DICK MERRIWELL’S PERSISTENCE;

OR,

Hammering at the Top-notchers.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

WILEY’S LETTER.

Three boys lay on the grass beneath a tree not far from a broad, sandy beach, on which the heavy surf was rolling.

They were Dick Merriwell, Brad Buckhart and big Bob Singleton. Bob was sprawled on his back, with his hands under his head, the picture of laziness. Brad lay on his stomach, with his chin on his hands, gazing away over the open sea, which was dotted here and there by distant sails. Dick sat in a comfortable position, with his back against the trunk of a tree. On his knee was a notebook, and in his fingers a lead pencil.

"Seaslope is making a hot dash now," he laughed. "It's really wonderful the way she's pulled up on the rest of us. If she keeps up she'll be fighting for first place within a week."

"That sure is a fact, pard," said Brad.

"How does she stand now?" grunted big Bob, as if it was a mighty effort to ask the question.

"I have jotted down the standing of all the teams here," said Dick. "Rockford took the lead once more yesterday when we dropped the game to Seaslope. She has won fifteen and lost eleven. We have won fourteen and lost twelve. Maplewood has won twelve and lost fourteen. Seaslope has won eleven and lost fifteen. If we defeat Maplewood here in Fairhaven this afternoon and Seaslope wins from Rockford, Maplewood and Seaslope will be tied. If those teams are tied after the game to-day, one of them goes into third place tomorrow as sure as they play, for they must meet each other then according to the schedule."

"Great Scott!" rumbled Singleton. "Won't it be an awful shock for Maplewood if the next two games push her down into the last place!"

"If that happens," chuckled Brad Buckhart, "I am
sure afraid Maplewood will throw up the sponge and get out of the league. They are losing money right along, and the pressure must be a whole lot heavy to bear. Hammerswell is packing the whole load on his shoulders, too. He kicked the other backers out of it and took charge in order to run things just about as he pleased, and I certain hope he’s a-plenty satisfied.”

“He’s done everything he could to keep ahead of us,” said big Bob. “He’s resorted to bulldozing, bribery, kidnapping, dealing with crooks, scoundrels and ruffians, and almost everything else on the list.”

“And he’s certain had a good, right-hand partner in Chet Arlington!” cried the Texan.

“I hardly think Arlington is pleased with his position or with himself,” said Dick. “I don’t believe he would stay on that team another day if his pride did not keep him there. I know well enough that he hates Hammerswell, for Hammerswell has several times given Chet a call-down in public, and a call-down in public is something Chet Arlington can’t take with good grace. He is hanging to Maplewood with the hope that his team will end the season ahead of Fairhaven.”

“I opine he’ll be mightily disappointed,” chuckled Buckhart. “Fairhaven proposes to end the season in first place.”

“We’ll do it if it’s possible, boys,” nodded Dick. “I wonder what new move Benton Hammerswell will try now. I am watching and waiting for him to spring some sort of a surprise on us.”

“Do you know, pard,” said Brad, suddenly sitting up, “I sure judge he had a finger in the queer disappearance of Cap’n Wiley.”

“Do you think so?” asked Dick, smiling a little.

“You bet I do!”

“It’s mighty strange where Wiley went to,” put in big Bob. “He vanished like a wraith, and we haven’t heard a thing from him since, although we’ve done everything possible to find out what happened to him.”

Dick reached into his coat pocket and pulled out several letters.

“I have heard from him,” he said.

“You have?” cried both his companions, in astonishment.

“Yes.”

“When?”

“This morning.”

“Got a letter from him?” questioned Buckhart.

“Yes; here it is,” said Dick, selecting one from those in his hands.

“Well, now that’s some interesting,” said the Texan. “The whole island has been talking about his disappearance, while the newspapers around these parts have had something to say concerning it. Where is he?”

“This letter was mailed in Boston,” said Dick.

“Whe-oo-oo!” whistled the Texan. “Then I suppose the marine marvel was in Boston when he wrote it? Does he make it clear why he took French leave so sudden?”

“He makes it clear in his own fashion,” laughed Dick. “I will read the letter.”

This is what he read:

“Dear Mate Merriwell: It may give a slight shock to your electro-magnetic nerves to receive this communication from one who has lately been your mainstay and support, and whose sudden departure from Fairhaven has agitated the whole civilized world. I feel it necessary to exonerate myself in your eyes, and hence this brief epistle. You know I am one who loves honor dearer than life, and whose veracity has never been questioned or doubted for the sixteenth part of a second. Still I fear you may entertain a thrill of doubt before you have finished perusing my beautiful Spenzerian handwriting. A few brief days ago I was happy and care-free as a codfish which sports near the shores around Fairhaven Island. No thought of harm came to disturb my happy hours, nor did I dream of the frightful experiences through which I was soon to be percolated. One balmy evening, while strolling along and enjoying my all-Havana cigar, I was suddenly attacked by an host of masked ruffians. They fell on me with a crash as loud as the collapsing of a twenty-story office building. They soaked me with sandbags, and clubs, and brickbats, and rods of iron; and it’s a wonder that at the present time I have an unfractured bone in my body. I put up a terrible fight. I seized men and flung them to the right and to the left. I threw them into the air, and it actually seemed to rain men in that vicinity. You should have seen me juggle with them. Still they were too many for me. They kept on coming and kept on soaking me with instruments that shocked my sensibilities until at last I was beaten down, pitifully bruised and unable to wiggle a finger or a toe. Then they seized me and carried me to the shore, where I was cast into a boat that was manned by seven brawny oarsmen. This boat pulled away into the darkness of the shadowy night that lay on the heaving bosom of the mysterious sea. After a time we reached a long, low, black steam yacht that looked like some old-time pirate craft, without a glimmer of light, outside Fairhaven harbor. After I was carried on board this yacht the anchor was lifted and we hurried away into the stygian gloom. I was taken below, where I found myself still surrounded by masked men. I then indignantly demanded to know why such an outrage had
been perpetrated upon me. I was told that never again should I step foot on Fairhaven Island. To me it then seemed that the fiendish purpose of these desperate men was to take me far out to sea and feed me to the fishes. Indeed, as the blood-red moon began to climb above the watery horizon, I was carried, bound hand and foot to the deck, and a weight was tied about my neck. Those fiends in human form seemed on the verge of giving me a bath. I told them it was unnecessary. I told them I had taken one bath this summer, and I didn’t need another. All my pleadings failed to touch their stony hearts. At length, however, one who seemed to be in command informed me there was a single chance for me to escape with my life. In case I would swear by all that I held sacred never again to visit Fairhaven Island I would be spared. Think of my awful situation! I confess I am not yet prepared to manipulate a pair of wings or a golden harp. I have had no practice at flying, and I am a miserable, poor musician. Taking all this into consideration, I agreed to do all the swearing they desired of me. And then, with the point of a keen stiletto at my jutleve vein, I went ahead and swore a whole lot. I have pledged myself beyond revoking to keep away from Fairhaven, and I can’t fracture my oath. I realize with unspeakable anguish the seriousness of the situation in which you are left without my right arm to aid you in winning the pennant for Fairhaven. Still you can’t revile me; you can’t blame me. I was finally landed here in Boston, and, as soon as possible, I borrowed a postage stamp and hastened to write you this letter. You will observe it is blotted with my pearly tears. Even as I write they are streaming in rivers from both eyes and from my nose. I fear this weeping will ruin my complexion, but I can’t seem to check it. Perhaps some time in the dim and misty future we may again meet face to face and heart to heart. I wish you success and glory. And I bid you a fond farewell.

"Yours with equivocations,  
‘CAP’N WILEY, THE MARINE MARVEL.’"

"Well, what do you think of that?" grunted big Bob. "I think it’s the biggest lie he ever told!" indignantly exclaimed Buckhart.

"It’s another of Hammerswell’s tricks!" exclaimed the Texan.  
"You don’t mean to say that Hammerswell took all that trouble to get rid of Wiley?"  
"No! he knew an easier way. He paid Wiley to get out."

"Boys," said Dick, "I confess I’m puzzled over this thing not a little. You will remember that early in the season, while we were fighting to get into the Trolley League, Hammerswell tried to bribe Wiley and failed."

"Did he fail?" asked Bob.  
"Wiley gave the whole thing away to me."

"But he took Hammerswell’s money?"

"That’s true."

"You can see by that," said Singleton, "that he’s not a chap to let any good money slip through his fingers."

"At any rate," said Dick, folding the letter and putting it back into his pocket, "Wiley has gone and we must get along without him."

"Which I opine we can do very well now that we have Owen Bold," said Buckhart. "That fellow is a pitcher, and the other teams are a whole lot afraid of him."

"Look out, Dick," warned Singleton, "that Hammerswell doesn’t attempt to monkey with Mr. Bold."

"I hardly imagine," smiled Merriwell, "that Bold is a chap to be fooled with."

While they were discussing this matter, Dick observed a small rowboat that appeared round a distant point and seemed heading toward the beach near them. In the boat was a bare-headed girl, who handled the oars skillfully.

"Look, Brad," said Dick, calling the Texan’s attention. "Do you notice anything familiar about her?"

"I reckon not," confessed Buckhart. "I don’t seem to know her any."

"I think I do."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"I believe that is Kate Quhn."

At this both Dick’s companions uttered exclamations and regarded the approaching boat with renewed interest.

"I opined you would see her again," nodded the Westerner. "She seems to be coming straight this way."

"If she tries to land here," muttered Singleton, "it’s ten chances to one she’ll have the boat full of water."

CHAPTER II.

KATE’S WARNING.

Dick laughed heartily.

"It sounds like him," he said. "He may have dreamed those things."

"Dreamed—nothing!" blurted Brad. "I see through the whole business! I understand it!"

"Well, it’s more than I do," growled Singleton.

"What do you make of it?"
"It sure doesn't seem likely she can beach her boat without shipping one of those combers," said Buckhart.

"Kate Quinn knows how to handle a boat," declared Dick, "and she'll not attempt to land unless she feels certain she can do so successfully."

Nevertheless, he rose to his feet and started for the beach, with the intention of rendering assistance in case it was needed. His companions followed closely, and as the approaching girl drew still nearer she glanced over her shoulder and saw them.

"It's Kate Quinn sure enough," nodded Dick.

"I confess I'm interested to look her over," said Big Bob. "I've heard lots of things about her since your little adventure with her brother's gang, Dick. If we were to heed the things told of her we'd take to our heels and get away, instead of standing ready to give her assistance."

"I'd certain like to get a look at her magnetic eyes," grinned the Texan. "They say any galoot who looks into those eyes is hoodooed. I'll chance the hoodoo."

"You're wonderfully brave where a good-looking girl is concerned," chuckled Singleton. "Perhaps both you and Dick had better light out. I hate to see you run into such danger. I'm willing to sacrifice myself, but I'm anxious about my friends."

"You're very kind, Bob!" laughed Dick.

"Kind!" exclaimed Brad. "He's greedy, that's what's the matter!"

"See here, you wild and woolly cow-puncher," growled Bob, "you don't want to forget how one man who fell beneath the spell of those eyes was found drowned and another had his skull cracked. You know she has a fellow who is mighty jealous of her. Anyone who fools around her is liable to get Lafe Gore after him."

A short distance from the beach the girl rested on her oars and again looked over her shoulder.

"Get away, you chaps!" she called. "Don't bother me! I'm coming in there!"

"We'll give you a hand if you need it," said Dick.

"I tell yer not ter bother me!" she exclaimed. "I don't need no hand. I kin land my own bo't without your help."

"There you have it!" muttered Buckhart, laughingly. "She's a-plenty independent."

Having warned them, the girl again rowed toward the beach. At the proper moment she sent the boat flying in on the crest of a swell, jumped out the moment it struck the sand, seized it by the forward thwart and started to pull it up the beach.

For all of her words, Dick was on hand to grasp the boat on the opposite side, and he aided her in pulling it high on the sand.

"No thanks to you!" she said, shortly. "Could have done it alone, all right."

"Excuse me, Miss Quinn," he smiled. "A man looks cheap standing doing nothing while a girl drags a boat all alone."

"I dunno 'bout that. Lots of men do it."

She turned her dark eyes toward Dick's companions, both of whom regarded her with the deepest interest.

"Perhaps you fellers might take a walk," she said, pointedly. "It would do you good."

"All right," nodded Dick, "We will do so."

"Hold on! I didn't mean you. I meant t'other ones. I want to talk with you. I've got something ter tell yer."

"She hasn't noticed me," muttered big Bob. "Let her get a square look at me, and she'll throw Dick down in a minute."

"Go!" exclaimed the girl, impatiently. "Have you forgot how ter walk? I ain't no show. You stand there looking at me as if you'd never seen a gal before."

"Excuse us," said Brad.

"All right, I'll excuse yer if you get out."

"It's up to us, Buckhart," chuckled Singleton.

"Come on!"

Together they turned away, and the girl stood watching them for some moments.

Dick was both puzzled and embarrassed. He waited for her to speak again. Finally she turned toward him and looked him over. The expression of her face changed and her features softened a little.

"I am mighty glad ter see yer again!" she declared, holding out her hand to him.

He accepted the proffered hand, retorting:

"I am glad to see you, Miss Quinn."

"Be you really?"

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

"I don't know. I thought theebe you'd hear enough by this time so you'd never want to set eyes on me no more."

"I gave you my word the day you took me across to the mainland that, no matter what I heard, I would always think well of you, Miss Quinn."
"You made me another promise that day," she reminded.

"What was it?"

"You was going ter call me Kate. I never had nobody call me Miss Quinn. That’s stylish and dignified, and there ain’t nothing stylish and dignified ’bout me. Jest don’t you forget to call me Kate."

"All right, Kate," he smiled. "And I am Dick, you know. I’ve been wondering where you’ve been keeping yourself."

"I meant to keep away right along. I didn’t think I’d ever git round where you was again. I don’t want to git you into no trouble, Dick, and there might be trouble if Tim was to see us together."

"Tim?" he questioned. "Why, they tell me the man who is so crazy about you is Lafe Gore."

She nodded.

"That’s right, Dick. The night the boys ketchet you and shut you up in the old hut they called him Tim so you wouldn’t know what his real name was. You told me you wouldn’t make no trouble for the boys, and you kept your word. I want ter thank yer for that. Still, it’s a good thing you didn’t try it, fer they was expecting it and was ready fer yer in case you done it. My brother was mighty mad when he found you’d got away."

"Did he suspect you? Did he think you assisted me?"

She shook her head.

"Nope; Jake, he told them the yarn jest as I ordered him to. They found him tied hand and foot, and he said a lot of fellers from Fairhaven ketchet him and tied him that way and let you go. At first Brian didn’t seem ter believe it, but he couldn’t make Jake contradict himself, and arter a while he had ter believe it. All the same, he got the money that man over to Maplewood agreed to pay him for the job."

"I am glad he got it," laughed Dick. "Hammerswell paid the price and got—nothing."

"He tried ter make Brian give back the money," said the girl; "but that didn’t work at all. Now there’s something else in the wind."

"Something else? What do you mean?"

"To-day a man came to my brother, and I heard some of their talk. This man was sent by Hammerswell. You know sence the time you was ketchet and shut up another one of your fellers has been treated the same way."

"Another one?" questioned Merriwell, eagerly. "Can you mean Wiley?"

"Yep. They was paid to take keer of him jest the same as they did you. Then they paid him to take a steamboat at Rockford and leave for Boston. They didn’t trust him, either. Some of the boys went right along with him ter see that he didn’t back out. They didn’t give him a chance to back out."

"The mystery of Wiley’s disappearance is explained at last," said Dick. "But what is this other matter you speak of? What are they going to do now?"

"According to what I heard that man telling my brother, Maplewood is ter win the game ter-day, and they are going to try ter bribe your new pitcher. You ain’t got only nine men in all now, and if they can bribe your pitcher you will be in a bad fix."

"But I might not let him pitch the game to-day."

"You pitched yesterday," reminded the girl. "It’s his turn."

"Naturally anyone would think so, but I may pitch again this afternoon."

"All the same if you do t’other feller will have ter play, and he may git a chance to throw the game away."

"I don’t believe they can bribe him."

"Then if they don’t it will be the worse for him. My brother made a promise to bribe him or drive him, and Brian always keeps his word. I thought you ought ter know about this, and that’s why I hunted yer up."

"Thank you, Kate. I will remember your favor."

She glanced toward the boat, knowing that the rising tide had almost reached it as it lay on the beach.

"Guess I better be going now. I don’t keer for no one to see me talking with yer. So-long, Dick!"

Once more she held out her hand, and again he grasped it. Neither observed a man who had cautiously approached that beach, taking advantage of any cover that might hide him from their eyes. This man was now behind the very tree beneath which Dick and his friends had been sitting when Kate Quinn was seen rowing toward the shore. With a savage exclamation, he sprang out and rushed toward the boy.

Kate saw him, and a cry of terror escaped her lips.

"It’s Lafe!" she wildly exclaimed—"it’s Lafe, and he’s bilin’ mad!"
CHAPTER III.

LAFE GORE.

Gore was a strapping, big chap, with a thick neck and a bullet-shaped head. His face was convulsed with passion and his eyes glaring as he charged at the boy.

Seeing the man was furious, Dick prepared to meet the assault as best he could. He knew Gore must be a powerful chap and that it would be dangerous to fall into the fellow's hands.

Therefore, just as the ruffian reached to seize Merriwell, the boy swiftly dodged, seized his assailant about the legs and threw him with a thud upon the beach.

Kate Quinn gasped with astonishment, for she had not fancied Dick could accomplish such a thing. Her magnetic eyes were filled with a sudden gleam of unspeakable admiration for the lad who had thus boldly faced Lafe Gore.

Gore was unharmed, despite the shock of his fall, and with a roar of rage he hastily scrambled up. As he regained his feet, he suddenly whipped out a wicked-looking knife.

Then Kate flung herself in front of the man, with one hand outstretched, crying commandingly:

"Stop that business, Lafe! Look at me! I tell yer yer stop, and you must!"

His eyes met hers, and in that moment she condensed all her will-power in an effort to control him. The knife was partly raised, and, holding it thus, Gore seemed suddenly turned to a man of stone. His lips moved and he huskily whispered:

"I'll kill him!"

"No you won't!" retorted the strange girl; "I won't let yer. Put up that knife, Lafe!"

Apparently he fought against the singular influence that was overcoming him. The watching boy knew a fearful struggle was taking place in Gore's heart. The man attempted to turn his eyes from those dark, piercing orbs, the gleam of which seemed to benumb his limbs and render him helpless.

"You've got ter do it, Lafe!" insisted the girl. "Put that knife up!"

Slowly, slowly his hand returned the knife to its hidden sheath.

"That's right," nodded Kate, experiencing in that moment a new sensation of triumph, for in all her life this was the first time she had ever compelled Lafe Gore to do anything against his will.

"Don't you try any more of that around here," she said.

"What was you doing with him?" demanded the jealous fellow. "Why did you meet him here?"

"That's my business, Lafe."

"You don't dare tell me," grated Gore. "Well, you saved him this time; but I'll fix him—I'll fix him!"

"Save your threats. Don't be a fool, Lafe. There ain't anything ter fix him fer. He ain't done nothing."

"He's one of them slick-looking chaps, and all the girls on the island are struck on him. I thought mebbe you'd git that way, Kate. We had him once where it would have been easy to put him out of the way. If I'd known then what I know now, he'd never been saved from Jake."

The girl suddenly threw back her head and laughed in Gore's face.

"Why, Lafe, you're an awful silly fellow!" she declared, placing both her hands on his shoulders. "What do you think a chap like him wants of Kate Quinn? He kin git educated gals. He kin git gals that are refined and well-dressed and ladylike. What does he want of a girl like me, in shabby clothes, who don't know even how to read and write proper?"

"Why did he meet you here?" insisted Lafe.

"He didn't."

"I saw yer—I saw yer both! I saw him a-holding your hand, burn him!"

"He didn't meet me here," repeated Kate, coolly. "I came here ter find him, if you want to know, Lafe Gore! I've got a right ter do that, ain't I? You ain't my master yit, and it ain't likely you ever will be."

"Don't talk that way to me, Kate!" pleaded the man.

"That's what makes me full of fire here in my chest. When you throw yer head up and talk ter me that way—sometimes I want ter choke yer."

"That's the brute in you, Lafe. I kin come and go when I like and where I like, without giving no explanations ter you."

"All right!" he growled, turning his savage eyes toward the boy. "I am goin' ter tell him something! He had better git off this island to-day! There ain't room enough on it for him and me. Some others might have been better off had they gone."

"Take care, Lafe Gore!" said the girl. "There never was no proof ag'in yer, but some time you will do a job that will land you in the stone jug. You let this boy alone. He'll mind his business, and you mind yours. Just because you happened ter see me say
something ter him, you ain't got no reason to lay fer him. He's got friends who are powerful, too, and should anything happen ter him they'd certainly investigite it."

"I don't keer for all of his friends! I saw yer holding his hand!"

"I was jest a-bidding him good-by, that's all."

"Yer don't have ter shake hands with him so friendly. How is it you know him so well? That's what I'd like ter have yer explain! You must have met him before. You must have talked with him before!"

"I have."

"Where, where?" demanded Lafe.

"Why, on Whirlpool Lake one night. I rather guess you know about that."

"Is that the only time?" asked the jealous chap.

"Will you swear you ain't seen him sence? Come now, if you didn't see him arter that night you'll say so mighty quick."

"What's the use ter say so? You wouldn't believe me."

"You don't say it!" palpitated Gore. "Now I know you have met him! That's enough! I am no fool! You can't deceive me, Kate Quinn! You ask what a chap like him wants of a gal like you? Why, I've seen lots of um fool round country gals and make love to um. They think it's fine sport. They laugh about it. They tell their friends how the ignorant country gals git smashed on 'em. Do you want this feller laughing 'bout you with his chums? That's what will happen."

"Perhaps he ain't that kind, Lafe. I don't think he is. In fact, I know he ain't."

"Oh, yer know it, do yer? You know a lot about him, it seems! You know too much, Kate—too much!"

It was plain she had not succeeded in allaying his jealousy in the least, although she had checked him and held him in restraint for the time being. If anything, his hatred for Dick was growing more intense each moment. The thought that she had met Merriwell there on the beach and had given Dick her hand was quite enough to feed the flames in Lafe Gore's heart. Jealousy is always unreasoning and often feeds on evidence too flimsy to be considered a moment by any other passion.

Brad Buckhart and big Bob Singleton were now seen slowly returning to the beach. Gore discovered them and growled:

"Here come some of his fine friends!"

"Then it's time for us to go, Lafe," said the girl.

"Come along with me. Help me put the boat off."

Giving Dick one last vicious look, the fellow turned to assist Kate. Seizing one side of the boat, while she grasped the other, they took advantage of the next high wave that rolled onto the beach. As it receded they rushed with it, the boat between them. At the proper moment the girl sprang in and seized the oars, while Gore gave the boat a final thrust and followed her. In a moment Kate was rowing away, with her jealous lover in the stern of the boat.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE POWER OF GORE.

"Whither did that there gent come from, partner?" inquired Buckhart, as he drew near with Singleton.

"He wasn't with Kate Quinn when she landed here. I opine that is Mr. Gore?"

"That's right," nodded Dick. "He is Gore, and he came near shedding a little of mine."

"Hey? What do you mean?"

Merriwell told his friends what had happened.

"Whoop!" cried the Texan. "I didn't opine there was any danger that you might get eared while we took that little stroll. Pulled a sticker on you, did he, pard? Why, the onery coyote! I am sure sorry we were not present when he did that little trick! I judge Bob and I would have climbed right up his back."

"You want to look out for him, Dick," said Singleton, seriously. "They say he's crazy over that girl, and you know what happened to two men who became interested in her. Beyond doubt it's dangerous for anyone to have anything to do with Kate Quinn."

"I shall keep my eyes open," declared Dick. "I confess I think this fellow Gore dangerous. Come, boys, let's get back to the hotel. On the way I have something to tell you."

Their interest did not relax as he told them what he had learned from Kate Quinn's lips in regard to Wiley and the proposed bribing of Owen Bold.

"I certain should think Hammerswell ought to be sick of this monkey business by this time!" cried Buckhart, in disgust. "He's got it in the neck right along, yet he keeps it up. It seems as natural as breathing for him to be trying some crooked scheme."
“Do you think they can tamper with Bold?” questioned Singleton.

“I don’t believe it,” answered Dick. “The fellow seems square and upright. He has no liking for Hammerswell, and I think they’ll waste their money on him. Still, I am glad we are warned. I shall find him and talk with him without delay.”

When the hotel was reached Dick inquired for Bold, but no one around the place seemed to know where the man was. It was near noon when Merriwell learned that Bold had gone down to some of the old wharves for the purpose of fishing.

A boy who had been fishing from the wharves told Dick where to find Owen.

On one side of the harbor were a number of these wharves, some of them with wretched, sagging, old buildings on them. Without anticipating danger, Dick was passing between two of these buildings, the outer walls of which were so close together that there was not room for two persons to walk abreast. It was a dark, damp place, and beneath the planking under the boy’s feet he could hear the wash of the tide. He passed a dark doorway without pausing to glance in through it.

A moment later he fancied he heard a slight sound behind him and started to look round. Then it seemed as if one of the buildings collapsed and fell upon him with a terrible crash. In his brain a bright light seemed to flash, followed instantly by total darkness.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on some damp canvas in a gloomy place. His head was throbbing and his limbs numbed. The odor of tobacco smoke and salt water was in his nostrils.

He tried to move, but to his surprise found his arms were securely bound to his sides.

With this motion on Dick’s part came another movement near at hand, and the boy saw, sitting a few feet away, the dark figure of a man. For all of the gloom, he made out this man was smoking a pipe.

“What’s the matter?” whispered Dick, unable to command full control of his voice. “Something fell.”

“Yep,” said a familiar voice. “Something fell, and it dropped on you. I tapped you on the head with it. It was a clean knockout, and you’ve been laying peaceable for a good long while. Didn’t know but I’d cracked your skull.”

“Late Gore!” breathed the helpless boy.

“So yer know me?” said the man with the pipe.

“Yes, I am Late Gore. I saw yer coming, and I waited fer yer.”

Dick now knew what had happened. He knew the jealous lover of Kate Quinn had stepped out behind him from the dark doorway of the old wharf building and had struck him down with a heavy weapon of some kind. At this moment Dick was lying on some rotting sails in that same building, with the tide gurgling around the piling beneath the wharf. Gore was there on guard, grimly smoking his pipe. The situation was one to make the unfortunate boy shiver in spite of his steady nerves. He remembered what had happened to other men on that island and felt certain he had been chosen by Gore as another victim.

“If you’re thinking about hollering,” said the guard, “you’d better save your voice, for it won’t do no good. There can’t anyone hear you if you yell, but I guess you hadn’t better yell. The first time you raise your voice I will certain use my sticker on you. I will open up your windpipe.”

“Man alive!” exclaimed Dick; “you must be crazy! What have I done to you that you should wish to murder me?”

“Oh, I don’t guess I’ve got ter explain it ter yer. You know you can’t fool me. Kate, she didn’t fool me any, though she tried to. The more she told me she didn’t care a snap for you the more I knowed she was lying. If she hadn’t insisted on that so hard I might have thought what she said was so. She was too anxious that nothing should happen ter yer. She tried ter make me promise I wouldn’t touch yer. She tried ter make me look inter her eyes and promise that, but I didn’t look inter them eyes of her’n. Not much! I promised, but I lied ter her, and I knew it then. All the time I was meaning to fix you.”

“That’s pleasant information!” said the boy. “I can’t quite understand why you didn’t finish the job without waiting around for me to recover my senses.”

“I s’pose it does seem rather queer,” admitted Gore. “Don’t worry over it. Don’t think I mean ter let you go. Why, if you was to beg and make all sorts of promises I wouldn’t do that. I know what you’d do the minute you was free. You’d go up there inter the village and swear out a warrant and try ter have me arrested. Don’t say you wouldn’t, for I know better. You think it queer I didn’t finish the job right off, eh? By and by you’ll find out why I didn’t. I am waitin’ here till the men go to work in the quarries this arter-
noon. There won't none of them be so likely ter see me when I row away. Oh, I've got my bo't right here under this wharf. I'm going ter give you a nice little ride in it. I'm goin' ter take you out where yer can git a lot of nice wholesome sea air. The summer people who come down here seem ter think sea air is a fine and healthy thing. I am mighty interested in you, and I want you ter have the benefit of the sea air."

"I suppose it's useless for me to try to reason with you," said Dick. "If you don't believe Kate Quinn, you wouldn't believe me."

"Not a word," said Gore, shaking his head. "They say drowning is a fine way ter die. I s'pose you've heard that, ain't yer?"

Dick shivered again.

"Yes, I've heard so."

Gore chuckled in a diabolical manner.

"It's a lie!" he suddenly declared. "It ain't so easy way ter die. It's a hard way. I know, for I was the same as dead from drowning once. You take the water inter your lungs and it gives yer awful pains. You struggle and fight against it, and know what's happening. And the man who says it's easy is a fool!"

Apparently he fancied he was torturing the boy in this manner and seemed to take keen delight in it.

"When you go down," he said, "jist think what an idiot yer was not ter heed folk's warnin' here and keep away from Kate Quinn."

"So you mean to drown me? How long before my time comes?"

At a distance a steam whistle sounded.

"That calls the men ter work for the afternoon," said Gore. "In ten minutes you will be in the bottom of my bo't and I'll be giving yer that little row I promised. There's a half-tide ledge about five miles outside. I guess we'll reach it sometime before the tide kivers it. I'll leave yer there, and you can hang on till ye're washed off. Mebbe they'll find yer body and mebbe they won't. Whichever happens, there'll be another mystery to talk about here in Fairhaven."

CHAPTER V.

THE HAND OF VENGENCE.

Lafe Gore pulled lustily at the oars, with his dory headed toward the open sea. In the bottom of the boat lay Dick Merriwell, still, bound and helpless. Dick had found no opportunity to call for aid, as his judgment told him such a thing would be worse than useless. Gore watched the boy closely as he rowed.

The harbor mouth was left behind, and the perspiring cheek of the oarsman was touched by a soft southern breeze.

"There's goin' ter be a storm some time ter-day," said Gore, as if anxious to converse with his intended victim. "I see thunderheads in the nor'west."

"That's interesting information for me!" retorted the boy. "By the way, don't you think you'd better turn back? It's possible you might get caught out in that storm."

"Thank yer. I guess I'll rest it. There's a steamer jest coming down the channel."

"What steamer?"

"Why, the special bo't which is bringin' the Maplewood baseball team to the island."

"Is it coming?" exclaimed Dick, struggling to sit up in order to look over the rail of the dory.

"You lay down!" cried the man, pausing and making a move to lift one of the oars. "You lay down, or I'll knock yer flat! I don't propose ter have no one but me seen in this bo't ter-day."

"How far away is the steamer?" asked the boy.

"Oh, she's a good mile. They can't hear yer on her if yer yell till yer split yer throat."

"I am afraid," said the boy, in grim jesting, "that I'll be missed from the ball game this afternoon."

"I judge you will," nodded Gore, once more bending at the oars. "Yer'll be missed this afternoon and a good many other afternoons, too. They won't have yer no more."

Apparently Dick had given up hope; but in truth he had been for a long time strained at his bonds, whenever he could do so without attracting attention, hoping in some manner to free his hands. He had been encouraged when he felt the rope slip a little, but his courage gradually died as it finally seemed to tighten again and remain secure and immovable. Finally his despair led him to make one more appeal to the brutal man at the oars.

"See here, Gore, let's talk this matter over a little. I'll not attempt to argue with you, but will make you a proposition. I am not anxious to shuffle off in the heydey of my youth. Indeed, I dislike exceedingly to be fed to the fishes."

"No doubt of it," retorted the ruffian.

"Now, if you were to receive a comfortable sum of
money to take me back and let me go, I suppose you would consider the matter?"

"Do ye?"

"Why, of course."

"You ain’t got money enough, boy."

"Perhaps I can raise enough."

"No; yer can’t fool me that way. I know what you’d do. You’d promise me money, and you’d think you had a perfect right not to keep your promise. Instead of paying me ter let you live, you’d land me in limbo."

"If I’ll swear that I’ll do nothing of the sort——"

"Yer can swear till yer black in the face and I won’t believe yer. No, it’s no use."

"What if I were to promise now that I’d leave Fairhaven Island immediately?"

"No good. You’d do it jest ter fool me. I ain’t takin’ no chances, boy. Why should I? Nobody saw me put yer in the bo’t, and nobody has seen yer with me. They can’t ever prove nothing agin’ me."

Far away in the northwest there was a sullen muttering of thunder.

Gore glanced in that direction, but no look of apprehension came to his face.

"I guess she’ll go round to the norrud," he said.

"She won’t come this way."

Again Dick was straining at the cords which held him helpless. Again he fancied they gave a little before his efforts, but he was compelled to refrain in his attempt whenever Gore’s eyes rested on him. All too slowly was he succeeding in loosening these cords. Should his object be detected he knew the ruffian would immediately make an inspection and tighten the ropes.

"How much farther are you going to take me?" asked the captive.

"Oh, don’t be in such a hurry," retorted Lafe. "I guess it’s a good three mile yet."

"Three miles," thought Dick. "I wish he had said ten."

The whistle of the steamer that was now rounding Crown Point and heading into Fairhaven harbor was distinctly heard by the man and boy in the dory.

"There’s a purty good crowd on board," observed Gore. "Guess Maplewood has sent out a lot of folks to shout for her ter-day. If she wins this game she’ll be purty near second place ag’in, won’t she?"

"Pretty near," admitted Dick.

"Well, she’ll win, all right. They won’t have ter bother with t’other pitcher now. If I’d dickered with Hammerswell I guess I might have made money out of this job. I rather think he’d pay well ter have you disposed of, young feller."

"I am willing you should wait until you can dicker with him before disposing of me," said Dick.

"I ain’t got a doubt of that. There won’t be no waiting. He was willing ter pay anyone who would git at your other pitcher and fix that feller. Money don’t seem to be no object with him. He must have slathers and gobs of it."

To confess the truth, baseball matters interested Dick Merriwell very little just then. At an earlier hour in the day the result of the coming ball game had seemed of vast importance; but now, compared with the impending tragedy, it sank into total insignificance.

At every opportunity the captive continued straining at his bonds.

The muttering of thunder grew plainer and plainer, and finally Gore began to regard the rising clouds with a slight show of interest.

"Mebbe she will touch here," he muttered. "Mebbe we’ll git the edge of her. I guess she’s goin’ ter be a rip-snorter, too."

Once more Dick suggested that it would be advisable to put about and row back to the island.

"If I done that," said Gore, "it would be jest shortening up your time a little, for I’d toss you over afore I’d turned her round."

Finally he paused, looking over his shoulder, after which he observed:

"There’s Fang Ledge. I kin see her. That’s where I’m goin’ ter dump yer."

"How long before the tide will rise over that ledge?" asked Dick.

"Well, it may be an hour arter I drops you there, but I don’t think it’ll be quite as long as that."

"An hour," thought Dick. "Someone may see me on the ledge. I may be rescued."

As if reading the boy’s thoughts, the ruffian hastened to say:

"I will jest hang around till the top of the ledge is awash. Oh, I don’t be in no hurry about leaving yer. Don’t think I will."

"You’re too kind," said Dick, sarcastically. "You murderous ruffian! Your time will come! You’ll surely meet your just deserts!"

The indignation of the boy burst forth now, and with burning words he told Gore exactly what he thought.
"Rant away, young feller," said the ruffian, disdainfully. "Lots of good it will do yer."

When his anger had exhausted itself in words, Dick lay quiet and apparently helpless in the bottom of the dory.

The day, that had been bright and sunny, was now turning dull and dreary; for the rising clouds had covered the face of the sun and a heavy shadow lay on the heaving sea. At intervals lightning played far in the heart of the black clouds to the northwest and the booming thunder increased in volume.

Still Lafe Gore seemed to believe the heavier portion of the storm would pass to the north.

At length the ledge for which he had headed was reached. He approached it cautiously, for out there the sea was running strong and he knew the danger should his boat be carried against that rock.

Having swung the dory in close to the ledge, he suddenly shipped the oars, sprang up, seized Dick and lifted him bodily. He then swung the lad over the stern of the dory, and Dick's feet touched the slippery, barnacle-covered rock, with the water nearly to his waist.

"Wade out, young feller!" cried the ruffian. "If you don't wade for it you may slide off any minute and drown a lot sooner than you need to."

Dick struggled toward the part of the rock that rose above the surface of the water. Twice he slipped and nearly fell. At length, however, he succeeded in mounting to the crest of Fang Ledge.

Gore had pulled off a little and was sitting in the dory, watching the unfortunate lad. To his surprise he saw the boy twisting and straining at the cords, and then a moment later Dick seemed to get one hand free, after which he rapidly released the other.

"Lots of good that'll do yer!" cried Gore, taking a look toward the island. "It's a long way off, and I don't believe you'll be able to swim that distance."

Dick knew well enough it would be impossible for him to swim to the island.

Glancing upward, the boy was startled to see nearly over them a huge black cloud that was almost an exact representation of a monster hand outspread. To him it seemed that this hand was open and descending as if to grasp something.

"Look!" cried Dick, standing on the ledge and pointing at this singular cloud. "Look, Lave Gore! Behold the hand of vengeance!"

The startled man in the boat glanced upward and saw the cloud. His face grew ashen and he stared at the giant hand as if appalled.

Then came a moaning sound that seemed to issue from the cloud itself. In a twinkling a twisting wind raced out of the northwest and bore directly toward Fang Ledge. It tore at the waves and lashed the sea into foam.

The man in the boat saw this infant tornado bearing down upon him, and a cry of terror escaped his lips. He strained at the oars in an endeavor to pull the boat out of the course of the approaching wind.

His efforts were vain.

Dick saw the writhing wind strike the boat. He saw it fill in a twinkling, and then he flung himself flat on Fang Ledge, to which he clung with all his strength, while the awful wind sought to tear him from it.

CHAPTER VI.

ON FANG LEDGE.

The strange tornado, if such it could be called, passed as quickly as it had risen. It seemed to continue writhing and twisting on its course toward the open sea.

As soon as possible Dick ceased to cling to the rock and lifted his head. He looked around toward the spot where he had last seen Lafe Gore and the dory.

Near at hand the man was struggling weakly in the water. Gore had been swept toward the ledge by the tide. Plainly he was a poor swimmer, and his efforts indicated that he could not keep up many moments longer.

"This way!" cried Dick, for the man seemed confused, and simply floundered aimlessly in the water.

Gore made no answer, and the lad realized that the wretched man must soon give up and go down. Kicking off his low shoes and laying aside his coat, Merrily well unhesitatingly plunged into the water and swam toward Gore. He reached the man barely in time, for, with a choking, gurgling cry, Gore threw up his hands and began to sink.

Dick clutched the man by the shoulder of his woolen shirt just as he was disappearing.

The man twisted about and weakly grabbed at his would-be rescuer.

Realizing the fearful peril of being clutched by Gore at that moment, Dick did his best to avoid such a thing.

The struggle to draw the drowning man toward
Fang Ledge came near exhausting young Merriwell. Once it seemed that he must give up and permit Gore to sink. He persisted, however, in his purpose, and finally a wave flung him against the slippery rock.

By this time Gore was motionless and silent, and the receding wave sucked them both back into the water, although Dick tried to clutch with his free hand at some crevices in the ledge.

Three times were they flung against the ledge, and three times did the waves draw them back.

Dick knew he was becoming weaker and weaker, and he was troubled by a great fear that the merciless sea would beat him into an unconsciousness against the ledge. Although he well knew he would have many more chances of escape if he released his hold on the unconscious man, his brave heart would not permit him to abandon Lafe Gore to such a fate.

Then came a big wave that once more flung both man and boy high on the dripping rock.

By rare good fortune Merriwell’s fingers fastened in a deep cleft in the rock, and there he clung with all his strength, while the gurgling waves rolled back with a sob of regret and defeat.

The boy knew another wave might follow, and as quickly as possible he pulled his unconscious companion a little higher, and then sought to mount still farther on the ledge himself.

The next wave washed about Lafe Gore’s feet and legs, but now Dick was braced with his feet in the cleft of the rock, both hands being fastened to the man’s collar.

When the water fell back again Merriwell succeeded in slowly pulling Gore to the top of the ledge.

The task of rescue was not completed, for Gore was unconscious, and the boy realized that to restore the man he must begin work without a moment delay.

Dick’s coat lay where he had flung it. He stripped off his vest and rolled it with the coat into a round, compact bundle. Laying this on the ledge, he lifted the lifeless body of the man, who was placed face downward, with the roll of clothes under his stomach. He at once began pressing on the man’s back beneath his shoulder blades in an effort to force the water from his lungs. In a short time this was accomplished; and then unaided Dick attempted to start artificial respiration. With another person to assist him this would not have been difficult, but in his weakened condition it seemed as if his effort would fail. Although he was ready to collapse himself, he managed to keep at work until at length there were indications of returning life in Gore’s body.

Finally the man began to gasp and groan as if in the greatest pain. Still Dick would not cease working upon him, although Gore finally managed to weakly gasp for him to desist.

In the end Merriwell stopped from utter exhaustion. He dropped limply beside the wreck he had saved from drowning.

Lying thus on the ledge, the man and the boy looked into each other’s eyes.

“Tried to kill me, did yer?” gasped Lafe Gore.

“You wait!”

Evidently he was under the impression that the torture he had endured while being resuscitated had been caused by efforts of the boy to destroy him.

And now, to add to their misery and wretchedness, rain came pattering over them, in huge drops at first, quickly followed by a downpour that was little short of a deluge.

Above their heads the lightning flashed and the thunder roared.

The shower was brief, and within five minutes it passed toward the open sea.

Dick struggled to a sitting posture, and at the same moment Gore also sat up.

“How did I git here?” asked the man, looking around.

“You came near not getting here at all,” said Dick.

“I managed to assist you to the ledge and drag you upon it.”

“You did that?”

“Yes.”

Gore shook his head doubtingly.

“Don’t lie ter me!” he huskily snarled. “Why should you do anything like that fer me?”

“How do you think you got here?”

“I dunno. But arter I left yer on this ledge ter drown it ain’t likely you’d give me any help! I can’t take no stock in that.”

“All right,” retorted the boy. “You’re at liberty to think what you like, Lafe Gore! Perhaps you were not worth saving, but I didn’t stop to consider that. I couldn’t see you drown before my eyes without trying to rescue you.”

“What was you doing ter me a little while ago? I thought you was trying ter finish me.”

“Instead of that, I was trying to revive you. You were full of water when I got you up here, but I
squeezed some of that out of you and then started your breath again.”

Once more the ruffian shook his head.

“It’s mighty queer you should do anything like that,” he muttered. “I remember how the storm swamped my boat and I found myself trying to swim. I ain’t much of a swimmer.”

“That’s right,” said Dick. “It’s strange a man like you, who lives around the water, should be such a poor swimmer.”

Gore sat still for a few minutes, evidently meditating on what had happened.

“You don’t look like a fool,” he finally muttered.

“I hope I am not,” retorted Dick.

“Well, if any critter had done ter me what I done ter you I’d let him drown within reach of my hand without a-stretching it out ter him.”

“I haven’t a doubt of it,” nodded the boy.

“Did you really go inter the water arter me?”

“I believe I did.”

“Then you resked your life for me, arter all I done ter you?”

“That’s true.”

“It don’t seem matteral! It don’t seem matteral! Still I guess it must be true, for the last thing I remember I thought I saw you close ter me in the water. How did yer git me onter the ledge?”

“I don’t think I can explain that myself,” confessed the lad. “At one time I feared I would be compelled to abandon you. The waves repeatedly sucked us back after throwing us against the ledge. Finally I obtained a hold and managed to cling fast to you. Before the next wave came I had crept up somewhat myself and pulled you a little closer on the ledge. In that way we escaped from the water.”

“It must be true,” muttered the man, apparently speaking to himself. “There wa’n’t no other way for me to git out. And then he pumped the water out of me and brought me round!”

All at once he started up on his hands and knees, and began to stare around at the wave-fretted sea.

“Where’s my dory?” he cried.

“Gone,” answered Dick.

“Gone?” Then we’ll both drown just the same! There ain’t no chance for us arter all you’ve done. You’d better left me ter die in the fast place!”

“There may be a chance for us yet,” said Dick.

“Perhaps we may be picked up.”

“Never!” groaned the man. “There’ll be no boats out in this storm. The tide is rising now. I can see it’s higher than it was. Purty soon it’ll keever this ledge, and that’ll be the last of us.”

The full realization of their terrible situation quite unmanned the ruffian.

“You’ll have a chance to think of your crimes,” said Dick. “You will have a chance to think how you brought it on yourself. In trying to destroy me you have destroyed yourself, Lafe Gore.”

“I guess that’s true!” whispered the wretch, his face ghastly with fear. “Look! Can’t you see a sail nowhere?”

“Not a sail.”

“Then we’re gonnors! It’s purty tough! I ain’t ready ter die yit! I can’t die now!”

“If you’re not ready you had better make preparations,” said Dick, grimly.

The man turned and looked at him in a singular manner.

“Be you ready ter die?” he questioned. “Ain’t you skeered to die?”

“I am not afraid to die,” was the answer.

“But I be—I be!” choked Lafe Gore, wringing his hands. “I can’t die now! It’s an awful thing ter die, boy!”

“Did you think of that when you brought me out here, with the determination to leave me on this ledge to perish?”

“Don’t—don’t speak o’ that! I was mad because I ketched you talkin’ ter Kate. But you ain’t the first one—you ain’t the first one!”

“What do you mean by that? Are you thinking of other men destroyed by your hands? It’s time for you to think of them, Lafe Gore! Your hour of retribution has come!”

The stern accusation in Dick’s face and voice caused the wretched man to cower and tremble.

“Don’t talk ter me that way!” he weakly pleaded. “Boy, do you think there is any hereafter?”

“I believe there is,” was the serious answer. “I am confident there is.”

“Then it’s hell for me!” Gore almost screamed. “I know what I’ll git in the hereafter!”

He struggled to his feet and once more looked vainly for a sail on the face of the sea.

After a few moments he again turned to his companion.

“Boy,” he whispered, “can you pray?”

“Yes.”
“Then do it!” entreated the wretch. “Pray for some one to come and save us!”

“It’s your hour to pray,” said Dick. “It’s your hour to ask forgiveness for your sins. Get to your knees, Lafe Gore!”

It seemed that the man’s limbs melted beneath him. He fell on his knees and lifted his shaking hands to the overcast sky. As he did so, far away toward the open sea the black heavens were rent asunder by a terrible burst of lightning, followed a second later by a mighty crash of thunder.

“I can’t pray!” screamed Gore. “It’s no use—no use!”

Then he fell flat on his face.

Dick shivered in spite of his wonderful nerve. The tortures endured by his companion were frightful to witness.

After lying prone a few moments, Gore lifted himself and looked toward the water near the ledge.

“She’s rising,” he whispered—“she’s rising steady! In a little while she’ll keever the rock! Boy, do you really think there is a hell?”

“After this day I shall never doubt it,” answered Dick. “You have already suffered a taste of it.”

“I can’t stand it!” cried the man. “I feel it now—burning here! here! here!”

He beat upon his breast with his clinched hands. The look in his eyes was something to shudder at.

Suddenly he paused and stared straight ahead, while the expression on his face changed and he slowly stretched out his open hands.

“Kate!” he exclaimed, joyously. “Kate, you’ve come! I knewed you wouldn’t leave Lafe ter dround—I knewed it, Kate! You’re a good gal, Kate! You tol’ me you’d never marry me, but you’re a good gal, Kate! I said nobody else should have you! You’ll marry me now, won’t you, Kate?”

Dick felt his blood running icy in his veins.

“Stop that, man!” he exclaimed, seizing Gore by the shoulder. “Don’t lose your reason! You’re going mad!”

The wretch slowly turned to him.

“Mad?” he whispered. “Why, don’t you see her? She’s comin’ ter take me away! She’ll take you, too! I won’t be jealous of you no more! I’ll help you inter the boat, and we’ll all sail away! It ain’t much I kin do for yer arter what you done fer me! Come, let’s go!”

He rose and started for the water.

“Hold on!” cried the boy, seizing the deranged man. “There’s no boat here!”

“Don’t try ter fool me!” snarled Gore. “I tell you Kate is here!”

“Look!” commanded Dick. “Be reasonable! Look again!”

Gore stared all around them, slowly lifting his hand and brushing it across his forehead. An expression of disappointment and despair settled on his ghastly face.

“She was here,” he said. “Where has she gone now? Hush! I hear her calling! Can’t you hear her calling ter me?”

“That’s nothing but the wash of the waves,” declared Dick.

“I tell you I hear her calling! I’m going ter her!”

The crazy wretch would have plunged into the sea, but Dick tripped him and fell upon him. For a moment they struggled on the ledge, and then Gore gave over his efforts, and lay panting and unresisting.

“Rise! rise! rise!” he thickly muttered, as he watched the water swirl around the ledge. “Did you ever pull a seine? Did you ever find a dead man among the fish in the meshes of a seine? There are dead men in the sea, and I know how one came to be there? There’ll be another with him purty soon!”

Thus the raving man and the unfortunate boy waited for the rising tide to cover the ledge and sweep them away.

CHAPTER VII.

KATE TO THE RESCUE.

Suddenly Dick started and stared long and intently toward the ledges far to the westward. These ledges rose high above the bosom of the sea, and their crests were uncovered even at the highest tide.

“Look here, Gore!” he suddenly cried, once more seizing the man’s shoulders. “Look toward those ledges! Isn’t that a sail?”

But Lafe Gore refused to take his eyes from the rising water against the ledge.

“Higher! higher! higher!” he muttered.

Dick searched through his clothing. In a pocket he found a handkerchief, and this he began waving above his head. The tiny sail grew plainer and plainer. It was that of a very small boat, but to the keen joy of the boy the boat seemed heading straight for Fang Ledge.
"It’s coming, Gore!" cried Dick. "If it gets here before the tide covers this rock we may be saved!"

"Higher! Higher! Higher!" came monotonously from the lips of the man.

Indeed the tide seemed rising swiftly. Already it was washing well up to the top of the ledge. An unusually heavy swell might sweep over the ledge at any moment!

Dick continued to wave the handkerchief above his head. He saw after some moments the hull of the boat and was satisfied that it was bearing directly toward Fang Ledge.

Would it reach them in time?

At last a great swell sent the spray of its broken crest over the top of the ledge. The water wet Dick’s feet.

"Get up, Gore!" cried the boy. "Stand on your feet! I tell you a boat is coming!"

"Too late!" said the man, dully.

Dick could now see that there was a single person in the boat. He shouted and waved his handkerchief, a great feeling of thankfulness in his heart, for he was certain the one who steered that boat had seen them.

Another wave broke over Fang Ledge, "At least six inches of water swirled about the ankles of the man and boy.

Gore began to laugh.

"Watch!" he cried. "There’ll be another big one purty soon! Mebbe it’ll be big enough ter take us with it!"

The top of Fang Ledge was awash when Dick made out beyond question that the occupant of the boat was a girl. Instinctively he knew it must be Kate Quinn. In this he was right, as he finally saw when the boat swerved toward the leeway side of the ledge.

Then the girl’s clear voice reached him in an encouraging cry:

"Stick fast!" she called. "I’ll be there in a minute!"

At that moment another great roller rose above the knees of both man and boy on the ledge. Gore lost his footing on the slippery rock and would have been carried away but for Dick’s swiftness in clutching him.

Kate ran the boat up dangerously near the ledge and swung it round in a manner that caused it to lose headway.

"Come on!" she called. "Be quick about it, too!"

Even as she spoke the water, which swept around the rock on both sides, seemed to suck the boat toward the ledge. Stern first, it struck the rock heavily.

Still clinging to Gore, Dick made a rush for the sailboat. Together they slid down the water-covered ledge until they were nearly up to their armpits. Then they seized the boat, and Gore scrambled into it in a maniacal manner. Dick quickly followed.

"I rather guess I didn’t git her in too soon," said Kate Quinn, as she swung the boom round so that the wind filled the sail. "I dunno what’s happened, but I struck that rock ruther hard."

A moment later she uttered an exclamation of vexation and dismay.

"What is it?" asked Dick. "What’s the matter?"

"The rudder—it’s busted!"

"That’s bad."

"Bad! I should say it was! Lucky for us there ain’t any very strong wind now. The wind’s in the wrong direction for us to run back to the island with a busted rudder. We’ll have ter look fer somebody ter take us up."

The rudder was examined and found to be ruined. It was worthless to assist them in steering.

"If she don’t blow no harder," said the girl, "we won’t have much trouble. I kin steer the boat some with a sail, but I can’t beat agin’ the wind that way."

Apparently dazed and overcome by what he had passed through, Gore sat on one of the thwarts, speechless and silent.

"How did you happen to find us?" asked the boy.

"Well," answered Kate, "arter I saw the storm rising they tol’ me they had seen Lafe pullin’ off in his dory. I had been lookin’ fer you, and I couldn’t find yer. I don’t know why it was, but I thought you was in that dory, though they said Lafe was alone. They tol’ me not to run out in the face of that storm, but I wouldn’t mind. I don’t think they keered much what happened ter me, for no one interfered when I started. I didn’t know where Lafe had gone, but I made fast for Green Ledge. That ledge has a place that boats can run into and be sheltered from everything except an easterly. The wind was from the west, and I run in there. I was jest in time to git away from the tornader. When I didn’t find anything of Lafe there, jest as soon as the storm went over, I put out. I dunno what made me head this way, but I guess ’twas something there can’t no one explain. Arter a while I thought I saw you or somebody here on Fang Ledge. Then, when I got a little nearer, I was sartin you was a-wavin’ ter me. That’s how I happened ter find yer. Now, how did you happen ter be there?"
“Perhaps he’ll tell you,” said Dick, motioning toward the man.

“What’s the matter with him?” questioned Kate. “I never saw him like this. Where’s your dory, Lafe?”

Slowly the man turned his eyes toward her. To her astonishment, there seemed no light of recognition in those eyes.

“Higher! higher! higher!” muttered Gore. “Purty soon we’ll go! Purty soon it’ll be over! There are dead men in the sea!”

“Goodness!” cried Kate. “Your plumb crazy, Lafe!”

“He is temporarily deranged,” nodded Dick. “What he had passed through seemed to shake his reason.”

He then related how he had been captured by Gore and brought out to that rock where the man left him to die. He was modest in relating his efforts to rescue Gore after the swamping of the dory. Still his modesty could not hide the full truth from Kate Quinn.

“You done that?” she said, and again he saw unspakable admiration in her dark eyes. “Ater Lafe tried ter drowned yer, you pulled him outer the rock and saved him, did yer? Well, there ain’t many in this world would have done it!”

“Look!” said Gore, pointing at some bubbles that floated past the side of the boat. “See the eyes of the dead men! See how they look up at me!”

“Poor Lafe!” murmured Kate. “He was born to be jest what he become. He couldn’t help it. His father afore him was a man to look out fer.”

“I’m afraid we’ll not get back to Fairhaven Island to-night,” said Dick.

“No tellin’ bout that. It’ll be mighty late when we git there, if we do at all.”

“Well, there’s one satisfaction in the probability that this storm stopped the game.”

“I dunno. It didn’t seem ter me that it hit the island very hard. Mebbe they’re playing the game now.”

“Without me!” muttered Dick.

“Don’t you fuss none over that,” advised the girl.

“You’ll be purty lucky if yer play the next game with them.”

“That’s true enough,” he admitted.

Suddenly Gore uttered a startling yell and sprang toward the girl.

“Stop!” he cried. “Where are you taking me? I won’t go! I tell yer ter stop!”

Dick made a clutch at him, but already Gore’s hands were on Kate.

“Don’t touch him, Dick!” she commanded. “He won’t hurt me.”

Then she gazed fearlessly into the eyes of the deranged man.

“Be still, Lafe!” she cried. “Set down where you was!”

“Where are you taking me?” he whined.

“I’ll take you back to Fairhaven.”

“You lie! You ain’t takin’ me back there!”

“The rudder is busted, Lafe.”

“No; you can’t fool me!”

He threatened to become violent again, but there was a power in her eyes that checked him. One of his hands had grabbed toward her throat, yet she made no move to resist.

“You go back there and set down!” she said. “Be quick about it, Lafe!”

For a moment there seemed to be a battle of wills between them, and in the end she conquered. Muttering brokenly, he retreated to his former seat.

“Now you set there!” said Kate. “I won’t have no fooling from you!”

In this manner they drove onward before the wind, unable to put about, watching and waiting for a sail or for the sight of some craft that might rescue them.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN BUCKHART AWOKE.

The disappearance of Dick Merriwell had created no small amount of excitement on the island. Dick’s friends sought for him in vain, and it seemed that the whole village was aroused.

“Boys,” said Buckhart, “this certain is another one of Benton Hammerswell’s tricks. He has gotten Dick out of the way somehow. What are we going to do?”

“Dern old Hammerswell’s piecer!” excitedly cried Obediah Tubbs. “We ought to go at him and knock his block off!”

“Fellows,” said Earl Gardner, “I believe Dick will turn up all right. I have confidence that he will. Let’s play this game to-day to win, whether he is here or not.”

There was one time, however, when it seemed that there would be no game on the island that afternoon. The storm was very brief, but little rain fell on the island. It seemed that one shower passed to the north, while another swept out to sea in a southerly direction.
The Maplewood team had arrived and insisted on playing the game.

Nearly an hour after the time set for the game to begin the two teams met on the field. The island team was one man short, but this vacancy had been filled by Hiram Sniffmore.

Never had the boys worked harder to win than they did that afternoon. With Owen Bold in the box, the game was hotly contested for seven full innings. At the end of the seventh inning darkness terminated the game with Maplewood three scores ahead.

"I couldn't pup-pup-pup-play," stuttered Jolliby. "I kept thinking about Dick all the tut-tut-time."

"I opine we all did," confessed Brad. "I couldn't get him out of my mind."

"Hit was henough to break hany team hup," said Bradley. "Hi made three beautiful herors."

Not one of the boys enjoyed supper. In fact, Buckhart did not eat a mouthful. He improved an opportunity to speak privately with big Bob Singleton after supper was over.

"I have a right bad feeling about Dick," he said.

"I've been thinking how Lafe Gore tried to knife my pard down at the beach to-day. You don't suppose Gore got after him after that, do you?"

"I hope not," said Bob. "As near as I can learn, Dick went down to the old wharves, looking for Bold. Yet Bold says he saw nothing of him. It seems purty bad to me, I confess that."

The people of the little island village were all greatly wrought up over the mystery, and until a late hour that night there was much searching for Dick. In fact, Buckhart did not give up until midnight had struck.

"We'll just turn this old island over in the morning," he muttered, as he went to his room.

For nearly an hour he paced the floor. At length, from utter exhaustion, he threw himself, without undressing, onto the bed, and finally fell into troubled slumber. At intervals he muttered Dick's name.

With the first gray streak of daylight, the Texan awoke with a start and sat up. The light from the window fell onto the bed, and Buckhart saw something that caused him to gasp and rub his eyes.

In the bed beside him, apparently sleeping soundly, was Dick Merriwell!

"Great horn spoon!" whispered Brad, pinching himself to make sure he was not dreaming. "Am I awake?"

Satisfied that he was really awake, he rose quietly to his feet and stood looking down at Dick. Then he surveyed himself and saw that he had not undressed.

"What kind of business is this?" he growled.

He reached for a pillow, with which he struck Dick full in the face.

"Wake up here!" shouted Brad. "I certain want you to open your lookers and let me see if you're really alive!"

"What's the matter with you, Buckhart?" asked Merriwell. "Are you having a fit?"

"Well, it's something like a fit," was the confession.

"I opine you're really there, but how you got there I can't tell. What have you been doing, pard? You've raised an awful disturbance around these diggings."

"Lower your voice, Brad," advised Dick. "You will arouse the whole hotel. You act like a madman."

"I am mad—a whole lot mad! Who wouldn't be mad? Drat it? Do you know you had almost every galoot in Fairhaven raking the island for you last night?"

"Evidently you have been dreaming," said Dick, soberly. "Why, you're all dressed, Brad! When did you get up and dress?"

"I didn't undress last night."

"Oh, come! come! Don't try any of that on me. You need a doctor, Buckhart."

At this the Texan shook his fist under Dick's nose.

"You'll need a doctor after I'm done with you if you don't speak up right lively and explain things!" he asserted. "You can't fool anybody this way. I am wide awake now. Where did you go to and where did you come from?"

Dick began to laugh.

"It's a long story, Buckhart," he said. "I will tell you all about it after breakfast. Just now I need a little sleep."

"You will tell me all about it right now," said Brad, fiercely. "You won't get another wink until you do. That's business!"

Dick gave a sigh of resignation and followed with a brief recital of the facts known to the reader.

"It was dark," he concluded, "when we were picked up by a steam yacht. The captain didn't know his way into the harbor and was afraid to try it until the moon came up. After moonrise, with Kate Quinn at the pilot's elbow, we ran in here. I was set ashore and found you snoozing on the outside of the bed when I
reached this room. I decided it was best not to wake you up, and so I turned in.”

“Well, now,” said Brad, “you jest turn out, and we’ll let the other fellows know you’re here. If we don’t, they’ll all be up directly and prepare to start in search of you.”

CHAPTER IX.
NO GAME FOR FAIRHAVEN.

The reader may imagine the satisfaction and delight of the boys on learning that Dick had reappeared quite unharmed. His story aroused them, and they were eager to lay their hands on Lafe Gore.

At an early hour Raymond Garrett came to the hotel, looking pale and troubled. His face brightened somewhat when he saw Dick.

“Well, this is a relief!” he exclaimed. “I didn’t close my eyes last night.”

“Had I known you were worrying that much over me I surely would have notified you when I got back to the island,” said Dick.

“I have something else to worry about,” said Ray. “My father is ill, and I had to stay up with him. He has had a dangerous rheumatic attack, and the doctor fears it may go to his heart.”

Dick immediately expressed sympathy, after which Garrett listened to Merriwell’s story of his thrilling experiences on Fang Ledge.

“This accounts for what Brick McLane just told me,” he said. “I met Brick on my way over here. He had seen Gore a short time before, and he said Lafe was crazy as a bedbug. He kept talking about dead men’s eyes and things like that. Take my advice, boys, and steer clear of Lafe. He’s dangerous enough when he’s all right, and he must be still more dangerous now that he’s out of his head.”

“It’s right sure that somebody ought to freeze onto the galoot and put him where he’ll do no harm,” said Buckhart. “What kind of a place is this that they’ll let a crazy man run loose in it?”

“Perhaps they will do something with him now,” nodded Ray. “I’ll notify the authorities and advise them to look out for Gore. He’ll be murdering somebody yet.”

“Dern he pith him!” exclaimed Obediah Tubbs. “I don’t believe it would be the first time he’s murdered somebody.”

“Better not talk that around town too much. Gore’s friends will hear it and tell him.”

The people of the little island village were both relieved and rejoiced when they learned that Dick Merriwell had reappeared in safety. The story of Dick’s experience with Gore aroused Mayor Cobb, who gave orders that the deranged ruffian should be apprehended and locked up without delay.

The local constable started out with several assistants to look for Lafe, but the fellow seemed to have vanished in a singular manner, and no trace of him could be found.

Of course Dick was sorry to learn that Fairhaven had dropped a game to Maplewood. He again figured up the standing and discovered that the loss of another game might once more place Fairhaven and Maplewood neck and neck for second position. In order to keep ahead of Maplewood, if the latter team should win the coming game, the islanders must also win from Seaslope.

While Dick was figuring this thing over in his room Billy Bradley came in and observed:

“Hi am hafraid we’re going to ave a bad day, don’t you know. It looks that way now, Dick.”

“What makes you think so?”

“Hi’ave just been talking with Brick McLane, and ’e says the fog is coming in. There’s a big bank down to the south, and hit’s awful thick.”

“Well, if we can get away before the fog shuts in we’ll play that game all right.”

“Ow are we going over to Rockford to-day?”

“By special steamer. Garrett engaged the Lady May to take over an excursion party. He’s working up the party now, and the steamer should be ready to leave before noon. It may be in here now.”

“Hif we had gone on the regular boat this morning hit would ’ave been half right,” said Billy. “Hi don’t fancy running around these ledges hit a fog, don’t you hunderstand.”

“I don’t fancy it myself,” confessed Dick; “but I am ready to take my chances if the captain of the Lady May will take his. Let’s not worry about the fog until it shuts in.”

“Hi see you don’t think hit’s coming.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. McLane seldom makes a mistake on the weather.”

The lobsterman had made no mistake on this occasion, for by ten o’clock a heavy fog rolled over the
island and seemed to become denser during the next hour.

The boys gathered at the hotel and began to wonder if they ought to make ready for the run to the mainland.

Finally Ray Garrett again appeared, and this time he seemed to look still more serious and worried.

"I am afraid," he acknowledged, "that we made a mistake in engaging a special steamer to-day. We'll not get an excursion party large enough to pay for the boat if this fog continues, and everybody says it's going to stay by us."

"Well, we'll have to make the trip just the same," said Dick. "If we lose money on it, that can't be helped now."

"I don't know as we will make it."

"Why not?"

"The captain of the Lady May is a cautious chap, and he's afraid to take chances around here in a heavy fog. Let's go down and talk with him, Dick."

Together they walked to the wharf where the little excursion steamer lay. Apparently there was no one on board, but they found the captain sulking in the boathouse.

"What do you think about it, Capt. Jennings?" asked Garrett.

"Rotten! Rotten!" growled Jennings. "I left another job for this. You always have a fog around this confounded island, and every time I come here I get it in the neck!"

"Not quite as bad as that," denied Garrett. "You didn't get it in the neck the last time. We're losing something, too, captain. I know there would have been a large excursion party only for this fog. I suppose now there will not be a dozen beside the ball players."

"You're not reckoning on running out in this smudge, are you?" surly questioned the captain.

"Why we're obliged to get to Rockford somehow," retorted Garrett.

"Well, you'll never get there on this boat if the fog doesn't lift," declared Jennings. "I think too much of the Lady May to take her out into that."

"If we're willing to take our chances——" began Garrett.

"Lots of chances you'd be taking!" exclaimed Jennings, sulkily. "No, sir; I'll never cast off a line until the fog lifts."

In vain they argued with him, and finally Dick left Garrett to continue the argument, deciding it was useless to say anything further. He walked aft and stood by the rail at the stern of the little steamer.

"We'll not be to blame if we can't get to Rockford," he thought. "They can't forfeit the game on us if we notify them of our inability to appear."

Suddenly, without a sound, another person appeared at Dick's side and a hand clutched the boy's arm.

"Look!" whispered a well-known voice. "Look down there at the water! You can see their eyes!"

It was Lafe Gore.

"Hello!" exclaimed Dick. "Where did you come from? There are some people looking for you."

"Yes, they're lookin' for me!" said Gore, in that same awesome whisper. "The dead are looking for me! I can't hide from them!"

The boy was on guard, for he knew it was possible the deranged man might attack him at any moment.

"Why don't you come away from the water, Gore?" he said. "Then you won't see their eyes. Come up into town with me."

"I can't get away! I've tried it, but something keeps pullin' me back! Listen! Hear them whisper! You can hear it?"

The only sound Gore heard was that made by the water as it washed round the spiles of the wharf and splashed softly against the Lady May.

Dick glanced over his shoulder toward the forward part of the boat. He was tempted to call to Garrett and the captain, but hesitated about doing so, at the same time wishing for one or both of them to appear.

"Why didn't you let me go when they had hold of me?" demanded the deranged man. "You pulled me out of the water! They had me by the feet! I could feel them clutch me! I couldn't get away from them! They are determined to drag me down! down! down!"

Again Dick glanced over his shoulder, and this time he was relieved to see Garrett coming. Ray uttered an exclamation of surprise as his eyes fell on Merrinwell's companion.

Gore heard this exclamation and also looked round. "Keep away!" he cried, flinging up one hand and facing Garrett, "I warn yer not ter touch me!"

Dick made a signal to Ray, who quickened his steps. Suddenly, with an inhuman shout, Gore flung himself headlong over the rail, striking with a loud splash into the water.

"How in the world did he get here?" cried Garrett, reaching Merrinwell's side.
"I don't know where he came from," answered Dick, "but the first thing I knew he was at my elbow. Let's get a line to him. We must pull him out of that."

Both of them now ran forward and told the captain what had happened, at the same time calling for a line to assist in the rescue of Gore. The captain caught up a coil of rope, and the three rushed back to the stern of the boat.

To their surprise they could see nothing of Gore. "Where is he?" exclaimed Garrett. "He can't swim. It can't be he sunk so quickly."

"There's a boat round yonder," said Jennings.

Merriwell ran swiftly from the steamer to the wharf and soon reached some steps, at the foot of which a boat was bobbing. He sprang into it and pulled round to the spot where Lafe Gore had last been seen.

"See anything of him?" asked Capt. Jennings.

"Not a thing," answered Dick. "It's remarkable."

For thirty minutes at least he rowed round, looking for the deranged man, but Lafe Gore had vanished as if actually dragged down to the bottom by the hands of the dead men he dreaded.

"It's no use," Garrett finally called from the wharf, "he must be drowned. We'll notify the authorities, and they will look for his body. It may be a good riddance, although I hate to say so."

On their return to the hotel they told what had happened at the wharf, and a number of men started out to search for the body of Gore. Though this search was continued for hours, no trace of the man was found.

The fog continued to lay heavily over the island, and shortly after midday Garrett called the Rockford manager up on the phone and informed him it would be impossible for Fairhaven to appear.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Tom Fernald. "Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Heavy fog," answered Ray. "Can't get off the island."

"Oh, rats! No fog over here! What are you talking about?"

"Well, there's fog enough here."

"You're squealing!" indignantly exclaimed Fernald. "You can't play that game on us! You can come to Rockford to-day, or we will put our team onto the field and take the game by forfeit."

"I wouldn't do that if I were in your place," calmly retorted Garrett. "It's understood that no game shall be forfeited because of the inability of the visiting team to reach the field where that game is to be played."

"You're afraid to show up!"

"Instead of being afraid," said Ray, "we're anxious to get at you fellows. You have the lead in the race, and we want to pull you down a notch."

"You make me laugh!" said the Rockford manager. "Why didn't you take the game from Maplewood yesterday?"

"Our captain was absent."

"Poor excuse is better'n none. I suppose he's still absent?"

"No; he's right here. We want to play this game as badly as you do, Mr. Fernald."

"It looks like it!" exclaimed the Rockford manager, sneeringly. "I hate to disappoint people here, for we've had a roaring, big crowd to-day. I shall keep my word, Garrett, and put the team onto the field."

"Go ahead," said Ray, losing his patience at last.

"Little good it will do you!"

"Why didn't you come by the regular boat this morning?"

"Because we had arranged to come on the Lady May, and she lies here at the wharf now. The fog came in in the middle of the forenoon, and Capt. Jennings refuses to budge."

"I don't take any stock in that, Garrett. Get Jennings to the phone for me, will you?"

"Get him to the phone yourself!" retorted Ray. "I don't fancy having any man call me a liar! If you can't take my word for it you may have the umpire forfeit the game and see how much good it will do you! Good-by!"

As he hung up the receiver he heard Fernald shout something, but paid no further attention to the man.

Later Garrett learned that Fernald did call Capt. Jennings to the phone and that the captain firmly refused to take his boat out of Fairhaven harbor.

That night the boys learned that Rockford had made arrangements with Maplewood and Seaslope to have the Maplewood team play in Rockford in Fairhaven's place, while Seaslope took a rest. Evidently Benton Hammerswell had eagerly agreed to this, hoping to win from the leading team in the league. If such was his expectation, however, he met with disappointment, as Rockford easily carried off the game by a score of sixteen to five.

"Fernald was determined to have a game to-day," laughed Garrett. "Evidently he gave up the idea of
putting his team onto the field and have us lose by forfeit.”

“Where is Maplewood nun-nun-now?” inquired Jollify. “She must be pretty near the fuf-fuf-fuf-foot.”

“Wait a minute,” said Dick, as he jotted down some figures. “Let’s see how the teams stand. Both Rockford and Maplewood have played twenty-eight games, while Fairhaven and Seaslope have played twenty-seven each. Rockford has won seventeen and lost eleven. We are still in second place, having won fourteen and lost thirteen. Maplewood has won thirteen and lost fifteen. Seaslope has won eleven and lost sixteen. Yes, Hammerswell’s team is slumping, and two or three more games may put it at the bottom.”

“That sure is a whole lot of satisfaction to me,” declared Buckhart. “This shifting round of the game-to-day upsets the schedule some. I don’t see how they had any right to make such a change.”

“When it comes to a matter of right,” said Garrett, “they didn’t; but evidently Fernald, Hammerswell and Whitcomb all agreed on it, and therefore we have very little to say.”

The hotel proprietor now appeared and told Garrett he was wanted at the phone. A few minutes later Ray returned and informed the boys that another change had been made and Fairhaven would be expected to play Rockford in Rockford the following day.

“Let’s find out if the Lady May is still here,” he said. “If Jennings hasn’t arranged for something tomorrow, perhaps we can run that excursion.”

The Lady May was still lying at the wharf, and Capt. Jennings was sulking.

“So you want my boat to-morrow, do you?” he growled, after listening to Garrett’s proposal. “Well, it’s the last excursion I’ll ever take off this island.”

“Then you will carry us, will you, captain?”

“Yes, I’ll carry you if the datted fog doesn’t prevent it!”

“All right,” laughed Ray. “That’s settled.”

CHAPTER X.
A MAN OF MANY PLOTS.

That same evening Benton Hammerswell called Chester Arlington to his room in the Maple Heights Hotel at Maplewood. Hammerswell was chewing at the end of an unlighted cigar, and looking both disgusted and desperate.

“I’d like to know what ails this confounded team of ours, Arlington?” he said.

“I wish I could tell you,” said Chester, as he coolly sat down and produced a cigarette case. “I am sure I don’t know.”

Hammerswell glared at Chester’s cigarette.

“Why do you smoke those things?” he demanded.

“Why do you smoke a cigar?” asked Arlington, in return.

“There’s a difference between a cigar and a cigarette, and you know it. Men smoke cigars, but real men never smoke cigarettes. Those things spoil your nerves and ruin your playing.”

“Did we lose the game to-day through any fault of mine?” asked Chester. “Did you see any errors marked against me to-day? Didn’t I accept every chance I had, and didn’t I make two clean hits? If the others had done as well, the result might have been something different.”

“It’s a thundering queer thing,” growled Hammerswell, “that I’ve poured money into this old baseball team and now we’re pretty near the bottom. I have been ready to pay any price for good men. I have made change after change that should have improved the team, but still we keep on losing.”

“Don’t you think you have made too many changes?” asked Chester, pulling at his cigarette.

“Too many changes? How can you make too many changes, if you drop weak players and fill their places with better men?”

“I have noticed, Mr. Hammerswell, that a winning ball team in a league seldom makes changes. It sticks together and works to improve it’s playing. If you keep changing all the time it breaks up team work. New men come in and are not familiar with the others, and are not onto the style of playing. You will notice that only one change has been made on the Fairhaven team since the season opened, and that came through necessity. When they lost Wiley they had to fill his place.”

These words seemed to provoke the Maplewood manager still more.

“Yes!” he cried. “And they got a better man in Owen Bold. I wasted my ammunition in getting rid of Wiley. It’s impossible to head Rockford now. She’s going to win the pennant as sure as fate. The only thing we can do is to take second place.”
"Can we do that?" laughed Chet, shrugging his shoulders.

Hammerswell savagely stamped the floor.

"We must do it!" he almost shouted. "Why, people around here have the cheek to tell me I made a blunder when I refused to keep Merriwell and his gang! This very day Henry Duncan asked me if I didn't realize my mistake. I'd rather lose five hundred dollars more than to give that man a chance to throw it into me, which he will do if we finish the season behind Fairhaven. He's not the only one, either. There are others waiting for the opportunity to tell me what they think. You were confident that we would win to-day, Arlington."

"I know it," confessed Chester. "I felt that it was our day, and that's why I was anxious to get at Rockford. We made a mistake, Mr. Hammerswell, in not playing the regular game with Seaslope."

"Not if those lobsters had put up the game they did at Rockford. I have threatened once or twice to drop you from the team, Arlington."

"I know it. You were unreasonable, Mr. Hammerswell. You can see now; if you think the matter over soberly, that I have made good right along. I urged you not to shift players so often, but you wouldn't hear to me. About the time I got the boys working well together you invariably insisted on some change. No captain can work up a winning team unless he keeps his players together. If you're dissatisfied with me, you know what you can do."

"Don't get insolent, young fellow!" snarled the desperate manager. "I am not going to fire you."

Chester smiled. He was thinking at that moment that he knew the reason why Hammerswell did not intend to let him go. The Maplewood manager had taken Chester into his confidence, and Arlington knew all about Benton Hammerswell's schemes and plots to defeat Fairhaven. Being aware of this, Hammerswell did not care to anger Chester by giving him his release.

"No, I am not going to fire you," he repeated, seeking to control himself. "I acknowledge you've been a good man, Arlington. You want to down Merriwell, don't you?"

"You know I do."

"Well, I've a plan. If you will help me out it may work. Why can't you leave here and go to Fairhaven? You can say you became disgusted with us and quit the team. I will pretend to be sore and discharge you for leaving. Fairhaven has only nine men, and she needs another. For one thing, she needs an extra pitcher. You know all those fellows, and you can get back with them if you're clever. They'll take you onto the team again, and you can aid me in pulling them down. You will be of more value to me on their team than on our team here. What do you say to that?"

Chester snapped his fingers.

"The scheme isn't worth a puff of smoke," he declared.

"Why not?"

"Because it won't work."

"What makes you think it won't?"

"I know it wouldn't. I know those fellows on that team. I couldn't get back with them if I went over there and begged the privilege on my knees."

"Do you believe that?"

"I tell you I know it."

"You might try it," urged the scheming rascal.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hammerswell. I wouldn't think of humiliating myself in such a manner. You will have to think of something else."

"Then there is only one thing for it," growled Hammerswell. "Merriwell must be reached."

"What do you mean by reached?"

Again the man stepped in front of the boy, lowering his voice as he said:

"I mean that he must be fixed so he'll play no more this season. As long as he remains in the game those Fairhaven youngsters will fight like a bunch of tigers. Take him out of it, and they will be unable to hold their own with any other team in the league."

"How do you propose to get him out of it?"

"I don't know just now," confessed Hammerswell, tugging at one end of his drooping mustache; "but I had the thing fixed yesterday, all right. He would not have played in Rockford if Fairhaven had appeared there."
“Why not?”

“I happen to know a little something about the assistant engineer on the Lady May. I happen to know that he is wanted by the authorities in Haverhill, Massachusetts, for breaking and entering there. He is aware that I know this, and I had a little scheme all fixed up with him yesterday. He was to get at Merriwell some time during the trip over from the island. He’s stout as a bull, and has made something of a reputation as a professional wrestler. He agreed to tackle Merriwell and break his arm. What do you think of that? I have an idea that would put the fellow out of the game for the rest of this season, if it didn’t end his ball playing forever.”

Again Chester shrugged his shoulders.

“Mr. Hammerswell,” he said, “I confess that for plots of this sort you certainly beat anyone I ever met. I wonder what you will devise next. It’s lucky for Merriwell, apparently, that Fairhaven didn’t cross on the Lady May yesterday.”

“They may use that boat again before long,” said Hammerswell. “When they do something will happen. Mark my word.”

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIGHTFUL PREDICAMENT.

The Lady May was on her way from Fairhaven to Rockford, bearing the island baseball team and a party of excursionists. Early in the day the weather had looked threatening, and this prevented many from joining the excursion. It was fair enough now, however, with the sun shining on the distant Maplewood hills and turning to liquid silver the crest of each wave in the bay as the little steamer merrily plowed along.

With a single exception, all the excursionists and ball players were on deck, enjoying the sail and the cool breeze.

“Where’s Dud-Dud-Dud-Dick?” questioned Jolliby.

“I haven’t sus-sus-sus-seen him since we started.”

“Come with me,” invited Obediah Tubbs, mysteriously. “I will show you something.”

Together the thin boy and the fat boy descended into the cabin, and there, stretched on one of the cushioned seats, evidently sound asleep, was Dick.

“What’s he sus-sus-sus-snoozing for?” whispered Chip, in surprise. “It ain’t like him to sus-sus-sleep such a fine day as this. He’s always on deck and wide awake.”

“Keep still!” cautioned Obediah. “Dern your picter I you will wake him up. He’s tired, I guess.”

“What makes him tut-tut-tut-tired?”

“Don’t you know he sat up all last night with Ray Garrett’s father. You know Mr. Garrett is pretty sick, and his folks are awful worried about him.”

“Did Dick sus-sus-set up?” asked Jolliby. “I didn’t know anything abub-bub-bout it.”

“Yep, he set up,” nodded Tubbs. “Ray was on the jump all day yesterday after setting up himself the night before, and he was blooming pegged out last night. Dick and Gardner called over at Garrett’s, and Dick stayed when Earl came away. This morning I heard him telling Buckhart how he watched with Mr. Garrett most all night.”

“He was a fuf-fuf-fool to do it,” declared Chip. “Why, he’s got to pup-pup-pup-pitch the game to-day, and he’ll have to be right on his ginger to bub-bub-bub-bub-beat Rockford.”

At this juncture Brad Buckhart tiptoed softly down the companionway and peeped into the cabin to see if Dick was still sleeping. Discovering Chip and Obediah, the Texan hissed in an indignant whisper:

“Whatsoever are you galoots trying to do? Amble out of this, and let my pard snooze undisturbed and peaceful.”

“Now, don’t you go to looking at me in that tone of voice!” hotly retorted Tubbs. “If you do, dern your picter, I’ll sail inter you! We ain’t done nothing.”

“We’ll bub-bub-bub-boat sail into you,” muttered Jolliby. “You don’t want to get fuf-fuf-fuf-fresh with us, Mr. Buckhart. We’re a whole tut-tut-tut-team, with a little dog under the wagon, by jingo’s!”

“That’s what we be, Chip,” agreed Obed, affectionately embracing his lanky companion. “We’ll stick by each other until the last pie is swallowed.”
“Go on, both of you!” growled Brad, softly. “In ten minutes you will be quarreling.”

“What?” exclaimed Jolliby, with an air of indignation. “Quarreling! quarreling! Why, we nun-nun-nun-never have the sus-sus-slightest disagreement, do we, Obey?”

“Never,” affirmed the fat boy. “But I guess we’d better move, or this fighting Texan will make a row and wake Dick up.”

Barely had the three left the cabin when a thickset, begrimed, muscular-looking young man silently opened a narrow door and peered in at the sleeper. This fellow was covered with coal dust, and his appearance denoted that he was a worker in the engine room. His eyes gleamed with a wicked look as they fell on the sleeping boy.

“That’s him!” he muttered softly, “or my name isn’t Luke Grimes. “This is my chance to get at him. If I don’t do it, Hammerswell threatens to blow on me. If he does blow, I will be pinched and taken back to Haverhill.”

For a moment the man seemed to hesitate, after which he tiptoed softly into the cabin. Pausing near the companionway, he peered upward and listened.

“Somebody may ketch me at it,” he whispered; “but I’ve got ter take the chances. I won’t break his arm now, but I’ll put him outer one game.”

Turning toward the sleeping lad, Luke Grimes produced from his pocket a dirty handkerchief and a small vial containing some liquid. Removing the stopple from the vial, he turned its contents onto the handkerchief. Like a cat he stole upon the unconscious boy. The handkerchief gave out a sickening odor as it was held close to Dick’s nostrils.

Watching like a hawk, Grimes noted the effect of the odor upon the sleeper and was ready for action when Dick stirred slightly and seemed on the point of awakening. Instantly the man flung himself on Merriwell, pinning him fast and pressing the handkerchief close over his mouth and nose.

The struggle that followed was brief, for Merriwell had been taken at such a disadvantage that he had no chance to resist successfully and therefore was quickly overcome. Satisfied with his work, yet shaking with apprehension, Luke Grimes lifted the unconscious lad and bore him quickly from the cabin, disappearing through the narrow door, which closed behind them.

When Dick recovered consciousness he found himself lying on a bed of soft coal in a dark, suffocating place. His jaws were aching and his limbs cramped. He breathed with a hoarse whistling sound that told of painful efforts. On trying to stir, he found himself helpless. He was bewildered and dazed, and could not comprehend what had happened.

After a time his reviving senses noted the clanking sound of an engine not far away, and that a regular shuddering movement shook that part of the steamer. Gradually he remembered all that occurred up to the time he fell asleep in the cabin of the Lady May. Then he wondered if his present experience might not be a hideous dream. He soon decided, however, that unfortunately he was wide awake. His hands and feet were bound, and the aching of his jaws was caused by a gag which held them wide apart.

Of a sudden, to the boy’s surprise, there was a slight movement near at hand. Turning his head a little, Merriwell fancied he saw a pair of gleaming eyes fastened upon him. In the depths of those eyes was something that fascinated him and held him spellbound.

Nearer and nearer they came. Something was creeping upon him. He saw a black body, and then gradually made out the figure of a man crawling on hands and knees over the bed of soft coal.

“Who was it?”

Dick’s heart hammered furiously in his breast. He wondered at the stealthy action of the unknown man, which for him seemed to bode no good.

At length the unknown reached out a hand and touched the boy.

What would he do next?

At least thirty seconds of absolute silence followed, and every second seemed a minute.
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

The silence was broken by a strange, low laugh that was remarkably familiar to Dick.

"In here I can hide from the eyes of the dead," said a voice that made Merriwell’s nerves jump. "They can’t follow me here. But you have found me. Why did you come?"

Dick’s companion was Lafe Gore!

CHAPTER XII.
ONE NOTCH FROM THE BOTTOM.

Though Maplewood was to play in Seaslope that afternoon, Benton Hammerswell stopped at Rockford and visited the baseball field there. The home team was practicing on the field as Hammerswell entered, but the islanders had not arrived.

"How do you do, Mr. Hammerswell," said Tom Fernald, as he met the Maplewood man. "Why aren’t you in Seaslope?"

"Going right over on the next car," said Hammerswell. "Just dropped off here to see your game start. I suppose you expect to win to-day?"

"Of course," laughed Fernald. "Our boys are in great trim. We’ll take a fall out of the islanders all right, and it’s up to you to hold Seaslope down. The Seaslopers are climbing altogether too fast to suit me."

"I am not worrying about our game at Seaslope," returned Hammerswell. "We’re out for a scalp this day, and we’ll certainly take it."

"That’s the talk!" chuckled the Rockford manager. "Of course, we’re going to carry off the pennant, but we’re anxious to have you secure second position. Seaslope is pressing you hard. If you lose to-day you will be just one small notch from the bottom."

"I put my players to bed at nine o’clock last night. Had a little session with them yesterday and gave them some straight talk. If they will behave Maplewood can crowd Rockford for first place before the season ends. The only thing that keeps us down is booze. Some of my best men monkey with the stuff and get knocked out of condition. I have warned every booze-seller in these parts against letting any man on the Maplewood team have the stuff, and I propose to make it hot for the first one who disregards the warning. I’ll keep the whole of my players on the water-wagon if I have to sit up night and day to do it."

"Pretty hard work to prevent a man from drinking if he’s made up his mind to have the stuff," said Fernald. "I know that by experience."

A coal-begrimed man approached and spoke to the Maplewood manager.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hammerswell," he said. "Can I see yer a minute?"

Hammerswell frowned and looked annoyed.

"I suppose so," he said, turning away.

Tom Fernald walked toward the Rockford bench.

"What the devil do you mean, Grimes, by coming here and speaking to me in public?" asked Hammerswell, in a low tone.

"I wanted ter tell yer," answered Luke Grimes, for the man was the assistant engineer of the Lady May.

"I done the job. Merriwell is tied and gagged in the coal hole of the Lady May. He won’t pitch to-day. And I doubt if them fellers from the island play at all. They tore things up searching for him, but didn’t find him, and now they think he must have gone overboard somehow. They know he was asleep in the cabin, and some of them say he may have walked in his sleep and tumbled overboard. I am going to dig out, for there will be an awful ruction over this business when he’s found. I want some money."

"Money?"

"Yes! Got ter have it! Gimme twenty-five dollars!"

"Haven’t got it with me," said Hammerswell. "I will meet you in front of the Cornrike to-night at seven o’clock. I will let you have some money then. You stand in front of the hotel and follow me as I pass."

"All right," said Grimes. "But you want to be there, Mr. Hammerswell. It wouldn’t be a good thing for you if I was ketched and had to confess what I done and why I done it."
“Depend on me,” said Hammerswell. “You’d better take a walk now.”

Grimes hurried away and left the ball ground.

Hammerswell lingered a few moments, glancing at his watch.

“I don’t care a rap,” he muttered, “if Merriwell dies in the coal hole of the Lady May before they find him.”

Finally he turned to leave the field, with the intention of taking a car for Seaslope. As he turned toward the gate he saw the Fairhaven team entering. Suddenly he paused, his face turning pale, for at the head of the island boys was Dick Merriwell.

“Ten thousand furies!” whispered Hammerswell. “They have found him, and he seems in good condition to play ball.”

Dick was speaking to Buckhart as they drew near the Maplewood manager, and Hammerswell heard him say:

“Yes, I might have smothered there only for Laurence Gore. The poor, crazy fellow was hiding in that place, and he set me free as soon as he made out who I was. So you see, Brad, I didn’t make a bad blunder in saving his life on Fang Ledge.”

Just then Dick’s dark eyes fell on Benton Hammerswell. He noted the pallor of the man, and suddenly he flung up one hand, pointing straight at Hammerswell’s face.

“Another dastardly trick gone wrong!” he cried, accusingly. “In the end you shall settle for them all!”

Without a word in retort, Hammerswell hurried from the field.

* * * * * * *

That night as the trolley car on which he left Seaslope passed the office of the Rockford Star, Benton Hammerswell read the following record on the bulletin board:

Beneath this record of the scores made that day in the league was the standing of the teams:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Per C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rockford</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairhaven</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maplewood</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaslope</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>16</td>
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“One notch from the bottom!” hoarsely muttered Hammerswell.

THE END.

The Next Number [437] Will Contain

Dick Merriwell’s Self-Reliance

OR,

SNARED BY HIS OWN SCHEMING.

THE CHASE FOR LUKE GRIMES!

APPLAUSE

As we are old timers, permit us to address a few words to the many readers of Tip Top through the Appliance column. Since No. 1 was issued we have wished it was a semi-weekly. So have others. The work on your paper is many, and all American and foreign youths should read and be benefited. Frank Merriwell stands before us, we dare say, without a peer, and is ably supported in his undertakings by his admirable Brother Dick, together with a well-supporting host of friends. Now that he is in business, his Brother Dick fills his place in school. Frank's smaller trials are over, and he has advanced out on the open plane of a bustling business career. While Dick has passed through quite a number of thrilling experiences, his career is still comparatively in an embryo state. We read in the Appliance where he, Dick, is severely criticised for his treatment of Chester Arlington. Now, those who try to deride Dick in his actions should just consider the proposition from both sides. What would they do were they in his place? Give it up? Eh! If it were not for Dick, where would Chester be? Undoubtedly a low-down rascal.

We do not intend to be critics, but we don't think that Arlington's sense of appreciation is much longer than a fly's whiskers. In Tip Top, 428, Theodore S. ends by saying, "Three cheers for everybody except Dick and his set." Now, Theo, is either a dunce or has very little respect for Mr. Standish, as that gentleman took Frank and Dick Merriwell for his characters. Theo, you owe Mr. Standish an apology. It is not, in our estimation, the plaudit's place to attend in compiling this publication, as Mr. Standish is, we think, quite capable. If any part of this communication might be construed into dictation or suggestions we humbly beg pardon.

Trusting this will escape the wastebasket, we will close, begging your pardon for sending such a long letter.

GEORGE EVANS, JACK SEYER.

We appreciate this thoroughly sensible letter.

I will now take the privilege of writing what I think of Tip Top. I have read a large number of books and weekly papers, but Tip Top is the only one I really like. It certainly is far, far ahead of all the rest. It has spread far and wide, and is constantly growing more popular, as the stories grow more interesting each week. I think Frank and his friends most interesting. I admire the manner in which he disposes of his enemies, and protects his friends. I hope he will soon become acquainted with some boys in "Southern Michigan." He is capable of fighting his way through the world—allows no one to impose. Those who venture to "tread upon his toes," well, they suffer the consequences, which often have serious.

A word for Bart, who is always around handy to do his part. His actions are louder than his words; but when he speaks he says something, which generally leaves an impression. He is ever firm as a rock and true as steel.

Inza should consider herself very fortunate in securing the hero, whom I hardly think she deserves. She was inclined to be a little coquettish and now is completely turned on to Frank, who, too, for a long time was undecided, and she is not to be blamed. I was greatly surprised in the choice he made. I consider Elise the better of the two; but she has no cause to complain. She will win a worthy prize, who will always remain true. And in time, Bart will grow to be his cham's equal. He is now but one or two steps in the background.

Dick is following in his brother's footsteps. He has been too kind to Chester. I hope he will soon cast aside his principles and give the villain the thrashing he has long deserved. He did wrong in giving to others what rightfully belonged to the constituted duke. Just because he is fond of his sister, I think he should not give her brother a better show than others. For instance, Flint and Black, whom he of late has slightly neglected, and are worthy of more consideration.

Brad is O.K., the capable of stirring up excitement and making considerable noise. The world would be very dull without such as he. I hope no other will take his place as Dick's best friend, who will see through his future life, which will be as interesting as Frank's college days.

June is a good character. She knows her influence over Dick and delights to have him best of all the inebriates, for the sake of her brother, who will never appreciate their efforts in helping him reform. As he grows older, Dick will discover he has made a mistake. See the jewel "Doris," whom he is rapidly losing.

An old reader,

I N A W.

South Bend, Ind.

We can see that you are an old reader from the fact, that you know the stories so well. You disagree with many who think that Dick treats Arlington too harshly.

Don't you think that you are rather hard on June?

Well, here goes for the "Two Canucks." Their argument might be all right if everybody who read it had no mother in at all, but to those who have the least grain of the aforesaid, it is all rot. Now I have made this, and I will prove my theories are not so far from the truth. Their estimation of Frank Merriwell is all right, and then they turn square around and say what they say any day by saying they do not like Dick. The reason I say this is because, if I understand characters, Dick is as near like his brother as it is possible for one brother to be like another. Dick has a swelled head? Well, that is about the thinnest piece of argument anyone could produce. The Canucks are like some of the people who take up an issue and back their assertions by passages of Scripture. They read only one line at a time and cut out that part which does not really suit their case. They evidently have not stopped to read everything about Dick's actions, or they could not possibly think he has a "swelled head." This thing of these sapheads all trying to tell Mr. Standish how to write a novel makes me sore.

If they are so "Johnny Wise," why don't they go to writing some story to compete with Tip Top? Dick Merrick is nothing more than a model young man. If these two crazy Indians from B. C. followed in Dick's footsteps they would have no serious objections to make. Brad Buckhart is a little loud, but how would these git-get-edge-weeklies look with all characters of the same temperament and speech? Reason a little. Have a little sense, man, and stop to think how long you would read Tip Top if the characters were all the same, or nearly so. Give me one or two more no worse than Brad. Chester Arlington is simply a noble fellow in the rough. Of course you will say he is not as Dick. He is composed of as good stuff, but he is like a statute in the rough. He is composed of the right material, but the roughness of the raw material. Dick will level off the sharp corners, and the smooth polishing stone of the true love of a sister, in the hands of June, will bring him up on a level with Merriwell. If the half-breeds from B. C. had any talent of main principle of interest in the character of Dick, they could easily see that he has done these
Things to help a fallen schoolmate, and not for the sake of his sister. Dick likes flirters, does he? Is there anyone who does not, to a certain extent? One thing certain, if everyone had a friend as true as Brad, he would be a "lucky dog," indeed. C. H. Wells, you are the "Candy." I had not read your letter until I had gotten this far in mine, but in No. 429 you tell it better than I, and just what I wanted to say. However, I think I have backed my theories by arguments that are logical. Here's success to the Tolly League!

Ashley, Ohio.

Good for B. I. Wrong. He knows how to write a good letter.

I see in No. 429, in the Applause column of the Tip Top Weekly, a letter signed "Two Canucks," in which they criticise our beloved characters, Dick and Brad, very severely. They say that Dick has a bad case of swelled head, and is the whole show at Fardale, and has no use for anyone who will not bow the knee to him. They say that Chester is a better pitcher than Dick. Now, I will not go so far as they are, but I will say that a young fellow who either make misstatements for the notoriety there is in it, or because they are so thick-headed that they can't perceive sensible reading. What do they know of baseball up there in Canada? Then they hate the Texan, and like that mean, stinking, low-down, scum of humanity, Arlington. But I see why, as the old saying goes, "Birds of a feather flock together," and I think it was never so plain to me now. Arlington and the Canucks make a good trio.

I dare them to say the same to Brad's face as they say through Tip Top, or even to mine. Brad would knock the block off of them too quick and I'd try mighty hard. Barron Black, if I remember right, is the fellow who put the scar across Mint's face. And then this thick-headed pair try to tell Burt L. what to do to oblige them. They may run their own fool business up in Canada, but I'll bet mine is better for it here. They must be some relation to the royal family, they try to be so lofty. I like Frank, Bart, Ready, Wiley, Dick, Brad, Earl and Mint, in fact all, except Arlington. Of the girls I like Inza and Doris, and hope that they will some day become Mrs. Frank and Dick Merrwell. Now come again, my gay young Canucks. I will close, with three cheers for Burt L. Standish, and a long drawn out aw-aw-aw for the Canucks.

Floyd F. Miles.

Dallas City, Ill.

Another blow for the two Canucks! They are getting lots of it this week.

I have just finished reading No. 428, and am simply disgusted with the so-called "applause" of a certain "Theodore S." I am from the West, born and raised in Texas. I like Brad for his manly character in standing up for Dick in everything he says; and as for "Obed" being too fat to play baseball, well, that is too much! I would like to see Mr. Theodore make such a speech as Mr. Tubbs did in 428. As for Zona and Dick hitching together, I am against that also. I think Doris, or June, is the girl for Dick.

I have been keeping my temper under control up to this time, but when some one comes down "all sprawled out," as Brad says, on Dick, Brad and Obed, I do not know what to say. I hope Frank and Bart will soon marry. I have been reading Tip Top ever since "The Contents of the Oilskin Envelope," and have found nothing wrong with it. My mother also reads it. My father is down on it; but once in a while he will sit up late at night and read it. Well, I will close. Here are three cheers for Tip Top, S. & S., Dick, Brad and Obed. Good luck to all.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

A READER FROM THE FOOT OF OLD PIER'S PEAK.

You are another who disagrees with Theo. S. Of course, it would be hard for him to equal Tubbs, either in a baseball or pie-eating contest, especially the latter.

I have never written to you before, as I have to give my time to my schoolbooks and Tip Top Weekly, which is at the tip top, where I know it will remain!

I admire Dick, Flint, Brad, Hal, and I have begun to like "Obed," too. I think we must make friends with me with that "Chet's" mother was the cause of his working against Dick as he did. There is, I believe, good blood in "Chet's" veins; some of the "boys" say, "Where did he get that?" They say differently, but I think they mean are they not sister and brother? "Chet" was too ambitious and like Tubbs, and he didn't have power. Dick has ambition, ability and power, which are three things very hard to find in a person. Again, Dick is a born leader, just like Frank. Tubbs and Smart are the "real thing."

Now, speaking of Tip Top, I cannot praise it too highly. It should not be regarded as "trash," as my teacher said fit to call it until he read "Dick Merrwell's Affairs." Then he said, "Well, if you will not read Ladies' Home Journal, etc., you may read Tip Tops." What was the result, some may ask. Well, it is this: as we read our "sporting" blood began to rise, and in about a month we had a fine basket ball team (Howard High School, colored), the only high school colored team in Tennessee, and we are going to have a football team this fall. Does it not show that it is advancing the colored youth in every sport? But, by the way, we have a youth on our team whom we call "Tubbs." He is a young giant and likes pie, and as luck will have it, he plays center, just as the real "Tubbs." The boys call me "Chet" because in a tight game I use the phrase of Chet's, "Fair means or foul, boys," but I do not mean it. We have won every game we have played, thanks to the strength we received from Tip Top and our manager, whose name is "Smart," too. Since I have begun writing I have become so enthused that I shall try to "rhythm her off," as the saying goes.

Rah! For old Tip Top! May her pages never grow old. Rah! For Dick Merrwell's Affairs. And for all good books.

And for old Buckhart, I show 'opine.'

The same for Tubbs I think would be fine—
But the boys told me they had something very nice.
They say it's a pie and they'll send him a slice.

Excuse me for taking so much of your valuable time. Hoping to see this in the next book, I remain,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Geo. I. READ, Tip Top's Colored Friend.

We are delighted to hear from Chattanooga, and wish the school the best of luck in athletics and general prosperity. We would be willing to back these boys from the South against a good many Northern school teams, and that's saying a good deal. The verse is tip top.

It is an old saying that Connecticut is the "Land of Steady Habits." Well, so it is, in Tip Top Weekly. Well, it is a long time since you have heard me shout, and I think I will do a little now. I have noticed of late that some of the Royal Bunch are saying many things that are not true about Dick and his chums. At first I thought I should not like Dick, as I had known Frank so long, but as the weeks go by I can begin to see in Dick that which makes any American youth a true, manly, heart, respected fellow and a fine boy.

Bart Hodge follows Dick, I think, because it is plain to see that he is trying to do things right, and some day he will stand on the level with Dick.

A short time ago some one said that he thought Bart L. was "stretching it some." Well, I don't think so, and I will tell you why. My home is in a suburb of New Haven, and I can reach "Old Yale" in fifteen minutes any time; and I can see college life as some fellows never will. The sports and pranks done by the students are as good as a circus, and Bart L. has pictured the life as true as it can be pictured. If you don't believe it, come and see me any time during the college year and I will prove it to you.

Next? Well, the fair sex come next on the list, but really I don't think we should worry about ourselves about "Dice's love affairs, for I know I wouldn't want anyone trying to butt in to mine, so I will just say that I think the girls are a beautiful set, and I congratulate them all for having admirers like Frank, Dick, Bart and the rest of the fellows. I hope to see them happy as larks some day.

Now for J. M. R. and his bunch, it can plainly be seen that they don't look so good in this week; but I have been looking for trouble and as there is any of the story, because there are enough supporters of the hero down there in their tracks. The "Two Canucks" are very foolish in making their statements in the way they did, and they need some good advice.

I shall be very glad to hear from any of the Top Tippers who wish to write me regarding Yale and her sports, and will try to
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answer the best I can. Hoping to see this in print, I will close with a Rah! Rah! Rah! for Burt L., S. & S., and all Yale.

YANKEE BILL

We’re very glad to hear from Yankee Bill and glad to hear that the Connecticut boys have formed such good habits.

Bill is in luck, living where he is and seeing all the ins and outs of college life. We hope he will go to Yale himself some day and are sure that he will make a splendid record there.

Having been a constant reader of Tip Top from No. 1 to the present issue, I thought I would write and tell you how I enjoy it. My favorites are Frank, Dick and Brad.

I agree with “Two Canucks” about Chester, but I do think Dick has done more for him than anyone else would. But words cannot tell what I think of them for talking so of Dick and Brad.

I am a full-blooded Texan myself, and will take up for Brad every time.

Hurray for Eugene Fleming! I wish I could shake hands with him.

The girls, June and Winnie, are my favorites.

Where are all the Juneces? are they asleep? Hoping to see this in print, I will close, wishing long life and prosperity to Street & Smith and Burt L. S. Three cheers for Tip Top and Brad!

M. H. Mc.

Cleburne, Tex.

Another Texan to the fore.

I would like to say a few words in praise of “The King of Westport” and Dick. Do you have many readers in Halifax, who delight in reading anything about the Merriwells. As regards Dick’s friends, I say all are his staunchest friends who make up the team. I think that Dick ought to throw Arlington up entirely; he is so deceitful. The present series of baseball stories are simply fine.

Hoping to see this letter in print, I remain, ever a Tip Top reader,

GILBERT C. MACARTHUR

Halifax, N. S.

We are glad to hear from Nova Scotia.

Being a constant reader of your most excellent weekly, I take the liberty to write you this letter to the Applause column, in order to air my views regarding your most worthy paper. I have read the “Tip Top” from Number 1 to 430. To say I was, and am, satisfied with them would be putting it very mild. The “Tip Top” is undoubtedly the grandest publication of its kind on earth. It is an ideal publication for the American youth, either of masculine or feminine gender. By casting its valuable and needful influence out into the world it has caused a change for the better in many a youth already started on the path that leads to damnation and ruination. Before I read this weekly I was possessed of a temper which, because of my inability to control it, promised to cause me trouble unending in my after life. But thanks to the influence of Tip Top I have been able to put a curb on this evil. I admire Dick for the wonderful and manly fight which he made against that temper of his. I know what it costs him, for I have tried it myself. Dick is a manly and noble youth, a fit model for the American youth. I love to read of his exploits on the diamond and gridiron. I also am a college youth, and am greatly interested in all athletic sports. I play on the Dixon Academy football, baseball and basketball teams.

Next to Dick, in my estimation, comes Hal. Dear old Hal! After Dick I would rather follow in Hal’s footsteps than any other of the flock, of course excelling Frank. My favorites are as follows (old flock): Frank, Bart, Diamond; (new flock): Dick, Bart, Frank, Hal, Bill. So far as Hal is concerned, I admire him greatly for his perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness. If these qualities were placed in the right direction he would “make good.” But his bad qualities overbalance the good. But his good will always end with a toast for the manuation of his character than he was. Being the son of a Creesus was responsible for his downfall. Of the girls, June is my favorite. I was for Elise, but I see I was wrong. As for Miss H. she is right in the list she did. Leaving the selection in his hands we can be assured that he will choose a wife for Dick, one who will make him a loving and noble wife. His selection will satisfy all the readers except the “chronic kickers.” But still I am for sweet and loving June. Come forward, Juneces! Are you resting on your laurels already won? They say not the victory is the last. The Dorisettes are receiving reinforcements every week, and if we do not watch out the tide of victory may flow in their direction. So rally your forces and we will wage a war upon the Dorisettes. Let our cannon beath forth their volume of letters in defense of our Queen June. Let us declare a friendly war, waged with the mighty pen, to be fought upon the battlefield of Applause Column. See the Juneces, rally! I think Hal should get Doris. As for Zona, I do not think she is worth the attentions of any boy, let alone the sturdy Texan.

My address will be found below, and all who wish to correspond are cordially invited to do so. Well, I will close, wishing long life and prosperity to Burt L., S. & S. and Tip Top, I remain,

RENE BEAUDARD.

No. 3042 Esplanade Ave., New Orleans, La.

We are delighted with this letter from a college boy and an athlete. We thank you for your praise, and congratulate you on winning in the struggle you have had with your temper.

I wish I were, as are a lot of young Americans, an old Tip Top reader. I have read only 25 or 30 of your Tip Top weeklies. Yet I appreciate and admire it as much as any old reader. Being a new reader, Dick is a sure favorite. Bill and Albert, who are Southerners, therefore they are O. K. Tubbs, Smart and Wiley are all right. I like June A. the best of the girls. She is the one for Dick. The only trouble would be in having Chet A. for a brother-in-law. Theodore S., of Little Rock, seems to think that money makes honor and manhood. If Chet A. father were worth billions where he is worth millions, his son, Chester, unless he reforms, is not the equal of an honest, upright son of labor. Like Alice Burle, I wish to read the first Tip Top numbers. Do not think me silly, but what are quarterlies? A number of your Tip Top weeklies in one book? Please let me know in this column what quarterlies are, and what they are worth, and I will send you an order at once.

W. D. CLARK.

East Durham, N. C.

You are quite right about Chester.

You have missed a lot in the Tip Tops you have not read, but think of the treat there is in store for you.

Being a girl admirer of your famous Tip Top Weekly, I take the liberty of using some of your space in the Applause column.

Of the boys, I like Frank, Bart, Dick, Flint and fat Obodiah T. They are too funny for anything. Of the girls, Doris and Inza are my favorites.

I am saving post cards, and would like the readers to send me some.

Here to see this in print soon, I remain, very truly yours,

Victoria, B. C.

“A LITTLE CANUCK GIRL.”

Hats off to the Canuck girl! May she write soon again.

Although I have read the “Tip Top Weekly” for quite a while, I have never before written anything for the Applause column, but on reading No. 430, I felt that I could contain myself no longer. No. 430 was undoubtedly the best athletic story I ever read, and I have read some good ones, too. I see quite a few writers in the Applause column ask for Chester A. to be given half a chance. I would like to know what they think they have got when the way they speak of him. But while I am no Arlington admirer, I was sorry to see Chet go back on Dick and the boys the way he did at Maplewood. I should have liked to see him stay with the boys, and he should have had the same, and I am sure he would have come out a better fellow for it. Dick certainly makes a first-class hero. Next a cheer for Tubbs; he likes pies and so do I. Brad, Flint, Black and the rest all fill their places and fill them mighty well.

Now I’ll end with a toast for the “Tip Top Weekly” admirers to drink with me: Here’s to the success of Fairhaven in the Trolley League! Ever a friend of Tip Top.

CHIEF KICK A BIG HOLE IN THE SKY.

No. 430 was a rattler! As for Chet, he has had plenty of chances, as you say.
Prof. Fourmen: I have long been a reader of your department, and I have decided to ask a few questions. I am taking your course of training. I am 17 years old, 6 feet 1 inch in height, and weigh 150 pounds. My measurements are as follows: Chest, normal, 32½ inches; expanded, 36 inches; waist, 28 inches; neck, 14 inches; biceps, left, 10½ inches; right, 11 inches; forearm, left, 9½ inches; right, 10 inches; thigh, 18½ inches; right calf, 13 inches; left, 12 inches; width of shoulders, 17 inches.

1. How are these?
2. Am I heavy enough?
3. I exercise every night with two flat irons, weighing 7 pounds each, for five minutes. Is it enough?
4. I skate every chance I get, and ride bicycle all summer. Do you think it would do any harm to ride a century? I am a fairly good swimmer.

Hoping this will miss the wastebasket, and thanking you in advance, I am,

"A. F. Atty."

Boston, Mass.

1. Your measurements show that you have the makings of a fine physique.
2. You are slim and light, but you will fill out in the next year or so. Your chest is small. Pay special attention to deep-breathing exercise.
3. Make it fifteen minutes.
4. No.

Prof. Fourmen: I am a constant reader of Tip Top Weekly, and I will, with your kind permission, take the liberty to ask a few questions. I am a boy 14 years old; my height, 4 feet 8½ inches; weight, 90 pounds; chest, normal, 31 inches; chest, expanded, 32½ inches; waist, 25 inches; wrist, 5½ inches; calf, 13½ inches; neck, 13½ inches; forearm, 9½ inches.

1. I am rather short for my age. What will make me taller?
2. Are baseball and basketball good exercises? If not, what is?
3. How are my measurements?

Please oblige me by answering this in next Tip Top Weekly.

J. V. Grimesham

1. Outdoor sport and rowing. Heavy exercise will tend to check your growth.
2. Yes.
3. Fair.

Prof. Fourmen: Becoming greatly interested in your "Questions and Answers" in the Tip Top, I take the privilege of asking a few questions concerning myself. I am 18 years and 2 months of age; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 170 pounds; chest, normal, 49 inches; expanded, 44½ inches; contraction and expansion, 8 inches; waist, 30½ inches; thigh, 22 inches; calf, 15 inches; biceps, 14½ inches; forearm, right, 12½ inches; left, 12 inches; wrist, 7 inches. I can muscle out 50 pounds with my right arm, lift 800 pounds, pick up 125 pounds in my teeth, carry 500 pounds on my back, 25 feet, with my arm bent at the elbow, hand at the shoulder; I can stoop, and, with a person weighing 160 pounds on my hand, rise to an erect position and walk across a room. Can bend a twenty-penny nail with my hands. I started and pushed by myself an electric car weighing between 7 and 8 tons a distance of 20 feet before anyone came to my assistance. I can stand a foot away from a table 36 inches in height and with one leap land on top.

1. Am I in good proportion?
2. What is the best exercise for me?
3. I am taking the "Carriage System" to increase my height. Is this beneficial or injurious? Will it actually increase height? Trusting to hear from you at an early date, I am, sincerely yours,

New Orleans, La.

G. M. K.

1. Yes.
2. Outdoor sports.
3. It will do no harm, and will probably produce a temporary increase in your height.

Prof. Fourmen: My measurements are as follows: Neck, 14½ inches; chest, normal, 33½ inches; expanded, 37½ inches; biceps, right, 11 inches; left, 10½ inches; forearm, right, 10½ inches; left, 10½ inches; waist, 30½ inches; thighs, right, 20½ inches; left, 20½ inches; calves, right, 15 inches; left, 14½ inches; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 145 pounds; age, 15 years 9 months.

I have never taken any exercise, but am now taking your exercises in Tip Top physical culture department.

1. How are my measurements?
2. Am I heavy enough for my height?

Thanking you in advance, and hoping the answers may be printed soon, I am, yours very truly,

"Raffles."

1. Fair. Your right arm is too far behind your left arm.
2. About seven pounds light.

Prof. Fourmen: I, being a reader of "Tip Top," would like to ask you a few questions. I am 13 years 3 months old; weight, 76 pounds; height, 4 feet 8 inches. What do you think my height and weight ought to be, and what would you advise me to do to increase them? Hoping to be answered in print, in your physical culture column in the next "Tip Top," Weekly, I remain, yours respectfully,

J. W., New York, N. Y.

You are about the average for your age in weight and height.

Prof. Fourmen: Having read Tip Top for some time, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 14 years 5 months old; height, 4 feet 10½ inches; weight, 90 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; chest, normal, 27 inches; expanded, 30 inches; waist, 26 inches; from shoulder to shoulder, 12 inches; left thigh, 16½ inches; right, 16 inches; ankles, 9 inches. 1. How do my measurements stand? 2. How could I increase my weight and make my legs larger? 3. Would you please tell me how to get strong?

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to know how to get my height, 4 feet 10½ inches; weight, 90 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; chest, normal, 27 inches; expanded, 30 inches; waist, 26 inches; from shoulder to shoulder, 12 inches; left thigh, 16½ inches; right, 16 inches; ankles, 9 inches. 1. How do my measurements stand? 2. How could I increase my weight and make my legs larger? 3. Would you please tell me how to get strong?
4. When I run I get a pain in my side; could you please give me a remedy to cure it? 5. My arms are small; could you please tell me how to increase their size? 6. How much should I weigh? Thanking you in advance, I remain, A Tip Top Reader.

New Orleans, La.

1. You are short, but well built.
2. Wrestling will do it.
3. Live regularly and take plenty of exercise.
4. Take a long run daily.
5. Use five pound dumb-bells.
6. About one hundred and five.

Prof. Fournier: I would like to ask you a few questions. I think I do not weigh as much as I ought to. I am working. My measurements are as follows: Age, 15½; weight, 85 pounds; height, 4 feet 10½ inches; girth, 28 inches; my reach is 58 inches.

1. Please tell me what I can do to weigh more. I can lift as much as 125 pounds. I wash with cold water every morning.
2. Do you think I need any training? Yours respectfully, Meriden, Conn.

Frederick H. Moore.

1. To get heavier, take regular exercise. Get out into the open air all you can, and eat wholesome, plain food. Use three-pound dumb-bells and chest weights.
2. Yes.

Prof. Fournier: Being a regular reader of the Tip Top Weekly, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. I wish to take an exer in September or October. The physical requirements are, height, 5 feet 6 inches and weight 135 pounds.

1. At the present time I am 5 feet 5¾ inches in height and weigh 128 pounds.
2. Can you advise me how to gain the required weight and height? I am 18 years old. Do you think the height will come naturally?
3. Hoping for an early reply, I am yours respectfully.

R. C. C.

Brockton, Mass.

Keep in the open air all you can. Get plenty of gentle outdoor exercise, but no very violent work. Don’t worry. Keep all your windows open at night and take deep breathing every day. Eat a good thick soup twice a day, a cereal for breakfast and a moderate amount of meat. Eat plenty of potatoes and bread. Sleep ten hours a night and drink a lot of water. Avoid all bad habits. Rise early.

Prof. Fournier: I want to take the liberty of asking you some questions, which I hope will be published in Tip Top Weekly.

1. How are my measurements, which I give below? Reach, 66½ inches; height, 5 feet 5¾ inches; forearm, 10½ inches; biceps, 12 inches; waist, 32 inches; chest, 33 inches; chest, expanded, 36½ inches; thighs, 21 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 9 inches; wrist, 6 inches; neck, 15 inches; across shoulders, 17 inches; weight, 150 pounds; age, 17 years.

Valparaiso, Ind.

Claude Lavermore

1. You are fairly well built.
2. Outdoor exercise such as baseball will help you.
4. Not very good.

Prof. Fournier: I have read "Tip Top" since No. 1, and I take the liberty of asking a few questions:

1. My weight is 140 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches in height; my shoulders measure 42 inches; waist, 29; hips, 35; right forearm, normal; 10; expanded, 12½; thigh, 10½; calf, 13½; wrist, 6½; chest, normal, 33; expanded, 36; neck, 15.
2. How are my measurements? 2. Will Indian club work expand the chest and biceps? 3. How long, with deep breathing, Indian club work, etc., will it take me to make a difference of 2 or 3 inches in chest (inflated) and 2 inches in biceps? Trusting you will reply as soon as convenient, I remain, most respectfully yours.

Shawnee, Okla.

1. Very good.
2. Yes.
3. Three or four months.

Prof. Fournier: Being a constant reader of the Tip Top Weekly, I thought I would send you my measurements. I was 15 years old last month. My height is 5 feet 4 inches and my weight 120 pounds. Here are my measurements: Chest, contracted, 31 inches; chest, expanded, 34 inches; waist, 47 inches; call, 12 inches; forearm, 10 inches; thigh, 18 inches; wrist, 6 inches. How do you think I am built?

Thanking you in advance, I remain, a hopeful athlete.

P. J.

Hanover, Ill.

You are big for your age and should become a good athlete.

Prof. Fournier: Having read the Tip Top for some time, I take the liberty to ask you a question. Whenever I start to run and start a little faster than usual, I have a severe pain in the back of my foot above the heel. What causes the pain, and what will cure it? Hoping to see this in print, I remain, Medford, Mass.

H. L. B.

You have a cramp there, but there is a possibility that you have broken a tendon. Take a good rest and massage your foot daily.

Prof. Fournier: As I have been a reader of Tip Top from the first number until the present time, I will take the liberty to write you a few lines and give you my measurements. Chest, uninflated, 35½ inches; inflated, 38½ inches; waist, 38 inches; thighs, 20½ inches; calves, 14½ inches; biceps, 11½ inches; forearms, 11 inches; neck, 14 inches; height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 136 pounds; age, 18 years 4 months.

1. How are my measurements?
2. What part is lacking the most in development?
3. How am I on an average with other boys?

Closing with luck to Prof. Fournier, S. S. and B. L. S., I remain,

An Admiring.

Bonham, Tex.

1. Very good.
2. Biceps.
3. Far above.

Prof. Fournier: Wishing to become a strong and well-built man, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall; weigh 112 pounds, and am 17 years old. My measurements are: Neck, 13½ inches; chest, 30 inches; inflated, 33 inches; waist, 30 inches; upper arm, 6½ inches; lower arm, 9 inches; calf of leg, 12½ inches; thigh, 18 inches. 1. What parts need developing most, and how may I develop them? 2. How may I gain weight? 3. How much exercise should I take daily? Hoping to see this in next week’s Tip Top, I remain,

Spokane, Wash.

A Tip Top Admirer.

1. Your chest and upper arms need development. Use the chest weights and dumb-bells.
2. Exercise will make you heavier.
3. Half an hour.

Prof. Fournier: I am 15 years old and I would like to become an expert, but I am not as good as I might be for a boy of my age. I weigh 100 pounds, and my measurements I do not care to state. What kind of exercise is good for the legs and arms, also the chest and the neck? 2. What is good for the back? After I run a few blocks I get a pain in the back; what is good for it?

Hoping I am not asking too many questions, and hoping to see this in print soon, I remain, yours very truly,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. Tompkins.

1. Wrestling will help you more than anything.
2. Take long runs twice a week.
Here are the opening games of the great Tip Top tournament which have just started. You will see that the young players who have entered the tournament are leading off the season in great form. Watch this page, week by week, for later scores so that you can follow the tournament and keep your eye on the best teams.

At Maywood, Ill.—All Star A. C., 8; Bellwood F. C., 7. Manager, B. Stewart. All Star A. C., 10; Oakesville, 9; All Star A. C., 15; North Ends, 7. All Star A. C., 15; West Maywood, 13; All Star A. C., 8; West Maywood, 6.

At Ruffsdale, Pa.—Tigers, 9; Empire Jr., 0. Manager, G. J. Poole.

At Detroit, Mich.—Tribune, 14; Clipper Jr., 3. Manager, Harry Hanley. Tribunes, 15; Columbia Sluggers, 0. Tribunes, 9; Elks, 6.

At Cleveland, Ohio.—Cedar A. C., 6; II. L., 0. Manager, Frank G. Menke. Cedar A. C., 10; Tyrol A. C., 2.

At Little Rock, Ark.—L. R. Sluggers, 12; Cabot, 1. Manager, E. E. Steinecker. L. R. S., 5; Cabot, 0. L. R. S., 10; Roser A. C., 4. L. R. S., 14; Old Stars, 4. L. R. S., 6; Benton Rappers, 1. L. R. S., 8; Benton Rappers, 5. L. R. S., 10; L. R. A. C., 3.

At Whittinsville, Mass.—Merries, 10; Lemonia, 8. Manager, McGlynn. Merries, 11; Uxbridge, 6.

At Roanoke, W. Va.—Little Reds, 14; Tip Top, 9. Manager, Roy Williams. Little Reds, 20; South West, 7. Little Reds, 6; Tip Top, 6. Little Reds, 10; Market Square, 0. Little Reds, 10; Belmont, 0. Little Reds, 7; Tip Top, 6.

At Hopedale, Mass.—Tip Tops, 10; Amateurs, 5. Manager, A. Chambers. Tip Tops, 12; Amateurs, 5.


At Wilmington, Del.—Olympic Jr., 10; Apple Blossoms, 2. Manager, H. Mathews. At Roanoke, W. Va.—Tip Top, 6; Linchburg, 5. Manager, Rossmissen.


At Whittinsville, Mass.—Merries, 6; I. X. Grade, 3. Manager, Wm. McGlynn.

At Brooklyn, N. Y.—Glennon A. C., 8; Manhatt., 11. Manager, L. T. Bell. Glennon A. C., 3; Erasmus H. H., 2d. Glennon A. C., 10; Public School No. 139, 3.

Glenwood A. C., 14; Withop A. C., 12. Glennon A. C., 10; Batten B. C., 10. Glennon A. C., 4; Ramblers, 12.

At Clyde, Ohio.—Victors, 7; Y. M. C. A., 8. Manager, Otto Kuhn. Victors, 13; Y. M. C. A., 11. Victors, 14; Crescents, 5. Victors, 8; Colvin’s Colts, 0. Victors, 2; Merries, 0.

At Bayonne, N. J.—Olympia A. C., 2; Brookside A. C., 2. Manager, M. Farrell. Olympia A. C., 10; Anchors, 7. Olympia A. C., 4; Quick Step F. C., 9. Olympia A. C., 12; Quick Step F. C., 0. Olympia A. C., 9; Montgomery A. C., 2. Olympia A. C., 8; Hillside A. C., 6. Olympia A. C., 6; Spanking B. B. C., 5. Olympia A. C., 4; Quick Step F. C., 3.

At Whitinsville, Mass.—Merries, 6; I. X. Grade, 3. Manager, Wm. McGlynn.

At Clyde, Ohio.—Victors, 11; Merries, 8. Manager, Otto Kuhn.

At Keeseville, N. Y.—Tiger A. C., 14; Canarys, 13. Manager, Jack Quinn. Tiger A. C., 10; Stubs, 0. Tiger A. C., 20; Crescents, 3. Tiger A. C., 16; 2d Intervals, 13. Tiger A. C., 6; Canarys, 0. Tiger A. C., 11; Canary's, 0. Tiger A. C., 4; White Stars, 1.

At Newton, Ia.—Tip Top, 8; Cookes Team, 0. Manager, Joe Eynly. Tip Top, 16; West Enders, 6. Tip Top, 12; Kelloggs, 7. Tip Top, 17; West Enders, 13. Tip Top, 4; Ives Team, 2. Tip Top, 9; Cookes Team, 0.

At Elizabeth, N. J.—Livingston A. C., 9; Globe A. C., 2. Manager, T. Leary. Livingston A. C., 22; Livingstone Jr.s., 1. Livingston A. C., 22; Neptune, 3. Livingston A. C., 6; Blue Caps, 2. Livingston A. C., 10; Independence A. C., 3.

At Caribou, Me.—Little Giants, 9; Juniors, 4. Manager, Ernest Forstrom.
PLAY BALL

The Tip Top Baseball Tournament for 1904
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Do You Want Your Team Equipped
With Baseball Outfits?

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