machias, of Oconomowoc, Wis. It represents a high jump on skates. The bar is 3 feet 4 inches high, and an athlete has been caught in the act of clearing it.

Prize Photograph No. 9 was entered by Guy E. Cornelius, Elkland, Pa.

THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH WINS THE PRIZE

OUR ARTIST WILL ACT AS JUDGE IN THE CONTEST

Come on, boys! Get your cameras at work
Have You Entered the
TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT
Of All America?

GET YOUR COUPONS AT ONCE.

Look these pictures over. They will give you an idea of what the prizes are to be.

FOUR WINNING TEAMS FULLY EQUIPPED

Each Player on the Winning Teams will be Awarded the Following:
1 Pair Base Ball Trousers
1 Pair Base Ball Stockings
1 Pair Base Ball Shoes
1 Base Ball Shirt
1 Base Ball Cap

Get into the Game.

Don’t fail to send in your Coupons at once.

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GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

Tip Top Base Ball Tournament