Specie vaults, United States Treasury, Washington, D. C.
UNCLE SAM'S SECRETS

A STORY OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS
FOR THE YOUTH OF THE NATION

BY

OSCAR PHELEPS AUSTIN

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TO MY DAUGHTER,

WHOSE INQUIRIES ABOUT NATIONAL AFFAIRS SUGGESTED THE PRODUCTION OF THIS STORY, AND WHOSE INTEREST AS IT DEVELOPED ENCOURAGED ME IN THE WORK;

AND

TO THE YOUTH OF THE NATION,

WHO ARE AND SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS PEOPLE,

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED.
The new education takes two important directions—one of these is toward original observation, requiring the pupil to test and verify what is taught him at school by his own experiments. The information that he learns from books or hears from his teacher’s lips must be assimilated by incorporating it with his own experience.

The other direction pointed out by the new education is systematic home reading. It forms a part of school extension of all kinds. The so-called “University Extension” that originated at Cambridge and Oxford has as its chief feature the aid of home reading by lectures and round-table discussions, led or conducted by experts who also lay out the course of reading. The Chautauquan movement in this country prescribes a series of excellent books and furnishes for a goodly number of its readers annual courses of lectures. The teachers’ reading circles that exist in many States prescribe the books to be read, and publish some analysis, commentary, or catechism to aid the members.

Home reading, it seems, furnishes the essential basis of this great movement to extend education.
beyond the school and to make self-culture a habit of life.

Looking more carefully at the difference between the two directions of the new education we can see what each accomplishes. There is first an effort to train the original powers of the individual and make him self-active, quick at observation, and free in his thinking. Next, the new education endeavors, by the reading of books and the study of the wisdom of the race, to make the child or youth a participator in the results of experience of all mankind.

These two movements may be made antagonistic by poor teaching. The book knowledge, containing as it does the precious lesson of human experience, may be so taught as to bring with it only dead rules of conduct, only dead scraps of information, and no stimulant to original thinking. Its contents may be memorized without being understood. On the other hand, the self-activity of the child may be stimulated at the expense of his social well-being—his originality may be cultivated at the expense of his rationality. If he is taught persistently to have his own way, to trust only his own senses, to cling to his own opinions heedless of the experience of his fellows, he is preparing for an unsuccessful, misanthropic career, and is likely enough to end his life in a madhouse.

It is admitted that a too exclusive study of the knowledge found in books, the knowledge which is aggregated from the experience and thought of other people, may result in loading the mind of the pupil with material which he can not use to advantage.
Some minds are so full of lumber that there is no space left to set up a workshop. The necessity of uniting both of these directions of intellectual activity in the schools is therefore obvious, but we must not, in this place, fall into the error of supposing that it is the oral instruction in school and the personal influence of the teacher alone that excites the pupil to activity. Book instruction is not always dry and theoretical. The very persons who declaim against the book, and praise in such strong terms the self-activity of the pupil and original research, are mostly persons who have received their practical impulse from reading the writings of educational reformers. Very few persons have received an impulse from personal contact with inspiring teachers compared with the number that have received an impulse from such books as Herbert Spencer's Treatise on Education, Rousseau's Émile, Pestalozzi's Leonard and Gertrude, Francis W. Parker's Talks about Teaching, G. Stanley Hall's Pedagogical Seminary. Think in this connection, too, of the impulse to observation in natural science produced by such books as those of Hugh Miller, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Agassiz, and Darwin.

The new scientific book is different from the old. The old style book of science gave dead results where the new one gives not only the results, but a minute account of the method employed in reaching those results. An insight into the method employed in discovery trains the reader into a naturalist, an historian, a sociologist. The books of the writers above named have done more to stimulate original research on the
part of their readers than all other influences combined.

It is therefore much more a matter of importance to get the right kind of book than to get a living teacher. The book which teaches results, and at the same time gives in an intelligible manner the steps of discovery and the methods employed, is a book which will stimulate the student to repeat the experiments described and get beyond these into fields of original research himself. Every one remembers the published lectures of Faraday on chemistry, which exercised a wide influence in changing the style of books on natural science, causing them to deal with method more than results, and thus to train the reader's power of conducting original research. Robinson Crusoe for nearly two hundred years has stimulated adventure and prompted young men to resort to the border lands of civilization. A library of home reading should contain books that stimulate to self-activity and arouse the spirit of inquiry. The books should treat of methods of discovery and evolution. All nature is unified by the discovery of the law of evolution. Each and every being in the world is now explained by the process of development to which it belongs. Every fact now throws light on all the others by illustrating the process of growth in which each has its end and aim.

The Home Reading Books are to be classed as follows:

First Division. Natural history, including popular scientific treatises on plants and animals, and also de-
scriptions of geographical localities. The branch of study in the district school course which corresponds to this is geography. Travels and sojourns in distant lands; special writings which treat of this or that animal or plant, or family of animals or plants; anything that relates to organic nature or to meteorology, or descriptive astronomy may be placed in this class.

Second Division. Whatever relates to physics or natural philosophy, to the statics or dynamics of air or water or light or electricity, or to the properties of matter; whatever relates to chemistry, either organic or inorganic—books on these subjects belong to the class that relates to what is inorganic. Even the so-called organic chemistry relates to the analysis of organic bodies into their inorganic compounds.

Third Division. History and biography and ethnology. Books relating to the lives of individuals, and especially to the social life of the nation, and to the collisions of nations in war, as well as to the aid that one gives to another through commerce in times of peace; books on ethnology relating to the manners and customs of savage or civilized peoples; books on the primitive manners and customs which belong to the earliest human beings—books on these subjects belong to the third class, relating particularly to the human will, not merely the individual will but the social will, the will of the tribe or nation; and to this third class belong also books on ethics and morals, and on forms of government and laws, and what is included under the term civics or the duties of citizenship.
Fourth Division. The fourth class of books includes more especially literature and works that make known the beautiful in such departments as sculpture, painting, architecture and music. Literature and art show human nature in the form of feelings, emotions, and aspirations, and they show how these feelings lead over to deeds and to clear thoughts. This department of books is perhaps more important than any other in our home reading, inasmuch as it teaches a knowledge of human nature and enables us to understand the motives that lead our fellow-men to action.

To each book is added an analysis in order to aid the reader in separating the essential points from the unessential, and give each its proper share of attention.

W. T. Harris.

PREFACE.

The purpose of this little story is to furnish to the youth of the land some facts about the affairs of the nation, and to awaken in the mind of the reader an interest in kindred subjects. The information given in the conversations with which these pages abound is familiar to many, but is deemed especially useful to the rising generation in stimulating a desire to become better informed of the affairs of their country. Great care has been exercised to make the statements accurate and unprejudiced, and by a copious index to render the work of value to those desiring to utilize it as a book of reference. The more important purpose, however, and one which it is hoped may be realized, is to awaken such interest in the minds of young people as to lead them to seek further and more detailed information upon the subjects briefly outlined in this story. A list of books which may be conveniently utilized for that purpose is given in the analysis of the story which follows. Should
the story result, by either of these processes, in increasing the information of any part of the people of the United States about the affairs of their own nation, and thus stimulate their love and reverence for its institutions, the purpose of the author will have been fully accomplished.

O. P. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 1, 1897.
"They all seem to be promises to pay money, and not money itself," said Robert. "What's all that row of boxes and things for?" said Mr. Gordon, standing on tiptoe. Mr. Chilton made no reply; he rubbed his right ear and looked silently at Mr. Patterson. "It takes years, sometimes centuries, for them to extend down to the floor or to reach the stalagmites which grow up to meet them." Map of North America in the Ice Period. Robert, being the best climber, was first sent up the ladder. "This," said he, "is Carpenter's Hall, where the first Continental Congress met." "It was here," said Mr. Patterson, "that the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and Congress held its sessions when in Philadelphia." A short walk brought them to the door of the Mint. "These women," said Mr. Haliday, "test the weight of every coin." The coining press. Specimens of rare postage stamps. Glimpse of the Capitol. The new terraces at the western front.
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ANALYSIS OF UNCLE SAM'S SECRETS,

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING
UPON THE SUBJECTS DISCUSSED.

Chapter I.—Mr. Gordon, a West Virginia farmer, comes home with five $500 bills and $500 in gold and silver, which he has received for the sale of a mountain on his farm. He remarks that he took most of it in bills because he found that $3,000 in coin was too heavy to carry. Daniel Patterson, his adopted son, who is of a studious nature, tells how much a silver and a gold dollar weighs, and how much the $3,000 would have weighed in silver and gold. In the examination of the bills it is discovered that no two of them are alike, and that they are all merely promises to pay money instead of being money itself. By an accident an inkstand is overturned and the bills soaked with ink.

Suggestions for Study.—See articles in Lossing’s Cyclopædia of United States History, the American Cyclopædia, and Johnson’s Universal Cyclopædia, on coins, currency, etc.

Chapter II.—Dan remembers next morning that he has read somewhere that the Government exchanges good money for that which has been defaced. He proposes to visit Congressman Jones and ask him to take the bills to Washington and get new ones, but on visiting his residence finds that he has gone to Washington. It is then decided that Dan shall go to Washington with the bills and find Congressman Jones and get them exchanged. He joins his uncle, Samuel Patterson, a clerk in a railway postal car, and begins the trip by learning a series of facts about the railway mail and other postal service.

For Study.—See Cushing’s Story of our Post Office.
Chapter III.—Description of the interior of a mail car. Conversation between Dan and his uncle about the way the mails are handled and distributed, the cost of the service, star routes and railroad routes, the number of miles traveled, etc., the different kinds of stamps sold and the total number of pieces of mail handled annually, the rates of postage at various periods, the history of the Post Office Department from the beginning, and a comparison of our mail service with that of other countries. Mr. Chilton, a post-office inspector, also performing certain duties in the secret service of the Treasury Department, makes his appearance. Mr. Patterson, Dan's uncle, informs Mr. Chilton about the ink-soaked bills. He inquires their character, and Dan reads to him the wording upon each of the bills from the slips of paper on which he had written them just prior to the accident. Mr. Chilton explains one by one the character and history of each of the five kinds of paper money of the country represented by these bills.

For Study.—See Story of our Post Office, Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History, Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia, and the American Cyclopædia, on currency, money, greenbacks, bank notes, etc.

Chapter IV.—The scene is transferred to the Gordon homestead. Prof. Silurian, a professor of geology, and his pupil, Mr. Canby, call and ask to be shown the way to a cave in that vicinity. Two of Mr. Gordon's boys pilot them to the cave. On the way Prof. Silurian tells his companions the geological history of caves, how they are formed by the action of water containing carbonic acid, and how the study of caves and their contents has given an insight into prehistoric facts regarding climate, the history of continents and prehistoric races of men. The exploration of the cave. The young people ask about stalactites and stalagmites and other geological facts, and are told of them in a conversational way. They finally reach a river which cuts off farther passage through the cave, but discover a narrow ledge of rock on which they cross. A stone thrown at a bat by one of the boys causes a fall of stalactites upon the ledge of rocks, dashing them into the river and making return impossible.

For Study.—Read articles in the American Cyclopædia and the Encyclopaedia Britannica on caves, geology, etc.
Chapter V.—Description of the portion of the cavern in which they are imprisoned. Prof. Silurian suspects that the dome reaches to the surface, and on close examination discovers an opening at the top. In answering questions as to the formation of this large cavern, he suggests that it may have been an opening from the lake caused by the ice dam across the Ohio during the Glacial period, and gives a brief outline of the glacial history of America. By an ingenious method the professor succeeds in getting a cord, and then a rope to a piece of timber at the opening, and hoisting the members of the party to the opening.

For Study.—Read the chapter on glaciers in Vol. I of The Earth and its Inhabitants, by Ernst Réclus; also the Ice Age in North America, by Prof. G. Frederick Wright, or encyclopædia articles on glaciers, Glacial period, etc.

Chapter VI.—Dan and his uncle arrive at Philadelphia and stop over for a few hours. Mr. Patterson takes Dan to the places of the meeting of the Continental Congresses, and incidentally tells him where all the meetings of Congress have been held from the beginning to the final location at Washington. They visit the Mint, where Dan is introduced to his uncle's friend, Mr. Haliday. Dan explains that he has brought some lumps of metal which he believes to be gold, picked up in the creek at home. He produces them, and the metal, which proves to be gold, is put through every step of the transformation into pure metal, the process being described in a conversational way.

For Study.—See Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History for history of early congresses. For description of United States Mint and its work, see American Cyclopædia; also annual reports of Director of the United States Mint.

Chapter VII.—The gold having been assayed is taken to the coinage department of the Mint and turned into coin, each step being explained in detail, along with many other interesting facts regarding the operation of the Mint, and the method of making all kinds of coin, their alloy, weight, etc. The method of smelting gold and silver, separating it from the rocks and metal with which it is found, is also explained by Mr. Haliday.

For Study.—Same as preceding chapter.

Chapter VIII.—Dan and his uncle go to call on Mr. Kennard, a mail clerk on an ocean steamer. En route they pass the window
of a dealer in rare postage stamps, which gives Mr. Patterson an opportunity to explain the history of postage stamps first used in this country, etc. Arriving at the steamer Mr. Kennard explains all about the foreign mail service, how the mails are handled on the steamers, and forwarded all over the world, through the operations of the Postal Union, the rates of postage to and from the various countries, how the Postal Union has simplified and expedited the service, the number of letters handled by the foreign mails, and the fact that Americans are the greatest letter writers of the world. The method by which dutiable articles are received through the mails and the duty collected is also explained.

*For Study.*—Read Story of our Post Office, chapters on foreign mail service, rates of postage, stamps, etc.; also American Cyclopaedia article on postage.

**Chapter IX.**—Dan having been arrested on charge of stealing a die from the Mint, Mr. Haliday, an officer of the Mint, feeling an interest in his case, spends the evening with him, telling him the history of the coinage of the country, beginning with the first coinage by colonial mints, and following down, noting each step and change to the present time. Dan writes down the facts thus enumerated, and, asking questions, obtains further details.

*For Study.*—See Cyclopaedia of United States History, reports of Director of the Mint, and United States Treasury Circular No. 123 for late information about coins and coinage.

**Chapter X.**—Further conversation between Mr. Haliday and Dan, in which the former continues his history of the currency of the country, starting from the issue of bills of credit by the colonies, the continental paper currency, the United States Bank and its vicissitudes, the State banks and their coinage, and the currency provided by the legislation since the war—these facts are written down by Dan in tabular form with dates, etc.

*For Study.*—Same as above; also see Dictionary of American Politics (Thomas V. Cooper).

**Chapter XI.**—Continuation of conversation about the currency of the country. Mr. Haliday details the history of the minor coinage of the country, its weight, the material of which it is composed, the amount of each coin which is a legal tender, the
number in existence, and the history of this class of coinage, all of which is noted down in tabular form by Dan.

For Study.—Same as above.

Chapter XII.—Continuation of conversations between Dan and Mr. Haliday, in which the questions of bimetallism, monometallism, and the relations of gold and silver in the currency of various nations are discussed.


Chapter XIII.—Beginning of Dan's trial. Some humors of court scenes. Dan asks Colonel Ransecker, his counsel, why he is being tried in the United States Court, what the relation of the various United States Courts are to each other and to the States and citizens, and is told all these and other important facts about the judicial system. The judge, having learned the character of Prof. Silurian's discoveries, postpones the case and allows Mr. Haliday, the prosecuting witness, to give bail for Dan.

For Study.—See appropriate articles in Lalor's Encyclopaedia of Political Science and United States History; also Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History.

Chapter XIV.—Mr. Chilton goes to West Virginia to meet his chief, who tells him that registered letters are being robbed in that section, and orders him to get to work on the case. While awaiting results the letter carrier, whom he has taken into his confidence, asks about the man who was around taking the census, and what it was for. Mr. Chilton explains the census, its origin, the reasons for it, how it is managed, its cost, and its value, not only in showing the details of the condition of the people, but also enables a comparison with those of other countries. Statements showing the prosperity, education, currency, individual and national wealth as compared with other countries.

For Study.—See American Cyclopædia on census, especially volumes of Annual for 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894; also Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History.

Chapter XV.—Mr. Chilton in a further conversation answers questions of the letter carrier about the revenues of the Government—how raised, how divided, how expended, etc.
For Study.—See annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury; also annual volumes of American Cyclopædia, annual Almanacs of the New York Tribune and World and Chicago News, and Statistical Abstract, issued by the United States Treasury Department.

Chapter XVI.—Dan and his uncle start from Philadelphia to Washington. On the train they encounter Lieutenant Wetherall of the navy, who in conversation tells Dan of the history and achievements of the navy, and especially the construction and wonders of the modern naval vessel and modern guns.

For Study.—See annual volumes of American Cyclopædia; also Cyclopædia of United States History.

Chapter XVII.—Dan and his uncle reach Washington. They are driven past the Capitol to Mr. Patterson's boarding house, and Dan is told of the destruction of the building by the British in the War of 1812. This leads to a discussion of the wars in which this country has been engaged and their causes, upon which he is enlightened by General Shuter, whom he meets at the boarding house.

For Study.—Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History, American Cyclopædia, etc.

Chapter XVIII.—Visit to the House of Representatives. Colonel Ransecker discusses the tariff question, which is under discussion in the House as they leave, laying down the broad lines on which the parties divide upon it, and the outlines of legislation on that subject. Arriving at the Treasury, they find themselves too late to get in, the building having closed to the public at 2 P.M.


Chapter XIX.—Colonel Ransecker tells Dan the history of the great political parties from the beginning, the broad lines which have separated the strict constructionists from the broad constructionists, and the chief questions on which parties have divided from the beginning down.

For Study.—See Johnston's Handbook of American Politics, Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History, Dictionary of American Politics, Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia, etc.
Chapter XX.—Dan and Colonel Ransecker, after a visit to Mount Vernon, discuss the electoral system, as to the reasons for the election of a President by electors, the history of this system and how the party nominations for President, first by congressional caucuses, then by State legislatures, and finally by national conventions, defeated the original intention regarding the selection as well as election of a President by the electors.

For Study.—Same as above.

The remaining chapters are mostly occupied with the movement of the characters of the story, whose adventures and experiences in the earlier chapters have, of course, been omitted as far as practicable in the above analysis for study.
CHAPTER I.

There was great excitement at the Gordon homestead. Mr. Gordon had come home after several days' absence, and with a smile upon his face, which showed that his trip had been successful.

"Yes, the mountain is gone," said he, as he kissed his wife and children, and affectionately asked how they had fared in his absence—"yes, the mountain is gone, and we got a hundred times as much for it as I ever supposed it would be worth."

Mr. Gordon always said "we" when he was talking about his business and belongings. His one ambition in the management of his farm and home and business was to do well for his family, and thus he always thought of all his earnings as their property quite as much as his own.

"Who would have thought that the old mountain that we so often wished out of the way would bring us three thousand dollars, all in cash?" said he.

"Three thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon and the children in a chorus of astonishment; "three thousand dollars!"

Then there was silence; and Mrs. Gordon, reach-
ing out a trembling hand whose big joints and callous fingers showed the effect of years of hard work, churning and sewing and milking and baking, laid it upon her husband's arm. "Reuben," she said—"Reuben, do you really mean it?"

"Mean it?" he said, as he threw his arms about her, "mean it? God bless you, Mary! do you suppose that I would tell you a story like that if it was not true?"

"No, Reuben," she answered, as the tears of joy trickled down her face; "I know you wouldn't, but it seemed too good to believe. Forgive me, Reuben."

"Yes, it does seem hard to believe; but here is the evidence of it," and he put his hand into his pocket and was about to draw out a suspicious-looking lump that made his Sunday trousers fairly bulge at the pocket.

"Wait a bit," said he, as he drew his hand out again. "We must not forget where it came from and who sent it. Let us all kneel down and thank God for this fortune which he has sent us."

And without another word they knelt, the children covering their faces with their hands, but stealing furtive looks of astonishment at each other between the fingers, while the father, with his strong right arm about the waist of his wife, raised his heart and voice in a humble prayer of thanksgiving.

It was a modest mountain home in West Virginia where the occurrences above narrated had taken place. Reuben Gordon, whose father had removed from Virginia to West Virginia in 1863 because he did not want to go out of the Union, and yet was unwilling
to give up the name of Virginia as his home, was the owner of a one-hundred-acre farm in the mountainous region of that State, which has of late so developed by the discoveries of coal and iron, and the extension of railroads which followed these discoveries. For years he had struggled along, raising a little corn and wheat and tobacco, sending his children to the district school in winter, and sparing them from work in summer whenever it was possible, wishing vainly for more success by which he could give them more education, and thus better fit them to enter upon the duties of life. And there was a houseful of them. Three daughters and two sons gathered with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon around the plainly furnished table and bowed their heads as he returned thanks before each meal. Jennie, the eldest, was the picture of her mother in the days when Reuben Gordon first found his heart beating faster as he met pretty Mary Johnson—waving brown hair, which fell in masses over her shoulders; cheeks which showed that the long climbs up mountain sides had given her perfect health; and a slender but well-developed figure, all conspired to make Jennie Gordon the admiration of the neighborhood; and it was not surprising that Wallace Addison, who lived in the “castle” up the valley, had found it often convenient to stop for dinner at the Gordon farmhouse as he rode, booted and spurred, over the mountain roads. The other children ranged downward—Robert, a vigorous boy of fourteen, who was able to do almost a man’s work in the field; Jimmy, whose skill as an angler in the mountain streams supplied the table with many a savory fish; Mollie,
named for her mother; and Rubena, whose father had given her this odd name with the remark that he did not propose to be altogether deprived of the privilege of naming one of his children after himself.

There was another member of the family, not a son or a daughter, or even a relative, but equally a member of the family in the wealth of affection which characterized Reuben Gordon's relations to all the members of his household. Daniel Patterson was the only son of a friend and boyhood associate of Mr. Gordon, who, being fatally injured in an accident on the railroad where he was employed, had made a last request of Mr. Gordon that he take care of "Dannie"; and Mr. Gordon, whose heart was much bigger than his pocketbook, could not say no. And he never regretted that promise to his boyhood friend; for Danie had always been faithful and affectionate in the years in which he had been developing into a fine, vigorous, young man, with broad shoulders, black hair and eyes, and a frank, honest face, tanned by exposure to the sun.

There was a shout of joy when Dan came from the field, just as the sun was sinking below the mountain, wearily trudging behind the tired horses; for he always refused to ride them from the field, saying that he felt that they were too tired to carry him after a hard day's work among the rocks and stumps of the mountain farm.

"What do you think, Dan?" shouted Robert and Jimmy in chorus, fairly panting with the race they had had to be the first to break the news to him—"what do you think has happened?"
"Dunno," said Dan, as he began to pull the harness off the horses. "New preacher come?"

"No," said Jimmy. "Guess again."

"Another railroad surveyed up the valley?"

"No, no," said Jimmy, bursting with anxiety to tell the news. "Father has sold the mountain."

"And got three thousand dollars for it," said Robert, who was vexed that Jimmy should have been the first to break the news.

"Sold the mountain, and got three thousand dollars for it?" said Dan in astonishment.

"Yes, and he is going to show us all the money to-night; so hurry up, Dan, for we want to see it. I guess you will be glad, too, for I heard him say that now you could go to the seminary, and Jennie could have a new organ and learn to play in the meeting-house."

Dan's eyes brightened, for his great ambition was to attend the seminary at the county seat, and he had secretly planned to sell his colt, his only property, when it arrived at working age, if he could by that sacrifice accomplish this.

"And to think that Wallace Addison tried to get Uncle Reuben to sell him that mountain for fifty dollars," said he. "Confound that fellow! I don't like him. With all his fine clothes and pretended friendship, I think he is a humbug; and I am glad that I urged Uncle Reuben not to sell it to him."

Dan always insisted on calling Mr. Gordon "Uncle Reuben," and comparatively few of the neighbors ever thought of him in any other sense than that of a nephew of the man who bestowed upon him the
same confidences and affection that he gave to his own children.

Supper was quickly over, for the children were anxious to be permitted to inspect the enormous sum of money which Mr. Gordon had brought home as the price of the mountain. Bank checks, those convenient and safe methods of transferring and transporting money in the cities, were not the thing for transactions in the sparsely settled mountain regions, with banks a day’s travel away, and Mr. Gordon had taken the entire payment in money, mostly large bills.

“You see,” he said, as they gathered around the table, and he narrated the incidents of his eventful trip, “they were going to give me a check on a New York bank, which, they said, would be as good as gold everywhere; but I did not like that, so I said, ‘If it is as good as gold everywhere, suppose you just give me the gold and silver.’ But when they began counting it out to me in coin, I found that it would be too much of a load to carry home.”

“Too much of a load!” shouted the children in open-eyed astonishment. “How funny that anybody should have more money than he could carry!”

“Let us see,” said Dan thoughtfully. “That would be quite a load to carry in your pockets. Let me get the pencil, and I will tell you just how much it would weigh.”

“I am afraid you won’t find it, Dan,” said Mrs. Gordon. “The pup got hold of that pencil to-day and chewed it all up.”

“Pshaw!” said Dan. “Why, I paid five cents
for that pencil only last winter, and now it is gone. Well, I will take the ink bottle and the pen."

Hurrying to the cupboard, he returned after a long search with an old-fashioned inkstand and a dilapidated pen, and, placing the inkstand on the table, began to figure on the margin of a county newspaper.

"A gold dollar," said Dan thoughtfully, "weighs 25.8 grains troy weight, so a thousand dollars would weigh 25,800 grains. It takes 7,000 grains troy weight to make one pound avoirdupois, so a—thousand—dollars—would—weigh—3.68 pounds, and three thousand dollars would have pulled down pretty heavy on Uncle Reuben's pockets with over eleven pounds of gold."

"How about getting it in silver?" suggested Robert.

"Whew!" laughed Jimmy; "I would like to see father's pockets with three thousand dollars in silver in them."

"It would be a sight," said Dan with a smile. "A silver dollar weighs 412.5 grains, so a—thousand—dollars—in—silver—would—weigh—" Dan stopped, and, after looking over his figures a moment, indulged in a whistle of astonishment.

"What is the matter?" asked Jennie, who was looking over his shoulder, admiring the neatness with which he made his figures and the rapidity of his calculations.

"Don't seem possible," said Dan. "But there are the figures for it, and 'figures don't lie,' they say. A thousand silver dollars, if I haven't made any mis-
take in my calculations, would weigh 58.65 pounds.—
Yes, Jimmy, your father’s pockets would have been
a sight with over one hundred and seventy-five pounds
of silver in them, for that is what three thousand dol-
lars would weigh.”

“No wonder that you took the large bills, Reu-
ben,” said Mrs. Gordon, who had listened with inter-
est to the conversation, keeping her knitting needles
busy meantime.

“Yes, Mr. Addison said that was the best thing
he could have done,” said Jennie.

“What has Mr. Addison got to do or say about
it?” said Dan quickly, and in a tone that made every-
body look up.

“Why, what is the matter with Mr. Addison?”
said Mrs. Gordon gently. “He seemed very much
interested in what we told him about it as he stopped
to ask for a drink of water this afternoon. He said
large bills were just the thing, though I didn’t see
why it should take him so long to explain to Jennie
the reason that he preferred paper money. But girls
don’t understand much about finance anyhow.”

Jennie’s cheeks were aflame as she saw how eagerly
Dan drank in every word, and how his brow darkened
as Mrs. Gordon went on.

“Yes, but Mr. Addison seems to understand
finance pretty well,” he answered savagely. “Don’t
you remember that he offered fifty dollars for the
mountain, and came near getting it too? He had
been with the men who were prospecting around there,
pretending to be fishing, and knew all about its value,
and wanted to cheat us out of it.”
“Oh,” answered Jennie, “he said this afternoon that he did not suspect its value when he offered to buy it.”

“Of course not,” said Dan bitterly, rising from the table and turning toward the door.

“Ain’t you going to stay and see the money, Dan?” said Robert.

“No,” answered Dan, as he seemed to be trying to swallow something in his throat, “I am going out to close up the barn, and then I am going to bed. I am very tired.”

“Why not wait a little while, Dan,” said Jennie softly, “and look at the money with us? It is such a lot; and, besides, it might be well for you to look carefully at the bills, for father’s eyesight is not as good as it used to be, you know.”

Dan took his place at the table again without another word, and Mr. Gordon drew his pocketbook from his pocket. Doors and windows were wide open, but nobody thought of closing them, for those who are accustomed to lie down at night leaving every entrance to the house without a latch or lock have no fear of robbery when they are awake. Producing the pocketbook, Mr. Gordon unwound a long cord which was wrapped a dozen times about it.

“I thought it best,” said Mr. Gordon, as everybody drew up closer to the table, and the children’s eyes sparkled with expectation—“I thought it best to take most of the money in large bills. We shan’t want to use it for a long time—at least, not much of it—and I thought it would be easier taking care of it in big bills. So I took five five-hun-
dred-dollar bills and the remainder in gold and silver."

"Five-hundred-dollar bills!" gasped Robert and Jimmy together. "Oh my!"

Then Mr. Gordon counted out one hundred silver dollars and piled them up in symmetrical rows on the table, and alongside of them forty golden eagles, making five hundred dollars in coin.

"Now for the bills," said Robert. "I never saw a five-hundred-dollar bill in my life."

"Nor I," said Jennie; "nor even a one-hundred-dollar or a two-hundred-dollar bill; and to think that we have actually five of them now, and all of them our own."

Mr. Gordon unfolded the section of his old-fashioned pocketbook, and, with a slight tremor in his hand, drew forth one of the bills and held it up before the admiring eyes of the group. It was crisp and new, and the $500 stood out in bold figures upon it. There could be no doubt about it; it was really a five-hundred-dollar bill.

"Want to see how it feels to have a five-hundred-dollar bill in your hand?" he said, with a smile, as he passed it to his wife.

"Let me take one too, father?" said Robert.

"And me?" "And me?" shouted each of the children.

Surely there can be no objection to gratifying this childish and perfectly natural curiosity, thought the father, and one by one he passed the precious bills to members of the group.

"National currency; this note is secured by bonds
of the United States deposited with the United States Treasurer at Washington. The First National Bank of Wheeling will pay Five Hundred Dollars to bearer on demand," said Dan slowly, word by word, as if reading from the face of the note that he held in his hand.

"Where is that? I don't see anything like that on the one I have," said Robert. "It only says: 'Legal tender for Five Hundred Dollars. The United States will pay to bearer Five Hundred Dollars at Washington; Treasury note.'"

"Why, that is strange," said Jennie. "This one does not have what either of you read. It says, 'This certifies that there have been deposited with the Treasury of the United States Five Hundred Dollars in gold coin, repayable to bearer on demand.'"

"Let me get my specs," said Mrs. Gordon excitedly, "for I don't believe this one is like any of those you have read." And while she was fumbling in her workbasket for the glasses, Jimmy read from the note which she held, "'Legal tender; Act of July 11th, 1890; the United States will pay to bearer Five Hundred Dollars in coin; Washington, D. C.'"

"And this one," said Mr. Gordon, as he adjusted his glasses, "says, 'This certifies that there have been deposited in the Treasury of the United States Five Hundred Silver Dollars payable to bearer on demand, Washington, D. C.; Silver certificate.'"

There was silence and blank astonishment in their faces as they looked from one to another.

"That is very strange," said Robert, "no two of these alike; each one is different from all the others."
And they all seem to be promises to pay money, and not money itself."

"Did you ask about that?" said Mrs. Gordon, anxiously looking at her husband.

"No," he answered slowly; "I did not notice that they were not worded alike. I saw that each one had five hundred dollars on it in figures or plain words, or both, and I thought that was enough. I never thought to read all that printing on them."

"Well," said Robert, "if they are merely promises to pay money, I don't see how they can be money itself, any of them."

"What if they should be no good after all?" said Jimmy.

Dan had been silent, but anxiously comparing one with another, reading the words printed on the front and then on the back of each, turning them over and over again thoughtfully.

"I think I understand it, or at least partly so," said he. "I remember that one of the speeches that I read said that there were five kinds of paper currency in use, for all of which the United States was in some way responsible. I remember, too, that, although the bills were merely promises to pay the number of dollars in gold or silver that were named on their face, they are seldom offered for redemption in coin, because the bills are more convenient, and the people, knowing that the Government would pay the coin for them any time they are presented, prefer to keep the bills."

"I would like to be sure about it, though," said Mrs. Gordon.
“They all seem to be promises to pay money, and not money itself,” said Robert,
“So should I,” said Jennie.

“Well,” said Dan, “I will make a copy of what is printed on each of the bills, and go over and ask Congressman Jones about it to-morrow while the horses are eating their dinner.”

“Oh, here comes my kitty!” said Rubena, as a pretty white kitten frisked into the room. “Pussy, wouldn’t you like to see all our money? Yes, she must see it,” and taking the playful young feline in her arms, she held it up to the end of the table, while Robert proceeded to read the words printed on each bill, and Dan copied them carefully.

“Do you want this long row of figures which is on each bill, printed in red and blue?” asked Robert.

“Let me see them,” said Dan, taking the bill in his hand. “I think I will copy them, but you need not read them to me; I can just write them down, as I have the bills in my hand here.”

So he wrote on each slip of paper the figures designating the “serial number” of the bill whose wording had been copied upon that slip of paper.

The last word had just been called off by Robert and written down by Dan when there was a sharp crackling sound outside the window, as though somebody had stepped on a dry twig which broke beneath his foot. Rover, the big watchdog, who lay near the door, sprang to his feet, barking furiously, and in a moment disappeared through the door into the darkness. Then there was a sound as if of quick steps, like a man running rapidly. Every member of the family sprang to his feet, rushing to the door or windows, while Dan quickly ran out into the darkness, follow-
ing the sound of the footsteps and the barking of the
dog.

Mr. Gordon also hurried out, and, after following
the sound for some time, was met by Dan returning,
quite unable to make out what was the meaning of
the disturbance.

"It is very curious," said Mrs. Gordon as they
reached the doorsteps, where the whole family stood.
"Rover acted just that way to-day when Mr.—"

She did not finish the sentence, for there was a
cry of astonishment mingled with distress from Jen¬
nie, who had turned to precede the party into the
house.

"What is the matter?" cried everybody at once
as they crowded through the door.

Jennie could not answer in words, but pointed to
the table, where they saw a frisking white kitten, an
overturned ink bottle, and five new five-hundred-dollar
bills splashed and daubed and soaked with ink, and
being pawed and dragged through a pool of blackness
by the innocent but successful destroyer of a fortune.
CHAPTER II.

It had been a sleepless night at the Gordon homestead. The ink-soaked bills had been a subject of anxiety and self-reproach to every member of the household. Mr. Gordon felt that it was all his fault in permitting them to be so freely handled by everybody, or, in fact, to have exhibited them at all or talked to his children about the transaction. Mrs. Gordon wept bitter tears that she had allowed the pup to get hold of Dan’s pencil after she had used it, for if the pencil had been in existence the ink bottle would not have been brought out. Jennie was not sure whether she was crying about the loss of the bills or the vexation that Dan seemed to feel because Mr. Addison had talked to her; but she cried all the same. Robert and Jimmy agreed, as they crept sadly to bed, that if they had not asked so many questions, and said so many ridiculous things about the weight of the dollars, Dan would not have got down the ink bottle. Rubena sobbed bitterly, refusing to be comforted, because she just knew it was her fault in taking the kitten to the table. Molly secretly felt that if she had not pinched the kitten’s tail it would not have been so playful, and perhaps would not have turned the ink bottle over. As for Dan, he hadn’t
the slightest doubt that it was his fault. If he had not got down the ink bottle it could never have happened, and if he had put the stopper in it the minute he had got through it would not have spilled even if the kitten did turn it over. The only one who did not take the fault of the accident upon itself was the real culprit, the kitten. It frisked and frisked and frisked until the lamp was turned out, and was up frisking again at daylight when Dan came down, looking red-eyed and miserable.

"I've ruined you, Uncle Reuben!" said Dan, with tears in his eyes, as he met Mr. Gordon, who had also risen early, being unable to sleep. "It was a sad day for you when you took me into your house. I wish you had left me to starve."

"Nonsense, Dan," said Mr. Gordon; "how can you talk like that! Why, Dan, haven't you been an eldest son to me, as faithful as you could have been if you were my own boy? Besides, you are not to blame in any way about it; it was my own fault. I should have kept the money in my pocket, where it belonged, and it would never have happened."

"Well," said Dan, somewhat relieved, "I am going right over to Congressman Jones's to see about it. I have read somewhere that the Government at Washington gives new bills in the place of those that have been damaged or mutilated. He is going back to Washington now that he has been renominated, and I'll see if he will take the bills back with him and get new ones in their places."

"That is a good plan," said Mr. Gordon, brightening up. "But it is too early to go now, for con-
gressmen, who get five thousand dollars a year, work or play, don’t get up at daylight. Wait and eat your breakfast, and put on your Sunday clothes before you go. I want you to look well, Dan, for Mr. Jones seems to have taken quite a liking to you. He spoke to me about you just before the convention met the other day, and seemed quite pleased because you asked him to send you some more of his speeches.”

Dan listened with pleasure, for he was glad to feel that the congressman took an interest in him, and especially because he felt that he could more readily ask him to take the bills to Washington and get new ones for them. So, after breakfast, Mr. Gordon produced the ink-soaked bills. They were a sad-looking lot. One of them, which Mrs. Gordon had attempted to rescue by plunging it into a pan of spring water, seemed to be the worse for this effort, for it had caused the ink to spread all over it, and it had assumed a dark-brown color, through which, however, the outline of the lettering and numbering could yet be made out.

Dan, who had dressed himself with scrupulous neatness, set off after breakfast for Congressman Jones’s, followed by admiring glances from Jennie and the best wishes of the family. But good wishes in this case, as in many others, were of little value, for Dan came back an hour later with a long face.

“Congressman Jones left for Washington last night,” he said. “He had not intended going until to-morrow, but he got a telegram from the sergeant-at-arms, I believe they call him, saying that if he didn’t come to Washington at once to vote on the silver bill he would be arrested. The idea of arrest-
ing a congressman because he leaves Washington for just a few days! It is absurd!"

"How much would it cost for you to go to Washington yourself, father?" asked Jennie.

"I don't know," said Mr. Gordon reflectively; "a good bit money, I suppose. Beside that, I can't leave now, for they are coming soon to begin work on the mine that they are to start in the mountain, and they want me here. You see I still have an interest in it, for I retained a one-fifth share in the mountain, and am to have my proportion of the profits if the mine turns out to be good. I think the best thing is for Dan to go to Washington. He can take the bills and go to Congressman Jones and tell him all about it, and ask him to help him about getting them redeemed."

"But the plowing must be done, Uncle Reuben," said Dan; "and if you have to be at the mountain when the men are at work at the mine, I must stay and keep the plow going."

"I can do that," said Robert. "I can hold the plow all right now, and Jimmy can go with me to help manage the horses. Dan had better go to Washington."

So it was settled that Dan should take the bills to Washington and try to get them exchanged for good ones.

"I don't think it will cost very much for me to go," said Dan, "for Uncle Sam Patterson, who is a clerk in the mail car, told me at the station yesterday, when the train stopped for dinner, that his helper was sick, and he would like to have me go with him on
the return trip. It needs a pretty strong person to handle the big mail bags filled with letters."

"When will your Uncle Samuel be along on his return trip to the East?" said Mr. Gordon anxiously.

"Why, this very night," said Dan. "Maybe he will have somebody else with him to help handle the mail bags, for I told him I didn't think I could leave the plowing. But if you really think I had better take the bills to Washington, I can go to the station and see him when the train comes in."

"Yes, you had better do that," said Mr. Gordon. "If there is no place for you in the mail car, you had better pay your fare and go in the train. The gold and silver money was not injured by the ink, and we may as well use some of that in trying to get back the other if necessary."

"Well, I will have to start soon," said Dan, taking a long breath, like one making up his mind to a desperate undertaking. "It is a long way to the station, you know, and the roads are very muddy."

For a few minutes there was a scene of mild excitement, for trips to Washington were not every-day or every-year occurrences with the members of the Godon family. Dan applied himself to preparations, but in the midst of them made a mysterious trip to the barn, and, after satisfying himself that he was alone, extracted a package from a safe hiding place under the rafters and smuggled it into the house and to the room in which he was packing a few effects preparatory to starting. Half an hour later the "spring wagon" was driven up in front of the door, and Dan, with an old-fashioned valise in hand and
dressed in his Sunday suit, was ready to start. Mr. Gordon had loaned him his pocketbook, with the ink-stained bills folded up in one end of it, a couple of golden eagles and some silver dollars tucked in appropriate corners, and a slip of paper with his name and post-office address written on it, wrapped around the bills.

"I think you had better put my pocketbook in the valise, Dan," said Mr. Gordon as they jogged along, "for they say pickpockets are mighty sharp about getting pocketbooks out of people's pockets without their knowing it. You can put what money you are likely to need by the way in your own small pocketbook, and it won't be so likely to attract attention. Why, how heavy this valise is!" said Mr. Gordon as he took it up. "What's in it?"

"That's a good plan, uncle," said Dan, avoiding Mr. Gordon's question about the valise. "Suppose we put the pocketbook in now while there is nobody to see us;" and, stopping the horses, he opened the valise, and had just located the pocketbook in the bottom of the valise when Rover, who was under the wagon, began to bark furiously, rushing toward a thick growth of bushes a short distance from the road, and exhibiting great excitement.

"I wonder what he's treed in there?" said Dan, the boyish instinct asserting itself for the moment. "I'd like to go and see, but we mustn't stop, for it won't do to miss the train that Uncle Sam is on," and, calling the dog back with some difficulty, they drove on.

The wagon had only disappeared around the next
bend in the road when a well-dressed man of uncertain age emerged from the clump of bushes, leading a horse, which he quickly mounted, and, turning his head in the direction from which Mr. Gordon and Dan had come, galloped rapidly up the road.

"There's the Addison castle," said Dan a few minutes later, as they passed a handsome stone house, built with considerable display of architecture, at the foot of the mountain. "How does Mr. Addison make all the money he has, uncle?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Gordon. "I never knew of his doing any business since he came here a few years ago. He may have business interests somewhere else, though, for he often goes away and is gone a week or two at a time. I confess I don't understand it, but suppose it is all right. He seems to be a very nice young man, and comes around to our house a good deal lately, I notice. But what makes you ask, Dan?"

"Well, Uncle Sam was asking about him. He handles his mail on the train, I suppose. There was a queer-looking chap with Uncle Sam on the last trip, and I noticed that he seemed to take a good deal of interest in the questions that uncle was asking. He wanted to know something about the counterfeit bills that they had so much trouble about over in the next county, where Mr. Addison's friends are building that railroad."

They reached the station after some hours of plodding through the mud, and only a little later the mail train came rushing in, the gong in front of the dining room roared its call to supper, and the hungry passen-
gers were soon engaged in a mad struggle with "spring chickens" of doubtful age, questionable hard-boiled eggs, and ancient "mountain lamb."

"Never was so glad to see anybody in my life!" said Railway Mail Clerk Samuel Patterson as he heartily shook Dan's hand. "I am tired to death with handling these big mail bags, and I will be glad enough to have you go along and help me.—How are you, Mr. Gordon? I am glad to have a chance to thank you for your excellent care of my dead brother's boy. Poor fellow! he was in the same sort of work that I am, and his car went off the track, and he was added to the long list of men who have given up their lives for the convenience of the public."

"Sorry I can't invite you inside the car," continued Mr. Patterson, after a few moments' silence, "but it's against the rules. Nobody is allowed inside but people who are employed to handle the mail or some officer of the Government, unless there is a permit from the superintendent."

"How am I going to get in then, uncle?" asked Dan anxiously.

"Oh, I looked out for that before I left Washington, for I knew I should need a helper, and so got permission to put one on."

"What's all that row of boxes and things for?" said Mr. Gordon, standing on tiptoe and peering up and down the car.

"Why, to distribute the mail. You see the mail which is gathered at the city from which the train starts, and that which is put on at the towns which we pass through, is not assorted very much, except
"What's all that row of boxes and things for?" said Mr. Gordon, standing on tiptoe.
that all of that for one State is put together in one sack. So, as soon as we start we take the letters for the first State that we are to pass through and distribute them in these boxes. All those for each city or town on this line of road are put into their appropriate boxes tied up in bundles. All those for cities or towns on other lines of road which connect with this road or cross it are put into boxes for those roads and tied up in packages. Then they are all put off at their proper station. By the time we get through with the first State and the lines of road that connect in it we have to begin on the next, so we are kept on a constant hustle from ten to fourteen hours.

"But how about our mail?" said Dan. "You have told about fixing up the packages for the towns on the line of road over which this car runs, and those for the towns that connect with it, but our post office is not on any line of railroad."

"No, you get your mail on what is known as the 'star route.' There are a great many post offices not on the railroad or steamboat line, and to them the mail is carried on horseback or in stages or in some vehicle or another. They are called 'star routes.' We have to know all about them, too, and at what railroad stations the mail is taken up by the carriers for those places. A 'star-route' carrier carries the mail for a number of offices off the railroad, and we make up the packages for that route and throw them off at the station where the carrier calls for the mail."

"There must be a good many of these 'star routes' to carry mail to all post offices off the railroad line?"
"Yes, there are about 20,000 of them now. Think of 20,000 people engaged in carrying mail on horseback or in vehicles all the time, and yet remember that your letter will reach the most inaccessible place in the United States for two cents. The aggregate length of these 'star routes' in the United States is over 250,000 miles, or equal to ten times the distance around the earth. The mails are carried over some of them every day, and over some of them twice a week."

Dan had been figuring upon a scrap of paper with a new pencil that he had bought at the store.

"Gracious!" he said. "What a lot of traveling is done in a year to deliver the mails!"

"Yes, the people who ride over the 'star routes' delivering the mails travel 115,000,000 miles in a year, or equal to 4,600 times around the earth. Then the railroad lines which carry mails are 170,000 miles in length, and, as the mails are carried over them more frequently than over the 'star routes,' the distance traveled by men in charge of these mails is over 250,000,000 miles in a year. Besides this, the steamboat mail service covers about 12,000 miles, with a total travel in a year of 3,500,000 miles. So the aggregate number of miles traveled by the men, or parties of men, who distribute the mails in the United States in a year is about 365,000,000, or an average of a million miles a day."

"It must cost a lot of money to deliver the mails in this way," said Mr. Gordon.

"Rather," smiled Uncle Sam. "The cost of the mail service in the United States is $80,000,000 a
year, yet that is only a little over one dollar for each person.”

“I suppose,” said Dan, “they did not have mails as frequently in the early days of the post offices, even though they paid more for the postage on each letter, did they?”

“No,” said Mr. Patterson with a laugh. “Benjamin Franklin, who was appointed deputy postmaster general for the colonies in 1753, fairly startled the people in 1760 by announcing that he would run a weekly ‘stage wagon’ from Philadelphia to Boston, one leaving each city on Monday morning and reaching its destination at the other end of the route on Saturday night. So it was possible then, by close connections, to get a letter from Philadelphia to Boston in one week, and get a reply at the end of the second week.”

“When was the very first post office established in this country, uncle?”

“The beginning of the postal system in this country, so far as we know, was when the court of the Massachusetts Colony made an order, in 1639, that all ‘letters from beyond the sea’ should be deposited with Richard Fairbanks, of Boston, who was to receive one penny each for caring for them and delivering them to the people calling on him for them. In 1677 the court appointed John Hayward, scrivener, ‘to take in and convey letters according to their direction.’ In 1683 William Penn issued an order for the establishment of a post office at Philadelphia, and in 1710 the English Parliament authorized the establishment of a ‘chief letter office’ in New York, and
other chief letter offices in some convenient place in each of the provinces or colonies in America, fixing the rate for carrying letters at four pence—equal to eight cents of our present money—to any place within sixty miles of New York. In 1717 the system of mail carrying was so completed that a letter would go from Boston to Williamsburg, Va., in four weeks in summer and eight weeks in winter."

"Let me see if I can't get these facts on a slip of paper," said Dan as he fumbled in his pocket for a slip of paper and wrote them down with the aid of his uncle, who added some further facts, as follows:

**History of the Postal Service.**

1639. Richard Fairbanks, of Boston, authorized to receive letters for the public.

1677. John Hayward appointed to receive and convey letters according to directions.

1683. William Penn established a post office at Philadelphia.


1753. Benjamin Franklin appointed deputy postmaster general for the colonies.

1760. Mail carried from Philadelphia to Boston in one week.

1816. Letter postage reduced from 8 cents to 6½ cents for 30 miles, 25 cents for 400 miles.

1845. Rates reduced to 5 cents for 300 miles or less.

1845. Private companies prohibited from carrying mails.
1847. Use of postage stamps begun by the Government.
1855. Registration system established.
1862. Railway postal system established.
1862. Free delivery system established.
1863. Uniform rate of postage fixed at 3 cents.
1864. Money-order system established.
1883. Rates of postage fixed at 2 cents.
1885. Weight of letters increased to one ounce.

"That's enough of dry facts for the present," said Mr. Patterson as the bell began to ring. "Jump aboard, Dan!"

The last passenger had clambered on board, the conductor had swung his lantern as a signal for the engineer to go ahead, the engine began to puff, and the wheels to revolve when two men came rapidly galloping down the road toward the station. Their horses were covered with sweat and reeking with foam. Throwing the reins to his companion, one of them sprang quickly from his horse, dashed toward the now rapidly moving train, and managed by an extraordinary effort to swing himself on the steps, and then disappeared in the darkness along with the train, leaving Mr. Gordon looking after him with astonishment.

Some hours afterward Mr. Gordon and his tired horses reached home. He found Mrs. Gordon still up and the knitting needles clicking vigorously.

"I couldn't go to bed, Reuben," said she, bustling about the stove, "for I knew you would want a good hot supper after that long ride. Besides, I wanted to tell you the good news. Mr. Addison says Dan won't have any trouble about getting new money for the
bills. He was here after you left, and we told him about the accident. He seemed very much interested, and asked all about the bills, just how they were marked with ink, and we told him all we could remember about it. He said there would be no difficulty about getting them exchanged. He was very nice about it, but had to hurry away, for he said he had an important engagement in Chicago to-morrow."

"That is very strange," said Mr. Gordon, after a moment's reflection, "for I am sure I saw him gallop up to the station just as the cars were pulling out and scramble on the very train that is carrying Dan to Washington."
CHAPTER III.

The train on which Dan had embarked was soon plunging along at regulation rates, through mountain passes, skirting along rapidly running streams, whose dashing waters seemed to be making a mad race to keep up with the train, shooting through tunnels, then more slowly climbing a mountain preparatory to a mad rush down the other side.

"Whew, uncle!" said Dan, as he tried to steady himself to keep from being thrown from side to side as the car whirled around the sharp curves of the track. "I don't see how you do much work while the train is running."

"All in being used to it, my boy. Luckily, I have got the heaviest work off, and we'll have a little time to chat while you are getting accustomed to it before the hard work begins again."

So Mr. Patterson sat down beside his nephew for a family chat, which lasted a half hour, during which Dan told him of the cause of his visit to Washington and the valuable contents of his old-fashioned valise, which Mr. Patterson had already placed in the baggage car in special charge of the baggage master.

"You may feel sure that it's safe," said he, "for Denison, the baggage master, is one of the best fel-
lows you ever saw, and you can rely upon it that he will take extra care of it.”

Just then the door at the other end of the car opened and a man entered.

“Come over here, Chilton,” shouted Mr. Patterson, as he emptied the contents of a mail bag on the distributing table. “I want to introduce my nephew to you.”

The mysterious stranger made no response. He seemed to be lost in a study of something in the row of boxes before him. For several minutes he gazed straight ahead of him; then turning sharply to Mr. Patterson, he said, “Can you leave your work a minute?”

“Guess so,” said he of the letters and newspapers. “Then let me speak to you.”

They drew into the further end of the car, and the mysterious little man seemed to be asking Mr. Patterson some questions. Dan did not like to watch them or listen to their conversation. So he tried to busy himself with a study of the long rows of boxes before him. He soon found, however, his eyes following the mysterious individual whom his uncle had designated as “Mr. Chilton.” He was a small man; with smoothly shaven face, keen, gray eyes looking out through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and wearing a quiet suit of gray. You could scarcely guess at his age; it might be twenty-eight or thirty, it might be more. As he talked he occasionally rubbed his right ear, as though the friction stimulated his thinking faculties. The two men walked up the car together, and Mr. Patterson introduced the stranger to Dan.
Mr. Chilton made no reply; he rubbed his right ear and looked silently at Mr. Patterson.
"Mr. Chilton," said he, "sometimes travels with me. He knows a good many things about the ways of the world. If you should ever get into trouble, Dan, you will find him a valuable friend in case you had done nothing wrong, but very troublesome if you have."

"I hope that I shall not require that kind of assistance," said Dan with a smile, "and certainly hope I may never do anything that will give him occasion to be other than my friend."

Mr. Chilton made no reply. He rubbed his right ear, and looked silently at Mr. Patterson.

"By the way, Dan," said Mr. Patterson, "I've told Mr. Chilton about the cause of your visit to Washington. He knows more about such things than I do."

Still Mr. Chilton made no response, and Dan began to think he was as queer in his ways as he was in his appearance.

"Where did you say you had put your ink-soaked bills?" said Mr. Patterson.

"In the bottom of the valise that you put away in the baggage car. Mr. Gordon said the pickpockets might get them away from me if I carried them in my pocket."

"That reminds me that I did not give you your check," said Mr. Patterson, producing a brass check and handing it to Dan. "This will show your right to the valise whenever you want to get it."

"What kind of bills were they?" asked Mr. Chilton, breaking silence for the first time.

"Why, five-hundred-dollar bills," said Dan.
"But there are several kinds of five-hundred-dollar bills," said Mr. Chilton.

"Yes, I took a copy of the words on each one," said Dan, as he produced the little pocketbook. "I didn't know that I was going to need them, but I guess it is a good thing I did so."

"And it's a good thing the ink didn't go on the slips too," said Mr. Chilton. "I'd advise you to take good care of those slips. They might be valuable to you. Now read me the words on each of them, and let me see what kind of bills they were."

Dan read from the first slip as follows:

**LEGAL TENDER FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.**

**The United States**

*Will pay to the Bearer*

**FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.**


Then he turned the slip over and read from the other side the following words:

*This note is legal tender at its face value for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Counterfeiting or altering this note, or passing any counterfeit or alteration of it, or having in possession any false or counterfeit plate or impression of it, or any paper made in imitation of the paper on which it is printed, is felony, and is punishable by $5,000 fine, or fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor, or both.*
"Yes," said Mr. Chilton, "that is a legal-tender note, or what is usually termed a 'greenback.' They are the oldest and most popular of the five kinds of paper money we have. You see when the war began in 1861 the enormous expenses soon made it necessary for the Treasury to have large sums of money. It borrowed from the banks as long as it could, but, being unable to borrow more, Congress, in 1862, passed an act authorizing the issue of notes which should be legal tender for all debts, both public and private, and there now remains $346,000,000 of them still outstanding. They are, you see, merely a promise that the United States will pay to bearer the sum named on the face of the note."

"So if I wanted gold instead of this legal-tender note, or greenback," said Dan, "I could get it by presenting it at the Treasury and asking that the Government redeem its promise to pay that amount to bearer, could I?"

"Precisely. It was to make everybody feel that any of these greenbacks which they might present for redemption would be paid in gold according to promise. In 1875 and 1882 Congress authorized the Treasury to keep $100,000,000 of gold constantly on hand, and that is the 'gold reserve' that you have heard so much about. To maintain this reserve has, at times, caused the Government much concern."

"Then here is another of the notes," said Dan, drawing out a second sheet of paper. "It looks a good deal like what you say is a 'legal-tender note,' or 'greenback,' but it doesn't have the same wording." It had these words on the front:
"That," said Mr. Chilton, without a moment's hesitation, "is a national bank note. They came next after the legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, in the date of their issue and in popularity. Congress passed an act in 1863 authorizing the organization of national banks, whose capital stock was to be fully paid up, and which might deposit United States bonds with the Treasury and receive ninety per cent of the face value of these bonds in notes bearing the wording you have just read. These notes the Government
makes good because it holds the bonds belonging to the banks, and if the banks fail to redeem the notes it can sell the bonds and redeem them with the money. So these national bank notes have been a favorite money with the people, because they know that the Government will always make them good in case the bank fails to do so. There are about 4,000 of these banks, and they have over $230,000,000 of their notes outstanding."

"Here is another of the bills," said Dan, "which seems to be very different from the two which you have already explained."

This Certifies that
there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS,
GOLD COIN,
repayable to Bearer on demand.
Washington, D. C.

On the back of the slip were simply these words:

UNITED STATES GOLD CERTIFICATE.
$500.
“That is a gold certificate,” said Mr. Chilton. “People found out while gold was scarce during war times, and paper was altogether in use, that paper was a much more satisfactory currency than gold and silver, provided it had the gold and silver really behind it. This was especially true of that issued by the Government, which gives new bills in exchange for the old ones whenever they become soiled. So in 1863 and 1882 acts were passed authorizing the Treasury to receive gold coin on deposit and issue certificates stating that such deposits had been made, and they were issued in the form which you have just quoted.”

“And I suppose this one is about the same thing, only that it applies to silver dollars deposited in the Treasury, does it?” said Dan, as he drew out another slip of paper with this wording on it:

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**This Certifies that**

*there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States*

**Five Hundred Silver Dollars,**

*payable to Bearer on demand.*

*Washington, D. C.*

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Having read the wording copied from the face of the bill he waited for Mr. Chilton to respond, but looking up saw that he was in a brown study about something. Then he turned the slip of paper over, and as he did so Mr. Chilton resumed his attentive attitude.
On the other side were the following words:

**United States Silver Certificate.**

**Five Hundred Dollars.**

*This certificate is receivable for taxes and all public dues, and when so received may be re-issued.*

"Yes," said Mr. Chilton, "you are right in supposing that this is a silver certificate. The same causes which led people to prefer paper to gold operated more strongly with reference to silver, because it is too bulky to carry about. So acts were passed in 1878, 1888, and 1889 authorizing the Treasury to receive silver dollars and issue certificates worded like this one. It is easy to see that people prefer the paper certificates to the real silver, as there are only about 50,000,000 silver dollars kept in actual circulation, while the other 400,000,000 are deposited in the Treasury and the certificates taken out against them for use in actual business instead of the silver dollars themselves."

"But here is one more bill," said Dan, "which I don’t understand at all; it doesn’t seem to be a greenback, or national bank note, or gold certificate, or silver certificate. It is quite different in its wording from the others and appears to be of another class."
And he read the words as follows:

TREASURY NOTE.  Act July 11, 1890.

The United States of America
Will pay to Bearer
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

IN COIN.

Washington, D. C.

On the reverse side were the following words:

This note is a legal tender at its face value for payment of all debts, public and private, except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract.

"That," said Mr. Chilton, "is what is known as a Treasury note, and you can get gold or silver for it. Congress in 1890 passed an act authorizing the Government to buy silver bullion—that is, silver in bulk ready for coinage, but not coined—and to issue notes with this wording upon them in payment for the silver so purchased. It was the intention to coin the silver into dollars when convenient, and hold those dollars with which to redeem the notes when they might be needed. But silver became less valuable after the purchases were made, and some of the people who held
the certificates became uneasy lest they should have
to take silver dollars for them, and that these dollars
would not be as good as gold dollars. So in order
to show to the world that the United States would
not dishonor any paper bearing its name and promises,
the Treasury redeemed them in gold when preferred;
but the act was repealed in 1893, and the further pur-
chase of silver stopped."

"Is that all of the classes of money we have?" asked Dan.

"Yes, except, of course, gold and silver. There
is about $670,000,000 in gold somewhere in the coun-
try, but most of it is in the banks and Treasury. Then,
as I said, there are about 50,000,000 or 60,000,000
silver dollars in circulation, and, besides that, about
$75,000,000 in fractional currency—half dollars,
quarters, and dimes. In addition to this, there are the
nickels and one-cent pieces, which aggregate quite a
large sum. Of course there are the silver dollars
and silver bullion in the Treasury vaults, which are
represented by the silver certificates and Treasury
notes, but they do not circulate as money while the
notes which represent them remain in circulation."

In a minute Dan was groping about under the
table for a slip of paper.

"Please let me have those figures. If I keep on
getting information, I'll have enough to make me a
very wise man if I can only remember it."

Then he wrote down the figures, item by item,
as follows:

Gold coin in United States, $670,000,000.
Silver dollars in circulation, 50,000,000.
Silver fractional currency, $75,000,000.
Silver dollars in Treasury, 400,000,000.
Legal-tender notes (greenbacks), $346,000,000.
National bank notes, $230,000,000.
Gold certificates, $38,000,000.
Silver certificates, $400,000,000.
Treasury notes (coin certificates), $114,000,000.

Just then the whistle began to scream, Mr. Patterson seized a couple of mail sacks and pulled them to the door, another man in uniform rushed into the car and began making room for more mail sacks to come on board, the bell on the engine clanged, and soon the train came to a halt. There was a rattling of trucks outside, the door was thrown open, and in a twinkling the mail bags were being tumbled out and others being lifted in to take their place.

"How are you, Postmaster Dennison?" shouted Mr. Patterson as a man in a brown suit, with trousers stuck in the top of his boots, came into view, tugging a big mail sack up to the side of the car.

"All right," said the individual addressed. "Got a pretty heavy mail to-night, and had to have Sally help me with it, for I've got the rheumatiz powerful bad just now.—Give me a lift with this sack, Sally."

This appeal brought into view a female figure which had been lingering in the shadows on the other side of the platform. As she stepped shyly forward to assist her father, the light from the reflector inside the car fell on the face which fairly made Dan's heart stand still for a moment. Large blue eyes, set off
with heavy eyelashes, a delicate face rather pale, but just a tinge of color, which perceptibly heightened as she became conscious that she was the center of attention, arching eyebrows, a slender figure dressed in dark-blue, loose sleeves, which showed a dimpled arm as she seized a heavy mail sack and tried to help her father hoist it aboard the car.

For a moment the daughter and father tugged at the mail sack, which their combined strength could not lift to the level of the mail car, nearly as high as the shoulders of the pretty girl.

"Can't I get out and help them, Uncle Sam?" said Dan, after a moment of hesitation.

"No objection, Dan," replied Mr. Patterson, who was busy with the work inside the car. "Be quick about it, for we have but a two-minute stop here."

In a moment Dan was beside the panting, slender girl, who, all unconscious of his approach, was tugging heroically at the sack. Her hat had fallen off, displaying a wealth of golden hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon, and Dan noticed that her pretty hands were quite in keeping with the slender figure and dainty feet incased in a heavy shoe.

"Let me take your place, miss," he said, as he stepped to her side.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said she, as the color mounted to her temples; "it is rather heavy for me."

"Yes, Sally ain't very strong," said Postmaster Dennison, as Dan quickly swung the sack aboard the car, "but she is a powerful good one in sickness. I don't know what I'd do without her when the rheumatiz gets hold of me as it has to-night."
“Don’t talk nonsense, father,” said Sally, still blushing.—“I’m sure we are very much obliged to you, sir,” she said to Dan, who was casting admiring glances in her direction.

“I am sure you are welcome, miss,” he answered. “It wasn’t much of a lift for me.”

“Jump aboard, Dan!” shouted his uncle. “The train will leave you in a minute.”

Dan turned hastily toward the steps of the mail car. As he did so he caught sight of a figure standing in the shadows, and evidently watching him and the pretty girl with whom he had been talking. Just then the light from inside one of the moving cars fell for a moment upon the figure and face, causing Dan to start with astonishment. Then the light passed on, and Dan saw the figure clamber on board the moving train.

“What’s the matter, Dan?” said his uncle as he entered the car a moment later. “Does the sight of the pretty girl give you such a troubled look as that?”

“Uncle,” he said, “I just saw Mr. Addison standing in the shadow watching me, and he got on board this very train.”
The Gordon family slept late on the morning after Dan's departure. The excitement of the eventful night on which the bills were made uncurrent had caused them to lose a good deal of sleep, and, as Mr. Gordon did not get home until far into the night, the breakfast next morning was unusually late and hurried. Robert was anxiously awaiting the after-breakfast developments, for he rather wanted to try his hand at the plow. But Mr. Gordon concluded that, as the horses had carried him to and from the station over the muddy roads the night before, they ought to rest at least a part of the day, and so announced to the boys that they could have a holiday. "I'll hitch the colts to the plow this morning," said he, "and let the horses rest until this afternoon. You boys can take your turn at the plow later, for the work at the mine will not begin for a day or two."

The conversation was interrupted by a loud barking of the dog, and, looking from the window, the boys saw two men coming up the walk between the rows of hollyhocks and bachelor's buttons, which stretched in a double line from the road to the door. One of them was a man of about fifty years of age, with hair well streaked with gray, closely cut side
whiskers, brown eyes peering out of gold-rimmed glasses, and the air of a man accustomed to books and blackboards rather than to fields and fences. The other was much younger, with slender figure, rather delicate face, black hair and eyes, and boyish look. Both were dressed in stout but well-fitting outing suits, which, with their manner and looks, convinced the observers that they were "city men."

"I beg pardon," said the elder man, touching his hat, "we are looking for a cave which we understand opens in this valley somewhere above here. Have you anybody about the place here who knows just where and how to find this cave, and who can pilot us to it?"

"Nobody but my two boys," said Mrs. Gordon. "If they will do, they will take you to it, for they are very well acquainted with its location."

"You see," explained the elder of the gentlemen, "we are spending our vacation in the mountains hunting and fishing, and studying geology a bit as we go along. We heard of this cave, and thought we would like to take a look at it. Perhaps we may explore it for some distance."

"Please, mother," said Robert, excitedly tugging at her sleeve, "can't we go in, too, if the gentlemen don't mind? You know we have always wanted to see the inside of the cave, but have never had torches that would last long enough."

"You need have no fear, I think, madam," said the gentleman, noting the mother's hesitation. "I am quite accustomed to explorations of this character. You see I am a teacher of geology in a college in Massachusetts, and often take my pupils on trips of
this sort. This young man who accompanies me is one of my pupils.”

So Mrs. Gordon reluctantly gave her consent, seeing how anxious the boys were, and they were soon off, but not until the boys had been provided with a substantial lunch and the gentleman and his companion had regaled themselves with the pitcher of rich milk from the spring house, for which they insisted on paying what Mrs. Gordon felt was a fabulous price.

“This looks like the country in which caves would be readily formed,” said the elder of the gentlemen as the party trudged up the valley and the mountain sides began to grow nearer.

“Why do you say that, professor?” inquired the young man, who had been designated as Mr. Canby in the conversation which had been general after the party had gotten under way.

“Because,” answered the professor, “I see that the country is underlaid with a kind of rock in which caverns are most easily formed.”

“What kind is that?”

“The calcareous rocks, or what is ordinarily termed limestone. Rocks composed of carbonate of lime are easily dissolved by water containing carbonic-acid gas. Limestone is composed largely of carbonate of lime, and when water containing quantities of carbonic acid comes in contact with it the rock is slowly dissolved. As the water finds some fissure or vein in the rock it works its way downward, dissolving the rock slowly as it goes.”

“But how does the water get the carbonic-acid gas?” inquired Mr. Canby.
"Easily," replied the professor. "Water readily absorbs carbonic-acid gas, even a quantity of it equal to its own volume, if it can get it. There is constantly more or less carbonic-acid gas in the atmosphere, due to combustion, fermentation, and respiration; besides this, there is more of it in the decaying vegetation on the surface of the earth. The rain water as it falls through the air absorbs more or less of the carbonic-acid gas, and gets still more as it soaks through the decaying vegetation and soil. The result is that when it comes in contact with the limestone it slowly but surely dissolves it, and, by finding its way down the veins and between the ledges of rocks, it soon begins to make hollows in the rock itself beneath the surface."

"How curious!" said Robert, who had been listening respectfully. "But how do you account for caves that are miles long and with walls hundreds of feet high?"

"The water," answered the professor, pleased to see that Robert took an interest in the subject, "must find a place to flow after it enters the rock. It works its way along the seams between the layers of rock, dissolving more or less of the stone and small openings. By and by pieces of the rock fall in from above and are slowly dissolved, while the water continues to deepen its channel by fresh supplies from above charged with carbonic acid, supplied constantly by the air and decaying vegetation. So, year after year, century after century, it goes on, widening and deepening the underground place until it becomes a water course perhaps many miles long, and finally connects with
some river. Meantime the cave has been formed by the dissolving of the limestone, the friction of pebbles and sand hurried along by the stream, and the falling of rocks from the upper part of the cavern."

"How does this carbonic-acid gas look?" inquired Robert.

"You have doubtless seen it," said the professor. "It is carbonic-acid gas which is used to make the water in the soda fountains sparkle and effervesce. The water in these fountains has so much of this carbonic acid that it often dissolves the surface of the marble upon which it drips constantly, for marble is one form of limestone. By the way, the term 'soda fountain' and 'soda water' are entirely improper, as neither the fountains nor the water contain any soda, but merely the carbonic-acid gas which is forced into the water under pressure."

"What becomes, professor, of the large quantities of rock which are dissolved as the caverns are washed out and formed by this slow process of which you have told us?" said Mr. Canby. "It is a favorite saying that nothing is destroyed, but that all things which pass out of sight reappear in some other form."

"Simple enough," said the professor. "A minute portion of the limestone which was in this mountain years ago may have formed a part of the shell of that lobster which you have in that can for your lunch. The limestone which is dissolved by the carbonic-acid gas in the water becomes carbonate of lime, and is retained in a dissolved form. This is partially deposited along the sides of the stream, but is largely
carried into the ocean, and is gradually appropriated by the millions of shellfish of the ocean, which it furnishes with the material for their shells. As they die and leave their shells in heaps in the bottom of the ocean, these shells and other substances gradually sink together, forming again a limestone rock, which may, a few thousand years later, be brought to the surface by some grand upheaval, become part of a mountain like this one, and be again subjected to the dissolving process similar to that which produced this cave thousands of years ago."

The walk of several miles seemed only a short one to all members of the party. To the professor it was a pleasure to be face to face with Nature, and to read upon every mountain side and in every crumbling rock the history of thousands of years. The fragment of stone which the ordinary individual passed by without a moment's notice spoke volumes of interesting facts and fancies to him. Often he stopped for a moment, and with a blow of his geologist's hammer opened another page in the volume which was to him of most intense interest. Then, with a few well-directed remarks, he would bring to the attention of Mr. Canby the interesting geological facts which were taught by this practical field lesson. To Robert and his brother these things were interesting, even though they could not understand all of them, and all were surprised when a turn in the path they were following brought them to the mouth of the cave.

"Now," said the professor, looking at his watch, "it is nearly noon, and I think we had better take our lunch before we begin our explorations. That will
lighten our luggage and, at the same time, give us additional strength."

A few minutes later they were seated in the shade of a big tree at the mouth of the cave, and the baskets were being unpacked.

"We shall not have to be particularly careful about the débris we leave at the mouth of the cave," said the professor, "any more than our ancestors the Troglodytes were."

"The troglo-whats?" said Robert, letting for a moment his curiosity get the better of his desire to be absolutely respectful in his questions.

"The Troglodytes," said the professor with a smile, "is a name given by scientists to people who lived in caves."

"Did people ever live in caves?" said Robert, a little incredulously.

"Certainly," answered the professor. "The study of caves has fully established the fact that many of them were occupied by man in the early ages, and before he progressed very far in the arts and ways of civilization."

"How do people study caves?" ventured Jimmy.

"Oh, by digging in the bottom of them and examining the accumulation of bones of men and animals that are found there, and the implements of chase or of domestic life that are found in connection with them. The study of these things has given us a great deal of information about prehistoric men and times."

"What are the things which have been learned by the study of caves?" said Mr. Canby.
“Many,” said the professor. “The class of men who used to live in the regions now populated by the highest grade of civilization and the class of animals, and from these can be inferred the climate which then existed. For instance, a study of the bones of men and women which are found in the caves of France, Germany, and other parts of Europe shows that the people who lived there in prehistoric days were similar in appearance to the Eskimos, as we know them to-day. Not only so, but the bones and horns of reindeer, and other animals which now live in the cold climates only, are found in conjunction with the bones of these races of men so much resembling those now living in cold climates. The fact that these people allowed the bones and offal to accumulate about the mouths of the caverns which they inhabited shows that the climate must have been a cold one.”

“Then the European countries must have had a much colder climate than now, you infer, do you?” said Mr. Canby.

“At that time, yes. But not always, for in some of the caves are found the bones of a class of animals which only frequent tropical or semitropical climates, such as the rhinoceros.”

“Then the study of caves,” said Mr. Canby, “results, I suppose, in telling the sort of animals and the kind of men which lived in those countries, and also something about the climate they once had.”

“Yes, and these things tell us much more than those simple facts. They tell us important geographical and geological history which we could scarcely learn in any other way. For instance, a study
of the caves of England and France and Germany shows that the class of animals left in the caves of England at a certain geological age were similar to those found in the caves of the country now known as the Continent of Europe. This proves what geographers and geologists have long suspected, that England was once a part of the continent of Europe.

"Then you suppose that England, Ireland, and Scotland were once a part of the mainland?"

"Yes. But that is not the only geological or geographical fact developed by the study of caves. It is found by the study of the caves of Spain, Italy, and Sicily, and those of northern Africa, that precisely the same kind of animals inhabited those sections. These facts confirm the belief that northern Africa and southern Europe were at one time connected by a strip of land extending southward from Sicily across what is now the Mediterranean Sea. That land was doubtless submerged by some great movement of the crust of the earth. It is quite probable that that movement which submerged that strip of land and produced the Mediterranean Sea also elevated from the bottom of a sea that portion of northern Africa which is now known as the Desert of Sahara."

By this time they had finished their luncheon and, having lighted their lanterns, were entering the cave. Soon Robert noticed long, graceful pendants hanging from the ceiling.

"Why," said he, "it looks as though they were icicles hanging from the roof."

"Those," said the professor, "are stalactites."
"What makes them?" said Robert. "They look as though they were frozen water."

"So they do," said the professor. "Well, they are formed by water very much as the icicle is formed, except very much more slowly. The water which soaks down through the ground and among the limestone is, by the time it reaches the top of the cave, thoroughly charged with the dissolved limestone, which has become bicarbonate of lime. When this comes in contact with the air, the bicarbonate of lime begins to resume its natural properties, and, as the drop of water gathers on the surface of the rock which forms the roof of the cave, a little ring of white bicarbonate of lime attaches itself to the rock. The next drop leaves a little more, and the next, and the next, so on, day after day, and year after year. The result is that a slender tube of this substance is formed. Then the water trickles down over this and adds more of the bicarbonate of lime, and the pendant, which looks like an icicle, gradually grows downward, and also increases somewhat in size. It takes years, sometimes centuries, for them to extend down to the floor or to reach the stalagmites, which grow up to meet them."

"What are stalagmites, which you say grow up to meet the stalactites?"

"The water which drops down from the stalactites does not leave all its carbonate of lime, or dissolved limestone, on the stalactites. It still contains some of it when it falls on the floor of the cave. So it gradually deposits little by little of this carbonate of lime on the floor of the cave, and very gradually it
"It takes years, sometimes centuries, for them to extend down to the floor or to reach the stalagmites which grow up to meet them."
grows up, first in the form of little rounded knobs, then higher and higher, until after centuries it meets the stalactite, which has been more rapidly growing downward from the roof."

Just then a strange-looking little animal darted from a black corner and scrambled hurriedly across the cave in front of them.

"A cave mouse, as I live!" shouted the professor, almost dropping his lantern in the excitement of the moment. "Catch him, boys! A five-dollar-gold piece to the boy who catches him!"

It was an exciting chase, and a ludicrous sight to Mr. Canby, who scarcely knew whether to be more amused with the scrambles and tumbles of the boys or the excitement and delight of the professor when the little animal was captured. It proved to be partly white and partly gray, with very long whiskers, which helped it to feel its way in the cave, ridiculously long ears, and little black eyes, which stood out like beads, and which was so blinded by the strong light of the lanterns as to make its capture possible.

Passing on, they came to a chamber much more striking than any they had seen. Indeed, to all but the professor it seemed like a fairy land. The ceiling, fretted with snow-white pendants, glistened as the rays of the light fell upon it; gleaming pillars and pilasters supported arches of alabaster, from which hung white curtains of stone so like a delicate drapery that Mr. Canby expected to see it move as he touched it. Instead of this, however, a musical sound rang out, reverberating through the cavern.

"Ah!" said the professor, "that is interesting.
The acoustic properties here are excellent. Let us see if we can’t have some music; ” and with his hand he struck one after another of the line of stalactites which hung from the roof nearly to the ground, but of varying length and thickness. To the surprise of the younger members of the party, they varied greatly in tone, and, after a few minutes’ experiments, the professor was able to give his little audience an interesting musical recital, and the notes of Yankee Doodle, Annie Laurie, and the Star-spangled Banner rang through the cave, produced upon Nature’s organ,
whose gleaming pipes of alabaster had been centuries in construction.

They moved on through the cavern, looking with astonishment and delight at the various and beautiful formations. At one point they observed a mass of dark brown in the midst of a gleaming white ceiling, which was low enough to reach with the hand. The professor, after looking a moment, reached up and drew his hand across the brown mass, which seemed soft and yielding. A streak of bright red followed his hand, as though he had left a line of blood from his fingers. In the midst of the line of red were many little gleaming points of white. As he did this there arose a sound, as of a thousand faint, squeaking voices in protest, followed by a noise like the fluttering of wings, and the brown mass began to fly in fragments, as though an explosion in the center had blown it out of existence.

"Bats," explained the professor. "They are the most numerous inhabitants of the caves of this country. They hang by their feet as they sleep head downward, and that line of red which followed my hand was the mouths of the little fellows, which were opened in protest against being disturbed in the slumbers, which have perhaps never before been disturbed here, at least by the hand of man.

"It seems to me," said the professor, as they bade adieu to the bats, "that I hear the sound of running water; perhaps we shall encounter an underground river. Such things are not uncommon in caves."

He was right. A few minutes' walk brought the members of the party to a rapidly flowing stream,
which issued from an opening in the side of the cavern, flowed along the passageway for some distance, gradually widening until it covered the whole floor, and then with an abrupt turn disappeared through the side of the cavern.

"Dear me," said Mr. Canby, "we shall not be able to go farther."

"I believe we can cross on those rocks alongside of that arch," said Robert.

"Let's try it," said Mr. Canby. "It's a pity to miss seeing the best part of the cave if we can get at it."

"Wait a bit," said the professor. "I must see about the strength of the stones which project over the water. I can not consent to your taking any risks, for I consider myself responsible for your safety. The water in this river is evidently deep, and, should anybody fall into it, he would be swept underground in an instant and lost."

After a critical examination, the professor concluded that the stones over which they proposed to cross were safe. He would not let them be tested, however, by other than himself. "I am the heaviest," said he, "and I will test them. If they hold me, there will be no danger to you."

Tying the end of a rope about his waist, he fastened the other end to a sturdy stalagmite beside the river.

"If I fall in," said he, "you must all tug at the rope, and probably you can pull me out."

Leaving the lantern in the hands of Mr. Canby, so that it could not be lost if he should fall, he care-
fully picked his way across, testing each rock carefully and fully, and landing safely on the other side.

In a few minutes they were all standing on the opposite bank of the roaring stream, and were about to enjoy a stroll through the beautiful rotunda when a huge bat, of unusual dimensions, flapped past their heads and, alighting on the end of a long stalactite, hung head downward from its very point. What boy could resist such a temptation? Picking up a good-sized fragment of rock, Jimmy, before anybody could divine his object, threw it swiftly at the tempting target. It hit the bat fairly, but, passing on, struck the point of another stalactite. Instantly there was a sharp, snapping sound, and the long, slender shaft, swaying for a moment, fell. As it passed downward it struck a point of projecting rock and loosened it. There was a dull, rumbling sound as a mass of rock, weighing several tons, gave way. Then followed a tremendous crash, which reverberated through the cavern as if the entire roof was falling in.

When the dust had settled sufficiently to permit an examination, they saw that every one of the rocks on which they had crossed had disappeared, and only a smooth wall remained.
CHAPTER V.

Our explorers in the cave were in a state of consternation when they saw that the bridge of rocks on which they had picked their way over the subterranean river had disappeared. How were they to get back? A roaring torrent of unknown depth was between them and their homes. It was so wide, so swift, so dark and dangerous that to attempt to cross it would be attended with the greatest danger. The ledge of rocks which had served as a bridge had absolutely disappeared, and its place was only a smooth, perpendicular wall, beneath which rushed the dark, roaring waters of the river. They looked each other silently in the face, or rather each of the younger members of the party looked at the professor, for up to that time they had found him always confident and calm. But there was now a troubled look on his face, which added to their alarm. Mr. Canby was pale, Robert's knees trembled perceptibly, and as for Jimmy, who recognized the fact that his action had put the entire party in the greatest danger, he was unable to control his feelings. He burst into tears, and threw himself weeping at the feet of the professor.

"Don't cry, my boy," said the professor, with a
show of cheerfulness. "You had no reason to suppose that that unlucky throw of yours would bring such a result. Almost any boy would have wanted to throw a stone at such a mark as that."

"But how are we to get out of this place?" said Robert anxiously.

"I don't know," said the professor, looking grave; "I don't know. But I believe God will take care of us in some way. I feel a confidence that we shall not be lost, though I do not quite see how we are to get across that raging stream again."

"The rope! the rope!" said Mr. Canby. "Can't we get it across in some way, and so help ourselves back?"

The professor shook his head sadly. "No, it is not long enough, not nearly long enough," said he. "The point at which I crossed is much the narrowest, and to attempt to cross there now would be madness; the swift current would pull us under in an instant."

"Well, I can swim," said Robert. "Let me swim across and go for help."

"You could never cross that torrent," said the professor. "You would be in danger of being swept through the arch and under the ground, and be lost."

"Where does the water go?" said Mr. Canby.

"Probably it flows into the Ohio or some of its tributaries at some unknown point; perhaps it comes into it under the surface of the water, or else at some obscure spot where its reappearance on the surface of the earth has not been observed."

"Couldn't we write a letter and send it down the
stream in a bottle, so that the people who find it
would come and help us out?” said Jimmy. “I have
heard of such things happening.”

The professor smiled. Even in the presence of the
immediate danger the smile somehow reassured the
others.

“We could send the bottle,” he said, “but I
don’t think we could depend on its bringing a party
of rescuers. It might be days or weeks before the
bottle would attract anybody’s attention, and mean¬
time we should starve, for we have not even a day’s
provisions with us. Even our light would last but a
few hours, and in darkness and hunger we should
surely perish.”

Then he turned and walked slowly toward the
center of the rotundalike apartment in which they
were imprisoned. Placing his lantern on the ground,
he looked long and anxiously above him. Then he
shaded his eyes with his hands to shut out the light
of the lantern, and looked again. But this did not
satisfy him. Stooping, he moved a slide in the lan¬
tern, and thus cut off every ray of light, leaving the
party in total darkness. Again he looked upward, as
did all the members of the party, who had noted his
movements. Slowly a dull gray seem to appear above
their heads.

“A light!” exclaimed the professor. “The light
of day.”

“The light of day?” said Mr. Canby incredu-
ously.

“Yes,” said the professor, with a tone which
showed that he had regained his courage. “I hoped
MAP OF NORTH AMERICA IN THE ICE PERIOD
BY J. S. NEWBERRY.

Glaciers and Snow Fields.
that this dome might reach to the surface, or at least there might be an opening from it to the surface of the earth. Yes, as my eyes become accustomed to the darkness, I can plainly see daylight above us. This part of the cave,” said he, seating himself as calmly as though he were in his chair in the schoolroom, “was probably formed in part by the washing and friction of gravel and sand poured over it by the water coming through that opening above us. We are now under a portion of the land which was covered by the great lake caused by the huge ice dam formed across the Ohio River during the Glacial period in North America.”

“The Glacial period in North America?” said Mr. Canby, forgetting his anxiety as to how the party should escape from the cave.

“A lake?” said Robert. “You don’t mean to say there was ever a lake here?”

“Yes, my boy, and a big one, too. You didn’t realize that while you were plodding about on your farm that you were on what was once the bottom of a lake, did you?”

Robert looked at the professor with a mingled expression of incredulity and alarm. He was not quite able to make out whether this comparatively new acquaintance was trying to make game of him or not.

“You see,” went on the professor calmly, “it is now apparent to those who have studied the geology of the country that the section north of the Ohio River, and extending to the Atlantic coast, was once covered with ice. There are vast deposits of loose rocks and
dirt, stretching in an irregular line from the coast of southern New England, along eastern New York, across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota, which must have been deposited by an immense glacier, or system of glaciers, which brought them down from the north. Rocks found in their natural form are in regular layers, you know, and are the result of what we call stratification. That is, they are made of sand and other fine material, which has been deposited in regular layers by moving water ages ago, and have gradually hardened and become rocks. Now, when we find a mass of big bowlders, irregular chunks and blocks of stone, some of them big and some little, mixed with earth and pebbles and sand in a confused mass, like a hasty pudding filled with raisins, plums, and currants, all together making a hill or line of hills, we know that those hills are the work of glaciers or fields of ice, which had gathered these stones and rocks and sand and moved them along with it until the ice got to such a warm climate that it melted and left the stones and rocks and sand in a confused heap."

"Won't you tell us, professor," said Robert, "what a glacier is like? We have never seen one here."

"No, you have not. There are few people who have seen them. They exist in the high mountains of our extreme Northwest, and especially in Alaska, but they are so inaccessible that few see them. They also exist in Switzerland and Greenland, where they are visited by tourists and scientists."
"How are the glaciers formed, and what are they like?"

"When snow falls in great quantities on high mountains, or in latitudes where the weather keeps so cold all the year that the snow can not turn into water and run off, it gradually turns into ice. When great masses of snow accumulate on the tops of mountains and melt a little, the drops of water make their way down into the snow and are frozen. Gradually, by the pressure of the immense masses of partially melting snow, the whole mass turns to ice."

"Yes," said Robert, "it is easy to make snowballs almost like a lump of solid ice by packing the wet snow together."
“You’ve hit it exactly, my boy, for it is that same principle of the pressure of partially melted snow which causes it to turn to ice. As quantities of this ice accumulate on the tops and sides of the mountains, it gradually begins to move downward. As the masses from either side of the valley reach the bottom, they form a great stream of ice, moving so slowly that it requires close observation to become aware that it is in motion. By setting lines of stakes, however, across the ice, and others upon the solid ground, it soon becomes apparent that the ice moves slowly down the valley.”

“How fast do these glaciers or rivers of ice move?”

“There is a great difference in their rate of movement, just as there is a difference in the speed at which water flows under different circumstances. In some cases the glaciers move three or four feet in a day, while in other cases the movement is at the rate of from seventy-five to one hundred feet in a day.”

“Are these rivers of ice large?”

“Some of them are very deep and very wide. There is a glacier now in Alaska which I have visited and studied. It moves slowly down to the sea between two lines of high mountains in such enormous quantities that the mass of ice is probably one thousand feet deep and two miles wide.”

“But what has the glacier to do with the accumulation of stones and sand and earth you told us of?”

“I was about to come to that. As the mass of ice, with its enormous weight, moves over the ground, it of course scrapes up quantities of earth and stones
in its path, while others from the mountain sides fall upon the surface of the ice stream and are carried along with it. Gradually as the streams of ice unite in the valleys the rocks and earth work toward the center, and form a line along the top and middle part of the river of ice. These lines of earth and stones are called 'moraines.' The rivers of ice move on downward until they reach a temperature at which the ice melts. When it does melt, of course, the earth and stones and sand which it carries are left at the spot where the ice has melted. As more ice comes along and melts at the same point, there are additional accumulations of the stones and sand and earth, until they become a great heap, a hill, or almost a mountain. These heaps of rocks and earth and sand are called 'terminal moraines.'

"How large are the rocks which the ice carries in this way?"

"Sometimes as large as a bullet or an egg, sometimes as large as a house or even larger, though that is unusual. A great many of them are, however, several feet in diameter, and frequently partially rounded by being rubbed against each other as they are moved along over miles and even hundreds of miles of distances."

"But how do you know that these large rocks have been brought there in that way? Perhaps they are a part of the natural rocks of that section."

"No; because they are not of the kind of stone that is natural to that locality. The stones scattered through the line of hills of which I speak have come many miles, in some cases hundreds of miles. We
know that, because we know the location where each particular kind of rock is to be found.”

“Are there other proofs of former ice action in that part of the country not now covered with ice?” said Mr. Canby, still forgetting the danger of their situation.

“Yes; we can see in the sections where glaciers now exist how they wear and scratch the rocks over which they flow. The masses of ice freeze about the loose stones and force them along over the rocks which do not move, thus scratching them deeply. In that way they leave tracks which are as plain to the geologists as the footprints of the rabbit in the snow are to Jimmy there.”

Jimmy laughed, for he had many times tracked rabbits through the snow, and the thought of tracking a glacier by the marks which it left in the rocks centuries ago seemed too funny.

“So we find,” continued the professor, “marks of the ice among the rocks of this country, especially along the Great Lakes.”

The professor took a small map from his pocket, and with his pencil drew a crooked line from about New York city, through northern New Jersey, across Pennsylvania, then swinging down through Ohio to Cincinnati and across the Ohio River at that point, then through southern Indiana and Illinois, across the Mississippi at St. Louis, and following up the Missouri River to Kansas City, thence nearly north to Bismarck, S. Dak., thence nearly west to the Pacific coast.

“That,” said he, “is about the line of the ‘terminal moraines,’ as we call them. The ice field doubt-
less extended down to that line from the far north, and covering most of the country north of it."

"How deep do you suppose the ice was?"

"Probably hundreds and perhaps thousands of feet. Of course, we can only estimate that from the marks which it left on the sides of the mountains, and from what we know of the deposits of ice in Greenland and the polar regions now, where its thickness is hundreds and, in some cases, thousands of feet."

"My," said Jimmy with a shiver, "it must have been cold here then!"

"Yes," said Robert; "but, as there was nobody here to feel it, it didn't make so much difference."

"I'm not so sure of there being nobody here to feel it," replied the professor. "Within the past few years there have been discoveries of stone instruments under and in these heaps of rocks and earth. These must have been made by men, and their presence in these moraines and under them leads us to believe that they must have existed prior to or during the ice age. It is now believed by geologists that men similar to the Eskimos lived in a part of this country during the time that the ice was over the northern part of it, and perhaps before it came moving down from the north and sweeping everything before it."

"How long ago was it that the ice was here?"

"It is now estimated that it is about seven or eight thousand years since it began to melt away. We know that its southward movement filled up the outlet of the Great Lake region, and forced the water of Lake Erie to flow over the big ledge of rock which causes the Niagara Falls. By careful study the geologists have
been able to tell about the rate at which it wears away that rock, and by this and other circumstances they now put the melting of the ice at about seven or eight thousand years ago. Formerly they believed it was much longer, but have changed their opinion now. So, I suppose, it is about that time since the icy waters of the lake, caused by the ice dam where Cincinnati now stands, were pouring through that opening above us."

As the professor said this he rose to make a more careful examination of the opening above him. As he did so, his foot encountered some yielding substance, so different from that which it had met during his long walk through the cave that he stopped and turned the rays of his lantern to the spot just before him.

"A woman!" he exclaimed in tones of genuine surprise—"a woman!"

"A woman?" echoed the others in chorus.

There was no mistake. It was a woman. She lay upon the bottom of the cave, her face almost as white as the alabaster floor, her long golden hair falling disheveled over a round and shapely shoulder and arm. She was young, apparently not more than seventeen or eighteen, neatly dressed, and her pale face was one of rare beauty.

The professor knelt down and placed his fingers upon her wrist, but there was no movement. Then he placed his ear to her chest, and listened long and attentively.

"She lives!" he said. "Some water, quick!"

Mr. Canby began to fumble in the lunch basket
for a cup which was there. But he was too slow. In an instant Jimmy had snatched his hat, and was away in the direction of the river. A moment later he returned, his hat brimming full of clear, cold water. This the professor applied to her temples, bathing them gently, and sprinkling a few drops on her face, chafing her hands and arms meantime. Soon there was a sigh, as of returning life, and respiration began to be apparent.

"Brandy!" said the professor; "some brandy, Canby, quick!"

Mr. Canby plunged again into the basket, and, bringing forth a tiny flask which the professor carried for emergencies, poured a few drops into a cup, and some water was added. Just then the object of their solicitude opened her eyes and attempted to sit up.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"You are safe with friends, who will take care of you," said the professor. "You have had a fall, but will be all right soon. Drink a little of this," and he held the cup to her lips.

She looked at him long and steadily, as though desiring to satisfy herself of the character of the man who offered her this unknown draught. The study of his frank countenance seemed to satisfy her, and she accepted it. The effect was soon apparent, for in a few minutes she was able to rise.

"Now," said the professor gently, "will you tell us how you got here?"

She pressed her hands to her forehead, as though thinking intently.
"Yes," she said, after a pause, "I remember now. I leaned against a desk, it moved aside, and I fell through an opening in the floor. I caught by a piece of timber, and screamed for help. Then I could no longer hold on, and I fell."

"You caught by a piece of timber?" said the professor. Then seizing his lantern, and throwing the light upward, he looked long and carefully.

"Yes, I can see it," said he, "and there is hope for us in that piece of timber."

"How?" said Mr. Canby.

The professor did not reply, but, plunging into the basket, brought forth a ball of twine. This he unwound and laid it in a coil on the floor.

"If we can get this cord over the piece of timber," said he, "we can pull the rope up with it and hoist one person up by the rope. If he gets that near to the opening, I think he will be able to get out and bring us help."

As he said this he took a nail from his pocket, and, tying the end of the string firmly to it, dropped the nail into the barrel of his pistol. Then asking Robert to hold the light so that it would enable him to see the piece of timber, he took a long and careful aim and fired. In a moment a cloud of white crystals came dancing down through the air."

"Snow!" cried Jimmy. "Snow in summer time."

"No," said the professor, "they are crystals of sulphate of magnesia. The concussion from the pistol shot loosened them from the mass of white which covers the dome of this beautiful cavern. But what
Robert, being the best climber, was first sent up the ladder.
is very much better, the cord has fallen over the timber, and we can pull the rope up and over it."

In a few moments the rope was in position. "Now," said the professor, "who will volunteer to go up by this rope and try to make his way through that opening?"

"If you please, sir," said Jimmy, "I should like to go up. It was my fault that we are not able to cross the river and get back home that way, and I would like to do that much toward providing a way of escape."

"Very well, Jimmy," said the professor; "but I don't think you need reproach yourself for causing us to thoroughly explore this part of the cavern, for if we had not done so we should not have found this young woman, and been able to restore her to life and safety."

In a few minutes Jimmy was hoisted to the piece of timber, and five minutes later he reappeared. "I've found a rope ladder in a closet up here," he shouted. "I'll let it down, and see if you can climb up it."

The ladder came slowly down, and it was quite apparent that it had been made for this particular purpose, so nicely did it fit as to length. Robert, being the best climber, was first sent up the ladder, and was soon followed by Mr. Canby. Then a rope was tied about the waist of the young lady in order to assist her in making the difficult trip, and enabled her to slowly make her way up the ladder and to land safely at the top from which she had fallen.

"Now," shouted the professor, "I want to look about here a few minutes before I come up."
Then being alone, the professor, whose suspicions had been aroused by the rope ladder and other circumstances, began groping about, and soon found a mysterious collection of articles under an arch, some presses and steel plates, and dies and melting ladles and crucibles. A few minutes later he was at the top of the rope ladder, but looking more grave and disturbed than at any time during the period of anxiety through which he had passed.

"Did you see a ghost, professor?" said Mr. Canby. "You positively look pale."

"No," said the professor. "not a ghost, but—"

The professor soon found a mysterious collection of articles under an arch.
He was interrupted by a shout from Jimmy. "Why," said he, "here is Mr. Addison's castle."

"Yes," said the young lady with some apparent confusion, "this is his private office, which, you see, is separate from the rest of the house. He never allows anybody in it under any circumstances. But I found the door open, and saw some paper money lying on the desk, with an ink bottle and brush beside it. I concluded that he must have left the door open by mistake when he galloped away in such a hurry yesterday, and I came in to put the things away. Then the desk moved as I leaned against it, and I fell through the opening in the floor over which it had stood."
CHAPTER VI.

Dan's night in the postal car, after Mr. Chilton's explanation of the history of the bills which he was carrying to Washington for exchange, was spent in helping his uncle with the work. If Dan was interested in what Mr. Chilton had told him about the currency of the country, Mr. Chilton was more interested in Dan's announcement that he saw Mr. Addison on board the train on which they were traveling. He asked some questions about Mr. Addison, and then, without saying anything more, disappeared. Dan was conversing quietly with his uncle next morning as the train neared Philadelphia when he heard a familiar voice behind him say, "Good morning, Mr. Patterson."

He turned and saw a young man with gray eyes, a heavy blond mustache, brown hair, and a freshly powdered chin, as though just from the hands of a barber. He was fashionably dressed, with high silk hat, dark, well-fitting clothes, and carrying a closely rolled umbrella.

"Don't know me, do you?" said the gentleman with a laugh, as Dan stared at him.

"No," said Dan, looking at his uncle, who was
standing by with a look of amusement on his countenance.

"Well, I must say that is the shortest memory I ever saw in an intelligent young man, considering the fact that I spent an hour last night trying to let you know what kind of money you have."

"Mr. Chilton!" gasped Dan in astonishment.

"Yes," said the gentleman quietly.

"But you look so much taller, and so much—and so much—younger, if you will pardon me for saying it," said Dan.

"Well," said Mr. Chilton, "now I want to make you look older for a few moments. Do you see this wig?" And he produced a gray wig with long, curling hair, a pair of very dark and very large spectacles, and a heavy overcoat.

"I want you to put these on," said Mr. Chilton, "and pretend that you are very old and feeble and almost blind. Then take my arm and walk through the cars with me, and when you see your friend Mr. Addison press my arm so that I will know that you are near him. I want to get a good look at him."

"But why do you want me to do all this?" said Dan hesitatingly. "Has Mr. Addison done anything that requires such mystery?"

"Not that I know of. But as he evidently doesn’t care to associate with us, we may humor this fancy of his."

As he said this he put the wig on Dan’s head, slipped the long overcoat on him, and buttoned it closely over the Sunday suit, turning the collar up
around the neck. Then adjusting the large spectacles on Dan's nose, he took a look at him.

"Would you know your own nephew if you were to meet him in this rig?" said he to Mr. Patterson.

"Never," said that worthy with a smile. "I'd sooner take him for my grandfather."

"Now lean heavily on my arm," said Mr. Chilton to Dan. "Remember that I am your son, and I shall address you as 'Father.'"

They passed quickly through car after car until they reached the sleeper. As they entered this Dan saw Mr. Addison sitting alone. He stared at them with that stony expression which seems to characterize mankind when they get on a railroad train. Dan's hands trembled, and he pressed Mr. Chilton's arm violently, for it seemed to him that Mr. Addison must be recognizing him.

"All right, father," said Mr. Chilton in a loud tone. "Here's a comfortable seat," and he led Dan with a great show of attention to a vacant seat near that occupied by Mr. Addison. "Now, father, try to make yourself comfortable. You just take this seat all to yourself, and I'll ask this gentleman to let me sit with him for a little while;" and, suiting the action to the word, he requested the permission of occupying the seat facing Mr. Addison, and was soon chatting with him in a most familiar way.

A few minutes later the door at the other end of the car opened and a man in mechanic's cap and overalls entered. Dan thought there was a familiar look about him, but was too intent upon what Mr. Chilton was saying to pay any attention to the stranger,
who walked up to him, touching his hat in a respectful way.

"I beg pardon," said he, "but I need some small bills for this fifty which has just been paid to me for my month's wages. Could you give me the change?"

"No," mumbled Dan after a pause, almost afraid to speak lest his voice should betray him; "I haven't got the change." Then, with a feeling of sympathy with this extremely respectful workman, he added, "Suppose you ask this gentleman on the other side of the car."

"Very sorry," said Mr. Chilton, as he made a great show of fumbling about his pockets for bills, "but really I haven't that much in small bills. Perhaps this gentleman could change it for you," looking at Mr. Addison.

"No," said Mr. Addison curtly.

"I am very sorry," said the man as he turned away. "I've got to get off at the next station, and I know I shall never be able to get change for such a large bill there."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Addison, changing his manner in a moment as the man announced his intention of leaving the train at the next station, "let me see if I can help you out;" and in a moment the change was produced, the transfer made, and the workman, bowing his thanks, retreated toward the front end of the train.

"I am glad you were able to help the poor fellow out," said Mr. Chilton. "I would have willingly done it myself if I could."

"Well," said Mr. Addison, "I thought it would
be a kindness to him, as he was going to get off the
train where they don't know what fifty-dollar bills
are."

A few minutes later the young man and his "fa-
ther" moved quietly toward the head of the train,
and were passing through the baggage car where they
cought sight of Mr. Addison, and heard the baggage
master say sharply: "If you please, sir, I will take
charge of that valise that seems to be giving you so
much trouble. Your check calls for the large new one
just above it."

As they entered the mail car again Dan saw a
workman's cap, a pair of overalls, and change for a
fifty-dollar bill lying on his uncle's table.

"Why, uncle," said he, "I never suspected that
you were—— Why, I don't understand all this.
What does it mean, uncle?"

"Here we are, Dan, in Philadelphia," said Mr.
Patterson, evidently not desiring to talk of the mys-
terious performance. "Now we will have an hour or
two in which you can see some of the sights."

As he said this he had exchanged his working
clothes for a neat business suit, and in a few minutes
they were walking briskly through the city. Soon
Mr. Patterson stopped before a two-story brick build-
ing, fronting on Chestnut Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.

"This," said he, "is Carpenter's Hall, the place
where the first Continental Congress met, in 1774.
You hear often of Independence Hall, where Congress
subsequently met, and where the Declaration of In-
dependence was framed, but this, in my opinion, was
"This," said he, "is Carpenter's Hall, where the first Continental Congress met."
the birthplace of American liberty. This building is the very one in which they first met, and has been cared for with great attention."

"Tell me more about it, uncle," said Dan with interest, as they entered the quaint old building, whose walls were hung with mementoes of the great event which transpired there more than a century ago.

"Well," said Mr. Patterson, "of course you know the story of the Boston 'tea party,' how England attempted to force the colonists to pay a tax on the tea and other articles they brought in, yet refusing them any voice in the making of the laws which governed them, and how the tea was thrown overboard into the harbor of Boston. The British Parliament passed an act ordering the port of Boston closed on account of this action, and, as soon as this was known, the people of the various colonies felt that they should have an immediate conference looking to co-operation."

"How soon after the passage of the act closing the port of Boston was the First Congress convened?" asked Dan.

"The act was passed," said Mr. Patterson, with a feeling of pleasure in Dan's desire for information, "March 31, 1774, the news received here in May, and within sixty days all of the colonies except Georgia had elected delegates, through public meetings and otherwise, to a conference or congress, which met in this very building."

"And what did they do?"

"A great deal. While they were only in session from September 5th to October 26th, they flung American defiance in the face of Great Britain, pass-
ing resolutions that all the colonies ought to support Massachusetts in opposition to the closing of the port of Boston, adopting a Declaration of Colonial Rights, and urging the people to form a league pledging themselves against importation or consumption of foreign goods. While they had no authority to declare war, raise taxes, or bind the colonies in any way, their bold words and recommendations were the seed which produced the Declaration of Independence.

"How many Congresses met in this building?" said Dan.

"Only one. The Second Congress held its sessions in the Statehouse, located two squares farther up this street. It has since been called Independence Hall, as the Declaration of Independence was framed and adopted in it."

The two squares were quickly walked, and they stood before the long, low brick building which every Philadelphian points out with pride as the place where the Declaration of Independence was adopted, the sessions of Congress held, and the Constitution transmitted to the people for their action.

"The Second Congress met here May 10, 1775," said Mr. Patterson, "and it was here that the Declaration of Independence was adopted. The Second Congress assumed more power than the first one did, creating a civil organization between the colonies, taking steps for raising funds for general use, the establishment of an army, and formal recognition of that already in the field, and making active preparations for carrying on the war with Great Britain."

"Did the Congress continue to meet here until
"It was here," said Mr. Patterson, "that the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and Congress held its sessions when in Philadelphia."
Washington city was established as the seat of government?" said Dan.

"No," replied Mr. Patterson; "the danger of capture by the British troops and other causes resulted in quite frequent changes of location. The Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, and by the following December the British troops had approached sufficiently near to Philadelphia to make the members anxious about personal safety. So they adjourned December 12th to meet in Baltimore on the 20th of the same month. They met there, continuing the session until the following March, when they moved back to Philadelphia. By September of the same year, however, they seemed to be in danger again, and removed to Lancaster, Pa. The next day it was thought best to place the Susquehanna River between themselves and the British army, so they moved over to York, Pa., on September 27th, and continued their session there until the following June, when, the British army having evacuated Philadelphia, they returned to Independence Hall."

"And did Congress remain there until its removal to Washington?"

"No; it resumed its wanderings about the close of the Revolutionary War, when a little band of hungry, half-clothed soldiers marched from Lancaster to Philadelphia and demanded their pay. Congress appealed to the city and State authorities for protection, but not getting it, packed up that night and moved over to Princeton, N. J. While there it adopted a measure providing that there should be two capital cities, one near the falls of the Delaware and one
near the falls of the Potomac, and that until these were established Congress should have its sessions alternately at Annapolis, Md., and Trenton, N. J. One session was held at Annapolis and one at Trenton, but the members grew tired of the two-capital idea, and removed to New York, where their sessions were held from that time until after the adoption of the Constitution, in 1788. At the first session of Congress under the new Constitution, held in New York, it was decided to locate the capital city on the Potomac, near the mouth of the eastern branch, leaving the exact location to President Washington, this new place of meeting to be occupied in the year 1800, and meantime the Congress to return to its old home at Philadelphia and hold its sessions there. That agreement was carried out, and Congress again made Philadelphia its home until it removed to Washington, November 17, 1800."

"Please let me get those dates and facts, uncle," said Dan, and he wrote, with his uncle's assistance, the following:

**Places of Meeting of Congress.**

Philadelphia, September 5, 1774; May 10, 1775.  
Baltimore, December 20, 1776.  
Philadelphia, March 4, 1777.  
Lancaster, Pa., September 27, 1777.  
York, Pa., September 30, 1777.  
Philadelphia, July 2, 1778, and until 1783.  
Princeton, N. J., June 30, 1783.  
Annapolis, Md., November 26, 1783.
A short walk brought them to the door of the Mint.
Trenton, N. J., November 1, 1784.
New York, January 11, 1785, and until 1789.
Philadelphia, December 6, 1790, and until 1800.
Washington, D. C., 1800, until the present time.

“We must hurry on now,” said Mr. Patterson, as Dan finished the last line, “for I want to see a friend at the Mint, and he may have time to stop a few minutes and show you how money is made.”

“I should be delighted,” said Dan, “for I have often wondered how it was done.”

A short walk brought them to the door of the Mint. Mr. Patterson, producing a card, wrote his own name and then that of his nephew on it, and sent it by a messenger to his friend, who soon appeared and gave them a cordial welcome.

“I wanted a few minutes with you,” said Mr. Patterson, “and thought perhaps my nephew here, who seems to have a taste for acquiring information, might see something of the workings of the Mint at the same time.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Haliday, for that was his name. “I shall be glad to show your nephew all about it, and,” he added, with a little smile, “if he has any West Virginia gold about him we might make it up into coin for him as a special favor.”

Instantly there was an excited look in Dan’s eyes. He pulled at his uncle’s arm, and, as Mr. Haliday turned to give some instructions to a subordinate, he whispered:

“Does he really mean it, uncle?”

“Mean what?” said Mr. Patterson.
"That he would make some West Virginia gold into coin for me," said Dan.

"I suppose so. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have in my valise some lumps of something that I think may be gold. I found them in the creek on Mr. Gordon's farm, but have not told anybody about them because I did not think it worth while to excite them about it unless there was some reason to believe it really was gold."

Mr. Patterson looked at Dan for a moment. Then he took Mr. Haliday aside and conversed quietly with him.

"Yes," said the official, "while it is not usual to take small quantities of gold and make special examination and assay, I would do it out of my old-time friendship for you, provided it is what we call 'free gold,' and not mingled with rock or such other metals as would require it to be smelted."

A few minutes later Dan and his uncle were at the depot, where the valise with its precious contents had been left in the baggage car.

"There must be something very attractive about that old valise," said the baggage man. "That slick-looking fellow has been in here twice trying to make some excuse to get hold of it."

"That's very strange," said Mr. Patterson.—"Do you think he could have any idea, Dan, what is in it?"

"Impossible," said Dan, "for nobody but Mr. Gordon's family knew why I was coming to Washington, and nobody but Mr. Gordon himself knew what was in the valise."
In a short time they were at the Mint again, with the bulky package that Dan had so mysteriously transferred from the rafters of the barn to his valise before starting.

"Yes," said Mr. Haliday, as he opened the package and examined its contents, "that looks like free gold. Let us see."

He led the way toward the assaying department of the Mint. "The first thing to be done with this ore," said he, "is to assay it. By that I mean that it must be put through certain processes which will destroy or take away all impurities and the other metals which are mixed with it, and leave only the pure gold."

As he said this he placed with the gold ore a quantity of oxide of lead and a small portion of carbonate of soda. These he put into a crucible, covering them with salt, and, putting the crucible into the furnace, covered it with coals. After it had reached a white heat it was taken out, and Dan found his beautiful lumps of gold reduced to one lump, looking like lead. He felt very much discouraged.

"Don't look as though there was much gold there," he said.

"Wait and see," said Mr. Haliday. "We will heat this another way, so that the air can come freely to it while it is being heated. The other metals which are mixed with it, if subjected to a high degree of heat with the air passing over them, unite with the oxygen of the air, especially if there is a large quantity of lead with the gold, and form a slag, which falls away from the gold when it cools."
As he said this he put the lump into a dish made of fire clay, and placed that in what looked like a clay tube, flat on one side and rounded on the other, with small holes on the arched side for the air to pass through. This he put again into the furnace and heaped coals on it, taking care to leave the end open. "By using this 'muffle furnace,'" said he, "we permit the air to pass freely over the metal while it is being heated, and the oxygen of the air unites with the base metals, as I have explained, causing them to separate from the gold and lead."

After being melted in this manner, it was poured into a cooling mold, and, on hardening, the scales of oxidized metals fell from it as a few blows from a hammer were applied.

"There is now nothing left but pure lead, mixed with the gold and silver," said Mr. Haliday. "We will now get rid of the lead."

Saying this, he took up a little round block with a hollow in the top of it. "This," said he, "is what we call a 'cupel.' It is made of bone ashes, which have the faculty of absorbing oxides of metals. By putting this lump of gold and lead into the cupel and heating it in the muffle furnace, the oxygen of the air will unite with the lead, and the cupel will absorb the oxide thus produced, leaving only the pure gold and silver."

The cupel with its lump of dark metal, which still looked like anything but gold, was again placed in the furnace, and soon the lump of metal had formed a globule in the center of the cupel, and was spinning around at a lively gait, growing smaller in quantity
as the oxide was absorbed by the cupel. Suddenly it began to assume a brighter hue.

"That means," said Mr. Haliday, "that all the other metals are now driven out, and that what is left is gold and silver."

Dan looked at the lump of metal with delight. "Gold and silver!" he said. "My hope is realized. But how can they be used, since they are so mixed together that they will not make either gold dollars or silver dollars?"

"Don't be impatient, young man," said Mr. Haliday. "It takes a good many processes to turn ore into coin."

As he said this he took the lump of precious metal, and, after hammering it out into a flat shape, passed it several times between two steel rollers until it became very thin, like a sheet of heavy cardboard. Then rolling it up into a cylinder form, he put it in a glass tube and poured some liquid from a bottle over it.

"This," said he, "is nitric acid. It has an affinity for silver, but does not dissolve gold. By putting this in contact with this combination of gold and silver, it dissolves the silver and leaves the gold."

He then put the glass tube into a position where it could be heated, and soon a red vapor arose from it, and in a few minutes he withdrew the roll of metal, which now began to have its first appearance of gold.

"This," said Mr. Haliday, after washing it to get rid of all the acid, "is pure gold. Now we will mix some silver and copper with it and make it into gold coin."
“Mix silver and copper with it?” said Dan in astonishment.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Haliday; “all gold coin, so called, has some silver and copper mixed with the gold.”

“Why,” said Dan, “is the Government trying to cheat the people by giving them coins that are not pure gold or pure silver?”

“No at all,” replied Mr. Haliday with a smile. “Gold and silver are too soft in a pure state to be used in coin. They would scratch and wear away too easily. So the law requires us to ‘alloy’ them, as it is called, by mixing silver and copper with the gold, and copper only with the silver.”

“How much of the alloy do you put with it?” inquired Dan, wondering whether his lump of gold would grow much larger again after the painful reduction through which it had passed.

“We add one ninth,” said Mr. Haliday. “That is to say, the coins are nine parts gold and one part alloy, or nine parts silver and one part alloy. They are usually spoken of as ‘900 fine,’ meaning that there are 900 parts of gold or silver and 100 parts of other metal in the coins. This metal after being so alloyed is what is known as ‘standard gold’ or ‘standard silver,’ meaning that it is the standard fineness fixed by the Government of the United States, and most other governments too, for use in coins.”

Then he carefully weighed the gold, and, making a memorandum of the quantity, proceeded to weigh out just one ninth of the quantity of the alloy to be mixed with it. Placing these in a crucible, they were
soon melted and properly commingled and poured into a little mold, making a tiny bar of "standard gold," part pure gold and part alloy, and ready to be made into coin.

Just as the little bar of gold was finished, ready to be made into coins, there arose a sound of excited voices. Men were shouting, women screaming, and there was a sound of quick footsteps, as though men were running. Looking quickly in the direction from which the sound came, they saw two men running directly toward them. The first one, who seemed to be trying to escape from the other, was a slender, well-dressed young man, with brown mustache and hair; the other, who was the pursuer, was short, smoothly shaven, but with long gray hair, drab clothes, and a broad-brimmed Quaker hat. As they passed them the man who was being pursued stumbled and partially fell against Dan, nearly knocking him down, and then, turning, sped toward the door. Just as he reached it, however, the short man, who was making remarkable speed for one with gray hairs, made a quick spring and seized him by the shoulder. In the struggle which followed the hat and gray wig fell off the head of the little smooth-faced man just as their wearer had succeeded in snapping a pair of handcuffs on to the other.

"Mr. Addison!" said Dan in astonishment, seizing his uncle's arm and pointing to the man in handcuffs.

"And Mr. Chilton," said Mr. Patterson, pointing to the other, who was quietly picking up his hat and gray wig.
CHAPTER VII.

The excitement over the arrest of Mr. Addison took the attention of Dan and those who had been following the course of his gold away from that subject for a few minutes. Nobody seemed to be able to explain the cause of the arrest or the movements of the mysterious man in Quaker hat and white wig, and by the time the excitement had subsided both had disappeared. Mr. Haliday, seeing that Mr. Patterson and his nephew were especially interested, made some efforts to unravel the mystery, but without success. The superior officers of the Mint were silent, and even the efforts of Mr. Patterson to learn the direction that the two men had taken were unsuccessful.

"If we are to finish the coinage of your nephew's gold to-day," said Mr. Haliday presently, "we must make no further delay, for we close early, and there is barely time left to complete it."

Saying this, he took the little bar of gold, which had just been completed in a preceding chapter, and led the way to the coining division of the Mint. "All the work you have seen done," said he, "except the addition of the alloy, belongs to the assay office. The gold has now been assayed, the base metal driven out of it, and it is ready to be manufactured into coins."
As he said this he approached a machine having two heavy rollers set in a strong frame. Handing the bar of gold to the workman in charge of the machine, it was passed between the rollers, which were turned by strong machinery operated by a heavy engine. The operation flattened the gold bar into a strip nearly an inch in width. It was yet too thick, however, and by setting the rollers closer together and passing it through again and again, it soon assumed the proper thickness for coin. This operation, however, hardened the metal so much that it had to be "annealed," by heating it in a furnace and permitting it to cool slowly. It was, however, soon at the proper thickness and condition, and was then taken to another machine, which drew it steadily between two round pieces of steel, looking like rollers, but which did not turn. This made it absolutely the same thickness at all points.

"We will now proceed to cut you some five-dollar gold pieces," said Mr. Haliday. "The quantity of gold is not sufficient to make it practicable to cut larger ones."

With this he approached a machine having a level platform or bed, something like that of a sewing machine, but made of solid steel. In the center of this steel plate was a hole a little larger than a five-dollar gold piece. Laying the strip of gold over this hole, he touched a lever, and a heavy piece of steel, shaped like a bolt, moved downward directly over the hole. It was just large enough to pass into the hole in the steel plate over which the strip of gold had been laid, and in doing so it cut out of the strip of gold a
round piece just the size of the hole itself, pushing it through the opening in the plate.

"There," said Mr. Haliday, "there's your first five-dollar gold piece."

The piece which he handed Dan was a plain, round one, perfectly smooth, and with no marks or engraving on it, such as is always seen in coins. "This," said he, "is what is called a 'planchet.' We must now have these weighed to see if they are accurate as to the quantity of gold in them."

Following him to another room, Dan heard the sound of many voices. They were evidently the voices of women. On entering the room, he found a large number of women seated at long tables. Each one held in her hand a flat file, and before her a pair of scales. A leather apron fastened under the arms was also attached to the table in front of her, and seemed to be covered with yellow dust. Each of the women, Dan noticed, worked in short sleeves, the arms being bare to the elbows.

"These women," said Mr. Haliday, "test the weight of every coin after it is punched out of the strip of gold. If the coins are too light, they are sent back to be remelted. If they are too heavy, they are filed down until the scales show that they are of exactly the proper weight."

Passing the pieces which he carried in his hand to one of the women, they were quickly tested upon the scales, and a few touches of the file brought each to its proper weight. Then they were taken to the "milling machine."

"You have noticed," said Mr. Haliday, "that all
“These women,” said Mr. Haliday, “test the weight of every coin.”
coins have a raised rim about the edge. That is called 'milling.' It is intended to protect the figures and engraving on the face of the coins and prevent their wearing rapidly when they are handled in business. This is the machine which raises that rim around the edge of the coins."

As Mr. Haliday said this he dropped the pieces into a tube of the machine, and as they fell they were forced between the rim of a rapidly revolving wheel and a solid piece of steel, so set that the space between the rim of the wheel and the steel was a little less than the width of the planchet. This squeezed the edges, and forced the soft metal into a little ridge at the edge of the planchet, all around it, just as we see it in coins.

"One more step," said Mr. Haliday, "and your five-dollar pieces will be complete."

As he said this he led the way to the coining press. It looked something like the one by which the strip of gold was first cut into smooth, round pieces, or planchets. A round hole in the steel bed, or plate, was just big enough to admit one of the pieces.

"You see," said Mr. Haliday, "there is a hard steel die just beneath this hole, which has engraved in it the inscription and figures which are on one side of the coin, and this movable die just above the hole has those which go on the other side of the coin. Then around the edge of this hole, in the steel bed or plate, are, you see, little notches like the teeth of a saw. When the pressure comes on the piece of gold, it will spread out into them and make the 'reeding,' as it is called, or little notches, which you see on every coin.
If it were not for these it would be quite easy for people to file a little gold off the edge of any coin, and soon make them below the proper weight.”

Saying this, he laid the milled planchet in the little round hole in the steel plate or bed of the machine, and touched a lever which set the machine in motion. Slowly the upper die descended into the opening in which the gold planchet had been laid, and pressed upon it with a pressure equal to two hundred and seventy-five tons weight. In a moment the plate of gold, much softer than the hardened steel dies, had become a perfect half eagle. After being washed in weak acid to remove the stains of the various operations, the coins were pronounced complete and handed to Dan.

To say that Dan was extremely proud of the day’s work tells it but faintly. Not only had he learned many interesting and important things about the making of coins, but he had demonstrated that the metal which he had found on the farm of his adopted father was gold. “Perhaps,” said he to himself, “I shall be able to take back better news than the recovery of the bills which that playful kitten destroyed.” His countenance showed his pleasure as he expressed his thanks to Mr. Haliday.

“That’s all right, young man,” said he. “I am glad to be of service to any one so near to my friend, your uncle. But don’t you want your silver, too?”

Dan had forgotten the silver which had been washed out of the gold by boiling it in nitric acid. In fact, it had not occurred to him that it would be
The coining press.
recovered and made use of. So he followed Mr. Haliday back to the assay department with interest, for he was curious to know how it was done.

"There are two ways," said Mr. Haliday, "by which the silver in this acid can be brought back to its solid form and made use of. The nitric acid has a greater affinity for copper than it has for silver, and if we put some sheets of bright copper in it the acid will leave the silver and unite with the copper, and the silver will be precipitated to the bottom in a white powder. Another way is to use common salt, which is composed of chlorine and sodium. The nitric acid has a stronger affinity for soda than it has for silver, producing nitrate of soda, while the chlorine of the salt unites with the silver, forming chloride of silver, which falls to the bottom in white flakes. The chloride, however, which is very fickle in its affections, prefers zinc to silver, so by putting granulated zinc with the chloride of silver the chlorine unites with the zinc, leaving the silver free, to be washed, dried, and melted and made into coin, just as you have seen the gold coins made."

The day had nearly ended, and Mr. Haliday, finding that he would not have time to actually convert the silver in the acid into hard cash, made a calculation as to its value, and prepared to give Dan its worth. "Besides," said he, "there is no free coinage of silver now, and we could not coin silver brought to us for that purpose, except that which comes in gold, as this did. We will merely pay you the value of the silver in the solution. But we must deduct the charges for assaying and coining the gold and silver, for every
person bringing gold here to be coined has to pay for this service."

This was soon settled, the charge being a mere trifle, only sufficient to cover expenses. As they were about leaving, Dan, who had noted that the floors were covered with a sort of iron grating in open squares, so that the people could not walk upon the floor itself, asked his uncle the reason for this curious arrangement.

"Are they afraid that the floor will wear out, with so many people walking over it, uncle?" said he.

"Those gratings, or little squares, arranged above the floor," said Mr. Haliday with a smile, "are so arranged in order to catch the gold dust which may fall on the floor. All the sweepings of the floor are saved, as are also the other articles which can catch any gold. You noticed that the ladies in the weighing room wore short sleeves; that is to prevent the filings catching in their sleeves and being lost. The yellow dust which you saw on the aprons in front of them was gold filings. All the sweepings, and all the articles which can catch any gold dust, are saved and burned. The ashes are put into a big tank filled with water, but having some quicksilver at the bottom. The water is kept in motion, and the gold, which is very heavy, settles to the bottom, where it is seized by the quicksilver, which you know has a very strong affinity for gold and silver. Then by heating it the quicksilver turns into vapor, and passes out through a tube like steam, and the gold is saved."

"What a lot of trouble to save a few cents' worth of gold!" said Dan.
"Yes, it is some trouble," said Mr. Haliday, "but, as the amount of gold saved in that way amounts to over twenty thousand dollars a year, it is worth while taking the trouble."

"You said, Mr. Haliday, that the gold and silver found in the rocks had to be smelted, or separated, from them in some way before being brought here for assaying and coinage. Can you tell me how that is done?"

"The separation," said Mr. Haliday, "is performed in several different ways. Much of the gold and silver now mined is found in quartz rock, and is separated by grinding or pounding the rock to a fine powder, mixing it with water, which carries off part of the powdered rock, while the metal, which is so much heavier, sinks to the bottom. By mixing quicksilver with the pasty mass of powdered rock thus formed, the precious metals are soon absorbed by it, and together they sink to the bottom of the mass. Then the pulverized rock can be washed away and the quicksilver containing the gold and silver gathered up and vaporized, as I have already explained, the gold and silver being retained, and the vaporized quicksilver condensed for use again. In the cases where the gold and silver are mixed with other metals as well as with rock, however, heat is employed, sometimes melting the metal and allowing it to run to the bottom of the furnace, sometimes combining them with other metals with which they mix more readily, after which they are separated by chemical processes similar to those by which you saw the lead taken away from the gold or the gold and silver separated."
"You speak of silver and gold constantly in the same connection, Mr. Haliday. Are they often found together?"

"Yes, almost always. You observed that I found silver and gold in the lumps of metal you brought me, and that I separated them by use of nitric acid, which dissolved the silver out of the gold. They are almost always found mingled in greater or less proportions. Sometimes the alloy which they thus formed is gold with merely a trace of silver, sometimes silver with but a trace of gold, sometimes about equally divided; but they are almost always, perhaps always, associated in some degree by Nature."

"And now," said Mr. Patterson, "we must say good-by, for I want to call on our mutual friend Kennard, who, you know, handles the mail on one of the ocean steamers carrying mails to Europe. I want to see him on some business, and think it would be interesting to my nephew to see how the mails are handled on the steamers. He has been very much interested in the way it is done on the train and the star routes."

"And equally interested in the things you have told us, Mr. Haliday," said Dan. "I have actually made my pocketbook quite fat with the precious slips of paper on which I have noted down the numerous interesting things I have learned since I left home."

By this time they had reached the door, and, after shaking Mr. Haliday's hand and thanking him again for his kindness, they turned to go. To their surprise, however, they found the door fastened.

"What does this mean, Dobson?" said Mr. Hali-
day to the man at the door. "I don’t understand it. It is not yet the hour for closing."

"If you please, sir," said the man, touching his hat respectfully, "the superintendent said he would like to see you in the office a moment before your friends go out."

Mr. Haliday looked at the man with some surprise. "Are you sure of that?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Dobson, and then, lowering his voice, he added: "I think you’d better leave them here, sir, and see him privately. I don’t know just what it is, but there seems to be a great flurry about something, and I have positive orders not to let anybody go out until they hear from that man that was arrested near the door a little while ago."

Mr. Haliday seemed to be a little annoyed, but, turning to Mr. Patterson and Dan, excused himself and hurried to the office. He was gone a considerable time.

"I hope they are not going to keep us long," said Mr. Patterson, looking at his watch, "for I must see Kennard before he sails, and it would never do for me to miss my train."

"While we are waiting, uncle," said Dan, "I want to ask you if Mr. Addison knows Postmaster Dennison and his daughter. It was while I was helping them with the mail, you know, that I saw him watching me."

"I think it likely," said Mr. Patterson, "that he knows them both. A relative of the Dennison family, Sallie’s aunt, I believe it is, is housekeeper at Mr. Addison’s, and I think Sallie visits her sometimes."
“It’s all right now, old friend,” said Mr. Haliday as he returned. Then taking Mr. Patterson aside, he said: “I confess that I have been a little annoyed. You see they have missed a valuable die, from which silver coins are made, and the rule is to lock all doors while the search is being made, but I persuaded them to have an exception in your case. I explained that you were not only my friend, but occupy as responsible a position in the Government service as any of us, and that you ought not to be detained from your duties while this form is being gone through with. Besides, they expect it will be found on the man who was arrested a little while ago. He has been taken to the station house to be searched, and they expect to hear any moment that it is found.”

“Don’t mention it to Dan,” said Mr. Patterson in a low tone. “He lives close by Mr. Addison, and for various reasons it is best that he should not know about it at present. If Mr. Addison is unjustly suspected, it is only right that his neighbors should not know that he has been accused.”

A moment later Mr. Patterson and his nephew were walking down the street in the direction of the docks. Dan felt some curiosity as to the cause of the detention at the door, but, seeing that the conversation between his uncle and Mr. Haliday had been a private one, he did not feel like mentioning the subject. Gradually his thoughts wandered from the strange incident which had closed his delightful visit to the Mint. He could scarcely believe that he was awake. Yet he had a tangible evidence that his experience was not all a dream, for jingling in his pocket
were the two bright pieces which he had seen transformed from a yellowish lump of metal into gold coins.

"Who is the lady at Mr. Addison's castle whom Sallie visits?" said Dan.

"Ah! so your thoughts are still running in that direction," smiled Mr. Patterson. "Well, I don't know her name. She is, as I said, a relative of the Dennison family, and Mr. Dennison remarked to me that she lived a lonely sort of life, as her lover had been killed in the war, and she refused to go into society or to consider offers of marriage after that. So he was quite willing for Sallie to visit her and contribute what she might to her happiness."

Dan observed a peculiar look of sadness upon his uncle's face as he said this. A moment later, however, as they turned the corner toward the river Dan caught sight of a familiar figure. It was short and round-shouldered, dressed in a Quakerish-looking garb, and had the attitude of one who is in deep study.

"That looks like Mr. Chilton," said he to his uncle.

"So he does," said that gentleman, quickening his steps. "Let's catch up with him."

They overtook him, for he was walking slowly, and seemed to be communing with the pavement, so intensely were his thoughts and his attention occupied.

"Halloo, Chilton!" said Mr. Patterson, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where's your friend Addison?"

"I don't know where he is," said Mr. Chilton gloomily. "I'm all at sea about that fellow. I felt
sure that I should find it on him when I got him to the station house. Of course, I couldn't hold him without some proof, and so had to let him go. He went away in high dudgeon, swearing that he would get even with me. But I know that I was right, and I will prove it yet.”


But Mr. Chilton did not answer. He walked away, rubbing his right ear.
CHAPTER VIII.

Dan and his uncle, after Mr. Chilton had so unceremoniously turned his back on them, walked on in the direction of the docks, where they could see a forest of masts and rigging and the smokestacks of the steam vessels.

"I don't understand about Mr. Chilton and his attempt to arrest Mr. Addison," said Dan.

"Mr. Chilton is very reticent on the subject," said Mr. Patterson, "as you doubtless observed when we spoke to him about it. I don't mind telling you that Mr. Chilton is one of the shrewdest detectives that we have. While he is classed as a post-office inspector, he sometimes looks out after counterfeiters, and sometimes for people who are charged with other frauds against the Government. There has been a great deal of counterfeit money afloat lately which seems to come from your part of the country. And Mr. Chilton appears to have thought Mr. Addison is in some way connected with it. But it seems that he made a mistake, for he admits that he couldn't prove anything against him, and had to let him go after all."

"But nobody who knows Mr. Addison suspects him of anything of that sort," said Dan. "He is
looked upon as one of our most respectable citizens, and it would be hard to make anybody believe that of him, though I confess that I never quite liked him."

Just then they passed a window with what seemed to be a large collection of postage stamps, with prices attached.

"How is it, uncle," said Dan, "that they ask such high prices for those stamps?"

"Simply because it has become the fashion to collect rare stamps. About the year 1850 some people in England took a notion to make collections of stamps. They got not only all the stamps then in use, but began to gather up all the old ones and those from other parts of the world. The postage stamp was not devised, you know, until 1840, so they had only ten or fifteen years to go back to cover the history of stamps. The idea has grown until thousands of men and women and boys and girls have become interested in it."

"What do they do with the stamps after they get them?"

"Simply paste them in their albums and then set out in a mad search for more. The prices they pay for them are astonishing, ranging into the hundreds of dollars for a singular specimen which would not now carry a letter a mile."

"Hundreds of dollars!" said Dan in astonishment; "hundreds of dollars for a single stamp?"

"Yes, you might almost say thousands of dollars. There are stamps held as high as $1,800 to $2,000 each, though, of course, they are very rare. The most valuable of the stamps of this country are those issued
Specimens of rare postage stamps.
by individual postmasters before the adoption of stamps by the General Government in 1847. Specimens of stamped envelopes issued by the postmaster at New Haven, in 1845, readily bring $1,000 dollars each, and some are held at nearly double that sum.”

“Are the stamps of other countries as highly prized?”

“Yes, especially those of the out-of-the-way spots or those issued at an early date. The stamps of Reunion Island, located in the Indian Ocean, east of Madagascar, bring from $200 to $400 each, and the common-looking penny stamp of Mauritius Island readily brings $1,000 for the issue of 1847.”

“It must take lots of money to make these collections of stamps.”

“Yes, if the collection is made up of rare ones. There are dealers who have $100,000 invested in stamps alone, and collections in Europe are valued even higher than that. Probably the most valuable collection in the world is that of Count Philip de Ferrary, of Paris, whose collection is said to have cost $500,000, and the three thousand volumes in which they are exhibited also cost $65,000.”

“There seems to be a good many people in this country interested in stamp collections.”

“Yes, hundreds of thousands. The young people are taking an interest in it, and its study gives them additional knowledge of geography, history, and arts. So the study of philately is really a valuable one to them.”

“Philately?”

“Yes, that is the name given to the study of
stamps. It means 'the love of the study of all that concerns prepayment.'"

"Have stamps always been used to pay postage?"

"No, indeed. It is only a little over half a century since they were invented. Sir Rowland Hill, of England, who originated the idea of penny postage in that country, devised the postage stamp, and put it into use in 1840, which was the year that penny postage began in England. The use of the postage stamp by the United States Government did not begin until 1847, though several postmasters in this country issued them for local use a few years earlier. The New York Post Office issued some in 1842, and the St. Louis Post Office issued a series of stamps in 1845. A private mail carrier in New York also issued a stamp in 1843 on which was the picture of a man stepping across from the top of one building to another, but the first issue of postage stamps by the United States Government occurred in 1847."

"Were those first stamps issued by the Government similar to those we have now?"

"Somewhat similar in general appearance, but they sold for five cents each, which was then the price for carrying a letter three hundred miles or less."

"Did they ever charge more than five cents for carrying letters, uncle?"

"Yes, a great deal more. The rates of postage first established in colonial days were eight cents for a single piece of paper a limited distance, and remained so until long after the adoption of the Constitution, which, you know, occurred in 1789. The rate from the adoption of the Constitution down to 1816 was
eight cents for a single piece of paper any distance under forty miles. For more than 40 miles and less than 90 miles the rate was 10 cents; 150 miles, $\text{12} \frac{1}{2}$ cents; 300 miles, 17 cents; 500 miles, 20 cents; over 500 miles, 25 cents. These rates were slightly reduced in 1816, but they were for only a single sheet of paper. If a letter weighed as much as one ounce, the charges were four times as much as the regular rate for one sheet."

"One ounce is the regular weight now, is it not, for the two-cent rate?" said Dan, interrupting his uncle.

"Yes," was the reply; "and for two cents we send a letter to any point in the country now, while then the rate for one fourth the weight a few hundred miles was from four to twelve times as much as that of to-day. Not only was the rate as high as twenty-five cents for a letter five hundred miles, but, as the country expanded and mails were established between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the rate to California and Oregon was forty cents for a letter."

"I suppose people didn't write as many letters then as they do now?"

"No, not nearly so many. They complained so much about the rates of postage that private express companies began carrying the mails at a less price than the Government charged. So in 1845 Congress decided to reduce the rate, but in order to do so it became necessary to put all the letter carrying into the hands of the Government. A law was passed prohibiting express companies or others from carrying mails unless United States postage was paid on them,
and fixing a new rate of postage at five cents for three hundred miles or less, with a slightly higher rate for greater distances."

"But there are no extra rates for long distances now, are there?"

"No, a law was passed in 1863 fixing the rate to any point in the United States at three cents for half an ounce. Before that the rates were graduated according to the distance. A few years ago the rate was reduced to two cents to all points in the United States, and the weight of the letter was also increased to one ounce. Some day we shall doubtless have letter postage for one cent to any part of the country."

"Does any other country have cheaper postage than the United States now?"

"There is what we call penny postage in England, but their penny is equal to two cents of our money. No other country carries letters such distances for so little money as we do, and no other country carries newspapers so cheaply. Why, the country newspapers are actually carried free by the Post Office Department in the county of their publication."

"Why are newspapers and magazines carried at less than cost?"

"Because they are educators, disseminating useful information, and increasing the intelligence of the people, and it is held that the Government should aid in making it easy for everybody to obtain them."

By this time they had reached the vessel, and were soon on board, and at that portion where the ship post office is located. Bags of mail were being brought on board and stored in a cozy little room ready for the
hand of the distributing clerk when the vessel should get under way. The room itself looked very much as though a postal car had been transferred to the vessel. There were the same rows of boxes and desks for assorting letters with which Dan had become acquainted on the trip in the postal car.

"Does all this mail go to Europe?" asked Dan of his uncle.

"Yes, and a great deal more," was the reply of the officer in charge, whom Mr. Patterson had introduced as Mr. Kennard. "The amount of mail sent from this country to other countries in a year is nearly 6,000,000 pounds in weight, and this would equal nearly 3,000 wagonloads, and take a train of 300 cars to haul it."

Dan was fairly staggered. The thought of mails from other parts of the world which would load 300 cars being sent in a single year was hard to believe.

"There must be an enormous number of letters sent to and from other countries," he said.

"Yes, about 60,000,000 letters and postal cards in a year," said Mr. Kennard, "or about one for every person in the United States. Then there are nearly as many papers and packages."

"Are there as many received from abroad as are sent?" asked Dan.

"Not quite. The number of letters received from abroad is about 6,000,000 less than the number sent. Our people are greater letter writers than those of any other country."

"Yes, the statistics of our mails in the United States show that," said Mr. Patterson. "The average
number of pieces of mail matter passing through the mails in the United States is about 71 per annum for each inhabitant, while in Great Britain it is about 61 for each person; Germany, 41; and France, 37."

"They distribute the mail on this vessel just as we do on the postal car," said Mr. Patterson to Dan.

"Yes," said Mr. Kennard, "we make up all the mail for one European country or section of country in one package, and put it in its sack properly marked, and that for another country in another package, and so on. The result is that when the vessel arrives at whatever point it first touches land the mails for each country are hustled on board the trains instead of going to the post offices for distribution."

"The organization which attends to this foreign mail service," continued Mr. Kennard, "is called the Universal Postal Union, and includes practically all countries, excepting parts of China and Africa, and various islands and groups of islands in out-of-the-way parts of the world. All the mail received in any country belonging to the Postal Union and coming from any other country of the Postal Union are forwarded to their destination without charge. For instance, mails from this country for Turkey is received by the authorities of the countries through which it must pass to reach its destination, and is forwarded without charge as rapidly as possible. The mails from any one country of the Postal Union are handled by all other countries of that organization promptly and without extra charge for the service, aside from the regular rate of postage which is paid by affixing the Postal Union Stamp."
“How can they afford to do that?” asked Dan. “You just said that our foreign mails amount to 300 carloads in a year.”

“Yes. It is very simple, however. Each government keeps the money received for the postage stamps purchased at its offices and placed on the letters, and so receives a fair compensation for its proportion of the services.”

“What are the prices charged for carrying letters to other parts of the world?”

“The rate for letters not exceeding one half ounce in weight is five cents to any country in the Postal Union, excepting Canada and Mexico, to which countries our ordinary two-cent stamp is sufficient. There are also international postal cards, costing two cents, which go to any country in the Postal Union. Newspapers and other printed matter cost one cent for each two ounces, and registered letters eight cents in addition to the regular rates of postage.”

“If you please,” said Dan, “I’d like to write that down, so that I may remember it.” And he jotted down the facts as follows:

**Rates of Postage to all Countries in the Universal Postal Union.**

Letters not over half an ounce weight, 5 cents.
Postal cards, 2 cents.
Newspapers, etc. (for two ounces), 1 cent.
Registration fee, 8 cents.
Rates to Canada and Mexico, 2 cents.
Universal Postal Union includes all countries except portions of China, Africa, and certain islands.
What are the rates to those parts of the world not included in the Postal Union?" asked Dan, putting his slip of paper carefully in his pocketbook.

"Most of them ten cents. I don't know now of any place to which the rate is more than that. The places to which the rate is ten cents are the Friendly Islands, interior points in China, Africa, and Madagascar, portions of Africa, Asuncion, Orange Free States, Raratonga, St. Helena, and Savage Islands. To all other points of the civilized world you can now send a letter for five cents, and pay the postage with our ordinary postage stamps."

"Do you mean that you can send letters to Denmark, Greenland, Iceland, Fiji Islands, Japan, Hawaii, and such distant and difficult points for five cents?" said Dan.

"Every one of the countries you have named is included in the Postal Union, and the postage on letters to any one of them is only five cents," replied Mr. Kennard.

"Are the rates from other countries to the United States the same as from the United States to these countries?"

"In most of the leading countries the rate is the same as our own, five cents. A few of the smaller and weaker countries have higher prices, ranging as high as ten cents."

"I should think," said Dan, "that people who want to get things into this country without paying the tariff upon them would send them through the mails."

"So they would," said Mr. Kennard with a smile,
"if the postal clerks and regulations were not up to their tricks. Whenever a pretty fat letter or package comes from abroad which the authorities think might contain something that should pay a duty they notify the person to whom it is addressed that such a package has reached the post office, and that he must appear at a certain hour and open it in the presence of a custom officer. If it contains dutiable goods, the officer collects the tax before permitting the person to take the goods away."

"But what if it is addressed to people where there is no custom officer?"

"Then the nearest custom official is notified, and he usually authorizes the postmaster to have the package opened in his presence by the person to whom it is addressed. If it contains anything supposed to be dutiable, the postmaster notifies the custom official, and he names the sum to be collected upon it before it is delivered."

Just at this point the conversation was interrupted by a messenger, who announced that there were some men desiring to speak with Mr. Kennard. In a moment Mr. Haliday, whom Mr. Patterson and Dan had bidden good-by at the Mint a short time before, appeared, and close behind him a couple of blue-coated and brass-buttoned officers.

"Didn't expect to see you again so soon," said Mr. Haliday, as he shook hands with Mr. Patterson and Dan in an embarrassed way.

"What's up, Haliday?" said Mr. Kennard, who seemed to be on excellent terms with the Mint official. "It isn't often that you call in such a ceremonious
way, accompanied by such a retinue," glancing at the officers who stood silently by.

"Nothing of importance," said Mr. Haliday in a nervous manner. "Can I speak to you, Mr. Patterson?"

"We can not permit Mr. Patterson and this young man to speak to anybody except in our presence," said one of the officers, looking very hard at Dan.

"Well," said Mr. Haliday, "it is only a mere matter of form, though I confess it is a little embarrassing to ask an old friend like you to submit to being searched by these officers."

"Searched!" said Mr. Patterson—"searched!"

"And your nephew, too," added Mr. Haliday.

Dan looked at his uncle in amazement. What does this mean?" he said. "I don't understand it."

"Well," said Mr. Haliday, "the fact is, a die used for making silver dollars has disappeared from the Mint, and the regulations require that everybody who was in the building at the time shall be searched. It happened that it was during the time when you were there that it disappeared. So we will have to ask you to undergo the formality of a search. Of course, it is a mere matter of form, and I hope it will not be an annoyance to you."

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Patterson, with a smile. "You need not have been so embarrassed about such a matter, old friend. I have been long enough in the service of my country to expect and desire that every regulation shall be carried out, both as regards myself and as relates to my friends." As
for Dan here, I'll vouch for both his good sense and integrity, that neither will be disturbed by this formality."

So saying, Mr. Patterson submitted to the searching operations, which failed to produce anything of a contraband nature. "Of course, we knew it would be a mere formality," said Mr. Haliday, "but one that the regulations compel us to enforce."

"And I warn you it will be as empty a formality with my nephew," said Mr. Patterson, as the officers began their search of Dan's pockets.

"Sorry not to be able to confirm your good opinion of your nephew," said one of them. "But here seems to be the very thing we are after."

As he said this he drew from the lower side pocket of Dan's sack coat a highly polished bit of steel, and held it up for inspection.

"Heavens!" said Mr. Haliday, stepping quickly forward. "Can it be possible! Yes, there is no doubt it is the missing die."

"And we shall have to arrest your nephew, sir," said the officer. "Sorry, but——"

He was interrupted by a cry of agony and a heavy fall. Dan had fainted.
A little water dashed in Dan's face soon revived him from the fainting condition in which we left him on the discovery of the stolen die in his pocket. His uncle watched him anxiously as he returned to consciousness and the color began to resume its place in the face a few moments before as pale as death. He was anxious for Dan's condition, but, being assured as to that, his thoughts began to turn to the grave situation and its meaning. Could Dan have been guilty of taking the die? He could not believe it. Yet he remembered the look of anxiety and alarm when the officers spoke of search, and then he remembered the fact that much counterfeit money had been reported as coming from the section in which Dan's home was situated. His countenance must have been something of an index to his thoughts, for Dan, inexperienced as he was, immediately recognized them.

"I know it looks bad for me, uncle," said Dan, "but before God I am innocent! I don't know how that die came to be in my pocket."

The officer smiled and shook his head. "No, they never do," he said.

Dan started, stung by the remark and the sneer
with which it was uttered. He had not been accus-

tomed to having his word doubted. In that country
home, where he had learned that truth and honor
are the highest characteristics of true manhood, his
statements had never been questioned.

"Whether they do or do not, Mr. Officer," he re-
plied with flashing eyes, "I am speaking the truth,
and God will in some way help me to prove it!"

"That's right, my boy," said Mr. Patterson,
ashamed that he had permitted himself for a moment
to doubt his nephew. "I believe you are speaking
the truth, Dan, and that we shall find a way to show
that you are innocent.—As for you, Mr. Officer, if
you will do your duty, and omit what you have just
said, you will get along just as well."

"I will do my duty by taking this young man to
the station house," said the officer with a growl, "and
it may be a part of my duty to put you in a cell also."

"Whatever is your duty, I expect you to perform
it," said Mr. Patterson, looking at him steadily in the
eye. "And I also expect to hold you responsible to
your superiors and the law for every word in which
you exceed your duty and authority."

The officer reached angrily for his club, but Mr.
Haliday's hand was on his arm in a moment. "Be
careful, officer!" he whispered. "You can't afford
to spoil your case and your own reputation as an officer
at the same time."

"Well," said that dignitary, somewhat abashed,
"there is no use standing here talking about it. So,
come along."

It was a painful experience to Dan and his uncle
to be marched through the streets of the crowded city in broad daylight in charge of two officers. It seemed, too, especially to Dan, that every eye was upon them. He could hear occasional bits of conversation, which were not at all complimentary.

"Wonder what he has done," said one, looking at him as he walked between the two officers, who seemed determined to make an unnecessary show of him as a punishment for his manly words of indignation when they expressed a doubt as to his truthfulness.

"Stole something, I suppose," said another of the motley throng which gathered about him.

"May be worse than that," said the first. "He is a wicked-looking fellow."

"So he is," said the other. "I hadn’t noticed it before, but he is a bad one. Shouldn’t wonder if he had killed somebody."

"Quite likely," said another, joining in the conversation. "I seen the officer getting ready to club him just before they started."

"I wonder if they’ll hang him?" said the first.

"Looks as though he deserved it," replied the other with a laugh.

This was too much for Dan. His fists clenched, and before the policemen were aware of his impulse he had broken from their grasp and made a rush for the tormentors, who had kept up their conversation merely to annoy him, emboldened by the fact that the officers were secretly enjoying it. With one bound Dan had reached them, and before the officers had time to overtake him he had given one a blow which sent him tumbling into the gutter, and, turning
upon the other, was about to annihilate him with a blow of his strong arm when he felt his uncle's hand upon his shoulder, and heard his voice of admonition at his ear.

"I beg your pardon, uncle," he said. "I suppose I ought not to have done it, but I could not help it after hearing what these fellows said."

"I guess we will just put a stop to this sort of thing, young man," said one of the officers as he drew a pair of handcuffs from his pockets, and in a moment had snapped them on Dan's wrists.

"For shame!" shouted somebody in the crowd. "The idea of two big officers handcuffing that boy to take him through the streets! Why, he didn't try to get away from you. He was only protecting himself from the insults against which you yourself should have protected him."

"Yes, shame!" said a half dozen voices. "A fine performance for two brutes who call themselves officers of the law! Let's take him away from them!"

"No, no," said the voice which had first cried shame. "No violence or resistance to the law. But there can be no impropriety in seeing that the officers do their duty, and protect him from insult either from the crowd or from themselves."

"Seems to me," whispered Dan to his uncle, "that that sounded like a familiar voice."

Mr. Patterson did not answer, for just at that moment they turned into the police station. The officers were evidently glad to get away from the crowd which had expressed itself in such an unpleas-
ant way about them, and the iron door clanged vigorously behind them as Dan with his uncle and Mr. Haliday were hustled inside.

The usual preliminaries were soon gone through with. Dan's name and age and residence and occupation were placed on the books of the station house, and opposite them the charge on which he had been arrested, and the name of Mr. Haliday as the complaining witness.

"I don't like to do it, my friend," said he to Mr. Patterson, "but it is a duty which I can not avoid."

"And now," said the officer, with evident relish, "we will take you to your cell, young man."

"To my cell!" said Dan, turning pale and looking at his uncle—"to my cell!"

"Certainly," replied the officer. "You don't suppose we're going to give you a room in the Continental Hotel while you are waiting for trial, do you?"

"Can't there be some way of letting him out on bail to-night?" said Mr. Haliday, anxiously, to the officer in charge.

"Impossible," said that dignitary. "I would not take the responsibility of accepting it in a case where so grave a crime against the United States is charged. And the judge won't be on the bench again until tomorrow. You see the crime with which he is charged is punishable with a fine of five thousand dollars and ten years' imprisonment. No, I could not possibly let him out on bail."

"And my train leaves for Washington in twenty minutes," said Mr. Patterson in despair. "What can be done, Haliday? I would not dare fail to make that
run with my mail car, for the mails must be handled promptly. What are we to do?"

He looked the picture of despair. Up to that time he had kept a cheerful face, for he had felt confident of Dan's innocence, though the appearances were against him, but the thought of leaving this inexperienced young man, charged with a crime of such magnitude, in a great city alone, in the hands of the officers who had shown such a disposition to treat him unjustly, unnerved him.

Dan took in the situation in a moment. It gave him strength. "Do your duty, uncle," said he. "Your place is in the mail car when it is ready to start. I would not have you neglect your duty or disgrace yourself for me."

Then turning to the officer, he said, "I am ready for my cell."

It was soon arranged that Mr. Patterson should make his run to Washington that evening, and, after getting a day's leave of absence, return during the night, so as to be on hand when the case should come before the judge in the morning.

"Meantime, I will look after your nephew, and see that he is not permitted to suffer any want of attention or advice," said Mr. Haliday.

"I must leave this moment," said Mr. Patterson, "or I shall miss my train and be for ever disgraced."

"Then go, uncle," said Dan, wringing his hand; "but tell me first that you believe me innocent."

"I do, my boy, I do," said he solemnly; "and I believe that God, in whom we both trust, will bring you safely out of this trouble."
He was just hurrying to the door when a look of anxiety overspread Dan's face, which had been almost itself since hearing his uncle's kind assurance. "Uncle," he cried excitedly—"uncle, come back just one moment."

"What is it, Dan?" said Mr. Patterson. "Be quick now, for I can't lose a moment!"

"My valise, uncle, my valise!"

"I had not thought of that," replied Mr. Patterson. "A new responsibility and a new danger. Well, Dan, leave it to me; I'll look after it," and he disappeared in a mad race against time to catch his train.

Mr. Haliday, after a few minutes' stay with Dan, excused himself for an hour, saying that he must return to the Mint, and after his dinner he would come in and spend the evening with him.

"Thank you, Mr. Haliday," said Dan, "for I know that the evening will be a long and uncomfortable one with me. Besides, I have something that I want to ask you."

Mr. Haliday, shaking Dan's hand, took his departure. A quarter of an hour later dinner, smoking hot, came from one of the best restaurants in the vicinity, with Mr. Haliday's compliments, and it enabled Dan to pass the remainder of his absence very comfortably.

"How can I thank you, Mr. Haliday?" said Dan on the return of that gentleman. "It was on your complaint, which it was your duty to make, that I was arrested, and yet you have treated me as kindly as though I were your own son."

"Well, I could not see the nephew of my old
friend Patterson neglected, even under these circum-
stances," said Mr. Haliday; "but you said you wanted
to ask me some questions, Dan."

"Yes," said Dan, "you told me some very inter-
esting facts about the coins of the United States, but
there are many other things I want to know about
them. Won't you explain to me the history of our
coinage, and also the difference of opinion about the
use of silver and gold and paper money, regarding
which there is so much strife at Washington and in
the country generally."

Mr. Haliday looked at him in amazement. "That
is a most remarkable request," said he. "Here you
are arrested charged with a serious crime, the pun-
ishment for which is five thousand dollars' fine and
ten years' imprisonment, and yet you want me to de-
vote your first night's imprisonment to a study of a
subject which is proving the most troublesome one at
the present time."

"Well," said Dan, "I have long wanted to know
about these things, but have known nobody who could
tell me until I met you. I suppose nothing can be
done until my uncle's return, and if I can learn what
I have so long wanted to know I shall not so much
regret the night in this cell."

Mr. Haliday could not repress his admiration for
this country boy, who was willing to extract comfort
from the dangers of his position by obtaining infor-
mation upon a subject which so many suppose unin-
teresting and "dry."

"Well," said he, "the first currency of this coun-
try was what was known as 'wampum.' When the
Dutch first landed at the point which is now New York, in 1609, they found that the Indians used long beads for currency among themselves. These beads were made from bits of shells. Some of them were white, and some purple and almost black. The white ones were made of what we now call 'conch' shells, and the black ones of a certain kind of clam shell which abounded on Long Island. The shells were broken into small pieces and ground down by rubbing on a stone until they were about the size of a piece of pipe stem half an inch long. Then a hole was drilled through them so that they could be strung together. These, which had probably been originally made for ornaments, had become a recognized currency among the Indians. Knowing that they could use them in trade with the Indians, from whom they bought furs and other articles, wampum gradually obtained a fixed value among the Dutch of New York, and then among the settlers of the Massachusetts Colonies where bullets and skins had passed for money up to that time. On account of the scarcity of other currency it came to be generally recognized as such among the people, and was accepted for payment of taxes. Six of the white beads or three of the black ones were accepted for one penny, and they were strung in parcels of certain numbers which passed for a penny, two pence, three pence, six pence, a shilling, and ten shillings, this highest combination equaling $2.50 of our present money. Finally, however, since everybody had a right to make them, there was an overproduction of wampum (just as some people believe there might be an overproduction of silver now if the authorities were
obliged to coin into dollars all the silver brought to the mints), and its use as currency was abandoned.”

“Was that the only kind of money the early settlers had?” asked Dan.

“Not absolutely. Of course there had been some coin brought in by the people coming from other parts of the world, and considerable quantities had been received in trade with the West Indies; but most of that went to England to pay for goods brought here to be sold in the colonies. So the authorities of the Massachusetts Colony, finding that wampum could not be further utilized as money because of its over-

production, and that the Spanish coins from the West Indies soon went abroad, set up a little mint in Boston in 1652, and began coining threepence, sixpence, and shilling pieces of silver, each bearing the figures of a pine tree on one side and the words ‘New England’ on the other. That was the first mint established in this country, and the ‘pine tree shilling’ and other coins of that class were the first coins made in America.”

“But I should think the money they coined would have gone abroad to purchase goods just the same as any other,” said Dan.
"Probably it would have done so but for the fact that they made the coins only three quarters silver, so as to prevent their acceptance outside of this country. Others of the colonies soon followed the example of Massachusetts, and established little mints, where limited quantities of silver and copper coins were made. Meantime, of course, there was constantly more or less coin of other countries being brought in and circulating in a greater or less degree. The English Government prepared a special class of coins with the same proportion of alloy used in the colonies, and these, with the Spanish milled dollars which came from the West Indies, became the most abundant metallic currency. Later there was a great deal of paper money issued by the colonies, called 'bills of credit,' which soon became greatly depreciated and unsafe."

"But did not the Continental Congress do anything about currency? Uncle showed me the places where it met beginning with 1774, and told me a lot of interesting things about it."

"Yes, that Congress took up the question of currency early in its second session, and contented itself with the issuance of a cheaper and more quickly manufactured kind of money, 'bills of credit.' Of course, the material for metallic money was scarce, and there was a necessity for the prompt production of some kind of currency to meet the requirements of the occasion."

"Then when did the present system of metallic currency begin?" asked Dan.

"After the close of the Revolutionary War the
necessity of having coins of an established value was recognized, and Thomas Jefferson, in a report to Congress in 1784, recommended a system of coins upon the basis of the Spanish milled dollar, which was then much in circulation in this country. He proposed four coins—a ten-dollar gold piece, a silver dollar, silver coins of the value of one tenth of a dollar, and copper coins of the value of one hundredth of a dollar. The Congress adopted the proposition in 1785, but took no steps to put it into operation. In 1786 the

First money coined by authority of Congress.

‘Board of Treasury,’ by authority of Congress, had three hundred tons of copper cents coined by private contract by the Mint, which the Legislature of Connecticut had previously established at New Haven. These copper cents were the first money coined by the United States. They were big copper pieces, with thirteen circles linked together on one side, and bearing the words ‘American Congress: We are one,’ and on the other side the words ‘Continental Congress: Mind your business.’ They also bore the dates of the
Declaration of Independence, 1776, although issued ten years later than that. There were few, if any, coins manufactured by the United States aside from these cents until after the adoption of the Constitution."

"That was several years later, was it not?"

"Yes, the convention which framed the Constitution met here in Philadelphia in May, 1787, and presented a complete constitution to the people for ratification in the following September. It was not until June, 1788, however, that nine of the colonies ratified it, and thus made its adoption a completed fact. Then in the following January, 1789, the presidential electors were chosen; they cast their vote for Washington, who was inaugurated as President on April 30th. The Constitution vested the right of coinage exclusively in the national Government."

"All of which is interesting," said Dan, "but we must not get away from the story of the coinage."

"No," said Mr. Haliday with a smile; "the Constitution having been adopted, and with it the exclusive right of the Government to issue coins, an act was passed in 1793 establishing a mint, and by 1795 it had begun work."

"Excuse me, Mr. Haliday," said Dan, interrupting, "is there any way we could learn whether my uncle caught his train? I should be very sorry if he missed it on my account."

"Yes, he did catch it," said Mr. Haliday, "though it had to wait for him, and so started several minutes late."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Dan. "I hope
there will no misfortune come out of the delay. Now, will you please go on with the history of the coinage made by the Mint which was established by the act of 1792.”

“Yes. The coinage, as I have said, began in 1795, the silver dollar was made the unit, and its weight was fixed at 416 grains, while the ten-dollar gold piece was to have 270 grains, thus making the weight of a dollar in gold 27 grains. The cents which were coined weighed 268 grains, but they were found so bulky and inconvenient that their weight was soon greatly reduced.”

“And have the gold coins remained the same since that?”

“With very slight changes. In 1834 the weight of the ten-dollar gold pieces was reduced to 258 grains, its present weight, and in 1837 the silver dollar reduced to 412\frac{1}{2} grains, and the gold and silver in each fixed at 900 fine, or nine parts pure metal to one part alloy. Since that time there has been no change in the weight of these coins, though there are many of other facts about the coinage of silver, its ratio to gold, and matters of that kind which are interesting and much discussed nowadays.”
Just then there arose a sound outside which attracted the attention of both, a bustle of excitement and hurrying footsteps, and above them all the clear voice of a newsboy shouting: "Here's your extra paper, all about the accident to the fast mail train! The postal clerk and baggage man killed!"

"My uncle! my uncle!" cried Dan in tones of agony. "He is killed, and all because of the delay of his train, due to my presence here!"
CHAPTER X.

Dan's night in his cell in the Philadelphia police station was one of mental agony. The cry of the newsboy announcing the wreck of the mail train had seemed to penetrate to his heart. He felt certain that it was his uncle's train, and that the death of his only relative was thus due to his unlucky presence, as, but for him and his misfortunes, his uncle would not have kept the train waiting until after its time, and thus the accident would have been avoided. Mr. Haliday tried to pacify him with the suggestion that there were many mail trains leaving Philadelphia every day and night, and that this accident was liable to have happened to some other train than that on which his uncle made his moving home. But Dan was not to be comforted.

"I feel that it is my uncle," he said, with a fresh burst of tears. "O Mr. Haliday, can't you get me out of here in some way, so that I can go to him. Before God, I am innocent; I did not take the die; I did not know that it was in my pocket; I do not know how it came there. O Mr. Haliday, let me go to my uncle, and then I will come back here and give the rest of my life if need be."

Mr. Haliday was moved to tears. "I wish I
could, my boy,” said he; “I wish I could. I would willingly consent to your going to your uncle and accept your promise to return. But I am powerless to unlock that door or to cause it to open until the judge has heard your case.”

Dan threw himself upon the hard bed of his cell and gave way to his emotions. Then he started up with a new thought. “Won’t you go then, Mr. Haliday?” he said. “You were my uncle’s friend. Go to him, I beg of you. Perhaps he is not killed; perhaps he is suffering, pinned down by the heavy cruel cars or engine. O Mr. Haliday, my father was killed in this way, in the same duty which has now claimed his only brother, my uncle. I was only a child then, but I remember that scene as well as though it happened yesterday. The train on which he was working was carrying an ex-President from Washington. The roads were crowded with trains carrying people from the inauguration. An engineer forgot his orders, and a pair of heavy engines dashed into his train. I wish I could forget that terrible scene. The train was wrecked. The cars were crushed, and the people in them were helpless to escape. My father, my own father, was one of the victims. Pinned down to the ground by the heavy engine which fell upon him, he was unable to move, barely able to speak, and could only ask Mr. Gordon to care for me. Then the steam from the broken engine did its terrible work, while the men and women, and even an ex-President and his wife, stood by helpless to rescue him. They could render only sympathy for those dying in the service of the country, and consola-
tion to those who suffered the loss. I remember all—all. Go, Mr. Haliday, I beg of you, and carry to my uncle, if he still lives, some word of affection from his unfortunate nephew, who would be with him now if possible.”

Mr. Haliday hurried out. On the street he stopped to buy a paper and read the report of the accident, hoping to find that the blow, although it fell upon some heart and home, had been averted from his friend and the suffering boy he had just left. But no; the worst fears of Dan seemed to have been realized. One cruel line of type told it all—

“Patterson, postal clerk, killed.”

To Dan in his cell it seemed hours before he returned. Every step in the quiet police station was listened to with anxiety yet dread, lest they should be those of the man who would bring him news that his worst fears were realized. Every clang of the iron door brought hope only to be followed by disappointment. Once Dan ventured to ask an officer who came in if he knew anything about the wreck, and received for reply,

“Yes; your uncle’s dead, young feller; and you’ll go to the penitentiary to-morrow.”

It was the officer who had arrested him, and he had not forgotten or forgiven the plain words spoken to him by Dan and his uncle.

But the longest and most agonizing delay must have an end. After a considerable portion of the night had been thus passed the door opened and Mr. Haliday entered. Dan scarcely dared look at his face. Would it tell him that his worst fears were realized,
or would it give him hope?" He nerved himself for the supreme moment.

Mr. Haliday advanced to the cell and held out his hand. His face was pale; he did not speak.

"Tell me," said Dan, "even if it is the worst; I must know."

"I scarcely know what to answer you," said Mr. Haliday. "They thought he was dead when they took him from the wreck. There was no movement, no sign of life. He was laid aside with the other dead, but when the wrecking train came and the bodies were removed I could not believe him dead. I felt sure there was life in his body, though I could not tell why. An accident of the war, in which a beloved officer of my own regiment, who was saved from burial in the trenches while conscious but unable to move or speak, impressed itself upon my mind. That officer was restored to health and is now a member of Congress. Remembering all this, I begged them to give to my friend, your uncle, the benefit of the careful attention which the hospital surgeons could bestow, in the hope of finding at last a spark of life which might be fanned into a flame. He has now been removed to the hospital. How it will be with him I can not say. It may be several hours, or even days, before we hear, but I can not give up hope."

Dan did not answer. He sank upon his knees and with upturned face breathed a silent prayer in behalf of his uncle. It was a touching moment, and especially so to those who heard his words a few hours earlier as he recalled the death scene which had made him an orphan. One experienced inmate of an ad-
joining cell, who had been inclined to complain, because Dan kept him awake a part of the night, volunteered a sympathetic suggestion that maybe it would turn out all right after all, while another growled out his opinion that this was no place for such a boy. Gradually Dan gained control of his emotions sufficiently to ask Mr. Haliday for the details of the accident.

"It is the old story," said he; "a late start, a fast run, spreading rails, and the train ditched. Of course, the baggage and postal cars were the first to suffer. The baggage car rolled into the ditch, followed by the mail car. The baggage was strewn about promiscuously, and the baggage man, who might have jumped and saved his life, was found dead, grasping the most insignificant looking piece of baggage in the car. It was an old-fashioned valise, such as is seldom seen among the traveling public nowadays, apparently with little value in it. But he had selected it from among all the pieces of baggage, and seemed determined to save it, even at the risk of his life. Curious, wasn't it?"

Dan's heart was beating violently now. "Heavens!" said he, "can it be possible——" then recollecting the importance of caution in his peculiar surroundings, he asked Mr. Haliday for a more detailed description of the valise, and satisfied himself that it was his own.

"What became of the valise?" he asked, striving to control his voice.

Mr. Haliday looked at him curiously, almost wondering if the grief and excitement had unsettled his mind.
"I suppose it was taken care of," said he; "I think now I remember seeing a neatly dressed young man, of rather striking appearance, take it from the hand of the dead baggage man and take charge of it. He was very active in assisting about the care of the baggage, but I did not see him after that; I don't know who he was, though his face seemed very familiar to me."

Finding it impossible to learn more about his precious baggage, and thinking it unwise to disclose any hint as to its value in the presence of the motley assemblage in the cells about him, Dan said no more upon the subject. His thoughts were busy, however, and his mind was filled with the greatest anxiety. Should the valise and its contents disappear beyond recovery, Mr. Gordon's fortune would be lost, and perhaps he would be held responsible. He reproached himself for having left the train. He felt that he should have remained there. It was clear, too, that the baggage man had made an effort to save that particular piece of baggage. Dan had reason to believe that his uncle had given the baggage man a hint of its value, and that the brave fellow had lost his life in the attempt to protect it.

Mr. Haliday seeing how the trouble weighed on Dan's mind, made an effort to turn his attention to the subject of their former conversation. He was successful.

"Yes," said Dan, in answer to a suggestion from him, "and I should like to ask you some further questions upon the matter we were discussing last night. Would you mind helping me to note down some of the
facts that you gave me so that I can remember them? I suppose you will not go back to the hospital imme-
diately.”

“'I will be glad to give you any information I can,’ said Mr. Haliday, ‘for I shall remain here until time to return to the hospital. But what are the points you particularly wanted to know?’”

Dan reflected a moment. The terrible events of the past few hours had almost driven the details of the previous evening’s conversation out of his mind. Yet he was willing, for the moment, to turn his thoughts away from the painful subject which had kept them busy for hours, since the reflection upon this could not avail. Slowly he gathered the threads of the subject he had been discussing, and mapped out in his mind the form of the concise statement he wanted to put on paper for reference.

“'Let us see,’ he said, ‘you gave me a history of our metallic currency from the beginning. Couldn’t you give me also a statement of the history of our paper money, so that I could put down the main facts together on one slip of paper, which would thus show the history and present condition of the currency of the country, both paper and metallic?’”

“I think we could do that,” said Mr. Haliday. “But before we begin that perhaps you might like to know briefly something of the history of paper currency generally, for it is rather curious to see how pieces of paper came to have a recognized value amounting to enormous sums and passing current everywhere.”

“Yes,” replied Dan; “I would like to understand
that. I have often wondered how it is that a piece of paper on which anybody can write or print anything he may choose is received so readily for cash by people who never saw or heard of the person who issues it.”

“That,” said Mr. Haliday, “is because it is issued or its issues guaranteed either by the Government or some well-known financial establishment whose guarantee is good, and which sees that it is properly secured and redeemed. The first currency of this character—aside from that used by the Chinese some two thousand years ago, and of which we know little—was issued by the Bank of Venice over five hundred years ago. That, it may be said, was the first bank of our civilization. The Venetian Republic, in 1171, being in need of money established a ‘Chamber of Loans,’ where it received such sums of money as the people were willing to loan to the Government, giving to each a paper showing the amount received, and agreeing to pay four per cent interest on it. These slips of paper soon came to pass current among those having large financial transactions. After a couple of centuries of this experiment, all bills of exchange payable in Venice were made payable in this Chamber of Loans, which thus became a bank of exchange. Persons desiring to pay debts paid the money into the bank, and received slips of paper showing that the sum had been so received, and these slips they sent to their creditors. Thus the banking system, which now permeates every community, began, and these certificates passed current throughout the civilized world, being more convenient than cash, because more
easily transferred. The result was the establishment of banking houses elsewhere, the issue of certificates of deposit, then the notes of the bank themselves promising to pay certain sums, which gradually came to be used as currency and finally was made subject to such official control as to render them safe even though the person taking them should not know the one issuing the promise to pay the sum named."

"And now as to our own paper money," said Dan, who was anxious to get his statement in shape.

"Yes," said Mr. Haliday with a smile; "I'll come to that point now, having generalized just enough to let you know what paper money is, and how its use originated. The first paper money issued in this country was by the Massachusetts Colony in 1690."

"Why, that was the first colony that made and issued coins, wasn't it?—and only thirty-eight years later, for you said the first coins struck in America were by a mint established in Boston in 1652."

"Yes," said Mr. Haliday, gratified to note that Dan recalled the date and circumstance. "I'm glad to see that you remember what is told you. Stick to that as closely as you can, and never be ashamed to ask what you don't know. By those methods and reading on important subjects you will become an intelligent and useful man."

"Thank you," said Dan modestly.

"To begin again with the history of the paper currency of the United States; the first was issued by the Massachusetts Colony in 1690 to pay the troops who went on the expedition against Quebec under Sir William Phipps. It amounted to $133,000, and
was made a legal tender by the General Court. The slips of paper which were called ‘bills of credit,’ bore the following words:

Facsimile of the first American paper money.

"The example of Massachusetts," continued Mr. Haliday, "was followed by other colonies. In 1723 Pennsylvania issued bills of credit, making them legal
tender and imposing penalties on those who refused to accept them. In 1755 the Virginia Colony issued treasury notes for payment of expenses of the French and Indian war, and New York also issued bills of credit about the same time.”

“And that brings the history of the paper money down to the beginning of the Revolutionary War, does it?” asked Dan, making a note.

“Yes. The Second Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, saw that Eng-
land meant war, for, you know, the first attack was made by the British at Lexington, Mass., April 19, 1775, twenty-one days before that Second Continental Congress met. Its very first action was to authorize the issue of a paper currency, for money was needed at once. This action was agreed upon in secret session on the first day of the session. It was issued in $1, $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, and $20 bills, and bore the following words:

This bill entitles the Bearer to receive
..... Spanish Milled Dollars or the value thereof in gold or silver; according to the resolutions of the Congress, held at Philadelphia, the 10th of May, A. D. 1775.

"Two million dollars of this was issued at once, but it did not last long; and as the necessities of the war demanded it, there were further issues until the sum outstanding in 1781 was $360,000,000. It became very much depreciated, however, for it was easily counterfeited, and, besides, many people doubted the ability of the Government to ever redeem it. It became so unpopular that $100 in coin would buy $2,600 in paper money. When it became so valueless the Bank of North America was chartered, in 1781, located at Philadelphia, and directors appointed by Congress, and it was authorized to issue promissory notes, which were made receivable for taxes and all debts
due the United States, and a general legal tender. This furnished the sums necessary for the moment, and practically ends the history of currency prior to the adoption of the Constitution."

"Which occurred in 1789," said Dan, more to himself than to Mr. Haliday. That gentleman, however, smiled approvingly and went on.

"One of the first things undertaken by the First Congress under the Constitution was legislation with reference to currency. The entire banking capital of the country was held by three banks—the Bank of North America, at Philadelphia, the Bank of New York, at New York, and the Bank of Massachusetts,
at Boston. Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, observing the prosperity of these institutions, proposed the establishment of a Government bank. The United States Bank was chartered, in accordance with his plans, in 1791, and, after much opposition by the strict constructionists, or Anti-Federalists, and the usual delays, the bank was established, the Government subscribing largely to its stock and depositing its money with it. The bank was located in Philadelphia, but was permitted to establish branches at various points. This bank issued circulating notes which were made receivable for public dues. It was rechartered in 1816, after much opposition, and when Jackson became President, in 1829, he wanted Congress to withdraw the Government deposits from it. Congress refused, but after it adjourned he ordered the Secretary of the Treasury, William Duane, to do so. He refused, and Jackson removed him and appointed Roger B. Taney in his place, and he withdrew the deposits and placed them in various banks scattered through the country, which were called 'pet banks' because of this. That resulted in the final destruction of the Bank of the United States.'

"Did the 'pet banks' in which the Government funds were deposited issue money, too, as the United States Bank had done?"

"Yes, and so did many other banks which had been chartered by the States. But after awhile the Government, in 1836, refused to receive their paper money for public lands or other purposes, and the result was a terrible panic and the failure of many banks."
This was so serious that a bankruptcy act was passed in 1841 relieving 40,000 persons of liabilities amounting to over many millions."

"Then what became of the Government funds deposited with the 'pet banks'?"

"They were withdrawn in 1840, and substreasuries established all over the country, just as we have them now."

"And that ended the Government's relation to the banking business?"

"Until 1861, when the present national banking system was established. I ought to say, however, to make the story of the currency complete, that many State banks kept on issuing paper money after the panic of 1836, and the notes of this character were practically all the paper money the country had from that time to 1861. This money, although there was over $200,000,000 of it in the country, was very unsatisfactory, as nobody knew when taking it whether it was good or would long continue so, or whether the bank which issued it would pay the coin for it, according to the promise on its face. So when Congress in 1861 determined to authorize the establishment of national banks and make their currency good everywhere, it passed an act taxing the currency of all other banks ten per cent per annum, thus driving their currency out of existence unless they chose to become national banks. This was done to give uniformity and safety to the currency."

"That," said Dan, "brings us down to our present currency. Now let me see if I can go over that briefly."
"All right," said Mr. Haliday, "you can be instructor now."

Dan, after a moment of reflection, repeated the history of the present paper currency, as detailed to him by Mr. Chilton on the train.

"Good," said Mr. Haliday. "Now let us get it on paper, for I must be off for the hospital to see how your uncle is."

So Dan wrote as Mr. Haliday called off the statements.

**Metallic Currency.**

First money in America: Foreign coins, wampum, bullets, skins, etc.

First coinage in America; Massachusetts Colony, 1652.

Other colonies followed with local coinage.

Continental Congress orders coinage of one-cent pieces, 1785.

United States Mint established, act of 1792; opened, 1795.

First coinage: gold eagles, 270 grains; silver dollars, 416 grains, etc.

Gold eagle, weight reduced to 258 grains 1834; fineness changed 1837 to .900.

Silver dollar reduced to 412½ grains, 1837, and fineness changed to .900.

Weight of silver fractional currency reduced, 1853.

Free coinage of silver suspended, 1873.

Monthly purchase of silver and coinage of dollars ordered, 1878.
Coinage of silver suspended and purchase of bullion ordered, 1892.
Purchase of silver bullion suspended, 1894.
Ratio of silver to gold, in dollars, 15.93 to 1, commonly called 16 to 1.
Ratio of silver to gold in fractional coins, 14.95 to 1.

Paper Currency.
First paper money issued by Massachusetts Colony, 1690.
Other colonies followed with bills of credit.
Second Continental Congress authorized issue of paper money, 1775.
Additional paper currency issued until 1781.
United States Bank chartered, 1791; rechartered, 1816.
Jackson withdrew funds from the United States Bank, 1833.
United States funds withdrawn from "pet banks"; established 1840.
State banks flourished until 1861.
National banks established in 1861; greenbacks issued, 1861.
Gold and silver certificates; represent coin in the Treasury.
Treasury notes; issued in payment for silver bullion, 1892.

Just as the last line was written the door was opened and a little man with large glasses entered. In his hand he carried a queer-looking, old-fashioned valise.
“Mr. Chilton,” ejaculated Dan, “and my valise.”

“Yes,” said that gentleman, in his usual quiet manner; “I had a hard time finding it. You had better examine it right away, for it looks to me as though it had been opened by some very skillful person.”
CHAPTER XI.

Several days elapsed between Dan's arrest and his trial. They were days and nights of anxiety to him, both on account of his own surroundings and his uncle's condition. Mr. Chilton, who asked him a good many questions about the die, and how it came to be in his pocket, soon disappeared. Dan had been unable to give him any information, and could only say that he was unconscious of its presence until it was found by the officers. Mr. Chilton was so non-committal that Dan could not determine whether this statement impressed him favorably or otherwise, or whether he was his friend or enemy. He knew that Mr. Chilton, being an officer of the Government, was bound to look out for its interests, and to prosecute the case against him unless confident of his innocence, and that was difficult to prove; for the finding of the die in his pocket, coupled with the fact that counterfeit money had been traced to his own section of the country in great quantities, put him in an awkward position to say the least. Yet he did not despair, for he had the same confidence in a Divine Providence which he had expressed on the day of his arrest. Mr. Haliday had come and gone at intervals. He was compelled to be at the Mint during business hours,
and much of his remaining time was spent oscillating between Dan's cell and the hospital, where Mr. Patterson lay, his life still hanging in the balance. The surgeons were unable to give a decided opinion as to his future. There was evidently a spark of life, but whether it would disappear or grow into greater proportions they would not say. They would not even give an opinion, a most unfavorable omen. They did go so far as to say that if a favorable turn came in his condition he would probably recover very rapidly. As to Mr. Haliday's attitude toward Dan, it was something the same as that of Mr. Chilton. He was an officer of the Government, and his business was to aid that Government in making a case against any person if he really were an offender. Besides, he stood in the peculiar attitude of being the chief witness either for or against Dan, for he had been with him during the entire trip through the Mint and on the occasion of his arrest, and had also seen more of him since the arrest than anybody else.

So Dan was entirely at sea as to what his fate would be, or even what his real surroundings and prospects were. He knew but two men in Philadelphia, and had known them but a few days, and their duty to their employer, the Government, was to push the case against him rather than advise or aid him. He observed that both of them grew less attentive to him as the days passed. Mr. Chilton, who never seemed inclined to talk about anything, came in suddenly one day, however, and asked Dan to help him seal up a package which he carried.

"This is an important package," said he, "and I
don't want anybody to know anything about it, so I have come to get you help me seal it up.”

Dan wondered why Mr. Chilton had grown so confidential. His manner was in strange contrast with that which characterized his former action. Nor did Dan quite understand why that gentleman should call on him to assist in a proceeding which he wanted to keep so secret, and especially to do this in a station house, where the adjoining cells were liable to be occupied by criminals of the worst sort. Yet he willingly lent a hand in the careful wrapping and tying of the package.

"Now," said Mr. Chilton, "I want to seal it with this sealing wax. I'm going to melt the wax and spread it over the place where the paper comes together, and I want you to press something on the wax as it is hardening, so that it will be thoroughly sealed. I'll have to hold the paper with both hands, so I'll ask you to press the wax down and make it firm."

He made a great show of folding the paper down carefully and neatly, and slowly melted the wax, spreading it over the paper at the point he indicated.

"Now," said he, seizing the paper with both hands and holding the edge of the paper carefully in place, "now press on the wax quick!"

Dan looked about him for some instrument with which to follow the instructions of Mr. Chilton, but found none.

"Quick! Be quick about it!" shouted Mr. Chilton, impatiently, "or you will be too late, and the package will be ruined."
"But I have nothing with which to press it down," said Dan.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Chilton, "I forgot to bring the seal; well, just press your thumb on it—that will do, I guess, though I ought to have the seal."

So Dan obligingly pressed his thumb on the wax and held it in position for a moment. As he removed it there was left in the wax an intaglio impression corresponding to the shape of the ball of his thumb.

"Humph!" said Mr. Chilton, with a growl, "that is a fine-looking mess you have made of it. Well, I suppose it is my own fault in forgetting to bring the seal."

He took the package to the window, where he could get a good light, and looked carefully at the seal. He even took a small magnifying glass from his pocket and examined it.

"Guess that will do," said he, as he turned to leave the room. He came back and looked carefully in the long row of cells occupying the apartment, and, finding them empty, said to Dan:

"Which pocket of your coat was that die found in?"

"The right-hand pocket," said Dan, after a moment's thought.

A moment later Mr. Chilton had disappeared. He put his head back inside the room as he was about to shut the door behind him and said:

"Much obliged for your assistance."

"Don't mention it," said Dan; "I haven't done much."

But he had done more than he supposed.
The only gleam of light which illumined the darkness of those days was the return of Dan's valise and the result of the examination of its contents. It will be remembered that Mr. Chilton had urged an immediate inspection when he returned it to him, saying that it looked as though it had been opened by somebody who was an expert in that sort of business. Dan's examination of the contents, however, resulted in finding everything apparently undisturbed except for the tossing about which the valise must have undergone in the accident to the train. The precious pocketbook and the package of damaged bills seemed to be also undisturbed. Mr. Gordon had placed a slip of letter paper with his name written on it carefully around the bills, putting them in the big pocketbook, and this was in its proper position, and in it were five ink-stained bills, on each of which the figures "500" could be discerned.

This discovery took a great burden off of Dan's mind. He had feared that the valise might be burned up or lost or stolen, and if the bills were lost in this way he should feel that it was his own fault in not staying with it and taking care of it constantly. He had also remembered, with anxiety, the baggage master's statement that "that slick-looking fellow," as he called Mr. Addison, had been trying to get possession of the valise; also the statement of Mr. Haliday that somebody had taken the valise out of the hand of the baggage master and disappeared with it. It seemed now, however, that his alarm about the matter was unnecessary, and he congratulated himself that probably the ancient and rather disreputable appearance
of the valise, which originally had caused him some chagrin, had perhaps saved it from attention at the hands of anybody with evil designs, if there were such persons. The officer of the station house, after looking through the valise to see that it did not contain anything which a prisoner ought not to have, permitted Dan to keep it in his cell, so that he felt safe as to its contents from that time forward.

He had had a weary day of waiting and thinking over his situation, when Mr. Haliday came in late one afternoon. His face did not give Dan any encouragement.

"Don't you think, Mr. Haliday," said he, "that there is some way I could get out of here and go to my uncle? I'm anxious to be at his side."

Mr. Haliday shook his head. "Even if you were able to go out of here," said he, "the surgeons would not let you be with your uncle. They are remaining with him and are unwilling to have anybody else about. There is little change yet, though what there is is favorable."

Dan relapsed into silence. Then, as if making a struggle to put away his unpleasant thoughts which would do him no good, he said:

"You have told me a good many interesting things, Mr. Haliday, about gold, silver, and paper. But I should like to know about the fractional silver currency and the five-cent and one-cent pieces. If you are not too tired to talk about such matters, won't you tell me about them, too?"

"Yes," said Mr. Haliday, looking at his watch, "I have half an hour to spare before I go to the
hospital, and I shall be glad to give you any information you want on the subject.”

“Do you make the small coins at the Philadelphia Mint as well as the large ones?”

“Yes, we make all kinds of coins, bronze pennies, nickles, dimes, quarters, and half dollars. The bronze two-cent pieces and the three-cent and five-cent are not now coined, nor are the big copper pennies or the old half-cent pieces which we used to have, but which are seldom seen now.”

“Half-cent pieces,” said Dan, with awakened curiosity.

“Yes. Few of this generation know that we ever had half-cent pieces, but it is a fact. Their coinage was authorized at the time of the passage of the act establishing the Mint in 1792. The same act authorized the coinage of large copper cents, which actually weighed more than one half as much as a silver dollar. At first the copper cents weighed 264 grains, and you know the weight of the silver dollar was then 416 and is now 412½ grains. These copper cents were so heavy, however, that the Government reduced their weight, and finally discarded them altogether in 1857, making the one-cent pieces of copper and nickel, but weighing only 88 grains. In 1864 these were discontinued, and the present bronze cent, weighing 48 grains, substituted.”

“What are the one-cent pieces we now have made of?” asked Dan.

“They are 95 per cent copper and the other 5 per cent tin and zinc.”

“And the five-cent pieces?”
"Are made of nickel and copper, though the proportion of copper is greater than most people suppose. They are usually spoken of, you know, as 'nickels,' when, in fact, they have but 25 per cent of nickel and 75 per cent of copper.

"How about the three-cent and two-cent pieces, and the old silver five-cent pieces that we see occasionally?"

"Their coinage has been discontinued by order of Congress. The three-cent pieces were probably made for use when the postage stamps sold for three cents, and when the postal rates were changed they were of little use. The two-cent pieces were not much used. So the coinage of three and two cent pieces and the silver five-cent pieces were discontinued by act of Congress in 1873. The nickel three-cent pieces were no longer in demand, and they were discontinued, too."

"But the coinage of pennies and nickels still continues?"

"Bless you, yes; and often we are unable to supply the demand. Why, we coin from forty to fifty million new pennies in a year and ten to twelve million nickels, or say an average of a million one-cent pieces a week and a million nickels a month."

"Does the material in these coins cost the Government as much as it gets for them?"

"Oh, no; there is a big profit in the coinage of the one-cent and five-cent pieces—the 'token coins,' as they are called. The blanks, or planchets, for the one-cent pieces cost about one seventh of a cent each, and are, of course, accepted as one cent each after being
struck with the die. The blanks for the nickels cost less than half a cent a piece, and pass for five cents after being struck with the die. Of course, these 'token coins' are mere tokens, and are not expected to have the intrinsic value of the sum named on their face, as is the case with other coins.”

“And they pass current everywhere?”

“Yes, but they are little used in the South and extreme West, especially the one-cent pieces. We get no demand for one-cent pieces from the South or the Pacific coast as compared with that from the North. Our shipments of one-cent pieces to Alabama last year were less than one tenth of those sent to Wisconsin, which has about the same population. To Louisiana we sent last year but $50 worth of pennies, while to Maine, with half the population, the amount sent was over $4,500. Even the five-cent pieces are much less in demand in the South than in the North.”

“How many one-cent and five-cent coins do you calculate there are afloat in the country?”

“Nearly 900,000,000 pennies and 300,000,000 five-cent pieces, or an average of 12 pennies and 5 nickels to each person. At least there have been more than that coined. It seems, however, that a good many of them disappear, though, of course, they do not wear out very fast. To show you how these minor coins disappear, I will say that there are still about 11,000,000 of the old-fashioned copper cents still unaccounted for, but they do not seem to come into the treasury or Mints. There were about 8,000,000 half cents coined up to 1857, when their
coinage was suspended by law, but none of them have ever been returned for recoinage and none are in circulation. I suppose that a great many of them are laid away as curiosities."

"What is the weight of these pennies and nickels?"

"Well, you can figure it out for yourself. A pound of nickels contains about 40 pieces; a pound of pennies contains about 150 pieces. An avoirdupois pound contains 7,000 grains. So you can figure on that later on."

"You say that these coins cost the Government a mere trifle to manufacture, yet they pass for given sums of money. Must any one accept them whether he wants them or not?"

"Only in limited sums. The pennies and nickels are a legal tender for 25 cents in each case. Fractional silver currency is a legal tender for $10."

"So if one is offered more than 25 cents in pennies or nickels he need not accept it unless he desires?"

"He is only required to accept 25 cents of it as a legal tender. Even the fractional coins are only a legal tender for $10 or less if anybody chooses to refuse them."

"But the silver dollar?"

"Is a legal tender in unlimited quantities, as is also gold."

Dan's habit of "setting things down" got the better of him again. "If you please, Mr. Haliday," said he, "will you repeat to me some of those interesting facts about the coins and let me write them down
for future reference? There are so many of them that they fairly make my head buzz, and I am afraid I shall not remember them."

So Mr. Haliday obligingly sat down and called off a list of interesting facts as follows, while Dan wrote them down very carefully:

United States Mint, established, Philadelphia, 1792. Mints are also located at Denver, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Carson, Nev.

- Philadelphia Mint makes all kinds of coins; others only gold and silver coins.
- Total money coined in all the Mints since their establishment, $2,650,000,000.
- Number of one-cent pieces in circulation, (about) 900,000,000.
- Number of five-cent pieces in circulation, (about) 300,000,000.
- Amount of gold coin in United States, $670,000,000.
- Silver dollars (in Treasury and circulation), $455,000,000.
- Subsidiary silver coins, $77,000,000.
- Legal-tender notes, $346,000,000.
- Silver certificates, $335,000,000.
- National bank notes, $220,000,000.
- Treasury notes (act of 1890), $115,000,000.
- Gold certificates, $80,000,000.
- Silver dollars in circulation, 55,000,000.
- Silver dollars represented by certificates, 400,000,000.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Haliday," said Dan. "It is very interesting to me, especially now
that everybody is discussing it in the newspapers and in the politics of the country."

"Yes," said Mr. Haliday, "it is an important subject, and I wish more people would take the intelligent interest in it that you do, for it would help them to think and vote intelligently and properly on the subject."

"But I do not understand yet about the question of the ratio of silver to gold and the issue of more silver coins, so much talked about, and on which there seems to be much difference of opinion."

"I shall be glad to give you what information I can, and it is a subject which everybody ought to study, especially now that there is so much talk about it everywhere, not only in this country but elsewhere. Some other day I will talk to you about it. I must be going to the hospital now, for I hope that the physicians may be able to give some opinion by this time as to your uncle's prospect of recovery."

He shook hands heartily with Dan as he left the cell, and Dan found himself wondering after his departure whether he really believed him guilty of the charge which he had made against him. This started a train of thoughts in his mind, and he went again over the circumstances at the Mint, wondering how or where the die could have been placed in his pocket, and whether the ill-natured officer who professed to find it there really did find it, or whether the officer put it in his pocket in order to make a reputation for himself. He wished Mr. Chilton was there so that he might suggest this theory to him, when he remembered that Mr. Chilton, too, represented the Govern-
ment, and was as likely to be his enemy as his friend, or at least was likely to take an absolutely impartial view of the situation, with a desire to do his full duty to his employer, the Government.

"Here's a lady to see Daniel Patterson," said a gruff voice, breaking in on his reflections.

"A lady," said Dan incredulously. "A lady to see me? You must be mistaken, officer. I don't know anybody in Philadelphia and nobody knows me."

"Can't help that, young feller. She says she wants to see Daniel Patterson, or Mister Daniel Patterson, as she puts it. That's your name, ain't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Dan faintly.

As he said this the door opened and the lady entered. She was young, quite young, with slight, girlish figure, large blue eyes, which gazed in wonder upon the unfamiliar scenes of a police station house, luxuriant golden hair tucked beneath a hat which showed signs of travel, a delicate face pale with fatigue, but whose cheeks grew pink as her eyes met Dan's. She walked straight to his cell and extended her hands.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Patterson?" she said.

Dan was so unaccustomed to being so addressed that he did not reply for a moment. Besides, his thoughts were busy. They seemed to go back to a night scene at the railroad station, the gleam of a lantern, a bundle of mail sacks, a big, bluff postmaster and his pretty daughter. Then he recognized the young woman who was holding out her hand to him.
“Miss Dennison,” he said, “the postmaster’s daughter?”

“Yes,” she answered with a blush. “I hope I haven’t done anything wrong in coming here. I didn’t know whether I ought to, but your uncle wanted to send word to you, and so I came.”

“My uncle,” said Dan, still wondering whether he was awake or dreaming.

“Yes. You see we heard about the accident to my uncle, the baggage master, and your uncle, the postal clerk, but didn’t learn any details. So father and I took the first train and came here. We were too late, and”—her voice was growing unsteady—“we were too late to do anything for my Uncle Henry, who died with your valise in his hand, but have been with your Uncle Samuel ever since we arrived. And now I have come to tell you that he is better, and the doctors have a hope of his recovery.”

“Thank God!” said Dan solemnly. “Thank God for that; and I thank you, Miss Dennison, for coming to this terrible place to bring me this good news.”
CHAPTER XII.

The two days which followed the visit of Miss Dennison to Dan's cell were full of interest, not to say excitement, to both of them. It may be difficult to imagine how a country boy shut up in an iron cage or a country girl shut up in a hospital, in a great city hundreds of miles away from home and friends, should find their surroundings interesting or exciting. But there was plenty to occupy their thoughts. Miss Dennison, it will be remembered, had been described by her father on the night of Dan's first meeting with her as a "powerful good one in sickness." And her presence at Mr. Patterson's bedside fully justified that assertion. The physicians finding her an admirable nurse, encouraged Mr. Patterson's desire for her presence. Her gentle voice seemed like soft music in his ears, and her touch quieted his nerves and soothed the pains which he was suffering. Moreover, she could bring him news of his nephew, how he looked and talked, and what his surroundings were. As soon as the physicians would permit it he had a brief consultation with Mr. Chilton, who remarked to Miss Dennison on passing out of the room that he was much gratified with her presence with Mr. Patterson, adding that he would gladly render
her any assistance she might require during her stay in the city. Her father had departed with the remains of his brother, the dead baggageman, and only consented to Sallie's remaining when informed by the doctors that the life of Mr. Patterson might depend upon it. So it was arranged that she should remain until Mr. Patterson could do without her, and that Mr. Chilton should see her safely on the train which would carry her home without change of cars. Mr. Chilton was not unknown to her, for he had frequently visited her father's post office in an official way, and these visits had resulted in quite a pleasant acquaintance between himself and Sallie.

As for Dan he found much interest in the visits of Miss Dennison, who was occasionally able to make a trip from Mr. Patterson's bedside to his cell, carrying some loving message back and forth as she went. These visits were far from disagreeable to either of them. She often spent a few minutes in the station house when it was not crowded, and while his first inquiries were for his uncle, it soon became apparent that her good report from the sick room was not the only light which her presence shed in the gloom of his prison. Her natural diffidence soon disappeared, and they talked of her home and surroundings and his own quite freely. Dan had wondered whether the news of his arrest would penetrate the fastnesses of his mountain home, and secretly hoped that Mr. Gordon's family might be spared the pain and anxiety of that knowledge as he still clung to his belief that in some way his innocence would be proved. He consulted Miss Dennison on this question, and she
agreed with him that there were little probability of the facts becoming known in their home, and added that she had cautioned her father not to mention it, because she believed that Dan would be found innocent.

"Thank you, Miss Dennison," said Dan, with brightening eyes, as he extended his hand to her when she made this statement. "Thank you, and God bless you for it. You do not know how much satisfaction it gives me to hear that."

"Well, you must not place too much confidence in my opinion on that subject, for I am not a lawyer, you know."

"It was not so much that," said Dan; "it was not so much the opinion that I would escape punishment as it was your expression of a belief that I am innocent. I can not tell you how much good that statement from you has done me. It gives me new strength to bear my heavy burden of the imprisonment and temporary disgrace."

"I must hurry back to your uncle," she said, with a perceptible tremor in her voice; "he says the moments are like hours when I am away."

"Come now," said a gruff voice as the officer's head bobbed through the half-opened door, "you'll have to stop this now. Time's up. Better take a last look at that feller, young lady, for we're soon going to send him where the dogs won't bite him for a good long time."

"Mr. Officer," said Dan, with a voice quivering with indignation, "I beg that you will attend to your duties and omit any remarks to this young lady, or
any discussion of a subject which is not your province to talk about at this time at least.”

“Guess I’ll talk as much as I want to about it,” said that officer in a surly manner, “and I don’t want any of your back talk, or I’ll put you in solitary confinement, where you will not see this pretty young lady or anybody else. We’ll just put a stop to this thing of your having visitors.”

“Perhaps you will and perhaps you will not,” said a familiar voice in the direction of the door. “I think, Mr. Officer, you are overstepping the bounds of your duty materially, just as you did when you and another strapping big officer took occasion to handcuff this boy because he had refused to submit to insults from which you failed to protect him. I’d advise you to be a little careful or you may hear something that you don’t like before this matter is over.”

The owner of the voice walked into the cell room as he said this, and stopping in front of the officer, looked him squarely in the eye. He was a little man, weighing perhaps half as much as the big officer of the law whom he thus addressed. But somehow his words seemed to hit the mark, for the burly officer, after looking at him for a minute, turned on his heel, muttered something unintelligible, and disappeared through the door.

“If you are going in the direction of the hospital, Miss Dennison,” said Mr. Chilton, for it was he who had thus addressed the officer, “I’ll walk with you.”

They had only been gone a few minutes when Mr. Haliday entered.
"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Haliday," said he, "for it is growing tiresome waiting here with such a charge against me and with so few friends in this great city."

"Yes, that is true," said Mr. Haliday, sympathetically. "But I think you will not have to wait much longer. I have just come from your uncle and found him greatly improved."

Thus reassured, Dan's thoughts turned to the subject on which Mr. Haliday had promised to enlighten him at the time of their last conversation.

"You said when we were talking last time," said Dan, "that you would give me some further information about silver money and the questions regarding it, which are being so much discussed everywhere now."

"Yes," replied Mr. Haliday, "if you find that subject more cheerful than the gloomy thoughts which seemed to be in your mind when I came in, I shall be glad to talk to you about it now."

"I should be delighted," said Dan. "For if I am likely to have my trial soon, I hope to leave here before long, and I want to hear what you can tell me on this subject as it will probably be my only opportunity."

"Well," said Mr. Haliday, "the question, to begin with, is whether we shall have in this country bimetallism or monometallism. Bimetallism is a doctrine that two metals—silver and gold, for instance—may be adopted in the country at one time as standards of value, and bear to each other a fixed ratio established and recognized by the Government. Mono-
metallism is a doctrine that only one metal—gold, for instance—should be used as the standard of value. By the ratio I mean the number of grains of silver which shall be considered equivalent to one grain of gold. It is found that where two countries adopt a double standard, but with different ratios, the gold or silver leaves the country in which it is given the least value and flows to the country where it is most valued."

"Do many countries have bimetallism?" asked Dan.

"Not many of them now," answered Mr. Holiday. "Most of the leading nations of the world have stopped the coining of silver except for subsidiary or fractional coins. England stopped it in 1816. Germany made gold her sole standard in 1873, Holland did the same thing in 1875, and Spain took similar action about the same time. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark demonetized silver in 1873, only coining it for fractional currency. The United States, which had coined no silver of any consequence for many years, dropped the silver dollar from her coinage in 1873, but resumed it under certain restrictions in 1878. The Latin Union, which was a combination formed by France, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, and Belgium, for a mutual ratio and coinage of silver, stopped the coinage of silver in 1878. Austria-Hungary adopted the single gold standard in 1892, and the free coinage of silver in India was stopped in 1893, and Japan adopted the gold standard in 1897."

"That must have stopped most of the demand for silver, did it not?"

"Yes, and curiously, too, there was a great in-
crease in the production of silver about that time, especially in the United States. So the price naturally went down to less than half what it used to be. The general opinion of financiers is that silver can now be generally used only by agreement among the leading nations for a fixed ratio and resumption of coinage. Several conferences of leading nations have been held to consider it, but no agreement has been reached."

"But still there are many people in this country urging free coinage."

"Yes, they believe that if silver is coined freely there would be much more money in the country, and that the silver coins would continue to pass current as they do now, and as they did when the silver dollar was by law the standard of value. You see the act of 1873 made the gold dollar the standard, so that we are really a monometallic country, but with a large silver circulation."

"How many grains of silver are equal to a grain of gold in our dollars?"

"Sixteen," said Mr. Haliday. "Prior to 1834 the ratio was 15 to 1, or fifteen times as many grains of silver in a silver dollar as there were grains of gold in a gold dollar. But the ratio in Europe was 15½ to 1, and as there was a profit in sending silver to this country and getting gold in exchange for it, our gold went to Europe and their silver came here. So the ratio was changed to 16 to 1. This resulted in a demand for our silver coins abroad because each contained a little more silver than other countries considered equal to one dollar in gold. So in order to keep
the fractional currency at home its weight was reduced to less than the standard fixed for the dollars and has continued to the present time.”

“So our fractional currency does not have as much silver as the dollar?”

“No, a dollar’s worth of fractional coins only contains 384 grains of silver instead of 412½ grains as a standard dollar has.”

“Is our ratio of 16 to 1 still larger than that of European countries generally?”

“Yes; nearly all of them have a ratio of 15½ to 1 for the coins which are full legal tender.”

“When was our free coinage of silver stopped?”

“The free coinage was stopped in 1873, but the Government has been buying and coining silver at various times since then. An act passed in 1873, regulating the coinage of the country, omitted to mention the silver dollar at all, and the friends of silver insisted upon some recognition for it in the currency; so an act was passed in 1878 directing the Secretary of the Treasury to buy silver and coin it into dollars. This was continued at the rate of $2,000,000 worth of silver per month until 1890, when the law was repealed and the purchase of silver bullion authorized, to be paid for in Treasury notes, which have already been explained to you. This soon proved unsatisfactory, however, and that law was repealed in 1893, thus practically ending the coinage of silver except for fractional coins.”

“Have we as much silver as other nations of the world?”

“Yes, more than most of them. We have over
$500,000,000 in silver, including the fractional currency, which alone amounts to $70,000,000. Only three other countries in the world—France, India, and China—have as much silver as we have; only two countries—France and the Netherlands—have as much silver for each individual, or *per capita,* as it is called. Our silver money amounts to little over $8 for each person."

"Take all our money together—gold, silver, and paper—have we as much *per capita* as other countries?"

"More than most of them. We have $23 *per capita* in circulation, while such strong and wealthy countries as England has $20.75, Germany $18.50, Spain $16.50, Switzerland $14.50, Canada $13.50, Austria-Hungary and Italy $10, Greece $9, Scandinavia $8, Russia $7, Mexico and Japan $5, India $4, Turkey $3, and China less than $2 *per capita.* The only nations of the world which have more money *per capita* than we have are France, which has $35, Belgium $25, Netherlands, $28, and Australia $25."

"Let me get some of those figures, won’t you, Mr. Haliday?" said Dan. And he wrote the following, with Mr. Haliday’s assistance, that gentleman looking on with an amused expression meantime:

Monometallism makes one metal the standard of value.
Bimetallism makes two metals the standard with a fixed ratio.
Ratio of silver to gold in our coinage, 16 to 1.
Ratio of silver to gold in most European countries, \(15\frac{1}{2}\) to 1.

England stopped coining silver (except for fractional currency) 1816.

All European countries took similar action between 1873 and 1893.

More money per capita in the United States than elsewhere, save France, Netherlands, Belgium, and Australia.

"And now, Mr. Haliday," said Dan, putting away his notes, "I want to ask you what you think of the prospect of my getting a trial soon, since my uncle is improving?"

Just as he said this the door opened and a fine-looking old gentleman, with white beard and a statesmanlike appearance, walked into the cell room. He looked sharply about him as though rather unfamiliar with this sort of surroundings.

"Where's Daniel Patterson?" he said.

"Here, sir," said Dan, wondering what new torture was in store for him now.

The old gentleman advanced to the cell and looked sharply at him for a full minute—it seemed much longer to Dan—without speaking.

"I have been appointed by the court to take charge of your case," said he. "I do not often do work of this kind, but it seems that you are alone and without friends, and the judge has asked me to act as your attorney. We must have a consultation at once, for the case comes up to-morrow, and I confess that it looks like a bad one."
The morning set for Dan's trial found him in a state of anxiety. He had placed himself at the service of his counsel, Colonel Ransecker, who had questioned him and cross-questioned him about the finding of the die in his pocket, but it all resulted in a simple statement from Dan that he knew nothing about its presence there until it was apparently taken from his pocket by the officer.

"Apparently," said Colonel Ransecker, "now that is not a bad idea. Perhaps that officer had it in his hand all the time, and just slipped it in your pocket and took it out again in order to get the credit of finding it."

Colonel Ransecker soon decided that he must consult Mr. Patterson, who was the only man in Philadelphia knowing Dan's history, and the only one, except Mr. Haliday, who was with him during his visit to the Mint. So he posted off to the hospital, leaving Dan to his thoughts, but soon returned very much depressed.

"The doctors absolutely refuse to let me see your uncle even for a moment," he said. "They said that while he was doing well and on the road to recovery, the agitation of a discussion of this question
and the knowledge that the trial was in progress would be very hard for him. It is very unfortunate. It seems like a desperate case. We are going to trial with no evidence to sustain your claim of innocence, but on the other hand the hard fact that the die was apparently found in your pocket.”

“But he is innocent, Mr. Lawyer, I’m sure he is innocent,” said a gentle voice beside the cell.

Dan started, and Colonel Ransecker looked around in surprise. He saw a sweet-faced young girl, plainly dressed, her golden hair brushed back from the delicate temples, the big blue eyes plainly showing anxiety and loss of sleep.

“Miss Dennison,” said Dan. “You here at this time?”

“Yes, Mr. Patterson,” said she. “Why not? You are to be tried this morning upon a charge of which I believe you are innocent. I do not know that I can do any good, but I want to be near you and at least show my belief in your innocence.”

“A lot of good that will do,” said a harsh voice at the door. “Come on, young man, your case is the first one to be called. I guess it won’t be very long, either, for I don’t see any witnesses in your favor.”

It was the officer who had arrested him. He was still bent on taking his revenge for Dan’s manly resentment of his numerous insults.

As they took their seats a dignified-looking personage, wearing a black gown, entered by a side door and occupied the chair behind a high desk at the end of the room. A chill seemed to pass over the assemblage as he looked around.
“That’s Judge Sollum,” said Colonel Ransecker. “He is to preside in your case.”

Dan looked at him with anxiety. He did not see much of promise in his face.

A wizen-faced old man with shiny coat, which showed the wear of a dozen seasons, rose as solemnly as though he were about to officiate at a funeral and droned out these words: “O yea, O yea, O yea. All persons having business with the honorable court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention as the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court.”

It was extremely ludicrous, and Dan, to whom it was entirely new, could scarcely repress a smile as he asked Colonel Ransecker what it meant.

“Oh, that is the custom,” said that gentleman. “That dignified person who just delivered the oration is what is known as the ‘crier’ of the court. He always opens court with those words.”

“Silence in the court!” roared Wizen Face, making believe he heard something moving at the other end of the court room.

Everybody tried to hold his breath lest this dignitary should be offended. When Wizen Face, evidently satisfied that he had earned his salary for the day, sat down exhausted.

While this was going on the dignified judge was collecting his thoughts and adjusting his gown and glasses.

“Call the first case, Mr. Officer,” he said.

“The United States against Daniel Patterson!” shouted Wizen Face in an offended tone, as though
Dan had committed an offense against him in requiring him to speak again so soon.

"Your Honor," said Colonel Ransecker, as he rose, "Daniel Patterson is present and ready for trial if the court desires. I have been appointed as his counsel, but owing to the illness of his only relative or acquaintance in the city, have been unable to learn much of his antecedents or to obtain witnesses as to his character. His home is in West Virginia and he has no friends here except an uncle, who was badly injured in the railroad accident a few days ago."

"Well, let's hear the case," said the judge, with some severity. "This officer tells me that the prisoner has been very troublesome—that he not only resisted arrest, but has been insolent and turbulent since."

There was a stir in the back part of the court room as he said this, as though somebody had attempted to move nearer to the front.

The first witness put upon the stand was Mr. Haliday. He related how Dan came to the Mint with his uncle and been shown through it from one end to the other, and that the absence of the die had been discovered meantime; how a stranger had been arrested and searched without finding it, and finally how it was found in Dan's pocket. Then the officer who arrested him told his story, not forgetting to embellish it with an elaborate account of Dan's indignant words when his statement of innocence was met with doubts, and his subsequent breaking from the officer and attack upon a couple of "innocent spectators," as the officer denominated them.
And what have you to offer in defense?” inquired the judge, looking at Dan’s counsel, Colonel Ransecker.

“I’m sorry to say, your Honor, there is very little to offer except the statement of this young man himself. He denies the charge, and says that he doesn’t know how the die came to be in his pocket.”

“Let the prisoner take the stand,” said the judge sharply.

So Dan was marched not unwillingly into the witness box. In answer to questions he told of his trip from home, omitting to state the cause of his visit to Washington, as he did not desire to expose Mr. Gordon’s business unless necessary. Then he told about his trip through the Mint, the interesting things he had seen there, and closed by saying that he did not know how the die came to be found on him. It was a clear, frank, straightforward story.

“And this is all the evidence you have to offer in his defense,” said the judge, looking to Colonel Ransecker.

“Alas! it is, your Honor. I had hoped to get from his uncle some evidence as to his character and the improbability that he could have had any incentive to take the die. But unfortunately he is too ill from the effects of his accident to be present or to have even seen me in regard to the case.”

“Was there nothing else of a suspicious character found on him?” said the judge.

“Nothing else at the time, your Honor,” spoke up the officer. “But I have here a small pocketbook
containing a number of suspicious papers, which was found in his cell after he left it to-day."

"My pocketbook," said Dan, "and all the slips of paper I have collected. It must have fallen out of my pocket."

"Let us see what those suspicious papers are," said the judge.

Colonel Ransecker looked at the pocketbook and then at Dan. He was uneasy at this new turn the case was taking.

The officer laid the pocketbook on the desk before him and took out the papers one by one, reading aloud the descriptions of the different kinds of metallic and paper currency which they contained, the weight of the various coins, etc.

"Dreadful," said the judge, "dreadful. Why, it's evident that this young person was preparing to go into the counterfeiting business with great accuracy and in a way that would have made him a dangerous person. Young man, what have you to say about this great mass of evidence against yourself?"

"Only this, your Honor," said Dan, rising and speaking respectfully. "I was not aware that it is a crime for anybody to know these things. The newspapers, the politicians, the law-makers, and the people generally are discussing these questions all the time, as to whether we ought to have more money, and if so whether it should be paper or silver, whether there should be free coinage or not, what the ratio of silver should be to gold, and whether the National Bank currency should be permitted to take its place. I
thought that people ought to know these facts which I have been gathering in order to be intelligent on these subjects."

Just then there was a stir at the rear end of the court room. A man clad in an outing suit, with brown side whiskers and a face tanned by exposure to the sun, entered hastily.

"Is the case of Daniel Patterson being tried?" he said, in a tone evidently intended to reach the ears of the judge.

"Order in the court!" roared Wizen Face, astonished at the audacity of any one who should thus assume to interrupt the court.

"I beg the pardon of the judge and officers of the court," said the gentleman, bowing low and advancing to the judge's desk. "I did not intend to violate any rules of the court, but I am extremely anxious to be heard before this case is closed. I saw by the papers while I was on the train that it was to be tried this morning, and I feared that I might be too late to make a statement which I think is very important in the case."

"This is an unusual request," said the judge sternly, "but in view of this statement the court will adjourn for dinner and give you a hearing later in the day."

At this the gentleman bowed low and withdrew, announcing that he would be present when the court met at one o'clock. Colonel Ransecker anxiously inquired of Dan as to his identity, but Dan replied that he had never seen him before and had no idea who he was or what he would have to say.
"So we can do nothing but wait," said Dan. "Meantime, if you have nothing else to do, I want to ask you about this court and the reason that the judge wears that funny old gown. It reminds me of the pictures of old English judges."

"Quite likely," answered the colonel, "for this is a United States Court, you know, and our United States Courts got their fashions from the English."

"Why am I being tried in a United States Court?" said Dan. "I thought the courts were State institutions."

"Some of them are," replied the colonel, "but the United States Courts are established for the trial of offenses against the Government, cases in which the Constitution is called in question, or where the case is between parties living in different States. Your case is brought in the United States Court because the crime with which you are charged is an offense against the United States."

"How many United States Courts are there?" said Dan, glancing anxiously toward the door to see if Mr. Chilton and the other would-be witness were returning.

"There are several kinds or classes of United States Courts," said the colonel. "There is one United States District Court in every State, and in some large States more than one. These District Courts have charge of criminal cases and those relating to shipping and navigation, which are usually called admiralty cases. Then there are nine Circuit Courts, each circuit including several States; they have charge
of civil cases. Then there are also in each of these circuits what is known as Circuit Court of Appeals, to which persons not satisfied with the decisions of the District or Circuit Courts may appeal certain classes of cases. Then there is the Supreme Court at Washington, to which a limited class of cases may be appealed from the District and Circuit Courts and from the Supreme Courts of the States. The Supreme Court, you know, is the highest tribunal of the land; when that court decides a case there is no further appeal. The Supreme Court not only decides cases at issue between citizens or States, but decides whether the laws passed by Congress and the States are in violation of the Constitution or the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to the citizens of the country.”

“The duties of these judges must be very important,” said Dan.

“Yes, very. Some cases stop with the District and Circuit Courts, while many of those appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals are not permitted to go further. Those which go to the Supreme Court end with the decision of that court. So it is important that the judges selected for all the United States Courts should be men of great learning and ability and absolute integrity and fairness.”

“How are these judges appointed?” said Dan, still looking for the return of Mr. Chilton.

“By the President, who nominates them to the Senate, and that body, if it finds them satisfactory, confirms them.”

“Then are the judges changed whenever a new
President comes in, just as postmasters and other officers are?"

"No. The framers of the Constitution saw that if the judges were to be subject to change every time the appointing power changed, there would be danger that they would be prejudiced in their acts and decisions in favor of the appointing or removal power. So it was provided in the Constitution that they should hold office during good behavior, and that their salaries should not be diminished during their continuance in office. This makes them absolutely independent of the changes which go on in the political world about them, and helps them to be absolutely unprejudiced in their interpretation and administration of the law."

"So the United States judges continue to be judges as long as they live, do they?"

"Until they reach an age at which it is proper for men to retire from public life. The law permits them to retire at the age of sixty-five, provided they have served ten years in their position, and allows their salaries to go on to the end of their lives. This enables them to be absolutely independent of any other business pursuits or occupations or political combinations which would prejudice them or distract them during their service as judges."

"Do these courts of which you have told me include all the United States Courts?"

"Yes, excepting the United States Court of Claims, in which cases against the United States are brought, and the United States Courts in the Territories and District of Columbia, for which judges are
provided in the same manner as for the District and Circuit Courts."

"And have we always had this system of United States Courts?"

"Ever since the adoption of the Constitution, which provided the general system, and the first session of Congress of the United States, which provided the details. The Court of Claims and Circuit Court of Appeals have been more recently established, but aside from these the Federal judiciary is practically the same established by the Constitution and the legislation which immediately followed it."

"The men who framed the Constitution and early laws must have been very wise to prepare a system that would stand the test of a hundred years without the necessity for a material change?"

"Yes, the establishment of the Federal judiciary system was one of the most important things which the framers of the Constitution performed; many believe it was the most important. The only guarantee for the enforcement of the laws passed by Congress before that was the mere promise of the State to enforce them, and they had often been found utterly worthless. But the adoption of the system of Federal authority brought order and the enforcement of the laws, without which the Constitution and the Union would have failed in their purpose."

Just then the mysterious stranger who had asked to be heard in Dan’s case entered the door accompanied by Mr. Haliday and Mr. Chilton. After a brief conversation in a distant corner of the room, Mr. Haliday crossed the room where Colonel Ran-
seeker was sitting, and asked if he would do them the favor of speaking briefly with them. To this he assented with a readiness that gave Dan great encouragement. This was increased by a gentle pressure of Mr. Haliday's hand, which seemed to Dan intended to express that gentleman's friendliness. The conference lasted some fifteen or twenty minutes, and at its close the door of the judge's room opened and the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. Somehow he did not seem to wear the hard look upon his face that was visible while the hearing was going on in the morning. Perhaps it was the effect of his good dinner, perhaps of something he had heard with reference to the case. At least Dan imagined he could detect a look of kindness as the judge's eyes fell upon him for the moment before the opening of the court.

Wizen Face rapped sharply for order, and as he did so the gentlemen who had been engaged in consultation returned to their places with a look upon their faces which encouraged Dan greatly.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Haliday, "I have a request to make in regard to this case. It is a somewhat unusual one, but facts which have been brought to my attention by this gentleman I think fully warrant me in it. I shall ask a continuance of the case, and I also ask that such bail be fixed for this young man that an immediate release will be practicable. To show you my good faith," continued Mr. Haliday, "and my wish to do justice to this young man I will say I desire to offer bail for him myself as soon as the court shall fix the sum required. I will add that facts which have come to my knowledge since
the adjournment of the court convinces me that it is impossible to complete the case at present and obtain absolute justice or the proper punishment of the guilty party."

"I desire as an officer of the Government," said Mr. Chilton, rising and addressing the court, "to join in the request that the case may be postponed. I myself have given the matter close attention and fully agree with the statement that Mr. Haliday has made as to the advisability of postponement."

"A most unusual circumstance," said the judge, "for the person upon whose complaint the case is brought to ask a continuance and himself offer bail for the accused, but from what has been said to me I think it only just and proper to grant the request."

"Before this case ends," said Mr. Chilton impressively, "I desire to call the attention of the court to the course of Officer Yankum toward the prisoner. I was in full view of him when he arrested this young man and heard the words that passed. His treatment of the man he was making a prisoner was entirely unjustified and insolent. Not only so, but he permitted others to offer insults while taking him to the station house instead of protecting him from them as he should have done. Not content with that, he has been unnecessarily harsh and malicious in his actions toward him during the days he has been awaiting the consideration of the case. I find also that he has been in communication with other parties who have very important reasons for desiring the conviction of this young man whether guilty or otherwise."

Officer Yankum started. He turned pale and red
by turns, but for once had no reply to the words of defiance flung at him by this little man who on former occasions had defied him.

"What have you to say to this?" said the judge sternly.

"It is not true," said the officer, putting on a bold front.

"It is true," said Mr. Haliday, rising in his place and respectfully addressing the court. "For I myself was present at the arrest and on several subsequent occasions when his treatment of the prisoner was harsh, not to say cruel."

"I fully concur in the statement Mr. Chilton has made, and readily join in requesting the dismissal of this officer," added Colonel Ransecker, "for I only learned to-day how unjustly he had treated the prisoner."

"And I shall take care," said Mr. Chilton, "to see that he is not permitted to leave the city or pass beyond the reach of justice, for I think I shall have further use for him in a way that may be extremely important to us and unpleasant to him."

Officer Yankum grew uneasy as these words were spoken. He was pale, and his appearance and manner were so much changed that he would have been scarcely recognized as the same man. He rose and turned toward the door as if to leave the court room, but was recalled by the stern words of the judge.

"I am astonished to hear of these things," he said; "you will be transferred to the cell this young man has occupied until these charges can be investigated and proper action taken."
Then, turning to Colonel Ransecker and to Mr. Haliday, the judge announced a postponement of the case, and fixed the bail at a nominal sum. The bail was promptly furnished by Mr. Haliday, and Dan found himself again at liberty.

"And now, Dan," said Mr. Haliday, "you must arrange to accompany your uncle to Washington at once. The physician thinks he will be better off there, and is willing to permit him to leave to-day. Mr. Chilton has been summoned to a point in your State on some official business and will accompany Miss Dennison on her way home. It is quite fortunate, as her trip would be a lonely one but for that kindness on his part."

"But I don't understand about this mysterious man who has asked a postponement in my case," said Dan. "Who is he, and what does he know about me?"

"That we shall be able to let you know later," replied Mr. Haliday, "and I think the facts will be quite as curious and astonishing to you as anything you have learned on your trip thus far."
CHAPTER XIV.

It was a happy party that took its way from the court room to the hospital where Mr. Patterson had been nursed from the verge of the grave to a condition in which his transfer to Washington was considered advisable.

"We will not go into a detailed explanation of the matter to-day," said Mr. Haliday, "for it would tire Mr. Patterson too much. But I will see that you are advised of the facts and situation at the proper time. I shall keep posted upon your movements and the state of Mr. Patterson's health, and you may receive a call any day from the gentleman who was in the court to-day asking a continuance of the case."

They had reached the hospital by this time. Mr. Haliday, after breaking the news of Dan's release to Mr. Paterson, began arranging for their departure in accordance with the wish of the physicians.

"Do not talk to your uncle about the case to-day," said he to Dan, "for I have said all that is necessary to him about it for the present."

The next morning saw Dan and his uncle on board the train for Washington, and Miss Dennison and Mr. Chilton taking another train for the West. Both Dan and his uncle saw her depart with regret, for her
kindness to each under their entirely different but equally distressing conditions had touched their hearts more than they knew.

"I am sorry that I shall not be able to go all the way with you," said Mr. Chilton, as he and Miss Dennison took their seats in the car after bidding good-by to Dan and his uncle. "I will telegraph your father that you will arrive on this train, and as I go to within a few miles of your home, you will doubtless make the trip comfortably and safely."

The trip, which occupied a large part of the day, proved an extremely pleasant one both to Mr. Chilton and Miss Dennison. Mr. Chilton laid aside his usual reticent manner and conversed freely with Sallie, whose sweet face and delightful ways added to the regard he had already felt for her and her father. The sun was pretty well down his afternoon path when Mr. Chilton bade her good-by, asking the conductor to look after her, and dropped off the train at Blankville, where his chief had telegraphed to meet him.

The train was moving quite rapidly when Mr. Chilton stepped off the car on to the platform alongside the little depot at Blankville. He was an experienced traveler, and in his visits to small post offices on the railroads had frequently been obliged to get off the train at places where it was not scheduled to stop. On occasions of that sort he merely asked the conductor to slow up and let him off while the train was in motion. Indeed, he preferred this in many cases, for he was often able to make his visits to a suspected local-
ity with less attention from observers by getting off a through express train, as the arrival of a train which is to stop is always a signal for a gathering of a crowd at a station. So he was not embarrassed by the fact that the train was moving at a pretty rapid rate, but stepped quickly and safely to the platform, and, turning, found himself greeted by his chief, Inspector Bradley, who had evidently been awaiting his arrival with a good deal of impatience.

"Hello, young man," said that gentleman, in a quiet but cordial way. "I began to think the operator had made a mistake in sending your telegram. It said that you were in Number 7, but I had about given you up when the train began to move on without leaving you. I am glad to see you, anyway, for I have got a case for you, and as it was too important to delay I thought I would meet you here and we could talk it over. You see there has been a lot of stealing from registered letters up in this part of the country somewhere, and I want to give you the facts and have you to get to work at once."

Mr. Bradley was a man of perhaps forty-five or fifty, who had been long in the service of the Post Office Department and served his term as a traveling inspector. The scraggy black beard that grew in patches on his face had turned to an iron gray in the service of the country. Long hours of travel without sleep, prolonged mental activity, and physical exposure in the pursuance of the difficult duties of his position had told on him, and the hair that was black as the raven's wing when he entered the service was now white as snow. But he was still vigorous, his eye
was keen, his mind alert, and his hand had not lost its cunning.

"Now let's walk up to the hotel," he said, "and talk this matter over, for we must get to work and nab this fellow before he gets away with any more registered letters. His stealings have been quite large already."

They walked quietly to the only hotel in the village, while the gossipers on the street corners stared and wondered who they were and what was their business. Stopping at the door, Mr. Bradley inquired in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody whether there were any coal lands for sale in that vicinity. Having thus satisfied the curiosity of the gossips, he led the way to the room and turned the key behind him.

"Now," said Inspector Bradley, as he drew a package of papers from his traveling bag, and with them a map of the post routes of that section, "we find that a lot of registered letters sent by men employed at these mines a few miles off the railroad have been opened and the money taken out of them. The letters reached the people to whom they were addressed all right, but without the money in them. Sometimes the large bills in them are taken out and small ones put in their place. Sometimes all the money is taken and none put back. Now, I want you to find out who is doing this stealing. Get your 'decoy' letter ready and begin work at once."

Mr. Chilton was examining the map intently. He traced the route over which letters from the mines must go to reach the railroad, and his hand trembled
perceptibly as he saw it lead to Minersville, the very post office at which Sallie's father was postmaster. Could it be possible that he should have to bring distress to this sweet young girl by tracing this crime to her father's office?

"You see," went on Mr. Bradley, "the mail is carried from the mines to the post office at the railroad, but makes stops at a number of small post offices on the way. I have investigated far enough to know that the letters are opened before they get into the mail car on the railroad. So it is easy enough to find out which one of the persons through whose hands it passes between the mail car does the stealing, for, you know, they seldom stop after once beginning. I want to warn you especially about Postmaster Dennison. I am inclined to believe he is the man, and I have reason to know that he is suspected."

"Postmaster Dennison," said Mr. Chilton, with a start—"Postmaster Dennison, and you want me to convict him of robbing the mails?"

"Why not?" said Inspector Bradley, with a look of astonishment at Mr. Chilton's excited words and manner. "If he is guilty, I want him arrested, of course. If he is not guilty, why, of course, the suspicion against him will be removed by finding the man who is guilty. But I don't understand why you are so much agitated about Postmaster Dennison."

"Nothing," said Mr. Chilton, quickly—"nothing, only I was so much surprised that he could even be suspected. But, as you say, if I find this work is being done by somebody else, I can relieve him and
his anxiety which this suspicion against him might cause.”

Then his face lighted up, and he sat down at the table and began to prepare for his task. In a few minutes he had his “decoy” letter prepared. It was an ordinary letter addressed to a fictitious name, but some bills so marked that they could easily be identified were placed in it. Then he made a memorandum of the bills, the date, and other characteristics so that there could be no doubt about identifying them.

“Now let me get to work,” he said, shaking Inspector Bradley’s hand. “I am anxious to get at it, for I am tired of the life I have been leading of late. I will report to you as soon as I get the man located and arrested.”

He passed out and, calling on the landlord, ordered a horse, saying that he wanted to take a ride over the mountain to look at some mines and might be gone several days. The landlord was quite willing to furnish him the horse and saw prospects of numerous fat fees from the excursions of this sort which the “prospector” would be making. In a few minutes Mr. Chilton was headed toward the mines where the stolen registered letters originated, and Inspector Bradley took the next train home confident that the perpetrator would soon be in the toils of the law.

An all-night ride brought Mr. Chilton to the mines. Carefully inquiring when the mail left, he registered his letter and passed out of the office. Riding slowly down the road over which the letter carrier would come an hour later he stopped and waited. Exhibiting to him his commission, which he always
carried in a little leather case, he soon enlightened the carrier as to the object of his visit, for it was necessary to open the sack and examine the package after it passed each office, to see whether the decoy letter had been opened or taken out of the sack.

"I expect you will find that letter missing, Mr. Inspector, after this sack goes through Postmaster Dennison's hands," said the carrier.

"Why so," said Mr. Chilton anxiously. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, you see," said the carrier, with an uneasy shrug of the shoulders, "I don't quite know, but Mr. Dennison seems to be in trouble of late. His daughter has been away for some time, and he seems to be lost without her. Then a slick-looking fellow from up the road kept coming down here and was a good deal with Dennison, and I noticed that there was a light in the post office a long time after it was closed. So one night I—but you won't give me away, Mr. Inspector?"

"Give you away? No, of course not. I expect you to keep my confidence and I will keep yours."

"Thank you, Mr. Inspector. I don't like to talk about this, for I like Mr. Dennison and believe that he did not mean to do anything wrong, though he got into trouble and was forced into it."

"Forced into it. What do you mean?"

"Well, you see this slick-looking fellow from up the road came down here, and Postmaster Dennison seemed to be kind of lonely, and this fellow and one of his pals got the old man into a gambling game. I saw a light in the post office late one night, and I
thought something was going on wrong, and so I kind of stood around and listened and looked through a crack under the back door. I saw them playing with the old man, and they won all his money. Then he got a good hand and seemed to get kind of excited like. 'I have got a good hand,' said he, 'but I haven't got any money; will you trust me?' The slick-looking fellow laughed and said, 'I guess you can find some money somewhere. There is almost always money in a post office.' That seemed to set the old man thinking, and pretty soon I saw him go back into the room where the registered letters were kept, and he opened one and took the money out of it. I suppose he thought he had such a good hand that he could win and put the money back, and nobody would ever know it. But he didn't win. He looked troubled after that, but went on playing night after night, and pretty soon the inspectors began to come around, and word got out that somebody had stolen registered letters. I am sorry, Mr. Inspector, but I guess you will find where the stealing is going on when you open the sack next time."

Mr. Chilton had listened attentively during this recital. He did not speak. He felt that his worst fears were to be realized. Sallie's father was the culprit; there seemed no reason to doubt that. It was equally apparent that he had been led into it by some unscrupulous villain.

"Who was this man who was playing with Mr. Dennison?" he asked. "The slick-looking fellow you called him."

"Well, I don't rightly know. He came from up
the road, and I believe they called him Mr. Anderson or something like that."

"Anderson," said Mr. Chilton, rubbing his right ear. "Anderson." Then a thought seemed to strike him. "What kind of a looking fellow was he?"

"A small man, with light hair and pale face, and hands that looked as though he had never done a lick of work."

"And are you sure his name was Anderson?"

"Not right sure, sir, but something like that. It don't seem to me that it was quite that, but it was something like it."

"Think again," said Mr. Chilton, striving to conceal his anxiety. "Can't you get the name right?"

"Well, Mr. Inspector," said the carrier after a moment's reflection, "it sounded more like Addison than Anderson, but I never heard of anybody by that name, so I thought it might be Anderson."

A half hour later Mr. Chilton met the carrier, who had duly delivered his mail sack at Postmaster Dennison's office and was awaiting the arrival of the train which was an hour late.

"There is one thing I want to ask you about, Mr. Inspector," he said, "if you have a few minutes to spare while you are waiting for the train. There was a fellow up here not long ago asking a lot of curious questions, and I wanted to know what it meant. He went to my house and wanted to know all about my family, how old each one was, how many children, how much land we had, whether there was a mortgage on it, whether we were natives or foreigners, and what we did for a living. I got mad about it,
for I thought it was an impertinence to be going around asking such foolish questions. But he said he was doing it for the Government, and was counting all the people in the United States. I thought since you are representing the Government you might know what he meant and could tell me about it.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Chilton, “he was taking the census.”

“Census,” said the carrier; “what’s that?”

“It is a count of the people in the United States. He was right when he said all the people in the United States were being counted, though he himself was not doing all the counting. He was one of about fifty thousand men who were employed to do it. The country was divided up into districts and subdistricts, and the men were paid two cents for each name recorded in the cities and three cents in the country, twenty cents for each farm and thirty cents for each manufactory. They visited every house and home, and got all the names and the other facts about the people and reported them to Washington, where the names and other facts were made into lists and footed up, and figures thus obtained showing the number of people in the country, their occupations, the things they manufacture and their value, their indebtedness, their wealth, the number who have homes of their own, and a great many other things of this sort.”

“What do they do all this for?”

“Well, there are various reasons. The first is a political one. The Constitution provides that a census shall be taken every ten years, so that the number of
people in each State can be known and a proper distribution of members of Congress made in proportion to the population of each State. Unless they had some way of knowing the number in each State, it would be impossible to determine how many representatives in Congress each State should have. This was the reason why the Constitution required that a census should be taken every ten years, so that the States could get their proper number of members in Congress in proportion to their population."

"Is that the only reason for making this count of the people?"

"Oh, no. It gives a great deal of information about the occupation of the people, showing what kinds of employment are most profitable, attractive, healthful, or important in their bearing on the prosperity of the country. It shows what sections are the most productive, and what effect the various sections have on the people, their health, activity, and business success. It shows the increase in the number of people, the number of foreigners and the children of foreign parents, the kind of citizens that each class make, and the number of each class who have become criminals or failed to support themselves and thus become a public burden. It shows the number of people who receive a good education and those who do not, and the effect that the education has on their lives. It shows the number of farms and the production of the various kinds of grains, the number of manufactories and their products, the number of people engaged in commerce and their success, and the number of homes and the
proportion of those which are owned by the people occupying them."

"What does the Government want to know these things for?"

"In order to enable the people to take advantage of the best opportunities for business, success, and health; and it should show them, too, how well satisfied they should be with their surroundings when compared with those of other people of the world."

"Are we so much better off than people of other parts of the world, then?" said the carrier in a doubtful way.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Chilton. "We have more money and less indebtedness, more land for each person and less taxes to pay, more people with homes of their own, and better wages than those of other countries."

"That's a pretty good record, ain't it?" said the carrier with awakening interest. "This census is a pretty good thing to have if it tells all that. It ought to make people feel sort of contented and homelike. But how is it that they are all the time growling about not having money enough and all that sort of thing, if we have more money than the people of the other parts of the world?"

Mr. Chilton smiled. "That's hard to answer," he replied. "It is so easy to be dissatisfied and to find some reason for wanting something else. But it is a fact that we are better off in nearly every particular than our neighbors in other parts of the world."

"How much wealth have all the people of this country got?" said the carrier.
"The last census showed the value of their property, land, houses, and homes, and railroads, and factories, and money, altogether to be about $65,000,000,000. That is more than any other country in the world has, and it is estimated that the wealth of the people of this country is increasing at the rate of $2,500,000 a day."

"Sixty-five billions of dollars," said the carrier. "How I would like to see all that money at one time! How much money did that make for each person of the United States if it were divided out equally all around?"

"A little over $1,000 a piece for every man, woman, and child in the United States," said Mr. Chilton. "That is more than the average of the people of Europe have. The people of England and France average a few dollars more per capita than we do, as those countries are so much older than ours, but we are gaining rapidly on them, and in a few years, if we have no misfortunes, will have more wealth per capita than any country in the world. We have a greater total wealth now than any of them."

"But what about the great big debt that the Government owes that the people have got to pay? The politicians keep telling us about that awful debt and great lot of money the Government spends paying interest on it."

"Our national debt," replied Mr. Chilton, "is only $17 for each person, or per capita, they call it, while that of Russia is $30 per capita, Belgium $63, Austria $72, Italy $76, Great Britain $87, Neth-
erlands $95, and France $116 per capita. I should think we ought to consider ourselves pretty well off in the matter of national debt when we compare our condition with that of the other great nations of the world."

"You say that our people get better wages than those of other countries?"

"Yes, the people who work in factories in Russia get an average of about $120 per annum, Germany $155, France $175, England $204, and in the United States $340. So you see the wages of this country are about double those of Europe generally, and more than one half greater than those of the best paying countries of Europe. Besides that, our manufactures are greater in quantity and value than those of any other country in the world."

"And our farms are much larger, did you say?"

"Yes, the average size of the farms in Europe is about 48 acres, while in this country the average is about 134 acres."

"What was it you said about the schools and education?"

"We are decidedly better off than the people of the other parts of the world generally in that particular. The number of school children in each 1,000 persons in this country is 130, while in Europe, which has the best educational advantages of the other parts of the world, it is 105 to each 1,000 persons. The illiterate persons in this country are about 8 per cent of the population, while in England they are 13 per cent, Austria 39 per cent, Italy 48 per cent, Spain 63 per cent, and Russia 80 per cent. Germany, how-
ever, sets us a good example for the illiterate, as that country has less than our own."

"But the taxes, Mr. Chilton, the politicians are always talking about being so awful?"

"Yes, I know they say that. Yet the most prominent statistician of England admits that the taxes of England are 50 per cent higher per capita than our own, and those of France are still higher than those of England. To be sure, we collect from our people and pay out for the expenses of the Government $1,000,000 a day, but that is much less per capita than other countries collect."

"Do other countries take a census and find out all these things about the condition of their people and whether they are as well off as those of other parts of the world?"

"Yes, nearly all of them now do so. Only a few did so before it was begun in this country in 1790, but the benefit of it has been so great and the facts which it brought out so valuable that most countries take a census now, many of them as often as once in three years, though we take it once in ten years."

As Mr. Chilton said this his eyes caught a glimpse of a man with a mail sack on his shoulder. It was the mail en route from Mr. Dennison's office to the car.

Instantly he forgot all about the census and the glory of the country and the happiness of its people. Only one thought pervaded his mind. Should he find his "decoy" letter yet untouched, or should he be compelled in the pursuance of his duty to cause the
arrest and punishment of Sallie’s father instead of removing the suspicion which hung over him as he had hoped? All these thoughts rushed quickly through his mind and filled him with anxiety. The messenger trudged gayly along, little realizing the anxious thoughts his appearance had aroused. With a merry whistle he threw the mail sack from his shoulder into the mail car, which stood on the switch awaiting the arrival of the train which was expected in a few moments.

Mr. Chilton almost feared to enter the car and proceed with his duty. But a duty it was, and he was not the man to shrink from it. He entered the mail car, closing the door behind him that he might be alone. Then, with trembling hand, he drew from his pocket a bunch of keys and selecting the one which fitted this particular lock opened the mail sack and drew out the package of registered letters, and quickly selecting his own from among them he held it to the light. Even this action was unnecessary, for the moment he took hold of it he was conscious that it had been tampered with since it left his hand an hour before. A quick glance of his experienced eye confirmed the belief, which his touch had already created—the letter was empty.

“My God!” he said, “what shall I do? How can I bring this sorrow upon this young girl? Yet, how can I shield her father and perform my sworn duty?”

He fell into a chair and leaned his head upon the table, the tears forcing their way to his eyes which had not known that luxury for many years.
"Mr. Chilton," said a voice at his side.

He started up with an exclamation of mingled surprise and anguish. "Sallie!" he said. "Sallie!"

"Yes," said Sallie, for it was she. "Yes, it is Sallie." Her face was pale and drawn, her eyes red with weeping.

"Mr. Chilton," she said, "I know what brings you here, I know what the result is. I know that it was not duty of your own seeking, for I have just heard your words. I know what you, perhaps, do not know, how my father was entrapped in this terrible situation by a man who was willing to ruin him for a few dollars which he could thus get. I know that that empty letter which you hold in your hand would consign him to imprisonment and disgrace. Let him restore the money taken, but spare my father, I beg of you."

Mr. Chilton looked at her in amazement; a strange sensation came over him. The letter cases and mail sacks in the car seemed to be whirling about him, and he caught hold of his chair to save himself from falling. Then he heard the rush of the engine and the clang of the bell, and the conductor calling out at the door, "Everybody out of this car. It leaves for the East in one minute."
The shock to Mr. Chilton when he found that the robbery of the registered letter had occurred in Postmaster Dennison's office was intensified by the words spoken by Sallie. That they were truthful he had not the slightest doubt, but how he could comply with her appeal in behalf of her father was more than he could see. But the matter could not be decided in a moment. Hastily stepping from the car he gave her his hand and assisted her to alight just as the train began to move.

"Let us go to the post office, Miss Sallie," said he, "we can not talk in detail of this matter here, and it is too grave in its every aspect to determine at once."

They turned their faces toward the post office. Not a word was spoken as they passed over the considerable distance between the railroad and the office. Mr. Chilton's thoughts were busy. Never in his official life had he been confronted with such a situation. His usually keen and alert mind seemed benumbed by the shock. He found himself absolutely unable to control his thoughts in a way to enable him to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

As they neared the office Miss Dennison laid her hand upon his arm. "Mr. Chilton," she said in an
earnest tone, "you are not going to arrest my father, are you?"

Mr. Chilton stopped. His eyes were on the ground, and he seemed puzzled as to what his answer should be; then his hand went up to his right ear in that peculiar movement, already so frequently noted. This seemed to clear away the haze before his mind.

"Can you promise me, Sallie," he said, forgetting in his earnestness the customary title by which he usually addressed her—"can you promise me that he will not attempt to leave here in case I do not take any public step in this matter at present?"

"Yes," she replied promptly, "I can and do promise you that. My father will take no steps in this matter without consulting me, and I promise you that he will be as safe here as though under lock and key. You can trust my promise, can you not, Mr. Chilton?"

He extended his hand quickly. "Yes," he said, as he took hers for a moment only. "I accept your promise in his behalf and will take no further steps at present. I must have time to think of all these things."

He turned abruptly and left her. Sallie watched him as he passed up the street, which led to the open country. His head was bowed; he was evidently lost in thought. Again and again his hand went up to his right ear, and each time his step seemed to momentarily quicken. Soon he disappeared around a bend in the road and she entered the post office.

Mr. Chilton walked on still lost in thought. Soon he heard the step of a horse in the road behind him, but still paid no attention. The road was narrow at
that point, little more than a bridle path, and Mr. Chilton's occupancy of it made the passage of the horse somewhat difficult.

"Make way for the United States mail," said a voice behind him.

He turned quickly and looking up at the rider he recognized John Endicott, the mail carrier, who had given him the facts about Postmaster Dennison and his mysterious visitors.

"What brings you here, John," he said.

"Why, I am just on my way back to the other end of the route, Mr. Inspector," he replied. "You know I go over it and back every day. I am hurrying home because I want to tell my wife all the things you told me about what that census chap was really up to and what a fine country the census shows that we have got. And then about the way the Government is run, how well off this country really is, and how much better off we are than the people of other countries."

"All right, my friend," said Mr. Chilton, growing rather tired of John's interruption of his train of thought, and fearing lest he should ask about his discoveries regarding the registered letters. "All right, my friend, good night."

"Excuse me, Mr. Inspector," said John, dismounting and throwing the rein over the saddle, "but I wanted to ask you a question or two about some things that you said when we were talking. You said that the Government collects and pays out about a million dollars every day. I'd like to know where it all comes from and where it all goes, if you can tell me."
Mr. Chilton was vexed. He did not feel like being interrupted in his effort to think out this difficult problem. Yet this man was evidently thirsting for information of a legitimate character. Besides, it occurred to him if he should take his thoughts entirely off this troublesome problem for a little while and then return to it his mind might be clearer.

"Where does the million dollars collected and paid out every day come from and go, you ask?" said Mr. Chilton, throwing himself upon the ground at the roadside. "Well, I'll tell you in a general way. Of course, I can't go much into detail, and if I should you wouldn't remember it. To begin with, I don't mean that the amount is just $1,000,000 every day, but it ranges about that—sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. The ordinary receipts of the Government range from $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 a year, so an easy way to remember it is to call it $1,000,000 a day on an average. This does not include the postal receipts, which are not usually included in the statement of receipts, as they just about equal the expenditures of the department and are kept in a separate account."

"But where does the Government get this million dollars a day?" said John. "I never have to pay any tax to the Government that I know of, and never heard of anybody else doing it. We pay county and State taxes, but I supposed that this went to keep up the schools, pay the State officers, and things like that."

"So it does. You are right in saying that you don't know when you pay any tax to the Government. The taxes which the Government collects are levied
in such a manner that the people do not know when they are being collected.”

"Then how does the Government get this tax if we don’t know when we pay it?"

"Because it levies the tax on things we use and collects them from the people who manufacture the goods and from those who bring goods into the country from abroad."

"So this tax is paid upon all the articles which are brought into the country?"

"No; many of the articles which can not be produced in this country come in free from any tax. Among these are tea, coffee, and other things of that kind. Then there are some other things that are needed for use in manufacturing articles in this country which come in free. Raw silk and many articles of that kind, which can not be produced in this country, but are needed by the manufacturers to run their mills and give employment to our people and cheaper goods to consumers, are not taxed when they come into this country."

"Is all the million dollars a day raised by the taxing of goods that come in from abroad?"

"No, about one half is raised by what is known as the internal revenue tax. That is the tax on whisky, tobacco, cigars, and things of that kind which people are not compelled to use unless they desire to. About one half of the million dollars a day comes from the internal revenue tax, and the other half comes from taxes on goods brought in from abroad and commonly known as the tariff."

"You have told me what articles the half million
dollars a day of internal revenue tax is raised upon, and also what kind of goods come in free from abroad, but you have not said what kind of articles the tariff tax is collected upon."

"There are hundreds of them, but the bulk of the tariff tax, or duty, as it is called, is collected on sugar, manufactured cotton and linen and woolen goods, manufactures of iron and steel, and glass, and leather, and wood; such articles, in fact, as our own manufacturers and workmen can make. You see the tax is levied upon the class of foreign goods which come into competition with those made by our own manufacturers. In that way it gives our own manufacturers and their workmen a better chance to have the market of their own country, with less competition from abroad."

"Thank you," said John. "Now I understand about where the money comes from, but I should like to know where it all goes. A million dollars a day is a big lot."

"There are a great many ways for it to go," answered Mr. Chilton, "for this is a very big country. There are over a quarter of a million officeholders to be paid. The army and navy each cost about $25,000,000 a year, the improvements of rivers and harbors about $20,000,000 a year; the running of Congress to make laws, the departments to execute them, and the courts to enforce them cost many millions of dollars annually. But the heaviest single expenditure of money now is the payment of pensions to soldiers of the late war, which amounts to about $130,000,000 per annum."
There is one other thing I wanted to ask you about, and that is the new election law, which is something of a mystery to me."

"The election law?" said Mr. Chilton absently.

"Yes; this Austrian election, or whatever is the name of it. My son said it was called the Australian election law, but I told him I guessed we Americans wouldn't have to go to a new country like Australia to learn how to vote."

"Your son was right," said Mr. Chilton, making an effort to shake off the depression which still hung over him, "it is the Australian ballot."

"Why in the world do we want to go to such a backwoods country as Australia to learn how to vote? Seems to me this country has been voting long enough to know how to manage its own elections."

"That's the trouble, John; we have been voting so long that a few unscrupulous people learned to manage to suit the elections to themselves, and to prevent the will of the people prevailing at the polls. It happened that the Australians developed a system which prevents that, and in a comparatively few years it has spread all over the civilized world."

"That's curious," said the carrier, still apparently puzzled and honestly seeking information. "Why, they say the ticket is as big as a newspaper, and they shut a fellow up in a box so that nobody can see him vote."

"You seem to be pretty well informed as to this feature of it at least," said Mr. Chilton with a smile.

"But I don't understand why it is better to give
a fellow a ticket as big as a blanket and shut him up in a box to vote.”

"Because by doing so you give every man a chance to vote exactly as he desires, and thus get the will of the people expressed at the polls. You see, as things have been going on here and in other countries, elections had come to be controlled in many cases by force, or fraud, or corruption. In some sections of this country the voters were kept away from the polls by fear of violence, or their votes were nullified by stuffing the ballot boxes with ballots printed on such thin paper that a man could put in twenty or fifty at once. In other sections employés were expected to vote as their employers desired them, or be in danger of losing their positions. In other cases men were bribed to vote a certain ticket, and the man who bribed them went to the polls with them to see that they voted the ticket furnished them."

"That was a bad state of affairs," said John, as he sat down on the grass again.

"Yes," said Mr. Chilton, "and it was even worse in other countries than this. In England, for instance, elections had been notoriously corrupt for many years prior to the adoption of the Australian system."

"But how does this new law prevent it?"

"First, by giving the voters an official ticket, or ballot, with the names of all the candidates of all parties on it, and allowing no other ticket to be used. Formerly, while the law has prescribed the size and shape of the ticket, it did not provide the tickets themselves. So each party or candidate provided tickets
with whatever names on it he might choose, and often the voters were deceived by being given tickets which were not what they supposed them to be in every particular. In the Australian system the State authorities furnish one ticket, or ballot, with the names of all the candidates on it, and the voter goes into a private apartment and checks the names of the men for whom he wants to vote, and folding his ticket so that nobody can see it comes out of the private apartment and, handing it to the officers of election, sees it placed into the ballot box. This assures both accuracy and secrecy."

"But are not many mistakes likely to occur with this big ballot?"

"Experience with it shows that the percentage of mistakes is much less than with the old system, and that the frauds practiced upon the voters under the old system have almost entirely disappeared."

"That's good," said the carrier, evidently gaining confidence in the new method. "But I don't quite understand yet why they should be so secret about it, and shut men up in a box while they are fixing their ticket and voting it."

"Because, by doing that, those who once felt compelled to vote as their employers or political bosses desired are now able to exercise their own judgment and wishes absolutely independent of anybody's dictation, for nobody can know how they vote. Nobody but the officers of the election are permitted to have or furnish the tickets to the voters, and they get them after they go inside the voting booth and mark them in secret to suit themselves. So nobody can march
them up to the polls and see that they vote tickets which have been fixed up and given them for the purpose."

"I don't see yet how it prevents the purchase of votes by people who are willing to pay for them."

"Simply because the man who will sell his vote, or promise to sell it, is mean enough to fail to carry out his agreement if he is not watched until he places his ticket in the ballot box. The men who buy votes know that perfectly well, and the moment you place the voter in a position where they can not see how he prepares his ticket and votes it, they are unwilling to trust him, and therefore do not try to buy his vote."

"That's pretty good," said the carrier, with a laugh. "Them Australian fellows must have been pretty 'cute after all to think of all these things. And you say this system is being used generally now?"

"Yes; the law was devised and put into operation in Australia in 1858, and worked so well that England adopted it in 1872, being quickly followed by other European countries and by Canada. It was first tried in this country in Louisville, Ky., in 1888, and was in the same year adopted by the Massachusetts authorities and put in operation in 1889. By the end of that year a dozen more States had adopted it, and now it is in use in a more or less modified form in nearly every State in the Union."

"One other thing, if you please: I hear so much talk about registration of voters; I don't understand it."

"Naturally enough; because your State, West
Virginia, and one other, Arkansas, prohibit registration by the Constitution. The system of registration of intended voters at a given period before the election is, however, in use in all other States except Oregon, though in many of them it only applies to the cities. The object of it is to prevent fraud and make it possible for persons to determine whether men who announce that they are going to vote are entitled to do so. I said 'men,'” said Mr. Chilton, correcting himself. “I ought to have said ‘men and women,’ for women vote now in so many States that they are entitled to be named in this connection.”

“Do they really?” said the carrier, emphasizing his interest by getting up. “Do women really vote?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Chilton, with a look of quiet amusement. “Women are entitled to vote for all officers, including Congressmen and President, in Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado, and to hold office, too, for there are women members of the Legislature in Colorado. Then women are entitled by law to vote in election for school officers, and on questions of taxation and other matters of this sort in twenty-five States now, and the number is steadily increasing.”

“Thank you, Mr. Inspector,” said John, bowing; “hope I haven’t taken too much of your valuable time; it ain’t often we get a chance to talk with a learned man, you know, and I wanted to know about this new-fangled election law. I didn’t like it much at first, but I guess it’s a pretty good thing, after all.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Chilton, “we are making prog-
Our grandfathers, you know, voted without tickets at all, and in a way that everybody could know about it. Then came the unofficial ticket and a pretense of secrecy, which opened the door to fraud; and now we have an officially correct ballot and absolute secrecy."

"I don't understand about our grandfathers voting without tickets."

"In the early elections in this country," said Mr. Chilton, "the people used to go to the voting places and simply announce to the officers of the election the names of the men for whom they voted. If there were tickets at all they were not placed in any ballot, but used for convenience for calling off the names of the persons for whom the individual wished to vote. The officers of the election kept tally, marking down on a sheet of paper the number of votes cast for each candidate. This crude system, of course, gave no opportunity for secrecy, and gave way to printed tickets, about the time of the Revolutionary War, in many States, but remained much longer in use in others. Pennsylvania and New Jersey adopted the ballot instead of *viva voce* voting in 1776, and New York adopted it in 1778. The *viva voce* system was followed much longer in the South, the last State to dispense with it being Kentucky, which retained it until a few years ago."

Mr. Chilton's manner had gradually changed during the conversation, for the change in the subject had proved a relief for him. He had been under an intense strain during all the time in which he was at work upon the case which had resulted disadvan-
tageously to Sallie's father. The relief which this change in his thoughts had brought was gratifying, though temporary. Now the painful duties before him again flashed across his mind as he ended his talk about the collection and disbursements of the Government.

"Do you think, John," he said, "that this Mr. Anderson, or Addison, or whatever may be the name of the slick-looking man who led Postmaster Dennison into that game, will be here again?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the mail carrier, with a grin, "for he invited me to come round to-night. Guess he knew I'd just drawn a month's wages."

"So he is coming to-night to play again, is he?" said Mr. Chilton with renewed interest.

"Yes," said John, "I suppose so."

"What pretty berries," said Mr. Chilton, as he pulled a couple of purple berries from a bush which grew just beside him.

"Yes," said John, "but you'll have a time to get that stain off your fingers. They're the strongest dye berries I ever saw, and if you get it on your hands you will leave the prints of your fingers wherever you touch anything."

Mr. Chilton looked at his hands with an expression of disgust. Sure enough they were stained a deep purple. He tore a leaf from his notebook and attempted to remove the stain, but without success. Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him. He took the notebook from his pocket again and applied his stained thumb to a blank sheet. As he withdrew it he left a perfect print of the lines of the thumb
upon it. He applied it again and again, as though it amused him, every time leaving a perfect impression upon the paper, showing every one of the fine lines or "capillary ridges" of the thumb, which students of the difficult sciences have so much studied of late. Then he put his notebook in his pocket again and was lost in thought.

When he looked up again the mail carrier was nowhere to be seen; the patient horse was waiting, however, and Mr. Chilton argued that Endicott had not gone far. Directly he came back bringing a handful of leaves.

"Here's some leaves," said he, "that will take the stain off your fingers. They're about the only thing that will take it off, and they are pretty hard to find, too."

"Thank you, John," said Mr. Chilton, rubbing his stained fingers with the leaves. "Yes, they do it nicely; how convenient that is."

Then Mr. Chilton lapsed into silence again. "I want to make you a proposition, John," he said. "You have helped me in my matters, and I will make it an object to you to help me a little further."

"All right, Mr. Inspector," said John slowly; "you represent the Government, and I am employed by the Government. I'll do anything you want me to."

"Then just exchange clothes with me for a little while," said Mr. Chilton. "Let me have your horse and mail sack and those dark glasses that you wear, and keep out of sight yourself for a few hours. Meet me here at midnight and there will be an extra month's
salary for you. But mind, not a word of this to anybody, or you'll lose your job and get into trouble besides."

"Honor bright, Mr. Inspector; do you mean it?" said John, with wide open eyes. "Extra month and all that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Chilton. "I guess your clothes will just fit me. I think I would like to play mail carrier for a little while. You can depend upon an extra month's wages at midnight."

In a few minutes Mr. Chilton was dressed in the mail carrier's costume, and, with the dark glasses that John wore, the slouch hat pulled over his eyes, and trousers stuck in the big boots, would have readily passed for the mail carrier, especially to any one not acquainted with him.

"Pick me a few of those berries, John," said Mr. Chilton, "and put them in this empty cigar case."

"What—the dye berries?" said John.

"Yes," said Mr. Chilton.

Just about dark the mail carrier's horse drew up in front of the post office.

"Hello, John!" said Mr. Dennison. "You are back early."

"Yes," said the rider of the horse; "got my wages to-day and thought I'd come round to-night and have a little fun. Mr. Anderson, or whatever his name is, asked me to come and join you in a friendly game. I will be with you shortly, Mr. Dennison."

Postmaster Dennison looked troubled. "Don't speak so loud, John," he said in a low tone and coming nearer. "He asked you to join us, you say."
“Yes, I suppose he knew that I was on to the game, and since my wages has come would like to be in it. That’s all right, Mr. Dennison, you need not be alarmed; I ain’t going to give you away.”

An hour later the door of the post office was closed tightly, and so were the shutters; the mail carrier’s horse stood on the opposite side of the street, but the rider was inside. The few people who passed up and down the lonely street wondered what was keeping Postmaster Dennison and the mail carrier so long in the post office, for they saw the horse waiting impatiently at the hitching-post and discerned a ray of light stealing under the door of the tightly closed post office.

Just before midnight the door opened and three men came out—one was Postmaster Dennison, one was a slender young man, with a light mustache and pale face, the third, wearing a slouch hat, dark glasses, and heavy boots, passed quickly to the horse on the other side of the street and mounted.

“Good night, Mr. Dennison,” he said, “and good night, Mr. Addison.”

The slender young man with the light mustache and pale face looked quickly around. Then he laughed and said: “All right, John; come around when you draw your salary for next month; you will have better luck next time.”

“Yes, I think I will try it again,” said the carrier as he disappeared up the road with the horse and mail bag.

A few minutes later the horse stopped at the ap-
pointed place and found its weary master anxiously waiting.

"Now we'll exchange clothes, John," said the rider as he sprang to the ground. "Here's your extra month's salary. Now I want you to take this note and give it to Miss Dennison early in the morning. But mind, not a word of this to anybody or off goes your head."

"Not a word, Mr. Inspector," said John, pocketing the extra month's pay. "This is better than though I had been in the game myself."

"Yes, I think it is better," said Mr. Chilton significantly as he turned to go.

When the one o'clock train for Washington passed Postmaster Dennison's office, Mr. Chilton, clad in his own well-fitting business suit, clambered on board, ensconced himself in a quiet corner, and drew from his pocket a pack of cards and a torn registered envelope. On the cards were the marks of the slender thumb printed in purple. The color was the same as that printed in Mr. Chilton's notebook, but it was not the same thumb.
CHAPTER XVI.

Dan and his uncle when they left the hospital in Philadelphia were driven directly to the train which was nearly ready to leave for Washington. While Mr. Patterson had not yet fully recovered, he had gained strength and courage rapidly, and the fact that Dan was again with him added greatly to his prospects of early recovery. Indeed, there had been no development since his return to consciousness which had proved so beneficial to him as the announcement that Dan was at liberty, and that they could together turn their faces toward Washington. The surgeons at the hospital who had reluctantly assented to Mr. Patterson's request to go to Washington were surprised at the change which came over him when his nephew appeared, and from that moment felt assured that he was on the road to recovery.

Yet there was a mystery about the whole matter which Mr. Patterson had been unable to penetrate. Mr. Haliday had not been able to explain all of it in the few moments which he had for a conversation with Mr. Patterson. Besides, he had thought it better for that gentleman in his enfeebled condition to be merely given to understand that Dan's troubles were practically over. Mr. Chilton had been as usual reticent, especially in the company of others, and
while Mr. Patterson believed that he would talk freely to him had he been alone, he was obliged to leave for the depot with no definite information from either Mr. Chilton or Mr. Haliday. So he waited patiently for the train to pull out that he might have a quiet talk with Dan about the situation, for the crowded depot was scarcely a proper place to discuss delicate matters of that kind.

"Now, tell me all about what has happened since I left you in the station house to make my run to Washington," said Mr. Patterson, as they were comfortably ensconced in a parlor car, with tickets which Mr. Haliday had insisted on presenting them on their departure.

Dan's eyes had been busy since he had entered the car. He had never seen anything so magnificent. He had often seen the long, heavy parlor cars and sleepers at the station near his home, but the stony stare of the brass-buttoned porters who stood at the door of the cars while the passengers were at dinner had driven out of his mind any ambition that he might have had to see the inside. He had occasionally managed to catch a glimpse of the interior by climbing on the steps of the other cars, but he had never before been inside one, nor had he in the wildest flights of his imagination supposed that he ever should enjoy the luxury of riding in one of them. So it was with considerable effort that Mr. Patterson was able to get his attention.

"I beg your pardon, uncle," said Dan; "I was so much interested in the things I see about me that I hardly understood you."
Mr. Patterson repeated his request for the story of what had happened in the eventful days since he bade him adieu in the station house and hurried to what came so near being his last experience on earth.

"It seems like a month, or, indeed, many months since that dreadful event. I have been scarcely able to think of it in detail, for I have been so weak that I dare not trust myself to discuss it, or even to let my mind rest upon it. But now that you are with me again I think we can trust ourselves to talk of the events of the night so full of dangers to both of us."

"And I am sure, uncle," said Dan, "that we are thankful to that Power which has brought us safely through the troubles of that night."

"Yes," answered Mr. Patterson solemnly, "we have good reason to be thankful, for it was a narrow escape from a horrible death. Poor Dennison; I hear that he was found with your valise in his hand. I had just told him of the importance of the valise and its contents, and the fact that you would not be with me on the trip, and I supposed that he remembered that Mr. Addison had apparently been anxious to get possession of it, and when the crush came his first thought was to try to take care of it. But tell me, did you get the valise all right?"

"Yes," said Dan. "Mr. Chilton brought it to me. Mr. Haliday said that somebody took it out of the baggage master's hand and then disappeared, but Mr. Chilton seems to have found it in some way. He said that it looked as though it had been opened by somebody, but everything seemed all right. Of course,
the things were tumbled about, but the package of
bills was there."

Mr. Patterson looked anxious when Dan detailed
the history of the valise, but said nothing. "But
you have not told me how the trouble about the die
turned out," he said, evidently hesitating to ask about
it.

"I hardly know what to say about that," replied
Dan. "I don't quite understand it myself. I remained
in the cell for several days, and finally a gentleman
came in, saying he had been appointed to act as my
counsel. Colonel Ransecker was his name. When the
case came to trial the officer told about finding the die in
my pocket, and then he brought out all my notes that
I had made from things that Mr. Haliday had told
me about the history of the metallic and paper cur-
rency of the country, and tried to make the judge be-
lieve that I had gotten them for use in counterfeiting.
I think he was inclined to believe it, for I suppose he
was about to pass sentence upon me, when somebody
whom I had never seen before, and whose name I do
not even yet know, came hurriedly in and asked a de-
lay in my case. It looked, uncle, as though Provi-
dence had sent him at that moment."

Dan paused in his recital. The memory of those
days and hours of suffering and anxiety in his cell,
and the scenes of the court room, made it impossible
for him to proceed for the moment. Mr. Patterson
was also moved, for he realized how this inexperienced
young man, alone in a great city, with such a charge
hanging over him, must have suffered, and he was
not surprised at the emotion which these recollections
awakened. Dan was about to proceed when a deep voice at his side said:

"Isn't this Mr. Patterson?"

He turned and saw a military looking man of about fifty, with bronzed and bearded face, addressing his uncle.

"Why, Lieutenant Wetherall!" said Mr. Patterson, shaking the gentleman's hand heartily, "I'm glad to see you. Yes," he added, "I am the same Patterson, though I don't wonder that you scarcely know me, for I am just recovering from the effects of an accident."

Then he introduced Dan, and invited the lieutenant to a seat beside them. The conversation which followed developed the fact that Lieutenant Wetherall was an officer of the United States navy, just returning from a tour of inspection upon some vessels being built for the navy at some of the various shipyards which line the Atlantic coast from the mouth of the Potomac northward.

"I wish we could have had an opportunity to visit the shipbuilding yards in Philadelphia," said Mr. Patterson to Dan as the conversation progressed, "so that you could see how our great war vessels are built. It is very interesting and very instructive, as well as very creditable to our country, for we can do as good work as anybody in the world in the building of war ships and guns—can we not, lieutenant?"

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "I see no reason to be ashamed of our navy, or the progress we have made in the construction of modern war vessels, in comparison with other nations of the world."
"But I thought," said Dan, who had found the lieutenant addressing his remarks as much to him as to his uncle, "that our navy was away behind that of other nations. That is what we are always hearing and reading about it."

"It is a fact," said the lieutenant; "that we yet stand fifth in the list of naval powers of the world, but that relates mostly to the number of vessels. The modern war vessels which we have built are not inferior to those of any other country. Indeed, we have reason to believe that in the building and arming of vessels we lead the world."

Dan's face must have been an index to his thoughts, for the lieutenant smiled as he looked at him.

"I see that you are surprised," he said. "Well, it is not remarkable that you are, for our navy until within a few years was a byword and really a reproach to us. By this I mean our navy as it existed from the war of the rebellion until the beginning of the last decade. Prior to that period of inactivity we had no reason to be ashamed of our navy. Indeed, on every occasion in which we have needed one it has been equal to the requirements and a credit to us as a nation."

"Excuse me if I did appear surprised," said Dan, "for it does sound a little curious to those of us who know so little about the navy."

"In fact," continued the lieutenant, "this country has great reason to be proud of its navy, both modern and that which has passed into history. The creation of national navies was simultaneous with the
discovery of America. When our Revolutionary War came on our weak and inexperienced country built a navy which astonished the world in its achievements. Ships were built and armed, others purchased and arms put on board, and within a year we had a navy of 26 vessels, mounting 536 guns. Others were added, and the American navy did splendid work in that war. In our war with Tripoli a few years later our war vessels became famous, and the victories of our navy during the war of 1812 form a page in our history of which every American should be proud."

It was evident that the lieutenant was thoroughly in love with his subject, the one to which he was devoting his life work.

"From the war of 1812," he continued, "we had little occasion to test our naval ability. When the rebellion broke out it was found that of the ninety vessels of all sorts in the navy, only one half were fit for war service, and most of these were at different parts of the world, while most of our naval officers of experience resigned to take positions on the side of the South. Yet a navy was quickly created by purchasing and arming merchant vessels and building war ships as fast as possible. During the four years of the war over 200 vessels were built and over 400 purchased and converted into war purposes."

"But these vessels are not of much value now, are they?"

"No, the navy was neglected again after the war until 1881, when a Naval Advisory Board reported in favor of the construction of a modern navy, and Con-
gress appropriated money to begin the work. This work has been continued year by year, until now we have the fastest cruisers in the world, the best armor plate in the world, as good guns and torpedoes as any nation can boast, and a number of war ships that are not excelled by those of any other nation."

"That is saying a good deal for our manufacturers and inventors, as well as our workmen, is it not?" said Mr. Patterson, whose look of pride in this statement showed how thoroughly American he was in every instinct.

"Yes, in view of the fact that we had to look to other countries for armor, torpedoes, and material for cannon when we began building the new navy."

"Will you tell me, lieutenant," said Dan, "about the armor of vessels, and how it is that vessels which are made entirely of iron or steel can be made to float? I should think that they would sink because iron is so heavy.

"If you will take a tin pan," said the lieutenant with a smile, "and attempt to sink it in water you will see how a vessel made entirely of iron will float and carry a big load besides. A steel vessel of a given size will carry more than a wooden vessel of the same size. Of course, the vessel itself is made of comparatively thin plates, and only the vital parts exposed to attack are protected by armor."

"How thick is this armor, and where and how is it put on?"

"There is usually a belt of it partly around the vessel; then the cannon on the deck are protected by very heavy armor. Some are in steel turrets which
revolve so that the guns can be aimed at any point, while others are protected by heavy shields of steel. Then the 'conning tower' is also of very heavy steel plates."

"What is the 'conning tower'?"] said Dan, who had found this an entirely new term to him.

"It is a steel tower that occupies about the same position that the pilot house does on the ordinary vessel. It is for the protection of the commanding officer and the pilots while the fighting is going on. Its walls are of solid steel from five to twelve inches in thickness, and there are narrow slots or openings near the top through which the commanding officer can see what is going on about him without so much danger of being struck by the storm of lead and iron which falls upon the deck of a vessel from the guns of the enemy during a battle."

"But you have not indicated the thickness of the armor generally."

"It ranges from 10 to 24 inches in thickness. Very little armor as thick as 24 inches has been used, but a great deal from 12 to 16 inches. The tendency now is to make the armor harder and thus reduce the thickness."

"And American armor, you say, is the best in the world?"

"Yes; it has been found that by mixing a certain amount of nickel with the steel it is much improved, and also that by hardening the surface of the plates and leaving the remainder softer and tougher, the plates are less liable to crack from the blow of the great shots which strike them. In this way the
American armor plates have become the best in the world."

"So, vessels armed with American plates can not be penetrated by balls or shells, can they?"

The lieutenant smiled, but it was not a smile of confidence. "Ah," he said, "there is where I can not give you a satisfactory answer. The art of gunnery has made as rapid progress in the past decade as has the art of armor making. By improvements in great guns, powder, and projectiles, it is possible to pierce almost any sort of plates yet made."

"What, shoot through steel plates fifteen inches thick?" said Dan in astonishment.

"Yes, the work which modern guns will do is something wonderful. The great 16-inch guns throw a shot 16 inches in diameter, as long as a man, and weighing over a ton. It takes about 800 pounds of powder for a single charge of these guns, and every shot costs over a thousand dollars. There has been a great change in the kind of powder used, as it has been found that by making it in large grains it burns more slowly and gives better results; the grains of powder used in the large cannon measure as much as an inch each way."

"Grains of powder an inch square?" said Dan, looking sharply at the lieutenant; "are you joking?"

"Not at all, though I don't wonder at your question. The progress of everything relating to warfare has been so rapid of late that few realize it in all its details. Our cannon will now throw a shot from twelve to fourteen miles; our rapid-fire guns (which are small cannon with several barrels) will fire hun-
hundreds of shots in a minute; our Gatling guns (more suitable for army than navy use) can fire a thousand shots per minute; our smokeless powder is unexcelled; our torpedoes are of the best; our vessels are supplied with telephonic and telegraphic communication between their various parts, and even the guns may be fired by electricity if desired.”

“A war vessel must be a pretty expensive luxury, lieutenant?”

“Yes; a modern war vessel costs from two to five million dollars, and takes from two to five years to build.”

“I notice, lieutenant, that you speak of battle ships and cruisers as though they were different vessels.”

“Yes; the cruiser is built for speed, and is intended to make war on the commercial vessels of the nation with which its owner is at war; the battle ships are to attack the cities and war ships of the enemy, and are more heavily armored and carry heavier guns. The cruiser must be able to run very fast; our best cruisers make over twenty-three knots an hour, and so can overtake most any vessel afloat.”

“What is a knot, and how does it compare with our miles?”

“A knot is 6,080 feet; a mile 5,280. So you see our fastest vessels make about twenty-six miles an hour.”

Just then the train slowed up, preparatory to a stop, and the passengers began to move about and look at the long rows of brick houses among which the train was passing.
“Bless me!” said Lieutenant Wetherall, looking out of the window, “here we are at Baltimore, and I must say good-by, for I stop here.”

He was off in a minute, and the train was rushing along at a great rate.

Mr. Patterson was watching the passing scenes, which were familiar to him. “It seems good to be out again,” he said to himself. Then he turned to his nephew. “You had not finished telling me how your case in the court ended,” he said.

“No,” said Dan, putting away a slip of paper on which he had been jotting down some of the wonderful facts that the lieutenant had told him. “I don’t know just what to say about that. It seems that something that this stranger, of whom I told you, and Mr. Chilton said led the judge to consent to delay and to accept bail for me. I confess I don’t understand it, and I didn’t get a chance to ask about it, they hurried us off so fast.”

“H’m,” said Mr. Patterson, rising and pacing back and forward in the little space beside their seats, “that’s curious.”

He put his hands in his pocket, manlike, and began to meditate.

“By the way,” he said, “here’s a letter for you that Mr. Haliday gave me just as we started. He said somebody whose name I did not understand gave it to him for you.”

“A letter for me?” said Dan, taking and turning it over and over again; “a letter for me?”

“That’s what I said,” said Mr. Patterson with
a smile. "Have you seen so many letters and heard so much about mails since you started that you don't want to see what's inside of it?"

Dan laughed and hastily tore it open.

"Jimmy?" said Mr. Patterson.

"Yes," replied Dan; "Jimmy Gordon. Here's news from home."

The letter was as follows:

Dere Dan

I take my pen in Hand to let you know that we are well and have been into the CAVE. It was full of Syalagmytes and Bats and Fishes without eyes. We caught a fish, also a rat & got 5 dollars apeec for it. professer Siloorean and Mr Canbie has been a livin with Us and we have the Best Preserves every day. Mr Addison went to Chicago the very day you left for Washington. He has come back and told us all about Chicago. He brot Jennie a new Parasole that he bought in Chicago. He brought a Philadelphy News paper and that said that Daniel Patterson, a Young West Virginia Despraydooe had been arrested for stealing a dye from the mint. Mother cride, and father was Excited, but Jen said she knew it couldn't be you for you wouldn't do such a thing. We are all sure it is some other Despraydore.

Dere Dan when are you coming home with the money.

Jimmy.

P. S.

I threw a stone at a Bat and knocked down
a bridge in the cave and we had to climb up a rope and get out. It led us right into Mr. Addisons private office that he never lets anybody go into. We found a Beautiful young Lady in the cave; she had fell down through the floor of Mr Addisons Office.
CHAPTER XVII.

It does not often happen that a country boy's letter about family affairs and neighborhood gossip stirs up the excitement and develops the mystery that did Jimmy's when read by Dan and his uncle. The name of Prof. Silurian and Mr. Canby, which were entirely new to them, attracted little notice, but when that portion of the letter was reached which announced the return of Mr. Addison "from Chicago," Mr. Patterson was all attention. As it detailed his pretended account of that city, and his production of the Philadelphia paper containing an account of Dan's arrest, it became apparent to him that Mr. Addison had been attempting to conceal his trip upon the train with Dan, and yet to bring him into whatever disgrace and suspicion he possibly might. The interest culminated, however, when the adventure in the cave was outlined by Jimmy's letter, coupled with the ascent from the mysterious place into Mr. Addison's private office, "which he never allowed anybody to enter."

"What does it mean, uncle?" said Dan, taking the letter and beginning to read it over again.

"That is what I was going to ask you," said Mr. Patterson. "What kind of a boy is Jimmy? Is he
given to romancing or telling big stories for amusement?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I have no doubt that every word he tells here is true. But what do you suppose he means about the cave?"

"What cave?" said Mr. Patterson absently. "I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Oh! I forgot that you were not acquainted with the neighborhood," said Dan. Then he sat down and with the aid of a pencil soon explained the matter as far as practicable, showing the entrance to the formerly unexplored cavern and its relation to the Addison castle.

"But there is another matter, Dan, which seems to me equally important, and even more so. You see that Jimmy says that Mr. Addison left 'for Chicago' the very day you left for Washington, and 'came back and told all about Chicago.' Now, we know that Mr. Addison did leave the very day you did, but that instead of going to Chicago he went on the same train that you did, and seemed particularly partial to your old valise which contained your ink-stained bills."

"Yes, that does seem strange," said Dan, looking uneasily at Mr. Patterson.

"Besides," added Mr. Patterson, "it says that he brought a newspaper with an account of your arrest, though they concluded it was 'some other desperado.'"

"Yes," laughed Dan. "A very complimentary way of putting it, wasn't it? Well, I am glad they reached that conclusion, for it saves them a lot of
worry, and probably they will not know the facts until we are able to get the matter straightened out. Mr. Haliday and the others seemed to think it would be made all right soon."

"What became of the mysterious witness and your counsel, Colonel Ransacker?"

"Colonel Ransecker," said Dan, correcting Mr. Patterson's pronunciation of the name. "I do not know. They hurried me off to the hospital so quickly that I was not able to understand about it. I supposed that Mr. Haliday would tell you all about it."

"Probably they would have done so but for the haste with which the physicians bundled me off to Washington. And now, Dan, I have a suggestion to make to you. I shall not be fit for work again for some time. I want to go to Washington to look after my business and get leave of absence for a month or so. When that is done I'd like to go to your West Virginia home and get a good rest there, and perhaps we could together unravel this mystery about Mr. Addison's strange movements and the story of the cave and the beautiful woman found in it. What do you say?"

"Say?" said Dan, his eyes brightening with pleasure—"say? My dear uncle, nothing could give me such pleasure, and I am sure that you would be welcome at Mr. Gordon's home, for he was so fond of your brother, my father, that he has often expressed the wish that he could have the opportunity of seeing you more frequently. It would be a pleasure to them all, and especially so to me, for I could then have the satisfaction of helping to bring you back to health
and strength after the accident, which would never have occurred but for my misfortunes."

"I don’t want you to think of it in that light," said Mr. Patterson, with a suspicious trouble of the eyes which required a rapid tour of his pockets in search of a handkerchief. "But we will consider it settled then that I am to go back home with you as soon as you get your affairs settled, and we will together try to clear up this mystery of the cave and Mr. Addison’s performances, which I confess I don’t like."

The train pulled into Washington as he said this. There was the usual bustle of porters and shouting hackmen, but Mr. Patterson paid no attention to this. Taking Dan’s arm, for he was yet quite weak, he walked out of the depot, nodding occasionally to an acquaintance. Selecting a comfortable carriage from the group in waiting he directed the driver to take them to the modest boarding house which he made his home while in Washington, and which was the only place to which he could look as home.

"You can take us past the Capitol," he said to the driver, "since it will not be much out of the way."

"It is too late to see Congressman Jones or to see Congress in session," said he to Dan, "but we shall be able to get a look at the Capitol by moonlight."

The gleaming walls of the great marble building, so much admired by those who have traveled the world over, produced a profound impression on Dan, as the carriage stopped in front of it, and he looked in astonishment upon its beauties outlined in the bright moonlight. Then in his practical way he be-
gan to calculate upon its size, so much in excess of anything he had ever seen or imagined.

"What an enormous building, uncle," he said, "and what a lot of money it must have cost!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Patterson, "it covers with the new terraces about five acres of ground, and to walk around it once you must travel nearly half a mile. The cost of the building itself is about $15,000,000, but when you add the cost of decorations and works of art in it, the total is probably double that sum. Why, those bronze doors you see there cost from $30,000 to $60,000 a piece."

"But this was not all built when the city of Washington was first occupied in the year 1800, as you told me, was it?"

"No, only a small part of it was built then. The plan of the building originally called for two comparatively small structures or 'wings,' to be connected by a rotunda. One of these had been completed in time for occupancy by Congress when it removed here from Philadelphia in the year 1800. The other was built as soon as possible, and the two connected by a long wooden passageway or corridor. The British troops used the material of which that passageway was built to set fire to the Capitol building in the year 1814."

"Did they actually set fire to this very building that we are now looking at?" said Dan with renewed interest.

"Yes, to this very building. Very few people who visit the Capitol now stop to realize that within the very walls which surround them to-day the British
troops held a mock session of Congress and voted to set fire to the building. When they took possession of the building Admiral Cockburn assumed the Speaker's chair in the hall of the House and held a mock session, with his troops for members. He put a motion that the building be fired, and it was of course carried. Then the troops brought books from the library, paintings from the walls, and lumber from the corridor, and heaping them up set fire to them, burning the interior and the roof of the two wings and the wooden passageway, and then passed up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Executive Mansion, where they repeated their acts of vandalism. So if the stones in these walls could speak they would tell the story in much better words and more exciting detail than I have outlined it to you. The fire did not damage the walls, and when the work of rebuilding began a couple of years later they were found intact, and the roof and interior restored. The great rotunda came a few years later, then the wonderful dome, then the beautiful marble wings, which contain the Senate chamber and hall of the House of Representatives, and finally the marble terraces, which fully completed it.”

“It was during the War of 1812 that the British burned the building?”

“Yes.”

“What was that war about? I know, of course, in a general way about the causes of the Revolutionary War and the late civil war, but I do not know much about the other wars that this country has had.”

Just then the carriage stopped in front of Mr. Patterson's boarding house.
"Here we are," said Mr. Patterson, evidently willing to turn the conversation. "I'm not altogether familiar with the war history of the country, but if my friend, General Shuter, is in I'll just turn you over to him while I am looking after my affairs this evening, and he will tell you the things you want to know. He is a retired army officer and has the war history of the country at his finger ends."

There was a general expression of surprise and delight when Mr. Patterson and his nephew entered the dining room a little later, for his friends had read of his accident, but had been unable to hear of his condition. And there was nobody more delighted than General Shuter, who grasped his hand fervently, and looking into his eyes told him how gratified he was to see him alive and on the road to recovery.

"Come up to my room, general," said Mr. Patterson as the dinner was completed; "my nephew here has some questions which he wants to ask you. He pretty nearly got me cornered with them on the way here, but I am sure you can help him out."

A few minutes later they were in Mr. Patterson's room, and that gentleman had made his military friend acquainted with Dan's desire for war history.

"Nothing easier," said the general. "Nothing is easier. Our first national war occurred before we were a nation, so to speak. It was what is known as the French and Indian War, and happened before the Revolution had united the colonies into a nation. The French, you know, had colonies in Canada and at New Orleans, and had connected them by a line of some sixty forts, stretching
from Montreal to New Orleans, having a garrison and a few hunters at each fort. They claimed all the territory west of the Alleghanies as belonging to the French. The English and English-speaking colonies did not concede this, and in 1753 Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, began building a fort at a point where Pittsburg is now located. The French drove his men away, completed the fort, and named it Fort Duquesne. This precipitated a war, in which the colonies took concerted action for the first time, thus making it a sort of national war of the British colonies, backed by England, against the French colonies, assisted by the Indians and backed by France. So that the war, which lasted until 1760, really united the colonies as nothing ever had before, and paved the way for their united resistance to England fifteen years later.”

“Then the next war was the war of the Revolution?” said Dan.

“Which you know all about, eh? Well, all young persons must know in a general way at least about the history of the Revolutionary War. So we will pass over that one and come to the next, the War of 1812, whose relics you saw to-night on the walls of the Capitol.”

He lighted his cigar which he had forgotten to smoke during his talk, then he looked at his watch.

“I must make it short,” he said, “for invalids must not be up late,” and he looked smilingly at Mr. Patterson. “The War of 1812 grew out of the insistence of Great Britain upon the right to seize her former citizens when she found them on our vessels and
impress them into service in her navy. She claimed that a person could not absolve his alliance from a country without the consent of that country, and that although these men had removed from Great Britain to the United States they were still her citizens. The United States proclaimed the doctrine of ‘expatriation,’ which is that a person has the right to renounce his citizenship in one country and become a citizen of another without obtaining the consent of the country in which he had formerly lived. This claim the United States was first to announce, though nearly all other countries have since adopted it. These acts of England, coupled with her attacks upon vessels engaged in commerce during her war with France, led to a declaration of war against her by the United States in 1812. It was during the war which followed that the British troops made their raid into Washington, burning the Capitol and Executive Mansion. The war lasted two years, and while the land forces were not always successful there were some brilliant naval victories, which, coupled with Jackson’s great success at the battle of New Orleans, led to a cessation of hostilities and the treaty made at Ghent, Belgium, between commissioners of the United States and Great Britain, which brought peace. Great Britain has never since refused to recognize the doctrine of expatriation.”

“Then does the Mexican War come next?” said Dan, glancing at his uncle to see if he was growing tired.

“The war with the Barbary States ought to be considered next. Most of that followed immediately
Looking down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol.
after our War of 1812-'14. You see the countries on the Mediterranean coast of Africa—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli—had been in the habit of preying upon the commercial vessels of such countries as refused to pay tribute to them, and the United States in its early history, being too weak and too much occupied with other matters, had paid yearly sums to these countries to protect our vessels from them. Tripoli, having become dissatisfied in 1803, had captured one of our vessels, and had been thrashed for it, but after the War of 1812 it was found that these very countries to which we had been paying tribute had permitted English men-of-war to seize American vessels in their harbors, and that Algiers had actually declared war against us. So the navy, having attended to Great Britain, was sent to look after the Barbary States, and the lesson which Commodore Decatur gave them they have not forgotten yet."

"You do not seem to let the fact that you are an army man detract from your praise of the navy, general," said Mr. Patterson, as he exchanged his shoes for an easy pair of slippers.

"The Mexican War comes next in the list," said General Shuter, gratified with the interest developed by his audience. "It grew out of a dispute about the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. Texas, you know, was originally a part of Mexico, into which many people from this country had removed, and it declared its independence in 1836, setting up a government of its own. It soon afterward, however, applied to be admitted to the United States, and was so admitted in 1845. There had been a difference
between Texas and Mexico as to whether the Neuces River or the Rio Grande was the southern boundary, the Texans claiming the latter. The United States took up the quarrel of her newly adopted State, and sent an army into Mexico in 1846 and 1847, resulting in a succession of brilliant victories over the Mexicans and the capture of the city of Mexico. By the treaty of peace which followed, Mexico ceded to the United States, on payment of fifteen million dollars, that enormous territory out of which have been formed California, Nevada, Utah, and most of Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico."

"And the next war," said Dan, willing to hurry to a close on account of his uncle, "was the war of the rebellion, from 1861 to 1865?"

"Yes, and about that you must know the outlines and causes. I do not think I ought to go into that to-night."

"Just one question, general," said Dan, getting out his pencil and notebook. "How does our army compare with other armies of the world? I have been told that our navy, although not large, has the best vessels and armor and guns in the world."

The general shrugged his broad shoulders in a way that seemed to indicate that the question was not a pleasing one.

"Our army," said he, "is even smaller in proportion to those of other countries than is our navy. Our army has about 25,000 men, while the armies of the European countries range from 125,000 to 1,000,000. In European countries all young men when they reach a certain age are required to serve from two to five
years in the army, except a few special classes who are excused. So practically all the men of those countries get a thorough military training, and the standing armies are kept at a high grade both as to efficiency and numbers. Great Britain has a standing army of 137,000, Turkey 175,000, Italy 225,000, Austria-Hungary 350,000, France 530,000, Germany 560,000, and Russia 1,100,000. Besides this they have what they call the 'reserves,' made up of lists of men who have been trained in their early years by experience in the army, from which they can double or treble these numbers on a few days' notice."

Dan's pencil had been kept busy as the conversation went on, and as the general rose to go he submitted the following table for his inspection:

**Wars of the United States.**

- French and Indian War . . . 1754-'60
- Revolutionary War . . . 1775-'82
- War of 1812 . . . 1812-'14
- War with Barbary States . . . 1815
- War with Mexico . . . 1845-'47
- War of the rebellion . . . 1861-'65

"Right," said the general, with a military salute, "quite right. And now I will say good night." And shaking hands with both he withdrew.

Dan was occupied with his table for a few moments when it occurred to him that his uncle was unusually silent. Looking up he noted a marked change in his appearance. There was a despondent look upon his face and he seemed unusually pale. He seemed
to be looking into vacancy. His lips moved as though speaking to himself or to some unseen person.

"I am afraid, uncle," said he, after watching him a moment, "that we have tired you by this long talk."

"No," said Mr. Patterson, with an abstracted manner, "not at all."

He still seemed depressed and silent. Dan was anxious to turn his thoughts to some more pleasant subject. "I hope," said he, "that we shall soon be able to get through with our business here and leave for home, where you will get a thorough rest."

"Home!" said Mr. Patterson. "Home! How good that sounds, Dan. But no, there is no home for me, no home for me. How thankful you ought to be, my boy, that you have a good home, for it is a terrible thing to be a homeless man, even in health!"

He buried his face in his hands as he spoke and was silent.

"Uncle," said Dan, drawing his chair beside him and speaking gently—"uncle, you have never told me of your life, of your own home or lack of one, for this I suppose is—"

"Is all the home I have. Yes, it is my only home, though the postal car, where there is noise and clatter and work to occupy my thoughts, is the home which I prefer to this. There I can busy myself with work and drive away the thoughts which come in times like this, when the recollection of blighted hopes and ambitions force themselves upon me."

He rose and paced the floor in silence for a few
minutes. Then he turned the key in the door and sat down beside Dan.

"I have never told you the story of my early life and its sorrow," he said. "I thought I would never tell it to anybody, but you are my nearest relative, almost my only one, and I believe it will give me something of which my heart seems to stand in need—sympathy."

He sat silent for a moment, evidently fearing to trust himself to enter upon the subject.

"It is a painful story," he said, "and I must make it brief. Your father, who was older than myself, married just before the war broke out. When the first call for troops came we decided that there were others who could better go than we, for he had his wife to care for, and I was the sole reliance of our mother. I had for years known and admired a golden-haired young girl of our neighborhood, Dorothy Sherwood, and as she grew to womanhood our friendship ripened to love. It was agreed that we should marry. The happiness of those days I shall never forget. I looked forward to a little home of my own, with this lovely young woman as my wife, who should at the same time be a daughter to my mother, who already loved her as I did. Then came misfortune. My mother sickened and died. A little later there was a second and even a third call for troops, and it did not seem right that I should refuse, when my country needed every man. It was a painful struggle for both of us, but the brave girl who was to be my wife gave me Gods speed, hoping and praying for a safe and early return. For a time letters were frequent and
reassuring. Then came a terrible battle, the shout of a cavalry charge, a stunning blow, darkness, and a blank. When I regained consciousness I was in a hospital, where, as I afterward learned, I had lingered between life and death for many weeks. When I was able to speak and collect my thoughts I asked for letters, but was told there was none. Weeks passed into months before I was able to leave the hospital, only to be transferred to a prisoners' stockade. I wrote letters, but received none. At last I was discharged, and returned home only to find that the fortunes of war had destroyed the neighborhood. First had come the word that I had been killed in that mad cavalry charge. My name was published in the list of dead. Within a short time a battle near our house destroyed the post office and forced the people to flee for their lives. After a long search I was able to find my brother, your father, but he only knew that the family of my betrothed had taken passage on a steamer, which was shortly afterward sunk."
The great East Room, President's mansion.
CHAPTER XVIII.

Dan and his uncle were just completing an early breakfast the morning after their arrival in Washington when two cards were handed them. One bore the name Prof. Silurian, the other that of Colonel Ransacker. As they met the callers in the parlor Dan recognized the stranger as the gentleman who had interrupted the trial, and whose statements seemed to have caused its postponement.

"I have just called," said Prof. Silurian, as he met them in the parlor, "to pay my respects. I must apologize for such an early call, but I am obliged to leave for Richmond at once, and hope to return tomorrow. I have spent most of the time since your departure at your home, having made the acquaintance of Mr. Gordon's family in a manner of which I will tell you later. Mr. Gordon's family are all well, and as soon as I can return I shall have something to say which I think will be of importance in clearing up this Philadelphia mystery. Mr. Gordon has told me about the object of your visit, and I have myself made some discoveries which will have an important bearing upon the matters which will be of importance to you."

"I am glad to hear you say that, professor," said Mr. Patterson, extending his hand, "and I am sorry
you can not go into it now, for the whole matter is a mystery to us."

"And must you really leave at once?" said Dan, who was even more anxious than Mr. Patterson for the facts, which he hoped might clear up, in some way which he did not understand, the charges against him.

"Yes," said the professor, looking at his watch, "I must leave at once, for I have a very important engagement in Richmond this afternoon, and can not neglect it. Besides, a delay of one or two days will not make any difference, for certain matters have to be developed before the Philadelphia case can be cleared up, and they are now being looked after."

"By whom?" said Dan anxiously.

"I really must ask you to excuse me now," said the professor, evidently determined not to commit himself or to give any information. "I should like to ask you one question, however, before I go."

"What is that?" said Dan.

"Have you examined the valise and the contents since you received it after the accident, and satisfied yourself it is all right?"

"It seems to be," said Dan, hesitatingly, for Prof. Silurian was a stranger to him, and he was in doubt as to what he ought to say on this subject. His movements had been so entirely mysterious, and he knew so little about him, that he glanced cautiously at his uncle for a look of advice before replying further.

"Have you been to the Treasury Department yet to get your bills exchanged?"
“Oh, no,” said Mr. Patterson, “we did not get in until after the department had closed yesterday.”

“Permit me to suggest,” said Prof. Silurian, again looking at his watch, “that when you do go ask Colonel Ransecker to accompany you, and that you take particular notice of everything that happens. This may be very important.”

Dan looked at him with a feeling of anxiety.

“What do you mean by that, professor?” he said.

“I don’t——”

“Really, really, now,” said the professor, rushing toward the door, “I must not wait another minute; it would not do for me to miss my train.”

And he was off to the depot. Arriving there he walked quickly to the telegraph office, and after writing a message addressed it to Charles Cornelius Canby, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city. Then he wrote another, addressing it “Chilton, Minersville.” Handing them to the operator he sauntered to the bookstand, bought the latest magazine, and sat down with the air of a man who has a long wait before him.

“Train for Richmond leaves in about two hours, doesn’t it?” he said to the man in uniform, who was shouting unintelligible announcements every few minutes.

“One hour and fifty-seven minutes, sir,” said the functionary, touching his cap.

“Thanks,” said the professor, beginning to cut the leaves of the magazine.

While this was going on Colonel Ransecker had arranged to accompany Dan to the Capitol and aid him in his search for Congressman Jones.
“I presume,” said he “that Mr. Patterson, who has been absent from Washington and the Post Office Department for some time, will be glad of an opportunity to attend to his own affairs if he is able to think of business at all. If he is not, he ought to be resting rather than chasing about the city, and I shall be glad to assist you in finding your Congressman.”

“That is very thoughtful,” said Mr. Patterson, “and I shall be glad to have you do so if agreeable to Dan.”

A half hour later Dan and Colonel Ransecker were in the gallery of the House of Representatives and had obtained a seat. Colonel Ransecker busied himself for a time pointing out the prominent members and explaining how the business is performed.

“But how are we to find Congressman Jones?” asked Dan anxiously. “I have been looking for him among the members down there, but can not see him.”

“Nor do I,” said Colonel Ransecker. “If he doesn’t come in soon I will go down and see if I can find him. I am entitled, as an ex-member of Congress, to go upon the floor of the House while it is in session, and I can find out about him in that way.”

A half hour passed, Dan finding himself much interested in the proceedings of the House, though admitting that he would not have been able to understand much about it but for Colonel Ransecker’s assistance. Finally, when the hands of the clock pointed to one, Colonel Ransecker suggested that he had better go down and see what he could learn about Con-
gressman Jones, who had not yet made his appearance. Dan watched him as he passed among the members who crowded about him and shook his hand in a way that convinced Dan that his counsel was quite a favorite with his former associates in Congress. Then he stopped beside an officer who stood before the Speaker's desk and apparently asked him some question. That officer, after looking over some slips of paper, gave a response, which seemed to end the search, for Colonel Ransecker immediately left the floor of the House and was soon in the gallery beside Dan.

"I am sorry to say," said he, "that Congressman Jones is out of the city and will be absent several days. He has gone to the Pacific coast with a special committee which has been sent there on some very important investigations."

Dan's countenance fell. "How unfortunate!" he said. "It seems that everything goes wrong on this trip. Do you know when he will be back?"

"That is uncertain. It may be several weeks."

"Several weeks!" echoed Dan in despairing tones. "Several weeks! What am I to do now, I wonder?"

"I do not think you need be uneasy about it," said Colonel Ransecker, "for I know the officers of the Treasury and the place where you will have to go to get the bills exchanged. I will go there with you at once, if you desire, and have no doubt that we can get the exchange made to-day. It is a very simple matter."

Dan gladly accepted the suggestion, and in a few minutes they were leaving the gallery.
"They are going to take up the Tariff Bill in a few minutes," said Colonel Ransecker, "and I don't suppose you would care about staying to hear that."

"The tariff," said Dan. "Another misfortune, for I wanted to hear about that. I have heard so much about it and found so much in the papers about it that I can't understand, that I should like very much to listen to the debate and see if I could learn what it is about. But if Congressman Jones is to be away so long, I suppose I may as well go on with my business at once."

"Well, let us walk down Pennsylvania Avenue," said the colonel, "and I shall try to tell you the outlines of it as we go, and then, perhaps, you can come up some other day and listen to the debate with a better understanding of it."

"I should be delighted," said Dan.

"Of course," said the colonel, as they passed down the broad steps at the western front of the Capitol and paused to admire the picture spread before them—"of course, I can do nothing more than to give you the merest outline, for it is a subject which statesmen have discussed, and over which they have differed from the beginning, and seem likely to continue so to the end."

"I shall be glad to know whatever you can tell me in the time you have to spare," said Dan.

"The tariff," said the good-natured colonel, "is a tax which the Government collects upon articles coming into the country from other parts of the world. The name comes from a town on the southern coast of Spain, where the Moors used to compel all vessels
passing through the Straits of Gibraltar to pay a tax; that town was named Tarifa, and hence arose the term ‘tariff.’ Sometimes the tariff tax is called ‘customs duties,’ probably because it had been the custom of all nations to collect a tax of this kind on goods coming from other countries, and because it was considered the duty of everybody bringing in goods to pay this tax. So the term ‘customs duties’ quite naturally arose. Curious, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but quite a natural way of selecting names for it, after all, I should think.”

“So it was. Well, to go on. All nations have, from the earliest history, collected more or less taxes upon goods brought in from abroad. Some of them also collect a tax on goods sent out of the country.”

“This country doesn’t collect any export tax, does it?”

“No; that is forbidden by the Constitution.”

“And have we always had a tax on articles coming into the country?”

“Ever since the adoption of the Constitution. Before that the States had various taxes of that kind, but they were very irregular and unsatisfactory. When the first Congress under the Constitution met, however, one of its very first acts was the passage of a tariff law, and, curiously, it went into effect on the national birthday, July 4th. That was in the year the first Congress met.”

“That must have been 1789, then, and that first tariff act must have been passed in New York,” said Dan.

“That’s right,” said Colonel Ransecker with a
smile, "though there are not many young people of your age who would have told it so accurately and promptly."

"I am afraid I couldn't have told it when I left home," said Dan frankly. "You see my uncle took me to the places in Philadelphia where Congress met, and while we were there he told me about the places where it met from the beginning on down and the dates."

"And I am glad to see that you have remembered so well. Yes, that was our first tariff, and it is a curious fact that it declared one of its purposes to be the 'encouragement and protection of manufactures.'"

"And have the politicians been quarreling over the tariff ever since, and especially over the protection question?"

Colonel Ransecker laughed. "You seem to be pretty well posted on the tariff, after all," he said, "for that question of protection has been the real bone of contention in the tariff matter from that time to this, and one on which the great parties have divided during the century. The first tariff required persons bringing articles to pay a tariff on them which amounted on an average to about 8 per cent of their value. There were some increases as the years passed, and when the war of 1812 came on the tariff was doubled. A good many changes were made after that from time to time, but the protection principle and high rates of duty prevailed most of the time until 1846, when the Democrats passed what was known as the Walker Tariff Law, reducing the duties
very much. Low duties prevailed until the Republicans came into control, in 1861, when they passed a protective tariff law and kept it in force, though at various rates, as long as they kept control of the Government.”

“So it seems that the Republicans favor a protective tariff and the Democrats oppose it?”

“Generally speaking, the Democrats have favored a low tariff, and have not believed in the principle of arranging the duties so as to protect the manufacturers, while the parties opposed to them—the Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans—have favored a higher tariff, so as to keep out goods of the class made by American manufacturers, or else making the tax paid by foreign goods so high as to enable the American manufacturers to make goods in easy competition with them and at a good profit, and thus pay good wages to their workmen.”

“Do other countries protect their manufacturers by a high rate of duties on imported goods of the class made in those countries, as we do?”

“Very many, though not many of them at as high rates of duty as some of ours have been. There has been a great increase, however, in the rates of tariff and in the adoption of the protective system by European and other countries within the past few years. England, however, does not believe at all in a protective tariff, even though she is a great manufacturing as well as commercial country. She raises a good deal of money by a tariff law, but places the tariff upon such articles as are wholly produced abroad, such as sugar, tea, coffee, etc., and which every-
body must have. This forces everybody to bear a greater or less share of the cost of operating the Government."

"What proportion of our taxes which are used for the affairs of the Government are raised by tariff?"

"About one half of the income of the general Government is from the tariff, the other half from the internal revenue tax, which is mostly a tax on whisky, beer, and tobacco."

By this time they had reached a long granite building, two squares in length, which seemed to have been built right across Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Here is the Treasury Department Building," said Colonel Ransecker. "Now we will abandon the tariff and take up the more practical business of getting your bills exchanged. You have them with you, I suppose?"

Dan had kept a careful watch of the pocketbook all day. His coat had been so tightly buttoned in its protection that he had been uncomfortable, and whenever anybody had brushed against him he had always felt for the big lump in his breast pocket to see if it were still there. Now, however, that he was nearly at the threshold of the Treasury, and about to realize the object of his trip, he trembled with excitement. It was a new experience to him, and the culmination of long days of anxiety and disappointments. Was he really to accomplish that for which he had so long waited and undergone so much distress, and for which the Gordon family had been so anxious? It was not surprising, then, that he trem-
bled as he felt inside his coat to make sure before he answered, in a voice somewhat unsteady:

"Yes, I have the bills here."

"You seem to be nervous about it," said Colonel Ransecker, looking sharply at him; "there is no occasion for that. It is a very simple transaction."

Then they climbed the high granite steps, but were surprised to find the door guarded by a man in uniform.

"What's this?" said Colonel Ransecker; "doors closed?"

"Yes, sir," said the officer; "public not admitted after two o'clock."

"Bless me!" said the colonel, "I forgot that I was a plain every-day citizen again, and not entitled to admission here at any hour, as I was during my service in Congress."

"And can't we get in to-day at all, then," said Dan, who felt that this new disappointment was too much.

"Not until to-morrow morning," said Colonel Ransecker with a smile. "I'm sorry I hadn't thought of that sooner; but we will be here bright and early to-morrow, and make sure of it."
CHAPTER XIX.

It seemed as though the fates were against Dan. He was up early upon the morning of the day he had agreed to meet Colonel Ransecker at the door of the Treasury, and after a careful toilet walked downstairs and out upon the street, thinking thus to pass the two hours that must elapse before the time for the opening of the doors of the Treasury. His anxiety led him, almost unconsciously, to turn his face in that direction, and in a few minutes he found himself in front of the big building whose doors had been closed against him on the preceding day. He walked around it, looking at its massive walls and solid granite columns at either end, and thinking of the enormous sums of money it must have cost and the much larger sums it contained.

"I wonder if I shall get my new bills from there to-day," he said to himself. "I don't know why it is, but I feel as though some new trouble is awaiting me."

The tones of a heavy bell fell on his ears, striking out the hour of eight o'clock, and he turned toward his uncle's boarding house, for the breakfast hour was at hand. As he did so he noticed some men at work putting long strips of black cloth around the granite
columns which he had just been admiring. He looked at them with some curiosity and asked one of them what it meant.

"An ex-Secretary of the Treasury is dead," said he, "and we are draping the building."

Dan found his uncle up and in a cheerful mood. The peculiar manner which had given him some uneasiness on the preceding evening had disappeared, and he seemed cheerful and entirely himself.

"Where have you been, young man?" said Mr. Patterson. "I was a little anxious about you when I found that you had gone out."

"I could not sleep, uncle," said Dan. "You know we are in the habit of getting up early at home, and, besides, I felt anxious about the business which I hope is to be completed to-day. So I walked about the city and past the Treasury Building."

"Wanted to see if it was still there, I suppose," smiled Mr. Patterson. "Well, I guess that it is safe, and that you will have no difficulty in getting admission this morning."

"I hope not," said Dan, "for I have had so many disappointments that I began to feel discouraged. By the way, do they drape the buildings in black every time that an ex-Secretary of the Treasury dies?"

"Usually," replied Mr. Patterson, "but why do you ask?"

"Because, same men were wrapping long black cloths around the columns of the building this morning, and they told me that an ex-Secretary of the Treasury was dead."

Mr. Patterson bit his lips and looked out of the
window for a moment. "An ex-Secretary of the Treasury dead?" he said; "that is unfortunate."

"Yes, I suppose it will be a great loss to the country. I don't know who it is, but I suppose it is a misfortune to lose a man who has the ability to fill such a place."

"Yes; but I didn't refer especially to that. I am afraid, Dan, that this may delay your business another day, for the department usually closes on an occasion of that kind."

Mr. Patterson was right, for when he and Dan walked together to the Treasury after breakfast they found Colonel Ransecker standing again at a closed door which bore the announcement that the building would be closed on that day and on the following Monday, the day of the funeral.

Dan and his uncle walked slowly back to Mr. Patterson's room, and sat down upon the sofa in the parlor. As they did so Dan's hand fell upon a closely folded newspaper. He took it up mechanically and glanced at the heading.

"Why," said he, "here's the Weekly Gazette. That's our home paper, the one that Mr. Gordon takes. I wonder how it came here."

"I presume it fell out of Prof. Silurian's pocket yesterday," said Mr. Patterson, "for I remember that his coat hung over the back of the sofa, just where you are sitting."

"How curious!" said Dan. "Well, I'm glad to get the old Gazette, for it seems like home. I'll just read it while I am waiting for Colonel Ransecker. It will seem all the better to me, too, to know that while
I read each item that everybody has read it before me, for there isn’t a line in that paper that isn’t read by every member of the family.”

He settled himself for comfortable perusal of the paper. In a moment, however, his manner changed.

“Why, uncle,” said he, “here’s a very strange statement. It says Mr. Addison came back there saying that he had been to Chicago, while we know that he traveled with us at least as far as Philadelphia.”

“Read it, Dan,” said Mr. Patterson. “That is interesting, at least.”

Dan read as follows:

“Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Howard Addison, has just returned from a trip to Chicago, where he spent several days. Mr. Addison has no use for the East, he says, and seldom visits the slow-moving cities of the Eastern coast. He likes the breezy bustle of Chicago. Mr. Addison courteously hands us the following item from a Philadelphia paper, which he picked up on the train. It seems to relate to the adopted son of Mr. Reuben Gordon, and is a most remarkable case.”

The extract from the Philadelphia paper read as follows:

“Daniel Patterson, a young West Virginia desperado, was arrested by two officers last night for stealing a valuable die from the Mint. He had obtained access to the Mint on the plea of desiring to
have some West Virginia gold assayed and coined, and must have managed to pick up the die while there, as it was found in his pocket by the officers and taken from him. It is supposed he took it for use in counterfeiting operations, as large sums of counterfeit money have been traced to his immediate section of the country. He is evidently a desperate character, although quite young, for he fought savagely when arrested, knocking one man down and requiring the united efforts of the two officers and a pair of handcuffs to take him to the station house, where he was locked up to await trial. He was evidently about to sail for Europe with his ill-gotten plunder, for he was arrested on board a steamer booked to leave for Liverpool that day. He was accompanied by his uncle, who is a clerk in the railway mail service.’’

Dan’s voice trembled as he read this, and the tears stood in his eyes as he looked at his uncle.

“Never mind, Dan,” said he, “that sounds pretty rough, but I am sure you will be able to show that it is not true. Colonel Ransecker tells me that he believes your case will come out all right.”

“Yes,” said Dan, “but to think that this awful thing was read at my home.”

“Nonsense!” said Mr. Patterson, striving to conceal his own annoyance. “Of course, your people will know it is not true. The whole matter will be easily cleared up.”

Just then a servant appeared with Colonel Ransecker’s card, and Dan hastily slipped the paper in his pocket.
"I think," said the colonel as he joined them a moment later, "that we had better spend the day in the departments here, and go to Mount Vernon on Monday, for the other departments might be closed on that day."

So it was arranged that they should follow this suggestion, and the day was passed in visiting the departments and Capitol. Shortly after four o'clock they returned.

"Well," said the colonel, throwing himself in an armchair in Mr. Patterson's room, "I declare I'm completely tired out. This has been a day of hard work, Dan."

"But one of great interest to me. How shall I thank you for all the information you have given me and the pleasure of these days? It is a rare opportunity that I have had to see all these things in company with one who understands all about them and who can explain them so well."

Colonel Ransecker smiled. "It has been a pleasure to me to give you the information," he said, "for I am glad to aid anybody who is as anxious to learn these important facts as you are."

"If you are not too tired," said Dan, "I should like to ask you some questions which have been suggested by the things I saw to-day."

"I'm at your service," said the colonel, throwing himself on a sofa. "I'll rest while we talk."

"What I wanted to ask you," said Dan, "is about the great political parties which have controlled the Government at various times. I noticed, as we saw the pictures of the various cabinet officers of former
years that you spoke of Federalists, Anti-Federalists, Whigs, Democrats, and Republicans as having had control of the Government at various periods.”

“Yes,” replied Colonel Ransecker. “There have always been two great parties in this country since the adoption of the present form of Government. The laws passed by the Continental Congress, under the old Confederation, could not be enforced, and the adoption of a form of Federal Government was urged by such men as Washington, Adams, and Hamilton, but opposed by others who were not willing to see the States lose their identity in the least. When the Constitution was adopted and Washington elected President, the men favoring a Federal Government were in power, in Congress and the presidency, and they were known as Federalists. Those who had opposed the adoption of the Constitution and the Federal Government, however, while they acquiesced in its control, wanted the Constitution strictly construed so as to preserve to the States all the rights possible under it. Those who favored a Federal Government preferred a broad construction of the Constitution so as to give a strong central government. So the statesmen and politicians divided on these lines of a strict construction or broad construction of the Constitution, and this broad line has been the one on which the parties have divided ever since.”

“But I never heard of the strict construction or broad construction parties.”

“No, they were never known by those names. But it was upon those questions that they divided. The Anti-Federalists, Democratic Republicans, and
The home of Washington, Mount Vernon.
Democrats have from the first been the advocates of strict construction of the Constitution, and the Federalists, National Republicans, Whigs, and Republicans have been in turn the party favoring a broad construction of the Constitution."

"Then the two great parties which now exist have followed down along the same general lines from the first, but under different names."

"Practically so. Washington was a Federalist. His first Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton, proposed the establishment of the Bank of the United States. Those who favored a strict construction of the Constitution opposed this and other measures which they thought the Constitution did not specifically authorize. They were first known as Anti-Federalists, then Republicans, but soon took the name of Democratic Republicans, and finally of Democrats, which name has been retained to this day."

Then the Democratic Republican party, organized during Washington's term as President, was the father, so to speak, of the present Democratic party, and the Federalists, of which Washington was the representative, bore the same relation to the present Republican party?"

"Yes, though they have come down through several parties. The Anti-Federalists were called Republicans for a short time, then Democratic Republicans, and then Democrats, but always with the distinct doctrines of a strict construction of the Constitution. The broad constructionists were first known as Federalists, then National Republicans, then Whigs, and then Republicans. The Federalists gradually lost
control of the Government after the election of Washington and John Adams, and in 1800 Jefferson, then a strict constructionist, was elected President. That party retained control during the terms of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, twenty-four years. Then the broad constructionists got control again, in the election of John Quincy Adams, who was inaugurated President in 1825, his party being known as the National Republicans, but being composed of the broad constructionists, remnants of the old Federalist party. They remained in control, however, but four years, when the strict constructionists, under the name of Democrats, elected Jackson, who was eight years President, and was succeeded by another Democrat, Van Buren. At the end of his term the broad constructionists again got control, the old Federalists and National Republicans having assumed the name of Whigs. They elected Harrison and Tyler in 1840, retaining control but four years, when the Democrats again resumed control, with Polk as President. Four years later the Whigs were triumphant, electing Taylor and Fillmore. They only remained in power one term, however, when the Democrats were successful, electing Pierce, who was succeeded four years later by Buchanan. By this time the broad constructionists had reorganized under the name of Republicans, and at the end of Buchanan’s four years’ term they elected Lincoln, and remained in power during the terms of Lincoln, Lincoln-Johnson, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield-Arthur, twenty-four years, when, in 1884, the Democrats elected Cleveland, who was followed four years later by a Republican President, Harrison,
who in four years again gave way to Cleveland, Demo-
crat, whose four years term was followed by the elec-
tion in 1896 of McKinley, Republican.”

“So the strict constructionists have elected ten
men to the presidency, and the broad constructionists
have elected twelve,” said Dan, after consulting the
notes he had been making.

“Yes,” replied Colonel Ransecker, “the strict
constructionists have had the presidency during four-
teen terms, and the broad constructionists fourteen.
This happens because of re-election of several of their
Presidents to a second term. Washington, Lincoln,
and Grant were the only broad constructionist Presi-
dents re-elected to a second term, while Jefferson,
Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Cleveland, of the
strict constructionists, were elected to a second term.”

“That is curious, isn’t it?” said Dan reflectively.
“Why, the time has been pretty evenly divided be-
tween the broad constructionists and the strict con-
structionists, has it not?”

“Yes. Fourteen terms for the strict construction-
ists and fourteen terms for the broad constructionists.
By many it is believed that these transfers of power
from one great party to another at intervals have been
advantageous to the safe and healthy development of
the republic.”

“And now, if you please,” said Dan, “I want you
to help me to get these names and parties down in
their proper order, on the two sides of the broad di-
viding line, from the beginning down to the present
time.”

“With pleasure; but you must remember that
four of the broad constructionist Presidents died in office, and were succeeded by the men elected with them as Vice-President. The strict constructionists have been more fortunate, for they have not lost a single President."

It took considerable study on Dan's part to get the names and dates and order in correct and satisfactory form, but it was finally accomplished with some suggestions from Colonel Ransecker, who watched the growth of the table with much interest. It was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Broad Constructionists</th>
<th>Strict Constructionists</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Washington (Federalist), 1789-97</td>
<td>Jefferson (Dem. Rep.), 1801-09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Adams (Federalist), 1797-1801</td>
<td>Madison (Dem. Rep.), 1809-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison-Tyler (Whig), 1841-45</td>
<td>Jackson (Dem.), 1829-37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor-Fillmore (Whig), 1849-53</td>
<td>Van Buren (Dem.), 1837-41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln-Johnson (Rep.), 1861-69</td>
<td>Polk (Dem.), 1845-49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant (Rep.), 1869-77</td>
<td>Pierce (Dem.), 1853-57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes (Rep.), 1877-81</td>
<td>Buchanan (Dem.), 1857-61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garfield-Arthur (Rep.), 1881-85</td>
<td>Cleveland (Dem.), 1885-89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison (Rep.), 1889-93</td>
<td>Cleveland (Dem.), 1893-97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKinley (Rep.), 1897</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Now," said Dan, "there is still one point which I do not understand about this. You say the strict or broad construction of the Constitution is the question on which the parties have separated, even to the
present day. Yet I never hear that question discussed in the political campaigns now.”

“It is discussed in this way: when one party proposes legislation, the other says, ‘That is not permitted by the Constitution.’ Then the one replies, ‘A broad construction of the wording and meaning of the Constitution will justify it.’ For instance, when the Federalists wanted to establish the United States Bank, the Anti-Federalists argued that a strict construction of the Constitution would not permit it, while the Federalists argued that a broad construction of its wording and meaning of the words would justify it. When the Whigs wanted to appropriate money to build national roads and improve rivers and harbors, the Democrats argued that there was nothing in the Constitution authorizing it, while the Whigs replied that a broad construction of the Constitution would fully warrant it. When the Republicans claimed the right of the Government to control the extension of slavery, the Democrats protested on the same grounds; when they insisted on the right to coerce a State, the Democrats made the same objection; when they established the national banking system, there were like objections by the Democrats. Whenever the Federalists, National Republicans, Whigs, and Republicans framed a tariff act in a way to be confessedly protective, the Anti-Federalists, Democratic Republicans, and Democrats opposed it as not warranted by strict construction of the Constitution.”

“Come now,” said Mr. Patterson, who had quietly entered as the conversation went on, “if we are to have much more political history and political econo-
my, I shall be tempted to seek a watery grave in the Potomac."

"Why, uncle," said Dan with a laugh, "I have found it very interesting. I had the blues myself when it began, but have quite recovered."
CHAPTER XX.

The days of enforced waiting for the opening of the Treasury were not idle ones with Dan. Sunday was spent in attendance upon and visits to many of the prominent and historical churches of the city, and he was much impressed with the evident fact that many of the Presidents and others high in public life had been not only regular attendants upon but members of the churches. Everywhere that he went he was shown the pews which some President, Cabinet officer or other dignitary had occupied, and he found upon inquiring that many of them were active and devoted Christians. This thought was again brought to his mind when, on his visit to Mount Vernon, he stopped at Alexandria long enough to visit the old church of which Washington was not only an attendant but a member and an officer.

Another thought which had been running through his mind in these days was the strange story of his uncle's early life and its later sorrows. Losing his own father in childhood and being transferred to the household of Mr. Gordon, he had known little of his uncle personally, and this sad story of his love and loss was entirely new to him. Again and again he found his mind returning to it during the busy scenes
of the days which followed its recital. Nor was he able to divest himself of the association of Miss Dennison's face with that of the faded photograph which Mr. Patterson treasured as priceless. True, his uncle had spoken of the resemblance as a mere coincidence, and not of any importance, yet it seemed to impress itself strangely upon Dan, and again and again he found himself wondering whether this resemblance was in any way responsible for his uncle's avowed fondness for Miss Dennison and unwillingness that she should leave his side during his illness. What did it mean? It puzzled him, but the more he thought of it the more difficulty he found in arriving at a conclusion.

The afternoon of the last day of waiting had arrived. The Treasury had been closed on Saturday because of the death of the ex-Secretary, and on Monday on account of the funeral. The clerks and subordinate officers had trooped over the streets and into the woods and down the Potomac as if it were a holiday. Dan could not understand it, that the employés of this great department over which this man had presided, many of whom knew him personally, who were excused from labor because the Government desired to show its respect for its former chief, should take occasion to mark the event as a holiday. Nor was he the only one who has been puzzled in this very matter. Alas! poor human nature; how weak and utterly selfish it sometimes seems to be!

Dan and Colonel Ransecker were returning from Mount Vernon, where they had as traveling companions numerous merry parties of "mourners" from
the Treasury Department, when some remark regarding the coming presidential election called to Dan's mind a question which he desired to ask Colonel Ransecker.

"I suppose," said he, "that you will get tired of being asked these questions about matters which everybody ought to understand, but I have found so many people willing to help me with information since I left home that I will venture to ask you one more question."

"Don't stop with one, my dear boy," said Colonel Ransecker. "It is a pleasure to me to give you any information in my power."

"I never could understand," said Dan, "why the people in presidential elections do not vote directly for the man they want as President instead of voting for electors, who are to do the voting for them."

"That does seem like a mass of unnecessary machinery," said Colonel Ransecker. "The fact is, the system was adopted with the expectation that the electors would exercise their own judgment in the selection as well as election of the man for the presidency."

"Then it was intended that the electors should come together and select some suitable man for the presidency, and elect him, instead of merely voting for the nominee like a lot of automatons as they do now?"

"Precisely. The intention of the framers of the Constitution was that the people of each community should select their wisest men and leave to their judgment, absolutely, the selection and election of a President. This was one case in which the affairs of the
Government have not gone as the framers of the Constitution intended."

"Why did they authorize the election of electors at all? Why did they not authorize the people to vote directly for the President?"

"The belief was expressed by some members of the convention which framed the Constitution that the people at that time were not well enough informed as to the character of their best men, and it was better that they should put into the hands of their wisest men in each community or State the authority to jointly select a man for the presidency and elect him. Others believed that for other reasons it would be better to transfer this grave power to other hands than those of the masses. The question was much discussed and many time voted on in the Constitutional Convention, but only the delegates from one State voted for the election of a President by a direct vote of the people. There was then a struggle as to the manner in which it should be done, and it was three times decided to allow the two houses of Congress to select and elect the President, but the question was each time reconsidered. Once it was decided to leave the selection of electors to the State Legislatures; finally it was determined that the Legislature of each State might decide for that State what method should be followed in the selection of electors. The State Legislatures themselves in many cases selected the electors without submitting the names at all to a popular vote. But this plan has not been followed of late, and in each State the electors are selected by popular vote after being named by their parties."
“Why was it that the original plan of permitting the electors to select a man for the presidency and then vote for him was not adhered to?”

“Because the formation of parties and nomination of party candidates prevented it. As soon as the custom of naming a man as the candidate of a party arose, the electors merely voted for the man nominated by their party and became, as you well put it, mere automatons, simply registering the vote of the people for the candidate of their party.”

“When did this change in the real character of the electors occur?”

“At a very early day. The political parties began to take shape, as I have already explained, by the end of Washington’s second term, and before the end of John Adams’s term they were sharply defined. So toward the end of Adams’s term the leading members of Congress of each party held caucuses and named or nominated men for the presidency. This custom was followed for many years.”

“So presidential candidates have not always been nominated by the national conventions as they are now, eh?”

“No, they were nominated by caucuses of the members of Congress until 1824, and after that by the Legislatures of the States until 1832, when the present system of national conventions was established, and has been followed ever since. This struck the last blow, if, indeed, it had not been struck when the caucus nominations were begun at the independent action of the electors. He would be a bold man who would attempt, as an elector, to vote for anybody ex-
cept the man nominated by his party, although the Constitution clearly intended that every presidential elector should follow his own judgment in selecting the man who should receive his vote."

"Just one thing, colonel, about these dry subjects: I often read or hear talk, especially during presidential campaigns, about the possibility of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives. What does that mean?"

"The Constitution provides that the person must receive the majority of the votes of the whole number of electors. Where there are more than two candidates it sometimes happens that none of the candidates receives a majority of the whole number of electoral votes—that is, more than one half of the entire number. It will not do for him to have a mere plurality, or simply more than any other candidate; he must have a majority, or more than one half of the total number of electoral votes cast. When this happens (as it has on only two occasions in the twenty-eight presidential elections we have had) the House of Representatives must vote upon the three persons having the highest number of electoral votes, and select one of them for President. The votes in a case of this kind are taken by States, and the vote of a State having but one Representative in the House counts just as much as that of a State having thirty-four Representatives.

"But suppose all the Representatives from a State are not agreed upon any one of the candidates?"

"The wish of the majority of the members from the State governs the manner in which the vote of the
State shall be cast; but if the members are equally divided in opinion the State loses its vote."

"But might it not be possible that if the three candidates are voted on in the House no one of them would get the majority of the votes there?"

"Yes; but if nobody is selected by the 4th of March then the person elected as Vice-President would become President. You see the Constitution provides that if none of the candidates for Vice-President shall receive a majority of electoral votes the Senate shall immediately select the two names having the highest number of votes and elect one of them as Vice-President. So if the House should fail to elect a President by the 4th of March there would be already a Vice-President who would become President, as in the death or other constitutional disability of the President."

"You said that the election of a President had been thrown into the House on two occasions?"

"Yes. Two Presidents have been elected by the House—Jefferson, in 1801, and John Quincy Adams, in 1825—but the House has never failed to elect when the matter came before it."

Just then the boat touched the wharf at Washington, and a few minutes later Dan had bidden Colonel Ransecker good-by for the day, agreeing to meet him at the Treasury door next morning for the long-hoped-for exchange of the bills for the new ones.

"I don't know why it is," he said to his uncle, whom he found awaiting him, "but somehow I feel that there is still more disappointment in store for me before I accomplish my errand, if I do accomplish it."

"Are you accustomed to take such a gloomy view
of life, Dan?" said Mr. Patterson with a smile; "you have expressed that feeling once before."

"No, I don't think I am," said Dan, tapping the window pane gloomily; "but somehow I feel as though there was more trouble ahead. By the way, have you any idea when Mr. Chilton will be here, or what was the object of his visit to our part of the country?"

"I hear some hints that there had been some heavy robberies of registered letters in that section, though I do not know just where. There are some coal mines up there, where a large number of men are employed, and it is whispered that a large number of registered letters sent by these men had been systematically plundered. It seems to be a very bad case, for the men are employed on very difficult and dangerous work, living a life of great privation and suffering, and were sending money to their families in different parts of the country. Many of them are now suffering for the loss of money. I do not know positively that this is the matter which called Mr. Chilton to that section, but I know that his chief went up there to look into it, and Mr. Chilton said before leaving that he was to meet his chief on important business in that section."

Dan had become much interested as the conversation proceeded, for matters of this kind are always interesting to those of his age, and he had left the window and come nearer to his uncle.

"Do you know whether Mr. Chilton has been successful in finding out who did the stealing?" he asked.
"I only know that a telegram was received from him this morning, saying that he started on the midnight train for Washington, and that he had some important information. The telegram was dated, I believe, at Minersville, which would indicate that he ought to arrive on this afternoon's train."

"Minersville! Why, that is Sallie's—I mean Miss Dennison's—home."

"So it is," said Mr. Patterson cheerfully. "Well, we shall be able to hear whether she arrived home safely. God bless her! She was a comforting angel at my bedside, Dan. I believe I should have died but for her care. I hope Mr. Chilton will bring us some news of her. But there's the afternoon paper just come in. Don't you want to see it?"

Dan accepted the suggestion and took up the paper, glancing over the headlines. Presently one heading seemed to strike his attention. His manner changed in an instant, and directly an exclamation of surprise broke from his lips.

"What is it, Dan?" said his uncle, looking up from his desk, where he had been arranging some papers.

"Why, this is very strange," said Dan, with apparent excitement. "A mine on fire in West Virginia—and the dispatch is dated Minersville—and the postmaster—why, uncle! uncle!"

"What is it, Dan?" said Mr. Patterson, as he saw Dan was growing more excited as he glanced down the article. "Read, Dan, read it out."

And Dan read, with voice trembling with excitement, as follows:
"A DEED OF HEROISM.

"A West Virginia Postmaster enters a Burning Mine to save a party of Miners from destruction.

"MINERSVILLE, W. Va., Sept. 17.—An act of heroism seldom equaled in the annals of real life occurred near here to-day, in which a valued and highly respected citizen of this place, a faithful officer of the Government, deliberately sacrificed himself to save a party of men unknown personally to him. The place in question is the Hilltop coal mine, located a few miles north of here. A large number of miners are employed there. Many of these are foreigners, most of them ignorant men, working for a mere pittance, half starved and clad, struggling to get enough money to support their families. A good many of them had come to the mine within the past month or two, and had been sending as much of their earnings as they could spare in registered letters to their families at distant points. Recently it had been discovered that the money sent by them had been lost in transit, presumably stolen by some dishonest post office official, and much sympathy had been awakened in their behalf. This morning that feeling was increased by the receipt of the news that the mine was on fire, and that they would be necessarily thrown out of work. The news spread rapidly through the little town, and there was excitement and sympathy for the men. This was increased by the presence of families and friends of some of the workmen, who had just arrived here on their way to the mine. Their distress was pitiful. They told how the families of some of the miners
were suffering at their homes from the failure of funds to reach them. Then came the news that several of the men were imprisoned in the burning mine, and that their rescue was almost impossible. This news, coupled with the scenes of agony and distress which followed among the families of the men, seems to have led to a deed of heroism unexampled in the history of this part of the country. Postmaster Dennison, for some unknown reason, was up especially early, having been, he said, unable to sleep. It is now remembered by several who passed his office very late that night that they saw a light within, an altogether unusual circumstance. The story of the fire and the tales of the suffering of the now imprisoned miners seemed to especially impress him. Hastily visiting his office, he put his affairs in perfect order, and saddling his horse, he left for the mine. Those who saw him observed an unusual look upon his face and heard him muttering strange words as he hurriedly made his preparations for departure, but even then did not suspect his intentions. Arriving at the mine, his first inquiries were for the imprisoned miners and their names. He was told that a party of thirty or more were imprisoned in one section of the mine, and that the smoke and gases were being rapidly driven in that direction and must soon suffocate them. There seemed no hope of saving them. They could not retreat, for the only opening leading from that portion of the mine was the one through which the suffocating smoke and deadly gas were pouring into the portion where they were imprisoned. If the big iron doors, which are sometimes used to cut off that
portion of the mine from the one in which the fire was raging, could be closed, it was said, they might be saved by digging a new opening into the part where they were imprisoned. But there was no way of closing that door, and long before an opening could be dug they would be dead.

"Their names!" shouted Postmaster Dennison as their condition and the circumstances were told him. "Their names!

"They were told him.

"My God!" he said. "Those very names; those very men!"

"He ran to an air shaft which led to the big iron doors. The smoke and heat were pouring from it in volumes.

"Could one get to the doors if he went down that shaft?" he said to the superintendent.

"Yes," replied the superintendent, "for they are just at the foot of the shaft, on the left hand side; but the man who would make that trip would never come back alive. He could reach the doors and close them, but he could never return."

"Mr. Dennison did not reply. He pressed his hands to his forehead for a moment. Then, taking a memorandum book from his pocket, he wrote a few lines, and, tearing the sheet out, handed it to the superintendent.

"I beg of you to deliver this to my daughter," said he, "and to say to her that it was my last act; that I went to my death with her name on my lips."

"Then, before those who heard him could comprehend his intention, he dashed into the air shaft
and disappeared in the smoke and suffocating gases. A moment later a volume of flame shot out of the shaft, announcing that the doors had been closed and the men were saved. But the man who saved them was dead. No one could live a moment in that furnace after the door had been closed.

"On the sheet of paper he had handed the superintendent were these words:

"'Dear Sallie: I give my life to save these men, and for a reason which you will understand. I believe God will forgive my errors, and will also care for you. I welcome this opportunity to make restitution to these suffering men.

'Your father,
Samuel Dennison.'"

As Dan read the last words he heard a groan of agony. He looked up and saw Mr. Chilton standing in the door, where he had listened unobserved to the reading of the article. His face was pale. He stared at Dan, and, seizing the paper, looked quickly at the date as if to satisfy himself of its reality. Then every trace of color left his face, and he fell helpless into a chair. For once this usually cool, self-poised man was unnerved.
CHAPTER XXI.

The story of the tragic death of Postmaster Denison produced a profound impression upon Dan and his uncle. It need not be said that it affected even more profoundly that usually unemotional person Mr. Chilton, for we have already seen its effect upon him. He quickly recovered his equanimity, however, and though Mr. Patterson tried to learn his knowledge or opinion of the event, he was silent. He took up the paper and read the dispatch carefully, seeming to weigh each line and word, and showing by his pale face and agitated manner that the mystery which surrounded this strange event had in some way impressed and depressed him greatly. Then he suddenly looked at his watch.

"I must ask you to excuse me," he said abruptly.

In a moment he was gone, leaving Dan and his uncle looking at each other with inquiring eyes. But to all inquiries neither was able to render an intelligent response.

Mr. Chilton, when he left Mr. Patterson's room, turned his steps towards the Post Office Department. It was long past four o'clock, the hour for closing, but he felt sure that he should find his chief at his desk. So he walked quietly past the guard at the
The Post-Office Department, Washington.
door, who would have admitted him at midnight without a word, and a moment later was at the desk of his chief, Inspector Bradley, whose keen black eyes and scraggy iron-gray beard are familiar to the readers of this narrative.

"Hullo, Chilton!" said that officer, throwing himself back in his chair; "glad to see you, old fellow. I'm tired to death with this long day's work and am glad to have somebody to take me away from it. Why, what's the matter, old man?" said he, as he noticed Mr Chilton's pale face and agitated manner.

"I want to speak to you privately," said Mr. Chilton.

"All right," said Inspector Bradley, laying aside his papers. "You can go, Mr. Stenographer; you have put in a pretty long day."

A moment later they were alone, for the alacrity with which the stenographer obeyed the suggestion which ended his day's labor was something astounding. Then Mr. Chilton handed the paper containing the tragic death of Postmaster Dennison to Mr. Bradley. He read it silently.

"So it seems that I was right," he said calmly, as he handed the paper back to Mr. Chilton. "You know I told you I believed that was where the registered letters were being robbed."

Mr. Chilton did not answer for a moment. Then, as if the question cost him an effort, he said, "Have you read my report?"

"No; it was only an hour ago that you handed it to me, and I have been busy closing up the day's work."
He took up a document from his desk in Mr. Chilton's handwriting and began reading it. As he turned page after page he occasionally glanced at the silent man who sat opposite him. He remembered, too, the abstracted manner of Mr. Chilton when he left the train at Blankville, and how he had started at the suggestion that the robberies had occurred at the post office of the father of Sallie Dennison.

When he finished reading the report he looked long at Mr. Chilton, but neither of them spoke.

Mr. Bradley took up a pair of scissors and reached for the newspaper which Mr. Chilton held in his hand.

"I guess I'll just put this newspaper clipping on file with this report," he said. "I reckon that will about close this case up."

Mr. Chilton started. A look of pain crossed his still pale face.

"What is it, my friend?" said the chief kindly; "you seem to be troubled."

"Bradley," said he in a strangely altered voice, "I want to ask you a question."

It was most unusual for him to thus address his chief. He had seldom, in the long years of their intercourse, omitted the ordinary prefix in the use of his name, or spoken in the strange manner which characterized his address.

Inspector Bradley sat down and awaited the question with a look of kindness almost affection.

"What is it, Chilton?" he said as he laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"Do you think I could, without impropriety, with-
draw this report and substitute a more formal one, which would not——” and he stopped as if at a loss to know just how to express himself.

"Which will not unnecessarily reflect upon the memory of this man who has made reparation with his life to those whom he wronged, and whose friends should be spared the additional pain of a detail of these facts, now that the case is at an end," said Inspector Bradley, finishing the sentence for him.

Mr. Chilton pressed his hand in reply, but did not speak.

Inspector Bradley reflected a moment.

"I understand, Mr. Chilton," he said. "I can now see what an effort it must have cost you, what a sacrifice of your personal feelings, what anxiety and pain, to carry this investigation through, and, obtaining this result, to put it on paper. Men are plenty Chilton, who are willing to face danger, and even death, but there are few who would have unflinchingly done this duty as you have done it under the circumstances."

He took up the report from his desk and looked again at it.

"This report," he said in a changed voice and manner, "is, I think, unnecessarily voluminous, especially in view of the fact that the case is now finally closed. I will ask you to withdraw it and substitute a less bulky one, which will not so much encumber the files of the department."

Mr. Chilton looked at his chief; his lips trembled, but he did not speak. It was a chilly afternoon, and a dull fire was burning in the grate at the other end
of the room. Taking the report which his chief had handed him he walked silently toward the grate, and in a moment Inspector Bradley saw a bright flame as if of burning paper. When this had ceased he saw Mr. Chilton take a poker and stir the roll of black ashes as if to make sure that no particle had escaped destruction. Then he turned to leave the room.

"I will present my report as soon as the death of Postmaster Dennison is verified," he said. "His bondsman will make his accounts good. I shall leave for Minersville at once."

The morning papers next day contained little additional as to the tragic death of Postmaster Dennison, though verifying the statements of the previous day as to details. Dan was up early and read them carefully, for the story of the tragedy had driven sleep from his eyes. There was an other reason, too, why he was unable to sleep. The day set for his visit to the Treasury and the exchange of his bills had arrived. He had met with so many disappointments that he almost dreaded the arrival of the supreme moment lest some new obstacle should arise. He was able to eat little breakfast. He made an unusually careful toilet, however, and placed the pocketbook again in an inside pocket, buttoning his coat tightly over it.

"Will you be able to go with me?" he asked of his uncle. "I should like very much to have you with me."

"Yes," said Mr. Patterson, "I will go with you. I presume you would get along just as well without
The Treasury Department, Washington.
me, but you remember what Prof. Silurian advised, about noting everything that happened when the exchange was made. So I think I might as well go along.”

“I wonder what he meant,” said Dan uneasily.

They were soon at the door of the Treasury, and a few moments later were joined by Colonel Ransecker. Dan nervously felt in his pocket to assure himself that the pocketbook was in its place, and a moment later they stood at the door of the cash room of the Treasury.

Dan’s hand trembled perceptibly as he drew the pocketbook from its place of concealment. The critical moment had arrived. He had waited so long, had so many disappointments, and the result was a matter of so much importance to those who were near and dear to him, that he felt his heart beating violently. His face was pale, and he was hardly able to speak.

“Don’t be nervous about it,” said Colonel Ransecker in a low tone; “it is a very simple matter, and one of everyday occurrence here.”

“But not so everyday an occurrence with me,” said Dan with a smile as he fumbled with his pocketbook.

Finally it was opened and the package of bills produced. They were wrapped in a sheet of note paper, for it will be remembered that Mr. Gordon had so arranged them when he gave the pocketbook to Dan just before starting. Dan handed the package, paper and all, to the cashier.

“Ah!” said that gentleman as he deftly opened
the package and glanced at them; "ink-stained, aren't they?"

Then he took them up one by one and glanced hastily at them.

"That's curious," said he as he looked more closely at them. He held one of them up to the light, laid it down, and subjected another to a like scrutiny, and then another. Then he glanced sharply at Dan, who was striving without success to conceal his anxiety.

"Where did you get these bills, young man?" he said sharply.

"They belong to my adopted father, Mr. Reuben Gordon," said Dan. "He got them in Wheeling from the people to whom he sold the mountain."

"In Wheeling, from the people to whom he sold the mountain?" said that official, looking at the bills one by one, and glancing at Dan and his companions.

"You see," said Colonel Ransecker, "Mr. Gordon, his adopted father, sold a mountain on his farm for these bills and other money, and by accident some ink was spilled over them, and this young man was sent here to get them exchanged."

The official did not answer. He took up a little magnifying glass from the desk and began to look closely at the bills. As he did so he reached down beneath the counter and pressed a button which caused an electric bell to ring. A moment later two men stepped inside the room, glancing quietly at the cashier, but saying nothing. Then the cashier passed to a desk near by where sat another gentleman, to whom he submitted the bills for inspection. He glanced at them for a moment and made some reply, which Dan
could not understand, though he felt sure he heard his own name mentioned. Then a large scrapbook with sundry newspaper clippings was produced, and after some search one clipping was read carefully. Then the electric bell rang again, more sharply, the doors through which the visitors had entered were closed, and the men who had entered behind them moved a little nearer.

"I am sorry to tell you, young man," said the cashier, returning to the window where Dan stood, "that I can not give you good money for these."

"Can not give me good money for them?" gasped Dan.

"No," was the reply; "they are counterfeit, and I shall be compelled to ask those men behind you to take you into custody."
CHAPTER XXII.

The machinery of a great press association is something superb in its methods. Its representatives pervade every great city and the most remote parts of the world. They are men trained in the gathering and writing of news. They scent an item from afar. The mere incident which to the ordinary citizen is as nothing is to them a "pointer" which develops a piece of news to astonish the world. The men who gather its news are numbered by thousands. In the large cities they are employed exclusively in this work; in the smaller cities and towns the editors of local papers are agents of the association, and whenever their reporters or correspondents bring in a piece of news of general interest it is quickly put upon the wires and telegraphed over the country to the papers receiving the news dispatches of the press association.

So it happened, although the arrest of Dan had occurred at a late hour in the forenoon, the item had been written in Washington, telegraphed to the main office, pronounced "good stuff" by the editor, transmitted thence over the wires in every direction, put in type in hundreds of newspaper offices, and scattered broadcast by screaming newsboys and hustling carriers before sunset that day.
It was as follows:

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The Treasury authorities to-day arrested Daniel Patterson, of West Virginia, in the act of attempting to pass a number of counterfeit bills of a large denomination. Patterson is the young man who was recently arrested in Philadelphia for stealing a die from the Mint for use in counterfeiting.

Mr. Haliday was seated at his desk in the Mint that day, near the hour for the close of business, when Dobson, the doorkeeper, brought him the evening paper, as was his custom. He laid it down on the desk before Mr. Haliday, who noticed that it was folded in an unusual manner, but thought nothing of it. He observed, however, that Dobson was lingering in the room, an unusual occurrence.

"What is it, Dobson?" he said. "Do you want to speak to me?"

"If you please, sir," said Dobson, "I thought you might be interested in an item in that paper, and it's so little that I thought may be you wouldn't see it."

"What is that?" said Mr. Haliday, taking up the paper.

Dobson pointed to a paragraph crowded down into an obscure corner of the paper. It was the one already quoted, announcing the arrest of Dan.

Mr. Haliday read it quickly, and his ejaculation of surprise told Dobson that he had not made a mistake in supposing it would interest him.
"Thank you, Dobson," he said; "you can go now."

The paper fell from his hand, and he seemed to be thinking intently. Then he took it up and read the item over carefully. He glanced at the heading of the paper, and finding it marked "Second Edition," sent for the last edition and for the other evening papers, but found nothing more.

"Strange," he said to himself; "I begin to believe that Chilton and Prof. What's-his-name were right."

Then he unlocked a drawer and took a "cipher code" from it, and after consulting it wrote a message, using the mysterious "cipher" which makes absolute secrecy by telegraph possible. It was as follows:

Philadelphia, Sept. 18th.
To Prof. Magnifir Finline,
Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Touching the bell he handed the dispatch to Dobson, who had responded with unusual alacrity.

"Take this to the telegraph office at once," said he, "and then go to the court room and see if Judge Sollum is there. If so say to him that Mr. Haliday sends his compliments and desires the privilege of calling on him at once."

Dobson bowed and turned to go.

"Wait a moment, Dobson," said Mr. Haliday.
"Do you know where Officer Yankum is to be found?"

"I'll inquire at the police station as I go by, sir," said Dobson, bowing himself out.

The train rushing from Chattanooga to Cincinnati that afternoon passed a mining camp on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad just before sunset. As it whirled past, the baggage master threw off a bundle of papers damp from the press, and leaning out of the car door held his sides with laughter on observing that they had struck one of a group of colored boys squarely on the head, and sent him tumbling into a pool of water beside the station. The boy and the papers were soon fished from their uncomfortable position, and the boy started on his rounds, delivering his papers to the residents of the temporary structures, where the miners and officers were quartered. In the most pretentious and comfortable of these buildings sat a man of perhaps fifty years, with closely cropped side whiskers, an outing suit, and a bookish air. He seemed rather out of place, and evidently felt a little so as he glanced at his surroundings. An instructor's chair in some college seemed more in harmony with his appearance.

He was busy with some maps, drawing lines and making figures, when the evening paper came in. He laid aside his work, eager for the news of the outside world.

"Heigho!" he said wearily. "I hope I shall
get out of this place soon. I want to get back to Washington, and then to my duties."

Suddenly an item in the paper, which he had taken in his hands, seemed to attract his attention. It was but a half dozen lines, but everything else in the paper was forgotten. He rose quickly and went to the door, where he could get a better light and read it over carefully.

"Daniel Patterson!" he exclaimed in tones of surprise. "Daniel Patterson arrested for attempting to pass counterfeit bills in Washington!"

Then he walked up and down the room for a little time, turning the matter over in his mind, and gradually seemed to think it out.

"Yes," he said to himself with a vigorous nod of the head. "My theory was right from the first."

He drew some telegraph blanks from his pocket, and turning to a rough table sat down and wrote a message. He was occupied with it several minutes, for he consulted a small book which he took from his traveling bag several times while doing so. Then he hurried to the telegraph office.

"What's this?" said the operator as he began reading the message preparatory to sending it. "I don't understand this at all. It's just a jumbled up mass of words and don't mean anything."

"Never mind that," said the bookish man nervously, "send it; send it quickly." It was addressed —"Prof. Magnificr Finline, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York."
The train which left Washington that morning stopped at a good-sized town in West Virginia, not far from Minersville. A puny-looking boy, with a weak voice, stood at the door of the car and murmured something about an evening paper. A little man in gray, wearing big glasses, who looked as though he wanted something to take his mind from a disagreeable subject, bought the only paper the boy had, and went back to his seat in the car as the train started. He glanced carelessly over it and was about to throw it down when his eye caught a "display head," which the enterprising editor had written. It said, "A West Virginia Counterfeiter Arrested." The little man read the item quickly, for it was a short one, and turning looked long and steadily from the window. But it was evident that he was puzzled, for his hand went again and again up to his right ear, rubbing it slowly.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, in manner evincing much agitation. "What shall I do? My expectations have been realized, and it now lies in my power by silence to turn the scale in my favor. But yet—"

"Next station Blankville!" shouted the brake-man.

"Blankville!" ejaculated the little man with new evidence of emotion. "Blankville—" and he covered his face with his hands and was silent.

But it was not long. The stop of the train at Blankville seemed to aid him in a determination. He rose quickly with a new look upon his pale face. Tearing a sheet of paper from his notebook he hastily
wrote two telegrams. As the conductor passed he handed them to him, saying:

"I have concluded not to stop at Minersville. Please send these for me at this station."

As the conductor filed the telegrams he noticed that one was addressed "Silurian," and said "Come by first train to the place agreed upon." The other was a mass of unintelligible words and was addressed, "Prof. Magnifir Finline, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York." Both were signed "Chilton."

Prof. Magnifir Finline sat in his apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was a man of perhaps thirty-eight or forty, with full black beard, trimmed to a point in the latest French fashion. He wore a loosely fitting smoking jacket, and was giving his attention to the rings of smoke from a fine Havana cigar, which he had just removed from his lips and now held between two very slender fingers. Upon the table beside him was a curious-looking brass instrument, having several lenses of fine glass. On the mantel were two more of the same general class, and in a closet, whose half-opened door disclosed its contents, were several others. It was evident that Prof. Magnifir Finline was a man of culture, probably a specialist in some of the higher lines of science, as these elaborate and costly instruments would indicate. Beside him on the table were several playing cards, with purple stains, which looked as though they had been made by a slender thumb, also a piece of red sealing wax. He took them in his hand and swung around in
his revolving chair, when the door opened and a young man with light hair and blue eyes entered, handing him a telegram. He carelessly tore it open, but had not finished reading it before his interest increased.

"Bring me the cipher code, Canby," said he; "this looks as though it was something of importance."

The code was produced.

"Sit down and help me out with this, will you?" said the professor; "you student fellows are quick at this sort of thing."

The young man took the telegram in his hand and glanced at it.

"Daniel Patterson," he said with an astonished look—"Daniel Patterson! why, what does this mean?"

"That is what I want to know," said Prof. Magnifir Finline. "That seems to be a familiar name, and one in which you appear to have taken a remarkable interest since you came to take up this line of scientific study with me."

Slowly the mysterious words of the telegram were translated, and in a few minutes it stood before them, dressed in new words and with a definite and important meaning.

"Pass me the evening paper, Canby," said the professor; "perhaps it may give some further information."

The first item read was that announcing the arrest of Dan. Then the two men looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"I wish Prof. Silurian were here," said Mr. Can-
by, "for I believe he could give us some important information. I remember when he came up out of the—"

He checked himself and began folding the telegram which he still held in his hand into little creases.

"Well," said the professor, "go on."

"I don't know," said Mr. Canby with some apparent confusion—"I don't know that I ought to. I remembered that the professor cautioned me not to speak of the matter which I was just going to mention."

Prof. Magnifir Finline shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion. His English was perfect, but the shrug was French—unmistakably French.

Just then there was a rap on the door, and a servant entered with another telegram.

"Come now," said the professor, "this is getting interesting."

He tore the envelope off hastily. "More cipher," said he, "and signed 'Chilton.'"

They had only one half completed its translation when a third telegram was laid before them.

"Open it, Canby," said the professor, still busy with the cipher code.

"Still more cipher," said Mr. Canby—"more cipher, and as I live it is signed 'Silurian.' Only now I was wishing he were here, and now he is speaking to us from his mining camp in Tennessee, and upon this very subject, for I see the names Patterson and Chilton are a part of the message."

A few minutes later three cipher telegrams signed
“Finline” were flashing over the wires in three different directions, and Mr. Canby was at the ticket office of the hotel.

“Two tickets for Washington,” he said, “and reserve two lower berths on the midnight train.”

And yet the work of that six-line item was not finished. Two other people read it late that evening—one a well-dressed man of uncertain age, sitting in a luxuriously furnished apartment at the foot of a mountain in West Virginia; the other a pale-faced young girl, at Minersville, with golden hair, and eyes red with weeping. The well-dressed young man stroked his silken mustache as he read it, and smiled, but spoke not. The young girl, who sat in a darkened home, wearing the habiliments of those who mourn for the dead, buried her face in the lap of her aunt, who had come from the Addison castle to comfort her in her affliction.

“It seems to me that my sorrows have all come at once,” she said.

Then she started up with a new look upon her face.

“Aunt,” said she firmly, “the things of which we have just been talking may have an important bearing upon this matter. We must go to Washington at once.”
PROF. MAGNIFIR FINLINE and Mr. Canby arrived in Washington two hours late. An accident to a train just ahead of them had delayed them, and they were hungry and in anything but good humor. Nevertheless they took a carriage and were driven straight to the Treasury. The professor carried a curiously constructed traveling case, of which he was so careful that he would not permit the porter on the train, or even Mr. Canby, to touch it.

"My instruments, my precious instruments," he said. "I dare not trust them to anybody but myself."

He carried this traveling case to the Treasury, and into the private office of the chief of the secret service, where he and Mr. Canby were invited the moment after their cards went in. Then the door closed behind them, and Prof. Finline, Mr. Canby, the chief of the secret service, and the mysterious traveling case were alone together.

The consultation must have been an important one. Certainly it was long, and two men who have not had breakfast are not likely to make consultations long under such circumstances unless they are important. Before it was over the chief sent for the officer who
received the package of bills from Dan, and he appeared carrying the package, with the slip of paper wrapped around it, just as it had been handed to him by Dan.

"Stay here, Foster," said the chief; "we may need to consult you."

A few minutes later Foster emerged from the office and walked quickly toward the cash room.

"That was a curious circumstance," said he to himself; "how lucky that I happened to think of it! If it should prove important I shall get credit for great sagacity, and perhaps get a promotion."

He soon returned carrying a large official envelope, which seemed to contain a bulky inclosure, and on the outside of which was a written memorandum of considerable length, including a name and address.

A half hour later the door opened, and Prof. Finline and Mr. Canby went to breakfast. Mr. Foster returned to the cash room, and the chief of the secret service resumed duty at his desk as though nothing had happened.

Later in the day Mr. Canby called at the station house and presented to the officer in charge a note from the chief of the secret service. In five minutes he was in the consultation room, and Dan had been brought in from his cell, pale and anxious. Mr. Canby carefully closed the door.

"I have called," said he, "on a matter of some importance to you. I have a letter from your foster sister, Miss Jennie Gordon, which will show you, I think, that you can talk freely to me."

Dan opened the letter. He read it eagerly and
then looked at Mr. Canby. Then turning to the letter he read it again more carefully.

"It seems that you and Prof. Silurian were some time at my home after I left," said he.

"Yes," said Mr. Canby, "I supposed you understood all about that."

"No," replied Dan; "the professor called on us for a moment only after we arrived here, but was obliged to leave at once for Richmond, and I am sorry to say has not returned yet. I suppose from what happened in Philadelphia that he has some information which is in some way important about this case, although I confess I don't understand it at all."

Dan pressed his hand to his forehead as he said this, and a look of weariness and anxiety came over his face.

"Do you think you could trust me in this matter?" said Mr. Canby hesitatingly.

"I should think I ought to be able to trust you," said Dan, "from what I read here."

"Then I want to ask you," said Mr. Canby, coloring as he spoke, "if you have with you the copies of the wording upon the bills which you made on the night that Mr. Gordon brought them home before the accident to them?"

"I think I have," said Dan slowly. "Yes, I think they are in my pocketbook."

"And does that memorandum contain the numbers that were printed on the bills in small red and blue figures?" asked Mr. Canby.

"I believe it does," said Dan reflectively; "I think that I copied them down after the words had
been read off to me by Robert. Yes, I remember that he did not call off the numbers, but I just copied them myself by looking at the bills after the words on them had been written.”

“And would you be willing to let me have those memoranda?”

Dan looked long and steadily at Mr. Canby, who had asked these questions with ill-concealed evidence of anxiety. Then he took from his pocket Jennie’s letter and read it over again.

“I can see no objection to it,” said he. “I have done nothing in this matter from first to last which I have reason to conceal.”

A few minutes later Mr. Canby with a look of triumph on his face entered the Treasury Building, and was soon closeted with Prof. Magnifir Finline, the chief of the secret service, and the mysterious traveling case.
CHAPTER XXIV.

The following morning saw Dan transferred from the cell to the court room. It was a gloomy day, rainy without, damp and chilly within.

The case was to be tried at once. Colonel Ran-secker had joined him and now sat beside him. He looked anxious.

"I don’t know what more to do at present," said he. "It seems that misfortune is bound to follow you in this matter. Just as you were arrested in Philadelphia your uncle met with that terrible accident, and now that you need him again he is too ill to be consulted. The worry over your arrest had thrown him into a high fever, and the doctor refuses to let me see him. I can only tell the court these facts and ask continuance of the case until we can get further light upon the subject."

"Have you heard from Prof. Silurian?" said Dan anxiously.

"No, I have no idea where to address him, for, you know, his telegram to you from Richmond did not indicate where he was going. Even Mr. Chilton, who, I believe, would help us, has disappeared, and I can not learn where he is."

A few minutes later the case was called, and Dan
The Library of Congress.
and Colonel Ransecker occupied seats just in front of the judge. The scene seemed not unfamiliar to Dan. There was the same high desk with a stern-looking judge sitting behind it, the same rows of staring spectators, and the inevitable crier, who had opened court with the same announcement made in the Philadelphia court room by Wizen Face. Beside the judge sat another man, whose face seemed strangely familiar to Dan.

"Who is the man sitting beside the judge?" he whispered to Colonel Ransecker; "seems to me I have seen him somewhere."

"Yes," said the colonel gravely, "you have; that's Judge Sollum, of Philadelphia. It is evidently the intention to try the case for stealing the die at the same time that the one relating to counterfeit money is considered. My worst fears are to be realized."

Dan did not answer. His eyes wandered from the judge's desk to the benches near the witness box.

"There's Officer Yankum," he whispered excitedly to Colonel Ransecker.

"Yes," said that gentleman, "and Mr. Haliday, too. They have evidently brought the entire machinery of the Philadelphia case here, and we shall have to face everything at once."

Officer Yankum, who observed that he was the subject of this whispered colloquy, grinned maliciously. He had not forgotten the incidents of the close of the case at Philadelphia, and now welcomed an opportunity to "get even" with Dan and his counsel.

Just as the case was to begin several persons en-
entered the court room, among them two ladies dressed in black, whose faces were concealed by heavy veils, and Dan found himself wondering why ladies should want to attend such a place on such a morning, when the sharp tones of the crier demanding "order in court" drew his attention to the details of the case.

After a short consultation between the two judges, during which they looked sharply at Dan several times, the presiding judge announced that the two cases would be heard together, and as he had not heard the witnesses in the Philadelphia case they would be first heard. Mr. Haliday was put on the witness stand, and was followed by Officer Yankum, their statements being substantially the same as those made at the Philadelphia hearing. Then Mr. Foster, the official of the cash room, who received the bills from Dan's hands, was called. He testified as to the details of the event, bearing strongly on the agitation of Dan when he offered the bills, and the whispered advice of his companions, in which they urged him not to be nervous. He stated that the bills were undoubtedly counterfeits, and that, too, of a very dangerous class, making the arrest, in his opinion, a very important one. The witnesses were questioned in detail by the judge and the counsel for the Government, and cross-questioned by Colonel Ransacker, and the hearing of the "prosecution" occupied much more time than it has taken to tell it.

"And now," said the judge to Colonel Ransacker, "what have you to offer in defense as against these grave charges?"

"I have some important witnesses, your Honor,"
said Colonel Ransecker, "but unfortunately I am unable to present them to-day. The uncle of this young man, the only friend he has in Washington, is sick and unable to appear, and two other persons whom I desire to call are absent, and I have been unable to reach them by telegraph, though I have made every effort to do so. I desire to ask a continuance of the case."

The judge looked stern. Judge Sollum’s brow darkened, and he quickly leaned over and whispered something to the presiding judge. They consulted in low tones for a moment, and it was apparent that the request for a continuation of the case did not impress them favorably.

"This request," said the judge, speaking sharply, "does not seem to the court a reasonable one. A considerable time has elapsed since the last offense, and a much longer time since the first one. The court learns that the case in Philadelphia, which was an extremely grave one, was postponed on a similar claim: that the mysterious uncle of the prisoner was sick, and that the other mysterious witnesses would make some important disclosures. Now that the time has been given, the uncle is still sick and the important witnesses are still missing. The honorable judge of the Philadelphia court has come here to be present on this occasion, as have also these witnesses. It is not reasonable that the case should be again delayed. It must proceed at once."

Dan’s heart seemed to stand still. The admirable courage with which he had been sustained in his sharpest afflictions seemed about to give way. Colonel
Ransecker rose to address the court, when a voice, the voice of a woman, broke the silence of the court room. As it fell upon Dan's ears his heart gave a great leap and the blood mounted to his face.

"Judge," said the voice pleadingly, "I beg that you will not end this case without the presence of the witnesses of whom this gentleman speaks. I believe they are possessed of information which will show that this young man is innocent of the charges against him."

The two judges looked at the speaker with astonishment. Dan turned quickly, his hand clasped that of Colonel Ransecker, and he struggled to control his emotions. At least he had one friend, and the one who at every trying moment had expressed her belief in his innocence.

"Sallie!" he ejaculated in a tone tremulous with excitement. "Miss Dennison here and again asserting her belief in my innocence!"

He had spoken the full name to inform Colonel Ransecker of the identity of the person thus appealing, for her face was still concealed by the heavy black veil, which in a moment carried Dan's thoughts to the tragic event of which he had read but a short time before, and which had made her doubly an orphan.

"Miss Dennison," said Colonel Ransecker in astonishment; "but what does she know about the case and the facts which these witnesses would prove?"

That question was evidently the one uppermost in the minds of the judges, for after recovering from their astonishment the presiding official looked at the
still standing but silent figure and then at Colonel Ransecker, and said:

"Who is this person who interrupts the proceedings of this court in such a manner, and what has she to offer in this case?"

"I had not intended to offer myself as a witness," said Miss Dennison, for it really was she, "because I believe that others, if they were here, could tell much more than I can. But I do not think the case ought to be finished without hearing them, for I believe that they will not only show this young man to be innocent, but that another, who has rendered at least one happy home desolate and driven one brave man to his death, is the real culprit, and that he is trying to destroy the reputation of this young man for his own advantage."

Her voice, which trembled as she began, rang out clearly as she spoke the words "driven one brave man to his death." She threw aside her veil, and the judges and spectators saw a young woman with a pale, delicate face set off with golden hair. The other woman who sat beside her, also veiled, made a movement as if to rise.

"This case can not be interrupted in this way," said the judge, rapping sharply and looking at Colonel Ransecker. "This young woman evidently does not understand the rules of evidence. The mere belief on her part that the prisoner is not guilty does not weigh in the matter unless she has some definite information to offer."

Colonel Ransecker reflected and whispered a moment with Dan. He did not know what this un-
expected witness might testify. Yet there seemed no likelihood that the situation could be made worse, since the judge would not consent to a delay in the case.

"I request, your Honor," said he, "that this young woman be permitted to state what she knows about the case. The court may see the importance then of the delay requested until the witnesses can be produced."

"Let her take the witness stand then," said the judge, rather unwillingly. "You may make your statement from where you stand, if you prefer," said he in a more kindly tone, seeing the embarrassment of the young woman thus called upon to testify in this manner. "What is your name and what is it you know about the case?"

"I know," said she, after giving her name and residence, "that this young man was sent to Washington with bills which his family believed to be genuine. I know that he traveled on the train with my uncle, and that the valise containing the bills was in his charge as baggage master. I know that a man who lives in a mysterious way, with apartments which he guards from every eye but his own, followed him hastily and traveled on the same train with him. I know that the uncle of this prisoner"—she spoke the word as though it were a painful one to her—"believed that this man who followed him was a counterfeiter, and that he was trying to get possession of the valise. I know that there was a railroad accident in which my uncle was killed and Mr. Patterson badly injured, and that the valise then passed into the hands of the man of whom I have spoken. I know that
Mr. Patterson, the uncle of the prisoner, expressed his belief during his illness that the die was really stolen by that man, whom he believed to be a counterfeiter, and in some way transferred to the pocket of this young man."

"All of which," said the judge, rapping, "is not testimony. You believe that somebody who traveled with this prisoner is a counterfeiter, and that somebody else believes that he had something to do with the crimes charged against this person. But that does not prove anything."

"Does it not prove enough to lead the court to consent to a delay of the case?" said Colonel Ransecker.

"Not unless there is reason to believe that the missing witnesses can prove these things charged," said the judge firmly.

"Then," said Miss Dennison, moving forward, "I must ask the court to allow me to make a further statement, which I hoped to leave to others. My aunt has been for some time employed at the residence of Mr. Addison, whose home is near this young man and not far from my own. I occasionally visited my aunt. Although Mr. Addison had no business, he lived in an expensive manner, and I observed that he never permitted anybody to enter his private office, which was located in a stone building with heavily barred windows and bolted doors, a short distance from his house. I visited my aunt at this residence the day after he passed my own home on the same train with this prisoner, who had started to Washington with the bills for exchange. During the day
I happened to find the door of his office opened and the interior in apparent confusion. On the desk were a number of five-hundred-dollar bills, an open inkstand, and some brushes. There were also some smaller bills in packages. I entered, thinking to take care of the valuable articles and close the door until his return. A desk against which I happened to lean moved aside, and I fell through an opening in the floor just where it stood. When I regained consciousness I was in a cave, from which I was assisted by a gentleman who gave his name as Prof. Silurian, and who with his companions were lost in the cave. They managed to get out by the way of Mr. Addison's office, but not until discoveries were made which I believe will show that the cave was used for counterfeiting purposes."

"But what evidence have you that this man Addison deals in counterfeit money?" said the judge, who had grown interested.

"Because," said the young woman, with a supreme effort—"because I have here in my possession a number of counterfeit bills which he gave my father in payment of 'debts of honor', so called, the result of a gambling game into which he led my father, and which resulted in making me an orphan."

She buried her face in her hands as she said this and sank sobbing into her seat.

As she did so a young man, with light hair and blue eyes, who sat on the other side of the court room, arose and said:

"I desire also to be heard in this case, your Honor. I was present when this young lady was rescued in
the cave by Prof. Silurian, and know that the counterfeiting instruments were found by him at that time, and that there was every evidence that they were a part of the machinery of Mr. Addison's office, which was connected by a rope ladder with this otherwise almost impenetrable cavern."
CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Patterson was a very sick man. His anxiety over the arrest of Dan and the inability to communicate with those who might aid in this extremity had broken down the little strength he had regained. He lay upon his bed, tossing from side to side, the high fever sending strange fancies through his brain. Sometimes he talked of Dan, sometimes he seemed to be again in the accident which so nearly cost him his life; then with an enormous bound his imagination took him back a quarter of a century to the scenes on the battlefield and that mad charge where he received the blow which placed his name in the list of "killed in action." Then, as a natural sequence, his thoughts seemed to turn to the long hospital experience and inability to hear from the one whom he prized more than life, and the watchful nurse heard him murmur again and again a strange name, the name of a woman. Then there were tears, blessed tears, which seemed to relieve for the moment the tension upon brain and nerves, and he passed into a more tranquil condition, which might last a few minutes or hours.

There was a gentle knock at the door. The nurse opened it, with finger upon his lips. Colonel Ransacker entered and glanced anxiously at the sick man.
One look at the pale face added to his anxiety and strengthened his determination.

"How is he?" he whispered.

"Bad, very bad," said the nurse. "His fever is very high, and he is out of his head all the time. He is talking sometimes of his nephew and sometimes of somebody else. He made me go to his desk there and get him an old photograph from a drawer which had been locked, and he has been looking at that and talking wildly about battles and steamboat explosions and the loss of somebody very dear to him."

"There is a young woman downstairs," said Colonel Ransecker, "who was with him in his former illness, and I know from his nephew that he is very fond of her. Indeed, he has said that it was her attention, and that only, which saved his life after the accident. She came with her aunt to testify in behalf of the young man. The court has consented to allow the case to go over until to-morrow, and while I spend the night trying to get communication with the witnesses I must have I want her to be with this man. She may be able to save him again. Her aunt is here with her and will remain within call. The physician says they must not both be in the room, but he desires the young woman who was so successful with the patient before to be with him for the present. You will, of course, remain and give such attention as is needed."

A few minutes later Miss Dennison was at his side. He was sleeping apparently, and her noiseless footstep did not disturb him. But somehow her very presence seemed to have its effect, and soon the lines
of pain seemed to disappear in part, and the nurse observed that he appeared better. Soon his eyes opened and fell upon Sallie's face as she sat at his bedside. He started and his lips moved. Then he gazed at her with a strange look in his eyes. But he did not speak. Soon his eyes closed, but when Sallie looked at him again they were wide open, and that look was again in them. Then he raised his fevered hand and extended it.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Patterson," said Sallie as she took his hand. "I think you will be better soon."

"Dorothy!" said the sick man eagerly—"Dorothy, is that you? Have I found you at last?"

Sallie did not answer. She saw in a moment that his mind was wandering. She leaned forward and gently laid her hand upon his forehead.

The touch seemed to thrill him. His eyes, which had begun to close, opened again, and a smile passed over his countenance.

"O Dorothy!" he said, "thank God that you have come. I have suffered so long. That awful blow on the battlefield almost killed me and caused me to be reported as dead. Then I lay so long in hospital and prison, and all the time unable to hear from you or get letters to you. Then when I went home they told me that you were dead, Dorothy. They said the steamer you were on had exploded and sunk. But I hoped it was not so. I hunted the world over for you, but could not find you—the world is so big, and one person so very little. How did you find me, Dorothy?"
He pressed her hand, and with a smile on his lips relapsed into unconsciousness. But his words had started a new train of thoughts in Sallie’s mind.

“How strange!” said she to herself. “He called me Dorothy and talked of the battlefield, and of being reported killed, and of a steamboat explosion. Can it be possible? But no, it is foolish to think of it.”

She sat down beside him, still holding his hot, wasted hand. But her thoughts were busy, and she could not keep out of them the words he had just spoken. Only two days ago her aunt, whose name was Dorothy Sherwood, had told her the strange, sad story of her own life—how her lover had gone to the war, had fallen in battle and been buried among the thousands of “unknown dead,” how her own home had been destroyed by the fortunes of the war, how after taking passage on the steamer her life had been saved as by a miracle, and how she had always lived single and lonely, determined to be faithful unto death to her first and only love. She had told this to Sallie in those terrible days after Mr. Dennison’s death, when the aunt, hastening from the Addison castle, had come to her side to render her what comfort she might. Then Sallie, as she thought of this, remembered with a start that it was the name of Patterson which had led her aunt to tell the story of her life, because it was the same name as that of her dead hero lover.

The involuntary movement which accompanied this new thought awakened Mr. Patterson, whose hand she still held. He opened his eyes and smiled gently.

“You are still here, are you not, Dorothy?” he
said; "it is so good of you to come to me after all these years. But it was not my fault, Dorothy. The post office was destroyed and the letters I wrote you could not reach you. I tried so hard to get word to you that I was still alive. I never forgot you for a moment, and have kept your picture all the time where I could look at it. See," he said as he drew a faded photograph from under his pillow—"see, I have it with me now; the same that you gave me, with your name upon it, the day I started to the war."

Sallie glanced at the photograph, and her heart gave a great leap. It was the picture of a young girl of about her own age, but in it she could see at once the lines which years of sorrow and pain had changed but not obliterated. Beneath the picture, in a hand which she instantly recognized as that of her aunt, was written the name "Dorothy Sherwood." She understood all now. She had been often told that she resembled her aunt, and especially the appearance of her youthful days. It was apparent that this resemblance had furnished the key to unlock the mystery and reunite these hearts which had so long suffered—so near in fact and yet so widely separated.

Her hand trembled as she took the picture, and she dared not trust herself to speak. Mr. Patterson smiled, and his eyes slowly closed.

Turning quickly to the nurse, Miss Dennison said: "Go at once to the parlor and tell my aunt to come to me. Never mind what the doctor said about two persons. Her presence will save this man's life. Bring her here at once; then leave us alone."
Specie vaults, United States Treasury, Washington, D. C.
CHAPTER XXVI.

The sun was struggling through the clouds when the case of Daniel Patterson was called the next morning. Colonel Ransecker was beside his client, and there was a better look upon his face. The physician had just informed him that Mr. Patterson was greatly improved and on the road to quick recovery. And that was not all. In his hand he held a telegram announcing that the two men he most wanted to see would arrive on the morning train. The promise was kept, and before the business of the court had proceeded far Prof. Silurian and Mr. Chilton entered. They were accompanied by Prof. Magnifir Finline and Mr. Canby.

"Your Honor," said Colonel Ransecker, rising, "the delay of twenty-four hours, which the court was good enough to grant at the request of this young woman, has resulted in the arrival of our witnesses. We are now ready to proceed, and are entirely content to waive our right of a jury trial and to submit the case to the court at once."

The judges consulted a moment and then indicated a readiness for the presentation of the case.

"We shall try to prove," said Colonel Ransecker, "that one Wallace Addison, a neighbor of the de-
fendant in West Virginia, is a counterfeiter; that he followed this young man from his home for the purpose of putting counterfeit bills in the place of the good ones with which he started, and succeeded in doing so; that this Addison stole the die from the Mint and placed it in this young man's pocket to prevent being captured with it in his own hands; and that this young man is therefore innocent of the two grave charges made against him."

"Call the first witness," said the judge, with a skeptical look on his face.

Prof. Silurian took the stand and told in detail the story of his trip through the cave; the finding of the young woman, whose appeal of the preceding day caused the delay of the case; the escape of the party by way of the rope ladder leading to Mr. Addison's office; and his own examination of the mysterious instruments in the cavern after the remaining members of the party had ascended.

"I found there," said he, "undoubted evidence that the instruments were used for producing counterfeit money. There were presses, inks, and finely engraved plates immersed in oil so that the moisture of the cave would not effect them. There were plates for five-hundred-dollar bills and others of a smaller denomination. I could also trace on some of the plates the lines of a thumb, as though the person handling them had carelessly allowed the moisture from his thumb to remain, and this had caused the lines to become marked by the rust. They were not deep, of course, but visible, and probably would leave a faint trace of their work on the bills printed from the plate.
I also became possessed, at another time and place, of a sheet of paper wrapped about an article brought to Mr. Gordon's daughter by Mr. Addison on his return, which showed by words printed upon it that, although Mr. Addison professed that he had been in Chicago immediately following the absence of this young man, he had in fact been in Washington."

"And now," said Colonel Ransecker, "I call Mr. Horace Chilton, a distinguished officer of the Government."

Mr. Chilton took the stand and told how Dan had joined his uncle on the train to travel to Washington for the purpose of getting the bills exchanged; how Mr. Addison had made his appearance on the same train; how it had been possible for him, through the co-operation of Dan and Mr. Patterson, to get some bills from Addison, which proved to be counterfeit; how Addison had tried to get possession of Dan's valise on the train, and finally succeeded at the time of the accident; how he himself arrested Mr. Addison almost in the act of stealing the die, but failed to find it in his possession.

"As soon as the die was found in this young man's pocket," said Mr. Chilton, "I remembered that Mr. Addison stumbled and partially fell against him as he ran past him in the Mint. I believed from that moment that he had dropped the die in the pocket of this entirely innocent young man in order both to prevent being taken with it in his possession, and also to give this prisoner a bad reputation when he should present the counterfeit bills Addison was then trying to get into his possession. But I had no way to prove
it. I had the die subjected to a careful examination by a microscopist of the highest repute. While it was being done I obtained the impression of the thumb of this young man by getting him to help me seal a package while he was awaiting trial. After long efforts I also succeeded in obtaining the impression of Mr. Addison’s thumb upon some playing cards. All these I have submitted to the most distinguished microscopist in the country, Prof. Magnifir Finline, and desire to lay his testimony before the court.”

“We now desire to present the testimony of Prof. Magnifir Finline,” said Colonel Rausecker.

Prof. Magnifir Finline took the stand. He bowed to the court and glanced in the direction of Sallie, for he had an eye for the beautiful, whether under the microscope or elsewhere.

“I have examined the various articles submitted to me,” said he, “with the object of determining whether the marks on them were made by the same thumb. I first desire to say that I have for many years studied this question of the capillary ridges of the hand, and find them an accurate and unerring guide in matters of this character. Not only have I made this study alone, but many other more distinguished persons than myself have done so and with like results. It is well known that Sir William Herschel made long and careful studies of this subject in India, upon the natives of the country and others, comparing the lines of the thumb or fingers at various times. He found that in a period of fourteen years there was no change in many individuals tested, and that there were thirty points of agreement
and none of disagreement. By magnifying these marks and photographing the enlarged view of them, it is possible to study them at leisure and with great accuracy of detail and comparison. This subject has been so carefully and thoroughly studied that there can be no doubt of its value and accuracy as a test in cases of this kind."

"You need not discuss that question farther," said the judge. "Go on with the facts that you have developed in the case."

The professor bowed. "I find," said he, "that the lines made by the thumb of Daniel Patterson on this piece of sealing wax, as submitted to me by Mr. Chilton, are not found on the die which was taken from his pocket. I spent much time in its examination. It was covered with a thin film of oil, so that the mark of every hand that touched it was left distinctly upon it. I am willing to stake my reputation that the thumb that made the impression upon this bit of sealing wax, marked 'Daniel Patterson,' did not make any of the marks which I found plainly impressed upon the die."

There was a visible sensation in the court room as he said this. The two judges looked at each other. Officer Yankum's face was a study. Mr. Haliday was radiant.

"I find," said the professor, continuing, "that the thumb which made the impression on these cards marked 'Addison' corresponds in every particular with marks upon the die. There were marks of two thumbs on the die; one of these was that of Officer Yankum, who took the die from the pocket of the prisoner, and
whose thumb mark was also submitted to me without his knowledge. The other, which was made prior to handling of the die by Yankum, was without doubt by the same thumb which made the marks upon these cards marked 'Addison.'"

The professor paused.

"That seems to dispose of the case of the die," said the judge, "but I don't see its bearing upon the counterfeit bills which this young man was taken in the very act of presenting, and which is part of this case."

"Those bills," continued the professor, "were printed from engraved plates found in the cave beneath Mr. Addison's private office. Upon the plate I find the marks of a thumb exactly corresponding with that upon the cards marked 'Addison,' and with those upon the die. I also find with a powerful instrument the same lines faintly produced upon the bills themselves in a variety of places, the result of the handling in the printing process."

"But even if they were printed by Addison and from a plate in his possession, it does not prove that this prisoner, who is Addison's neighbor and perhaps confederate, was not attempting to pass them," said the judge.

"I think we shall be able to satisfy your Honor on that point," said Colonel Ransecker. "It has been shown that Addison tried repeatedly to get possession of this young man's valise containing the bills with which he started from home, and at the time of the accident did take possession of it, after assisting in handling the body of the dead baggageman; and
that he, after disappearing from view, replaced the valise among the baggage. The package of bills, it is in evidence, was wrapped before the prisoner started from home with them in a slip of paper bearing the name of Reuben Gordon, the owner of the bills. I will now ask the witness if he examined that paper and with what result."

"I find upon that slip of paper," said Prof. Fin-line, "a thumb print, traced in human blood, corresponding in every particular with that upon the cards marked 'Addison,' and identical with those upon the die and the counterfeit plates and bills. This impression upon the paper in which the original bills were wrapped and which surrounded the counterfeit bills offered at the Treasury by the prisoner I have studied with great care. There can be no doubt that the impression upon this paper is made by the same thumb which made the imprint upon these cards, and upon the die and plate, and also upon the counterfeit bills which this young woman had placed in evidence as given to her father by Addison, and which I have just examined."

The judge was silent for a moment. Then he consulted with Judge Sollum. It was apparent that they were both greatly impressed with this testimony.

"I will now ask you with reference to the second package of bills submitted to you by the Treasury officials," said Colonel Ransecker, with the air of a man who is about to make his final effort.

"There was submitted to me," said the professor, "another package of ink-stained bills, which the officers of the Treasury state were left for exchange
by a person giving his name as Wallace Addison. Upon these I found the thumb marks traced in blood, and I am informed that they were presented for exchange the morning after the accident which resulted in the death of Baggageman Dennison.

"That is not competent testimony," said the judge. "State what you know only."

"I now desire to call Mr. Foster, the official who received the bills in question," said Colonel Ransecker.

Mr. Foster took the stand. "I received two packages of ink-stained bills," said he. "The first one was presented by a gentlemanly looking person, who said that they had been defaced by an accident and he desired an exchange. I told him that owing to their complete defacement and the large sum they represented, I could not redeem them at once as they must be carefully examined, a process which delays payment several days. He seemed very much put out about it, but finally decided to leave them and call for the money. I observed that he seemed unwilling to give his name and address when asked for it, but as it was one of the rules of the office I was compelled to insist upon it, and he gave them finally, saying that I might express the money to him when the examination was completed. I found them genuine and was about to send him new ones for them when this second package of bills came in, and have delayed action in this particular."

"I now call Mr. Canby," said Colonel Ransecker, looking across the court room.

Then Mr. Canby took the stand, detailing his
knowledge of the good bills as learned at Mr. Gordon's home; how Dan had made copies of the bills, and even the serial numbers on them; how it was impossible that anybody overhearing the description of the bills that night could have learned the serial numbers, because Dan had copied them without having them called off to him; how he had obtained these copies and compared them with the bills presented by Mr. Addison and found them corresponding in every particular.

"I now produce," said he, "memoranda made by the prisoner on the night Mr. Gordon brought the bills home, and desire the court to compare them with the bills presented by Mr. Addison for exchange at the Treasury. I desire to add that I have in possession a duplicate of these slips made by the defendant's foster sister, Miss Jennie Gordon, which she made with admirable forethought just before his departure, without his knowledge, in the thought that they might be of importance in case of accident. These she intrusted to me. I find them corresponding in every particular with the originals and with the bills themselves."

The examination of the good bills presented by Mr. Canby was quickly made and the test pronounced perfect. Then Colonel Ransecker rose to address the court.

"I do not think it necessary to go much into detail in this argument," said he. "The testimony presented by these intelligent and perfectly creditable witnesses seems to me to make clear that Wallace Addison is a counterfeiter; that he followed this prisoner
for the purpose of substituting counterfeit bills for the good ones and succeeded in doing so; also that he placed the stolen die in defendant's pocket for the double purpose of ridding himself of it and injuring the character of the defendant. We have shown, your Honor, that Wallace Addison traveled on the train with this prisoner; that Mr. Chilton, by a detective's methods, then obtained certain bills from him which proved to be counterfeit. We have also shown that Mr. Addison made various attempts to obtain possession of the prisoner's valise which contained the good bills with which he started from home, and that at the time of the accident he did obtain it, disappearing with it for a time. We have shown that this valise bears upon it the thumb marks of Mr. Addison; also that the paper which was wrapped about the bills in the valise bears his thumb prints in human blood, as do also the good bills presented by him at the Treasury the very morning after the accident. We have shown that the bills he then presented were the very ones with which the prisoner left home, as is proved by the serial numbers upon them. It is thus apparent that Mr. Addison must himself have taken these bills from the valise in which the defendant had placed them. Baggage man Dennison, the uncle of the young girl who yesterday made her statement in this case, knowing the value of the valise, gave his life in attempting to protect it, yet his blood, from the hands of the man who handled his body in order to get possession of the valise, rises as a silent witness to prevent the consummation of this crime and convict the man who had almost carried it out.
We have shown that the counterfeit bills which the prisoner innocently presented at the Treasury were beyond question printed from plates found under Mr. Addison's office, and that these plates and bills had been handled by the same hand which left its impress upon the cards obtained from Addison by Mr. Chilton; also that these bills bore Mr. Addison's thumb prints in human blood, and that they must not only have been produced by him but also placed in the valise by him at the time he took the good bills from it. As to the die found in the prisoner's pocket, we have shown that it was never handled by him, but that it had been handled by Addison, who had ample opportunity to place it in the prisoner's pocket after he was seen to take possession of it in the Mint."

Colonel Ransecker paused. He had spoken with great earnestness but calm deliberation, for to him every point in the chain of evidence seemed perfectly clear. Dan looked at him with grateful astonishment, for he had been so reticent during the progress of the preceding events that this clear, vigorous, and energetic statement was a gratifying surprise.

"I shall now ask," said Colonel Ransecker, "first, that the prisoner be acquitted of the charge of stealing the die; second, that he be acquitted of the charge of knowingly presenting counterfeit bills; third, that the new bills which were about to be sent to Mr. Addison in exchange for the good ones presented by him be paid to Daniel Patterson, to whom they rightfully belong."

The judges put their heads together, and the spec-
tators waited eagerly but confidently. They were not disappointed.

"This has been a most remarkable case," said the judge, "and one of great interest and importance. This young man has undergone a series of attempts to place upon him charges which would have blackened his character for life. The testimony presented to-day seems to fully acquit him of all those charges, and I am glad to learn from Judge Sollum, Mr. Haliday, and Colonel Ransecker that, besides returning home without a stain upon his character and with his task fully accomplished, he also carries with him a stock of information about affairs of the nation such as any young man or woman in any walk of life might be proud to possess. The prisoner is acquitted, and the officers of the Treasury will turn over to him the new bills to take the place of the genuine ones with which he started, but which were stolen from him on the way."

There was no scene at the close of this remarkable case. When Colonel Ransecker turned to his client he found his face turned upward and his lips moving in a silent prayer of thankfulness. The congratulations which followed were earnest but of a very quiet order.

"Now let me go to my uncle," said Dan, as he grasped Sallie's hand. "I want to tell him the good news."

"Your uncle," said Sallie, smiling through her tears of joy, "has had a great deal of good news of
late. He has found his long-lost love of whom he told you; she is my Aunt Dorothy."

"And that is how it happened," said Dan, "that the faded photograph which he cherished looked so much like you. Well, I shall not be jealous of my uncle any longer, now that I know why he so much admired you."

Sallie blushed, but she did not seem to be offended by this remark.

They were just leaving the court room when the judge rapped sharply for order.

"I desire to suggest," said he, looking at Mr. Chilton, "that if this Mr. Addison has not been already arrested, steps should be taken at once to do so."

"I am compelled to inform your Honor," said Mr. Chilton, "that Mr. Addison escaped the hands of the officers who were sent to arrest him, though by a method which will doubtless rid the community of him quite as effectually. I have just received a telegram giving the result in detail. The officers found that he had taken refuge in the cave under his office. They descended by the rope ladder which he had used, and were about to capture him when he attempted to escape by crossing a stream in the cave, over which a narrow ledge of rocks had extended. These rocks, it appears, had fallen into the stream during his absence through an accident which occurred upon the visit of Prof. Silurian and his party to the cave, and while Mr. Addison attempted to cross upon them in the darkness of the cave he plunged into the stream and was instantly swept away by the swift current, passing out of sight under the side of the cavern."
The underground course of that stream after it leaves the cavern is unknown, and not even his body has been found."

Four happy people left Washington on the west-bound train the next day. They were Daniel Patterson and Miss Sallie Dennison, and Thomas Patterson and Miss Dorothy Sherwood. Dan carried in his pocket $2,500 in new bills, the gold pieces which had been coined for him at the Mint, the numerous memoranda which he had made in his extensive inquiries, and a book full of statistics and other information which Colonel Ransecker had given him with which to pursue his studies of things national and international. Mr. Patterson, still weak, was gaining strength rapidly, and Dan declared was getting young again.

As they boarded the train Mr. Chilton handed Sallie a large official envelope, which proved to contain a commission as postmistress at Minersville, "to succeed her father, Samuel Dennison, who nobly gave his life to rescue others."

The next day's papers announced that Mr. Chilton had left for Alaska, where he had been sent on a ten years' service at his own request.
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