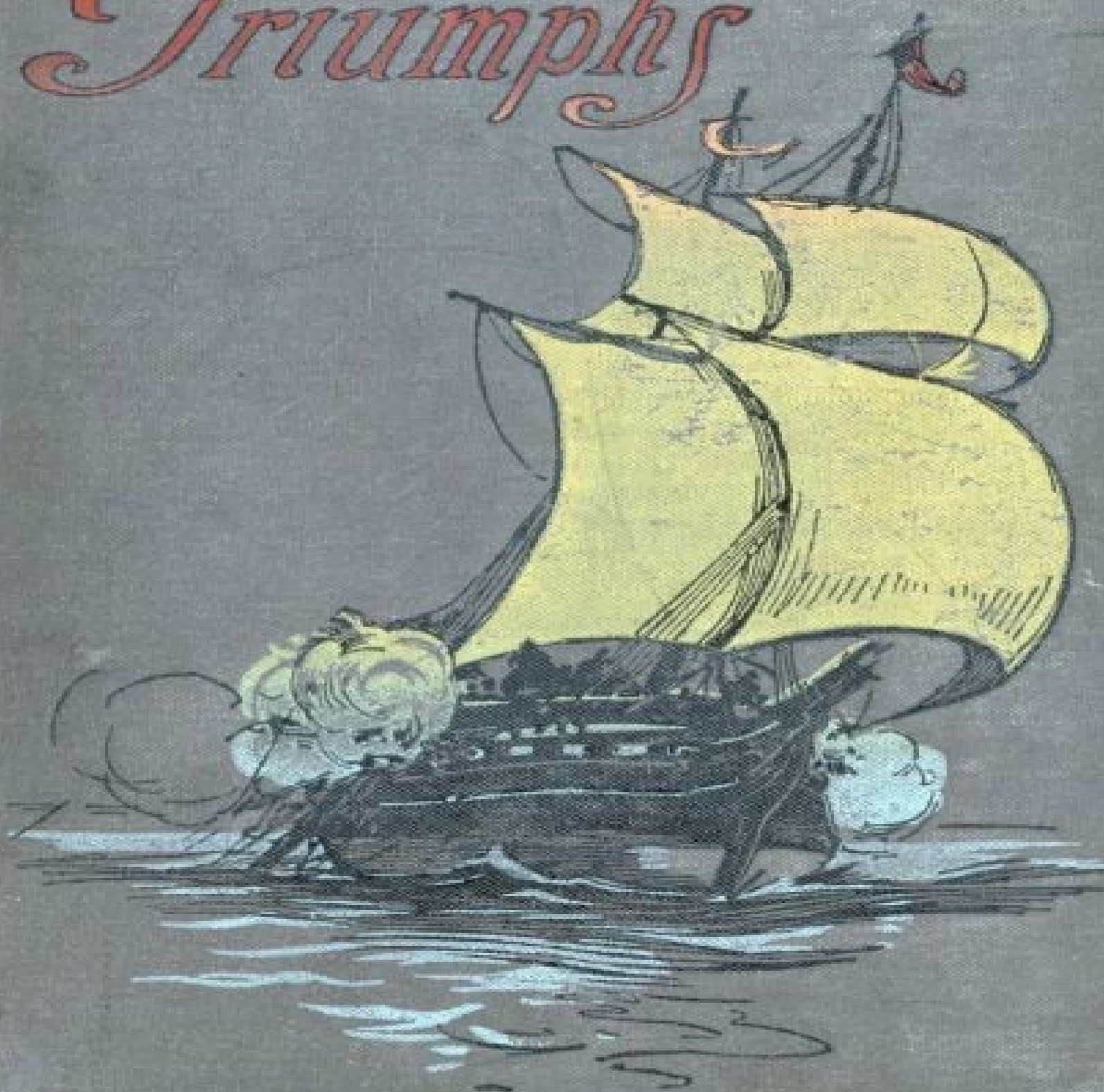


Terry's Trials and Triumphs



Project Gutenberg's Terry's Trials and Triumphs, by J. Macdonald Oxley

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: Terry's Trials and Triumphs

Author: J. Macdonald Oxley

Release Date: September 17, 2010 [EBook #33754]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TERRY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS ***

Produced by Al Haines

"<I>Down sank the gallant ship, driving her crew to the spar-deck.</I>"
"*Down sank the gallant ship, driving her crew to the spar-deck.*" [Page 96.](#)

TERRY'S TRIALS

AND

TRIUMPHS

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY

*Author of "In the Wilds of the West Coast," "Diamond Rock,"
"Up Among the Ice-Floes," "My Strange Rescue,"
&c., &c.*

**T. NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, and New York
1900**

CONTENTS.

- I. [A POOR START](#)
- II. [THE WAY OPENS](#)
- III. [UNEVEN GOING](#)
- IV. [PERILS BY THE WAY](#)
- V. [ON BOARD THE "MINNESOTA"](#)
- VI. [IN HAMPTON ROADS](#)
- VII. [THE GREAT NAVAL COMBAT](#)
- VIII. [ADVENTURES ASHORE](#)
- IX. [FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND](#)
- X. [REINSTATED](#)
- XI. [IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO](#)
- XII. [ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL](#)

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Down sank the gallant ship, driving her crew to the spar-deck."

"On being lifted carefully in, Miss Drummond fainted for the moment."

"Terry, attired as never before, set out for Long Wharf."

"The whole ship had the appearance of being in readiness for an expected foe."

"He succeeded in ingratiating himself with the driver of the train."

TERRY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

CHAPTER I.

A POOR START.

"Give it to him, Terry—that's the style!" "Punch his head!" "Hit him in the face, Mike!" "Good for you, Terry—that was a daisy!" "Stick to him, me hearty; ye'll lick him yet!"

The shouts came from a ring of ragged, dirty youngsters, who were watching with intense excitement a hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot fight between two of their own kind—a rough-and-tumble affair of the most disorderly sort.

They were not well-matched combatants, the one called Terry being much inferior in size and weight to the other; but he evidently had the sympathy of the majority of the spectators, and he displayed an amount of vigour and agility that went far to make up for his deficiencies in other respects.

In point of fact, he was not fighting his own battle, but that of little Patsy Connors, whose paltry, yet to him precious, plaything had been brutally snatched away from him by Mike Hoolihan, and who had appealed to Terry to obtain its return.

The contest had waged but a few minutes, and the issue was still uncertain, when a shrill cry of, "The peelers! the peelers! they're comin' up the street!" caused a dispersion of the crowd, so speedy and so complete that the boys composing it seemed to vanish like spirits; and when the big blue-coated, silver-buttoned policemen reached the spot, there was nothing to arrest but a woebegone puppy, who regarded them with an expression that meant as plainly as possible,—

"Please, sirs, it wasn't me; and I don't know where they've gone to."

So the guardians of the peace were fain, after giving an indignant glance around, to retire in good order, but with empty hands.

* * * * *

A life divided between Blind Alley and the Long Wharf could hardly have had a hopeful outlook. Blind Alley was the most miserable collection of tumble-down tenements in Halifax. It led off from the narrowest portion of Water Street, in between two forbidding rows of filthy, four-storied houses, nearly every window of which represented a family, and brought up suddenly against the grim and grimy walls of a brewery, whence issued from time to time the thick, oppressive vapours of steaming malt.

The open space between the rows of houses was little better than a gutter, through which you had to pick your way with careful steps if you did not wish to carry off upon your boots and clothing unsavoury reminders of the place.

Little wonder, then, that so soon as the children of Blind Alley were big enough to walk they hastened to desert their repulsive playground, in spite of the shrill summons back from their unkempt mothers, who, though they made no attempt to keep them clean, loved them too much to think with composure of their being exposed to the many dangers of busy, bustling Water Street.

It is safe to say that you could not peer into Blind Alley during any of the hours of daylight without hearing stout Mrs. M'Carthy, or red-haired Mrs. Hoolihan, or some other frowsy matron with no less powerful lungs, calling out from her window,—

"Patsy! Norah! where are ye now, ye little villains? Ye're the plague of my life wid yer always gettin' out of me sight. Come back wid ye now, or I'll beat the very life out o' ye."

And if the poor little urchins had not managed to get around the corner so as to be out of sight, they would slink dejectedly back to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

Terry Ahearn's home, if so sweet a name could rightly be given to such wretched quarters, was in the last house on the left-hand side, the two squalid rooms which served all the purposes of kitchen, parlour, and bedrooms being on the second floor, and right against the brewery wall. Here he had been born, and

had grown up pretty much as the weeds grow—according to his own devices. Although the only survivor of several children, his father, who bore the unprepossessing nickname of "Black Mike," hardly ever noticed him, unless it was to swear at him or cuff him. When sober, Black Mike was sulky, and when drunk, quarrelsome, so that Terry had many excuses for not loving him. As most of Mike's earnings went over the bar at the Crown and Anchor, his wife was obliged to go out scrubbing in order to provide the bread and molasses which, with a few potatoes and an occasional bit of meat, formed the staple of Terry's diet.

With anything like a fair chance, poor Peggy Ahearn would have made a tolerably good mother. But her married life had been one long martyrdom, which had broken her spirit and soured her temper. She loved Terry with all her heart, and he loved her in return; yet an observer of their mutual relations might well have thought otherwise. He was very apt to be saucy to her if his father was not near, and she rarely addressed him in terms of affection or gentleness.

From such surroundings Terry, naturally enough, was only too glad to escape. Even the public school was more endurable, especially during the long cold winter. In the bright long days of summer there was the Long Wharf, on which his father worked, and where Terry's companions gathered every day, rain or shine, from the beginning of May to the end of October.

In Terry's general appearance there was nothing at first sight to distinguish him from any of the other "wharf rats" who were his constant companions. They all wore battered hats, ragged clothes, and dirty faces. They all had a fine capacity for shirking work, and for making a great deal of noise when they were enjoying themselves.

If you had occasion to talk with Terry, however, you would be a dull observer if you did not notice certain qualities of character indicated in his face and form which suggested the thought that there was good stuff in the lad, and that if he had a chance he might turn out to be of some use despite his unpropitious surroundings.

He had a bright, pleasant countenance of the genuine Irish type, thickly dotted with deep-tinted freckles; a pair of frank, brown eyes; a mop of hair with a decided tendency towards curls and redness; and a well-knit, full-sized frame, whose every muscle was developed to its utmost capacity, and within which

there beat a big warm heart, although that might seem to be doubtful sometimes when its owner was in a particularly mischievous mood.

"Sure, an' I don't know what's ever to be the end of ye," said Mrs. Ahearn one day, in a more thoughtful tone than was usual with her, after scolding her son for one of his pranks which she had just found out. "Ye've got wits enough to be a gentleman, if ye only had a mind to it; but never a bit do ye seem to care, so long as there's a bite for ye to eat."

Terry's response was so surprising that it fairly took his mother's breath away; for, drawing himself up to his full height, and putting on a look of the utmost determination, he exclaimed,—

"And it's a gentleman I mean to be some day, and then it's yourself that will ride in a carriage with glass sides, as fine as Miss Drummond's."

Mrs. Ahearn's eyes and mouth opened wide with astonishment. What had come over her boy that made him talk in that style? Ride in a carriage indeed! Faith, the highest expectation she ever permitted herself to entertain was of deliverance from the drudgery of the wash-tub. If that could only be accomplished in some other way than by dying, she would be well content.

"Listen to him!" she cried. "It's crazy the boy is. Me ride in a carriage! Sure the only ride I'll ever get in a carriage with glass sides will be when I'm going to the cimitry."

Then Terry did a still more remarkable thing. Whether it was his mother's reference to the hearse, or something in his own mind that stirred him, can only be conjectured, but running up to Mrs. Ahearn he caught her round the waist and gave her a hearty hug, saying,—

"Ye'll have many a ride in a carriage, and with glass sides too, mother, before that."

Then he darted off down the stairs, whistling "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" with all his might, while his mother fell into a chair in sheer bewilderment at her boy's utterly novel behaviour.

Certainly there had been nothing in Terry's past record to give ground for hope of his ever attaining the status of a gentleman owning a carriage. To do as

little work and to have as much play as possible seemed to be his ideal of life. More than once a situation as errand-boy had been obtained for him; but he soon forfeited them by neglect of duty, and returned rejoicing to his friends on Long Wharf. Unless a decided change of disposition took place, he bid fair to turn out nothing better than one more recruit for the wretched regiment of "street loafers" that is characteristic of every maritime city.

Long Wharf, Terry's "happy hunting ground," so to speak, it must be admitted, possessed a multitude of attractions for boys of his kind. It held an unquestioned pre-eminence among the wharves of Halifax for size and superiority of position, thrusting itself out prominently from their midst into the heart of the harbour, while the rest curved away on either hand in undistinguishable monotony. From the foot of Long Wharf you could comfortably command the whole water-line as from no other vantage-ground. Hence, in addition to being one of the busiest places in the city during the day, it was in the summer evenings the favourite resort of the whole neighbourhood—men, women, and children gathering there to enjoy the cool breezes, and to watch the pleasure-boats gliding past with their merry occupants.

The wharf was the centre of bustling activity all summer long. From it sailed lines of steamers to the bleak rugged coasts of Newfoundland and to the fascinating fairy-land of the West Indies, while others voyaged across the ocean to the metropolis of the world. When they returned laden with costly cargoes, the schooners and other sailing-vessels gathered round with gaping holds that had to be filled, and what they did not carry off went into the huge warehouses which stood in opposing rows clear up to the street.

By virtue of his relationship to Black Mike, Terry had the freedom of the wharf. It was about the only benefit his father conferred upon him, and he made the most of it, scraping acquaintance with the sailors, especially the cooks of the steamers, running occasional errands for the storekeeper, who might order him off the premises at any time he saw fit, fishing for perch and tomcods, bathing in the north dock at the risk of arrest by the first policeman who should happen along, and having grand games of "I spy" among the maze of stores and sheds.

Of course, this kind of life could not go on for ever, and there were times when Terry paused in his eager quest for amusement long enough to ask himself what he would like to be and to do for a living. The answers to the question were as various as Terry's moods. He fain would be a sailor, soldier, fireman,

policeman, or coachman, according as he had been most lately impressed with the advantages and attractions of that particular occupation. He even sometimes let his thoughts aspire as high as the position of clerk in the offices of Drummond and Brown, the owners of Long Wharf. But that was only in moments of exceptional exaltation, and they soon fell back again to their wonted level.

This last idea, remote as the possibility of its fulfilment might seem, had especial vigour imparted into it one morning by a few words that Miss Kate Drummond, the only daughter of the senior partner, happened to let fall. She had driven down with her own pony to take her father home to lunch, and the wharf being such a noisy place, had asked Terry, who chanced to be lounging near by, wondering if he would ever be the owner of so fine an equipage, if he would be good enough to hold the pony's head while she sat in the carriage awaiting her father's coming.

Struck by Terry's prepossessing albeit somewhat dirty countenance, she thought she might while away the time by asking him some questions about himself. Terry answered so promptly and politely that she became quite interested in him, and finally began to sound him as to his plans for the future.

"Do you know, Terry," said she, with a winning smile that sent a thrill of pleasure clear down to the tips of the boy's bare toes, "I believe something good might be made out of you. Your face tells me that you've got it in you to make your way in the world. Many a rich and famous man had no better start than you. Wouldn't you like to try as they did?"

Terry turned away his head to hide the blushes that glowed through the tan and freckles on his cheeks, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I don't know, mum," said he at last. "I'd like to be a gentleman, and keep a carriage some day."

Miss Drummond gave a pleasant laugh; the answer was so frankly characteristic. To be a gentleman and to ride in a carriage seemed to be the working people's highest ideal of earthly bliss.

"Well, Terry," she responded, taking care that there should be sympathy, not ridicule, in her tone; "if that is your ambition, the way is open to you to try to accomplish it. My grandfather began as a little office-boy, and he had more than

one carriage of his own before he died."

The look that Terry gave Miss Drummond on hearing these words made her blush a little in her turn; it was such a curious blending of bewilderment and joy. That this radiant creature, who seemed almost as far removed from him as an angel of heaven, should have had a grandfather who was a mere office-boy, was a surprising revelation to him. At the same time, what a vista of hope it opened up! If old Mr. Drummond, whom he remembered seeing years before, had worked his way up so well, could not others do it also?

Not knowing just what to say, Terry kept silence, and the situation was presently relieved by the appearance of Mr. Drummond. As Miss Drummond gathered up the reins, she gave the boy another of her lovely smiles.

"Thank you very much, Terry," she said; "and you'll think over what I've been saying to you, won't you?"

Terry pulled off his ragged cap in token of promise to do so, and the light carriage whirled away, leaving him with thoughts such as had never stirred his brain before. Of course he knew that men had made their way up from humble beginnings to high positions, but the fact had hitherto never been so closely brought home to him; and it was while under the excitement of this idea that he so astonished his mother as related above.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY OPENS.

The seed thus sown by Miss Drummond began to take root at once. Terry now gave more thought to getting a chance to make a start in life than he did to having a good time. And here, as it happened, fortune favoured him in a most unusual way. On the Saturday morning of the week after the talk which had set him thinking, he was sitting at the end of the Long Wharf watching a big steamer making her way slowly up the harbour. It being the noon hour, the wharf hands were all away at dinner, and the place was almost deserted.

Suddenly he was startled out of his reverie by the sound of hoofs beating with alarming rapidity upon the resounding planks, and turning round he saw what caused him to spring to his feet with every nerve and muscle athrill. Thundering down the wharf in blind and reckless flight came Miss Drummond's pony, while in the carriage behind sat the owner, tugging desperately upon the reins, her face white and set with terror.

Acting upon the first impulse of the moment, Terry ran forward, shouting and waving his cap. Then, seeing that to be of no avail, he sprang at the maddened creature's head, hoping to seize the reins. But by a quick swerve the pony eluded him, and the next moment plunged headlong off the end of the wharf, dragging the carriage and its helpless occupant after her. There was a piercing shriek, a splash, a whirl of seething foam, and then the clear green depths closed over all!

For the first moment, Terry, overcome by the startling suddenness of the accident, knew not how to act. Then the impulse to rescue welled up mightily in his breast, and at once he leaped into the disturbed waters, which closed over his curly head.

Rising almost instantly to the surface, he looked eagerly about him, and caught sight of a hand thrust up in the agony of a struggle for life. A few quick strokes brought him to it, and then, taking in the situation intuitively, he swerved round so as to grasp Miss Drummond at the neck. He had not spent his life about a wharf without learning something of the difficulty of dealing with drowning persons, and that, strong, expert swimmer as he was, he must not suffer those hands to fasten their frantic grip upon him, or it would mean death for both.

So, deftly avoiding the girl's wild clutch, he took good hold of her from the back, and saying beseechingly, "Keep ye still now, ma'am, and I'll save ye all right," shoved her through the water in the direction of the wharf. Happily she was a young woman of rare self-possession. As soon as she felt Terry's firm hand her terror gave way to trust. She ceased her vain strugglings, and committed herself to her rescuer. Otherwise, indeed, the poor boy could hardly have been equal to the task. As it was, his strength just lasted until he reached the first row of barnacle-covered spiles; pressing Miss Drummond up to which he hoarsely directed her—"Take good hold of that now, ma'am, and I'll yell for somebody."

But he did not need to yell twice. Already helpers had gathered above them,

and were shouting down words of encouragement; and a moment later a boat darted round the corner of the wharf, propelled by eager oarsmen.

On being lifted carefully in, Miss Drummond, yielding to the reaction, fainted for the moment; whereat Terry, who had never seen a woman faint before, set up a wail of grief, thinking she must be dead.

"<I>On being lifted carefully in, Miss Drummond fainted for the moment.</I>"
"On being lifted carefully in, Miss Drummond fainted for the moment."

"Oh, the dear lady's dead!" he cried. "Ye must be getting a doctor quick."

But the others reassured him, and to his vast delight the blue eyes opened again to give him a look of inexpressible gratitude ere the boat touched the landing-steps.

Here Mr. Drummond, pale and trembling, the first thrill of numbing horror having just given place to ecstatic joy, awaited them. The instant the boat was within reach he sprang into it, and, regardless of her dripping garments, clasped his daughter to his breast, kissing her again and again, while his quivering lips murmured, "My darling, my darling! God be thanked for your rescue!"

Releasing herself gently from his arms, Miss Drummond reached out her hand for Terry, who was just scrambling awkwardly ashore.

"Don't forget to thank him too, father," she said, with a meaning smile.

Thus reminded, Mr. Drummond, blushing at the excess of feeling which had caused him to forget everything save that his only daughter, the joy and pride of his life, had been saved from death, laid hold of Terry, and drew him back into the boat, where, taking both the boy's hands in his, he said in tones of deep emotion,—

"My boy, you have done my daughter and me a service we can never adequately repay. But all that grateful hearts can do we will not fail to do. Tell me your name and where you live."

Poor Terry was so abashed at being thus addressed by the great Mr. Drummond that his tongue refused its office. But one of the bystanders came to his relief.

"Sure and he's Black Mike's son, sur, and he lives up Blind Alley," was the information volunteered.

Accepting it as though it came from Terry himself, Mr. Drummond, giving the boy's hands another grateful shake, said,—

"Thank you. You will hear from me before the day ends."

Then taking his daughter by the arm, he continued,—

"Come now, darling; we must make all haste up to my office, and see what can be done for you."

Not until she stepped upon the wharf did Miss Drummond remember her pony. Then the question as to what had become of it flashed into her mind, and she turned to look down the wharf, exclaiming,—

"Oh, but my pony! Poor, dear Dolly! What's become of her?"

"Never mind the pony, dear," said Mr. Drummond; "the men will look after her. Come, come; you'll catch your death of cold staying out here in your dripping clothes."

Somewhat reluctantly Miss Drummond obeyed. Reassuringly though her father had spoken, she had misgivings as to her pony's fate—misgivings which were in fact only too well founded; for, dragged to the bottom by the weight of the carriage, the poor creature had been drowned in spite of its desperate struggles.

When the Drummonds disappeared, Terry found himself the centre of a circle of admirers, each of whom sought in his own way to give expression to his admiration and envy.

"Sure and your fortune's made this day, Terry, me boy," said the storeman, who wished in his heart that he had been lucky enough to rescue his employer's daughter. "Mr. Drummond's not the man to forgit his word; and didn't he say he'd do anything in the world for ye?"

But Terry's triumph was complete when the appearance of his father lounging sullenly back to work, with a short clay pipe between his teeth, was hailed with

shouts from the crowd of,—

"Mike! Mike! come here wid ye, till we tell ye what yer boy's been doin'. Oh, but you're the lucky man to have a boy like Terry!"

Without a change in his dark countenance, or a quickening of his step, Black Mike drew near, and silently awaited explanations. When the matter was made clear to him, his face did brighten a little; but whether it was with pride at his son's achievement, or selfish pleasure at the prospect of the benefits that might accrue from it, the keenest observer would have been puzzled to say.

He managed, however, to get out something that more closely approached praise than anything Terry had ever heard from his lips before, and this delighted the boy so that he had to execute a few steps of his favourite clog dance to relieve his feelings. Then, bethinking himself that he had stayed long enough inside his uncomfortably wet clothing, he raced up the wharf, and made for his home in Blind Alley.

Here his mother received him with a shower of questions, in the answering of which he found rare delight.

"Me blessed boy!" the excited woman exclaimed, her feelings strangely divided betwixt horror at the thought of the risk her son had run and joy at its successful issue. "It's proud I am of you this day. No doubt but ye'll be your mother's comfort."

"And make ye ride in a carriage with glass sides, eh, mother?" said Terry with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Ah! now don't be talking such foolishness, Terry," returned Mrs. Ahearn, in a tone that implied to do so was tempting Providence perchance. "If your old mother has only a bit and sup sure to the end of her days, and a decent gown to put on, she'll be content enough without the carriage."

That afternoon Mr. Drummond picked his way carefully through the perils of Blind Alley to the grimy tenement where the Ahearns abode, and inquired for Terry. The latter, having exchanged his wet garments for the only others his scanty wardrobe contained, had gone down again to Long Wharf; so, after exchanging a few kind words with his mother, Mr. Drummond followed him thither, saying to himself, as he cautiously stepped from stone to stone, for the

alley was little better than a mere muddy gutter, "The boy must be detached from these surroundings if anything is to be made of him. And he has a bright face. He ought to have good stuff in him. Certainly he shall have a fair trial at my hands, for I owe him more than money can repay."

On reaching his office, Mr. Drummond sent one of the clerks out to hunt Terry up, and presently he returned with the lad in tow, looking very bashful and ill at ease. He was attired in his "Sunday best," and boasted a face and hands of unwonted cleanliness. The merchant gave him a warm greeting, and made him sit down in a chair in front of him, while he scanned his countenance closely.

"My dear boy," said he after a pause, and seeming well satisfied with the result of his inspection, "as I have already told you, I feel that I am indebted to you for a service the worth of which cannot be put down in money; and it is not by offering you money that I would prove my gratitude. The money would be soon spent, leaving you no better, and possibly worse, than before it was given you. No; you have saved my daughter's life, and in return I want to save yours, though in a somewhat different way. Look me straight in the eyes, please."

For the first time since he had entered Mr. Drummond's presence Terry lifted his big brown eyes, and looked full into his face, his freckles being submerged in the warm flush that swept over his face as he did so.

"Ah!" said Mr. Drummond, "I was not mistaken. Your face gives warrant of many good qualities that you've had small chance to develop thus far. It will be my privilege and pleasure to give you the opportunity circumstances have hitherto denied you. How would you like to go to a nice school?"

Terry had been listening with eager attention and brightening countenance; but at the mention of the word "school" his face suddenly fell, and from the restless twitching of his body it was very evident that the idea had no attraction for him at all.

Mr. Drummond's keen eye did not fail to note the effect of his question, and without stopping to argue the point he promptly put another.

"Well, then, how would you like to be taken into my office and taught to be a clerk?"

Instantly the boy's face burst into bloom, so to speak, and giving the merchant

a look which said as plain as words, "I hope you really mean it," he exclaimed,

"Sure, sir, an' it's now ye're talkin'."

Mr. Drummond could not suppress a smile at Terry's quaint phrase that went so straight to the mark.

"You shall have your own way then," he responded in his pleasantest tone, "and you may begin as soon as you like. Let me just say this to you, my boy," he continued, drawing Terry towards him with one hand, and placing the other on his shoulder. "I want to be your friend for life. You can always rely upon that. But I cannot do for you what you alone can do for yourself. You will meet with many trials and temptations that you will have to fight all by yourself. I will at all times be glad to give you the best counsel I can. But in the end you must make your own way. No one else can make it for you. By being faithful to my interests, Terry, you will most surely advance your own. Never forget that. And now, good-bye for the present. Mr. Hobart in the outer office has some business to do with you right away, and I will look for you bright and early on Monday morning."

Rather relieved at the interview being over, and feeling as though he would have to go prancing and shouting down the whole length of Long Wharf to give vent to his delight at what Mr. Drummond had said, Terry slipped out of the merchant's sanctum, and found a pleasant-looking young man evidently awaiting him in the office.

"Come in here, Terry," said he, "and tell us your good-luck."

In the fulness of his heart Terry was only too glad to find a confidant, and without reserve he related all that had been said, as well as he could remember it.

"Phew!" whistled the clerk. "You've got on the right side of the old man, and no mistake. No putting you off with a sovereign and a paragraph in the papers. Whatever he says goes, I can tell you. Come along now; I'm to have the pleasure of making a swell out of you."

In some bewilderment as to Mr. Hobart's meaning, Terry obediently accompanied him up to Granville Street, where they entered a gentleman's outfitting establishment, before whose broad plate-glass windows the boy had

often stood in covetous appreciation of the fine things so dexterously displayed therein. With an air of easy self-possession that Terry profoundly admired, Mr. Hobart called upon a brilliantly-arrayed clerk to show them their ready-made clothing. They went into the rear part of the shop, and then the purpose of their coming was made clear.

"You're to have a complete outfit of good clothes, Terry," said Mr. Hobart. "And Mr. Drummond, knowing my good taste in such matters, has put the business in my hands, so you'll please be good enough to entirely approve of my selections."

His manner was so kind and pleasant that Terry felt as though there was hardly anything on earth that he would not have been willing to do for him, let alone approving of the benefactions he was the instrument of bestowing.

"Indeed that I will, sir," he responded, with a warmth that made the clerk smile in such a patronizing way that Mr. Hobart cut him short by saying curtly,
—

"Well, then, let me see something in the way of pepper-and-salt tweeds."

So the work of fitting Terry out began. Mr. Hobart seemed no less particular than if he were choosing the various articles for his own wardrobe. He had *carte-blanche* from Mr. Drummond, and the matter of cheapness was not to be taken into account. It all seemed like a beautiful dream to Terry. A fine suit of clothes, that fitted him as though they had been cut to order; a pair of scarlet braces with bright brass clasps such as his heart had often vainly hungered for; three good flannel shirts for week-day wear, and three lovely linen ones for Sabbaths; a sheaf of collars and a roll of cuffs; and, finally, to top it all, a hard felt hat, the like of which had never before been on his head;—one after another were these fine feathers procured, and the money for them paid down from a bundle of notes which Terry, in his ignorance of money in that form, thought must contain at least a thousand pounds.

It took over an hour to complete the business, Mr. Hobart evidently enjoying it in no small degree himself. At last, however, he seemed satisfied with his work, and giving Terry a friendly clap on the back, he said,—

"There, now; you're qualified to be a credit to Drummond and Brown's office, so far as appearance goes at all events. You can trot along home now. They'll

send the things there for you."

Eager to tell his mother of the wonders of the day, Terry darted off, and in a few minutes was at home in Blind Alley. With many exclamations of gratitude to the "blessed saints," and many interjected questions, did Mrs. Ahearn listen to his wonderful story; and when the parcels arrived, she spread out their contents upon the bed and fell upon her knees before them. For many years her life had known but scant rays of sunshine, and this sudden outburst almost overwhelmed her. With trembling fingers she gently touched the different articles, as though to assure herself that her eyes were not playing her false. Then rising to her feet again, her eyes streaming and lips quivering, she threw her arms around Terry and hugged him to her heart.

With a mother's fond prescience she grasped the fact that in him, and in him alone, had she hope of redress for the sorrows which had so deeply shadowed her life. Terry's chance had come, and his future and hers depended upon the way in which he availed himself of it.

CHAPTER III.

UNEVEN GOING.

It was with a queer jumble of feelings palpitating in his young bosom that Terry, attired as never before in his life, set out for Long Wharf on Monday morning. Blind Alley seemed to swarm with women and children, who first gazed in wild-eyed astonishment at his appearance, and then proceeded to give vent to their admiration or envy in remarks that would have sorely tried the composure of a stump orator hardened by many campaigns.

"*<I>Terry, attired as never before, set out for Long Wharf.</I>*"

"Terry, attired as never before, set out for Long Wharf."

"The blessed saints presarve us! Did ye ever see the loike?" gasped Mrs. O'Rafferty, with a side glance at the gutter, where her own Phelim was hunting for a lost marble, and looking more like a mud-turtle than a bit of humanity.

"Get on to the hat, will you?" shouted Tim Doolin, his fingers itching to throw a handful of mud at it, but his head telling him that to do so would insure a tremendous thrashing, for Terry's prowess with his fists was not to be gainsaid.

"Sure he's got a place in front of Clayton's, and has to stand there all day on exhibition," sneered sly Tony Butler, pretending that he thought Terry was to play the part of a living advertisement for a well-known ready-made clothing firm.

Through this ordeal Terry hastened with a deprecating smile, as though to say, "Really, you're making an absurd fuss about a most trifling matter;" and wisely refraining from any retort, he drew a deep breath of relief when he reached Water Street, and became merged in the crowd of well-dressed clerks hurrying to their offices.

On arriving at Long Wharf, he could not resist the impulse to take one look over his beloved playground before reporting himself at Drummond and Brown's. He clearly realized that if he would take full advantage of the opportunity now open to him, the dock would know him no more as in the past; and besides that, he did want to let his playmates, who would have his company no longer, see his fine feathers in their pristine freshness.

The chorus of praise they elicited would have contented a much more exacting heart than Terry's, and in answering the questions showered upon him he ran the risk of not being "bright and early," as Mr. Drummond had enjoined upon him. Happily, however, the boom of the market clock reminded him in time, and darting back up the wharf he entered the big warehouse, the front part of whose ground floor was given up to a suite of offices, in which many of the clerks had already assembled for the day's work.

Terry's impulse carried him as far as inside the door, and then it deserted him, leaving him completely stranded. Now that he was in the office, he had not the slightest idea what to do with himself. The clerks were busy getting their books out, and chaffing one another as to the doings of the night before. No one seemed to notice him, and feeling acutely uncomfortable he shrank into a corner, a longing to run off again coming over him with great force. He could see nothing of Mr. Hobart, and in his utter strangeness his heart sank in chill despair. How remote seemed the possibility of his ever taking his place among that group of dashing young fellows, who had so much to tell each other of enjoyments and

exploits in spheres of society far beyond his ken!

A movement that he made in his agitation at length attracted the attention of a young lad about his own age, who, looking sharply at him, asked in a rude tone,
—

"Well, sonny, what is it you want?"

For a moment Terry was nonplussed for a reply. How could he explain his position to this saucy-looking inquirer? Then by a happy inspiration, it occurred to him to ask for his friend of Saturday afternoon, and in a low, hesitating voice he said,—

"I want to see Mr. Hobart, please."

"Say, there, Walter!" shouted the clerk, in the direction of an inner office, "there's a young kid asking for you here. Did you forget to pay your washer-woman on Saturday night?"

Mr. Hobart appeared quickly, and the moment his eyes fell upon Terry (who even in the midst of his discomposure had his wits sufficiently about him to take in the meaning of the clerk's impertinence, and his eyes were brimming in consequence) he sprang towards the speaker, and seizing him by the collar, gave him a vigorous shaking, saying meanwhile in indignant tones,—

"See here, Morley: if you don't keep your sauce to yourself, you'll get something worse than a shaking. Do you know who that is? It's the boy who saved Miss Drummond's life, and he's got the makings of a better man in him than you have, or I'm much mistaken." Then turning to Terry he continued, as he released his hold on Morley, "Come right inside here, Terry, and I'll introduce you to the boys."

The appearance of his friend, and the warmth with which he took up his cause, worked a complete revolution in Terry's feelings. The tears vanished from his eyes, and with a broad smile lighting up his countenance he obeyed Mr. Hobart's bidding; while Morley, looking very much crestfallen, and displaying a malignant scowl that boded no good to the new-comer, went sullenly back to his desk.

Mr. Hobart introduced Terry to each of the clerks, and they all shook hands

with him cordially. His gallant rescue of their employer's daughter prepared them to like him, and his honest, good-humoured face disarmed, for the time at least, any feelings of opposition to his entry into their ranks. There were nearly a dozen of them altogether, from the senior book-keeper, gray-bearded and spectacled, down to Tom Morley, whose work it was to look after collecting the wharfage. Mr. Hobart held the responsible post of finance-clerk. He attended to all the banking; paid the labourers on Friday evenings and made out the salary cheques at the end of the month; and by virtue of the importance of his duties, and the evident favour in which he was held by the firm, stood next to the book-keeper in the estimation of his associates. Terry was very fortunate in having his support at the start, particularly as he had taken a decided liking to the boy, and was quite willing to act as his patron, and to pilot him through the difficulties of his new surroundings.

The Civil War in the United States was then at its height, and Halifax, as a neutral port, open to the vessels of both contestants for supremacy, occupied a peculiarly advantageous position. Never before in the history of the city had business been brisker or money more plentiful. Hardly a day passed without its quota of steamships or sailing-vessels pressing into the splendid harbour, and willing to pay almost any price in good gold for immediate attention.

Nor were these profitable customers of the harmless merchant class only. From time to time there appeared grim men-of-war, looking terribly business-like with their rows of black-muzzled guns; and now and then the whole city was thrown into excitement by the sudden advent of one of the far-famed Confederate cruisers, which did such fearful damage to Federal commerce—as, for instance, the renowned *Tallahassee*, whose trim black form came dashing through the white caps one fine summer morning, while far out in the offing a keen eye could discern the dark shapes of her disappointed pursuers.

But most interesting of all such visitors were the blockade-runners, the *Colonel Lamb*, the *Robert E. Lee*, and the like. Marvels of beauty and speed they were, their low, graceful hulls painted a soft gray tint, so as to make them invisible at sea when only a few miles distant; and in the eyes of the Halifax boys every man on board was a hero, and the object of profound admiration.

This feeling, moreover, was by no means confined to the boys. If at any time during the war a poll of the Haligonians had been taken, the majority in favour of the South would certainly have been very large. Self-interest, no doubt, had

much to do with this state of affairs; and, besides that, there was current the belief that the South was fighting for freedom rather than for the maintenance of slavery.

The firm of Drummond and Brown having had extensive business connections with the Southern States for many years before the war, it was but natural that Long Wharf should be the favoured resort of the Confederate vessels. The blockade-runners, without exception, docked there; and, as a matter of course, from the heads of the firm down to the humblest toiler on the wharf, everybody belonging to the establishment was Confederate to the core.

As for Terry Ahearn, so fervent was his sympathy with the South, that up to the time of his being taken into the office, had he ever received any encouragement, he would have unhesitatingly joined himself to the crew of a blockade-runner in any capacity they would have for him. Happily for him they had no use for boys on board these vessels, and his desires remained unrealized, until the opening up of a new life to him through his being taken into Mr. Drummond's employment diverted his thoughts into an altogether different channel.

Certainly he had much to think about during the first period of his clerkship. It was a big change for a boy to make in a day—from careless, idle play in ragged clothes about a dock, varied by an occasional trip coastward, when he could persuade the captain of one of the many packet schooners to take him along as an extra hand, to steady-going service in an office, with the accompanying requirements of always being neat, well-dressed, and respectful in demeanour to those about him.

And greatly as Terry rejoiced in the sudden advance, he would have been more than mortal if he had not found his new environment bristling with difficulties which neither the favour of Mr. Drummond nor the friendly offices of Mr. Hobart could materially help him to overcome. He did not fail to feel keenly the marked contrast between his own speech and manners and those of Tom Morley, for instance; nor was he blind to the fact that his educational equipment was deplorably deficient. How bitterly he regretted that he had not taken more advantage of his opportunities at school, and how fervently he vowed to do his best to make up lost ground so far as might be possible!

It was no slight addition to his embarrassments that all unwittingly he had at

the very start incurred the enmity of Tom Morley, who thenceforward did everything that he dared to annoy him. Tom was a clever boy himself, and had enjoyed many advantages in his bringing up. He took to business as naturally as a duck to water, and but for certain characteristics, would have been held in high esteem in the office.

Unhappily, however, he had a sly, jealous, selfish nature, that soon revealed itself, because, forsooth, he made little attempt to conceal it, and this effectually barred his way to popularity.

Even without the *contretemps*, for which he alone was responsible, on the morning Terry first came to the office, Morley would have taken a dislike to Terry simply because of his good fortune. Now that there was double cause for such a feeling, he let it have full play, and if poor Terry had done him some mortal injury he could not have shown a more vicious spirit towards him. He mimicked his brogue for the amusement of his fellow-clerks; he made sneering remarks about his clothes; he played practical jokes upon him to raise a laugh at his expense; in fact, he behaved so abominably towards him, that there were times when only the restraining influence of his surroundings kept Terry back from rushing upon him with clenched fists. Being thus beset, Terry found his lot far harder than he had conceived, and needed all the help that came to him from his mother's sympathy, Mr. Drummond's kindly interest, and Mr. Hobart's good-humoured helpfulness, in order to keep up his courage. It was, therefore, a welcome inspiration to him when, on the Saturday following the rescue, Miss Drummond appeared at the office, quite recovered from her startling experience, and as soon as she arrived asked for her rescuer.

In some trepidation Terry went into Mr. Drummond's sanctum, where he was warmly welcomed by the young lady.

"Why, Terry, how well you look!" she exclaimed, beaming radiantly upon him. "I'm so glad you're in my father's office. I know you're going to make a capital clerk."

Terry could find nothing to say; so Miss Drummond went on,—

"I believe, Terry, that an important thing in a clerk is to be always in time, and as I want you to have no difficulty on that score, I got this little timekeeper for you, and am going to ask you to wear it in memory of to-day week, so that

you won't forget the service that you rendered me then."

While thus speaking she took from her reticule a small watch in a silver case, with a neat silver charm attached, and opening the case showed Terry where his name in full was engraved inside, and underneath it the words, "In recognition of rescue," with the proper date appended.

Drawing Terry towards her, she secured the watch in his vest, while he did his best to stammer out his gratitude.

"Never mind about thanks, Terry," said Miss Drummond. "You may consider it your medal for life-saving, you know. And never forget, Terry, that in business a good watch is the next best thing to a good conscience."

Terry went back to his place in a tumult of joy and pride. Naturally enough, the first thing he did was to show his new treasure to Mr. Hobart and the others. They all admired it, and congratulated him; except Morley, who, professing to be very much engrossed in his work, bent a scowling face over his desk. Terry's good fortune had affected him in the same way that Joseph's rather indiscreet relation of his dreams affected his elder brethren, so that without any other cause of offence he came to "hate him, and could not speak peaceably unto him."

As may be easily understood, Terry gave him many chances to vent his baseless spite. Everything about the office was utterly new to him. The days were full of blunders, and whenever these were explained there was Morley enjoying the poor boy's discomfiture, and, if Mr. Hobart did not happen to be at hand, letting fall cutting remarks that made Terry wince as though they were strokes of a whip.

Although none of the other clerks showed the same spirit as Morley, still they did not attempt to interfere, partly because they thought that Terry needed to be "licked into shape," and partly because they did not approve of his advent quite as cordially as Mr. Hobart. He was of a different class from them, and they could not sympathize with him in the same degree as if he were one of themselves.

Thus the new way that had been opened up to Terry proved to be set thick with difficulties, which would severely test his qualities of self-control and determination in order to their overcoming; and when the boy's previous life and surroundings were taken into account, the chances could hardly be said to be in his favour.

Mr. Hobart, it is true, showed every disposition to befriend him; but he was a very busy man, the hardest worker on the whole staff, and there were days when a kind, encouraging smile as he bustled about his work was all the communication Terry had with him.

It soon became clear to Terry that he must fight his own battles—that, as Mr. Drummond had said, he must make his own way—and it was with many misgivings as to the result that he set himself to the undertaking.

CHAPTER IV.

PERILS BY THE WAY.

By the end of his first month of service Terry had become somewhat accustomed to the novelties of his position, and bid fair to prove a useful acquisition to the staff. His intimate knowledge of the business portion of the city stood him in good stead. He knew every wharf in Halifax, and more than half the vessels that tied up at them, and could always be counted upon to find any one of them that the office wanted to communicate with.

There were many times when, being on some commission of this kind, he was sharply tempted to indulge in a little dalliance with his old playmates, who were more eager for his company than ever now that they were deprived of it. On a hot summer day, after a long forenoon of tiresome tramping through the dusty streets delivering bills or getting replies to inquiries, the longing to take a plunge into the cool green water of the dock was very hard to resist. At such times his fine clothes were apt to feel like fetters, which it would be an inexpressible relief to cast off and return to his former tatters.

Again and again he succeeded in withstanding the temptation; but one sultry, oppressive afternoon in August proved too much for him, and he yielded, though could he only have foreseen the consequences he would surely have held firm.

He had been sent out to collect wharfage accounts. They were usually trifling as to amount, and the method was for the clerk paying the bill to mark it down in

a small book Terry carried as well as to take a receipt, thus making a double record.

This fateful afternoon it happened that Terry's collections reached a larger amount than usual, totalling up nearly fifty dollars. He finished his round away up at West's Wharf, and feeling very hot and tired went down to have a look at the cool salt water. He found there a half-dozen boys, nearly all of whom he knew, just getting ready for a hilarious swim in the dock. They hailed him at once with pressing requests to join them.

"Come along, Terry; off with your duds. It's a great day for a duck," and so forth, growing more and more urgent as they perceived him to waver in his resolution of refusal. Finally, a couple of them, having got rid of their own garments, rushed upon him, and seizing him on either side, proceeded to pull off his hat and coat, and to unbutton his vest; while the others, with loud shouts of, "Here she goes! Who's last?" dived joyously into the seductive depths.

This was more than Terry could stand. Giving each of his captors a smart slap that sent them capering off uttering feigned cries of pain, he tore off his own clothes, flung them in a heap on the wharf, and with a shout of "Here we are again!" described a graceful parabola in the air ere he shot head first into the water.

He had what he would have called a "high old time." Abandoning himself entirely to the pleasure of the moment, the restraint of the preceding weeks gave all the keener zest to his enjoyment. He was the very last to leave the water, and when he came out several of the boys had already dressed and gone away. He did not notice this until he took up his clothes to put them on. Then, to his surprise, he found that his vest, containing the money that he had collected, was missing.

Thinking that this was merely an attempt at a joke on him, he said good-humouredly, as he hastened to dress,—

"When you fellows have done with that vest, just bring it back, will you?"

But the only response was a general protest of entire ignorance on the part of those around him, and although, growing angry, he threatened all sorts of vengeance upon the perpetrator of the joke if he did not promptly make restitution, he was still met by persistent denials. While in the very midst of this,

Tom Morley came down the wharf looking sharply about him. On catching sight of Terry he first made as though he would go up to him. Then a thought flashed into his mind that caused him to halt, and with a smile of malicious satisfaction playing over his ugly face, he wheeled about and vanished up the wharf.

But threaten or coax as he might, Terry could learn nothing as to what had become of his vest, save that it must have been carried off by one of the boys who had gone ashore and dressed before any of the others, and—what made matters worse—the latter did not seem to know anything about him. They had not seen him before that day, and they had no idea whence he had come or whither he had gone.

When the full sense of his loss came to Terry he was in a sad state of mind. The thief, whoever he was, had got away not only with the fifty dollars, but with the silver watch—Miss Drummond's gift. Little wonder then if the poor boy, going off to a corner where he would not be observed, gave way to tears.

He felt himself to be in a very serious plight. Had he been doing his duty when robbed he need not have feared an explanation. But he had been neglecting his duty; and not only so, but Tom Morley, who, as he well knew, would take only too much pleasure in telling on him, had caught him in the act.

"I can never go back to the office," he sobbed. "They'll not believe me whatever I say. They'll be thinkin' I've taken the money myself, and made up a story to get out of the scrape. Oh, if I could only lay my hands this blessed minute on the villain that run off with my vest! Just wouldn't I give him the worst licking he ever had in his life—bad cess to him!"

The heat of his anger against the cause of his distress dried up his tears, and feeling somewhat ashamed at having allowed them to flow, he gave himself a shake, and without any definite purpose in mind strolled over to the other side of the wharf, where a smart schooner was moored.

Now it chanced that the captain of this schooner was a friend of Terry's, having taken some interest in the bright, energetic boy whom he had seen at Long Wharf; and he happened to be sitting on the cabin deck when Terry came along, looking very downcast. "Hollo, Terry!" he cried cheerily. "You seem to be in the dumps. What's the matter?"

Terry had no inclination to tell him the reason of his dejection, so he evaded

the question by responding—

"Nothin' much;" and then adding in a tone of decided interest, "Where are you going? you seem near ready to start."

"So I am, Terry," replied the captain. "I'll be off for Boston inside of an hour. Would you like to come?"

Terry's heart gave a sudden leap. Here was a way out of his difficulties. If he stayed in Halifax, he might have the police after him at any moment, and of the police he had a most lively dread; while, if he slipped away to Boston, he would be rid of the whole trouble.

"Do you mean it, captain, or are you after foolin' me?" he asked, peering eagerly into the mariner's honest countenance.

"I mean it right enough, Terry," was the reply. "I'm wanting a cabin-boy, and you'll do first-rate. Can you come aboard at once?"

Terry reflected a moment. He ought to tell his mother before he went. She would be sure to worry about him. But then if he did tell her she'd make a fuss, and perhaps stop him altogether. No; if he were going, his best plan was to say nothing about it, but just go on board.

Noting his hesitation, the captain said,—

"I'll not be sailing for an hour yet, so if you want to get anything you'll have time to if you'll be sharp about it."

With a quick toss of his head that meant he had made up his mind, Terry responded,—

"I'll go. I've nothin' to get. I'll go right on board now;" and springing into the shrouds, he swung himself lightly on to the deck.

The die was cast. Rather than face the consequences of his dereliction of duty he would take refuge in flight, leaving Tom Morley free to put as black a face upon his conduct as he pleased, thereby causing deep disappointment to those who had befriended him, and sore grief to his poor mother, who would be utterly at a loss to account for his strange disappearance.

It never entered into Captain Afleck's easy-going mind to inquire whether Terry ought to ask permission of somebody before taking service as cabin-boy on board his schooner. He himself had no family ties of any kind, and he took it for granted that other people were in the same position, unless they claimed something to the contrary. So when Terry jumped aboard the *Sea-Slipper*, thereby signifying acceptance of his offer, that was an end of the matter so far as he was concerned.

Once committed to the going away, Terry was all impatience for the schooner to start; and the stretching of the hour Captain Afleck had just mentioned into two gave him a good deal of concern, as every minute he dreaded the appearance of some clerk from Drummond's, perhaps even Mr. Hobart himself, sent to look after him.

He would have liked very much to have hidden in the cabin until the schooner had got well away from the wharf, but he was wise enough to realize that so doing might arouse the captain's suspicions, and lead him summarily to cancel the engagement.

However, at last his anxiety on this score was put at rest by the *Sea-Slipper* warping slowly out into the stream; and then, as the big sails were hoisted, and they bellied out with the afternoon breeze, she glided off on a tack across the harbour that soon put a wide distance between her and the wharves.

No fear of being followed now. Terry was as safe from that as though he were already in Boston; and in the mingled feelings with which, from the stern of the schooner, he watched the line of wharves losing their distinctness, and the rows of houses melting into one dark mass against the sloping, citadel-crowned hill, there was no small proportion of relief.

He had solved the problem so suddenly presented that afternoon in a very poor and unsatisfactory fashion, it is true. Still, it was solved for the present at least; and bearing in mind Terry's training and opportunities for moral culture, he must not be too hardly judged for the folly of his action.

By the time the fast-sailing schooner had passed Meagher's Beach Light, and was beginning to rise and pitch in the long ocean billows, Terry, with all the heedlessness of boyhood, had thrown his cares to the wind, and given himself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

He was quite at home on the sea, having already had several trips along the coast through the kindness of captains who had taken a fancy to him. Seasickness had no terrors for him. He might have undertaken to sail round the world without missing a meal; and at supper that evening he showed so keen an appetite that Captain Afleck, who had allowed him to sit down with him for the sake of hearing him talk, said jestingly,—

"Why, Terry, my boy, you eat so hearty that I ought to have laid in an extra stock of food, so we mightn't run short before we get to Boston."

Not a bit disconcerted by this chaff, Terry went on busily munching the food, which was much better than he got at home, and which he proposed to enjoy thoroughly while he had the chance.

"Ah, you young monkey!" laughed the captain, shaking his knife at him, "you know when you're well off, don't you, now?"

"It's yourself says it, captain," responded Terry, as well as he could with his mouth full. "I'm thinking I would like to hire with you for a year, if ye'll always give me as good food."

"And is it only the food you care for, Terry?" asked the captain, the smile on his face giving way to a serious look. "You're not such a poor creature as that, are you?"

Terry's countenance crimsoned, and his head dropped upon his breast, while he worked his hands together nervously. At last he managed to stammer out,—

"Faith, captain, I didn't say so."

"No, Terry, you didn't," said the captain, in a soothing tone. "Nor did you mean it either. I'm only testing you a bit. Look here, Terry, listen to me now. What do you intend to do with yourself as you grow older? Do you think of following the sea?"

Once more the colour mounted high in Terry's face. The question was a home-thrust which he knew not how to parry, and so he simply kept silence; while Captain Afleck began to wonder why his question, asked in such an offhand way, should have so marked an effect upon the boy. Getting no answer, he sought to ease the situation by saying kindly,—

"If you think I'm over-inquisitive, Terry, you needn't say anything. It's none of my business any way."

Touched by the captain's genuine kindness of tone, Terry's Irish heart opened towards him, and he impulsively began to tell him the whole story of the past month.

Captain Afleck listened with unmistakable interest and sympathy, interrupting but seldom, and then only to put a question to make the matter clearer to his comprehension.

When the recital was finished, he stretched his big brown hand across the table to Terry, and taking hold of his little freckled fist, gave it a grip that made the boy wince, saying, with the full strength of his deep, bass voice,—

"You're a brick, Terry, my boy, even if you have made a mistake in running away with me instead of clearing up the whole thing with Mr. Drummond. But I'll see you through, Terry, as sure as my name's Afleck. You'll come back with me, and we'll go to see Mr. Drummond as soon as we land."

Poor little Terry! The kind action, and still kinder words and tone, were too much for him altogether. He covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, while the captain said soothingly,—

"That's all right, Terry; I know just how you feel. Cheer up now. You'll be back in Mr. Drummond's office inside of a month."

As quickly as sunshine follows shower in April, Terry's bright spirit reasserted itself, and he turned into his bunk that night in the enjoyment of the cheerful frame of mind which was his wont.

He awoke next morning to see the last of the Nova Scotian coast disappearing astern, and for the first time in his life to be entirely out of sight of land.

The wind continued favourable all that day and the next, greatly to the satisfaction of Captain Afleck, who wanted to lose no time in making the round trip, as business was brisk between Halifax and Boston then, and the more trips he could put in the better for his pocket.

Terry enjoyed the voyage thoroughly. His duties were not onerous, and out of

love for the kind-hearted captain he fulfilled them promptly and neatly. When they were all attended to he had a good margin of time for himself, and he found Captain Afleck ready to talk or to tell stories from his own extensive experience at sea. Then the seamen, of whom there were four, proved very friendly, and seemed always glad of his company; so that everything helped to render the short voyage a real delight to the boy, who did everything in his power to pay his way by good behaviour.

The evening of the fourth day was closing in when the *Sea-Slipper* entered Massachusetts Bay; and if Captain Afleck had not been so eager to save time, he would have been content with getting inside Boston Light and anchoring there until morning. But he knew the ship-channel well, having often passed up it before, and he determined to push in, although the wind was dropping fast.

The darkness fell before he had cleared Lovel's Island, and the sky being overcast he had only the harbour lights to guide him. Nevertheless he kept on, though it was little better than feeling his way.

The schooner thus crept up as far as Governor's Island, and the city lights began to come into view.

"Ah!" exclaimed Captain Afleck, bringing the palm of his hand down with a smart slap on his thigh as he stood at the wheel, "we'll make the dock to-night yet, even if I have to hail a tug to tow me in."

He had hardly spoken when suddenly there loomed up on the port side the dim form of a huge steamer bearing down on the schooner at full speed; and then it flashed upon the captain that in his eagerness to get into port he had omitted to put up the regulation lights.

There was no time to do it now. The only chance of escaping a collision was to go off on the other tack. Round spun the wheel, and swiftly the men sprang to the sails. But the schooner refused to answer her helm for lack of steerage way, and lay almost motionless right in the steamer's path.

Leaping upon the bulwarks, Captain Afleck shouted with all his strength,—

"Ahoy, there! Keep away, or you'll run us down!"

But even if his warning had been heard, it was too late to heed it; and a

minute later, with a tremendous shock, the steamer crashed into the schooner just abaft of the fore-chains.

CHAPTER V.

ON BOARD THE "MINNESOTA."

When the crash came, Terry was standing at the stern, a little in front of Captain Afleck, who held the wheel. The shock hurled him to the deck; but he instantly leaped to his feet again, and as he did so the captain's voice rang out,—

"Jump for the martingale, Terry! quick!"

The great bowsprit of the colliding vessel overhung the shattered and sinking schooner like the outreaching branch of a tree. It offered the one possible chance of escape from death. Already two of the sailors were frantically striving for it. Terry had not lost his wits despite the suddenness of the catastrophe. Just before him were the main-shrouds, tense and taut with the tremendous strain upon them. Springing into these, he climbed hand over hand with a celerity born of frequent practice on vessels lying at the docks, until he reached the angles made by the shackling of the martingale stays to the dolphin-striker of the other vessel. Into these he put his feet, and clasping the dolphin-striker tightly with both arms he held on in safety, while with a strange, grinding, crashing sound the big steamer, having regained her impetus after the brief check, passed over the poor *Sea-Slipper*, sending her down into the dark depths beneath!

The moment his own safety was assured, Terry thought of Captain Afleck, and in the silence which for a moment followed the noise of the collision, his clear, strong voice made itself hoard calling,—

"Captain Afleck, where are you? are you all right?"

It was too dark for him to see beyond the length of his arm, but he hoped that the captain had, like himself, got hold of the steamer somewhere, and thus saved his own life.

Nor was his hope unfounded. Out of the darkness below came the captain's answer,—

"I'm here, Terry, holding on for dear life. Where are you yourself?"

Before Terry could answer there was a flashing of lights above, and eager hands were stretched out holding ropes with a bight at the end, one of which Terry caught, while another was grasped by the captain, and presently they were both drawn up to the deck amid the cheers of a crowd of sailors anxiously watching the operation.

Not only so, but in like manner two of the sailors were found clinging to the bowsprit rigging. The other two, unhappily, were in the forecastle at the time of the collision, and before they could reach the deck their chance was gone, and the poor fellows had been drawn down to death with the ill-fated schooner.

As soon as Captain Afleck had got his feet firmly on the deck, he looked about at the circle of smiling sailors, and with as cheerful an expression as though being run down were quite a common experience, he exclaimed,—

"Well, you did me up on short notice; and serve me well right too, I suppose, for not having my lights up. But who may you be, and where away?"

A jaunty little midshipman who had just pressed his way through the crowd responded at once,—

"We're the United States war-ship *Minnesota*, and we're extremely sorry we ran you down; but you had no lights out, you know, and we didn't see you until we were right upon you. Are you all safe? I'm sure I hope so."

Captain Afleck looked round about him, and then, with a sorrowful shake of his head, replied,—

"We're all here but two. Joe and Alec were in the foc'sle when you struck us, and I guess they hadn't time to get out. Poor chaps! it's a mean way to die, ain't it?—like rats in a hole."

The look of importance on the midshipman's face changed to one of genuine concern at this, and with a courteous bow he said,—

"Will you please come astern and be presented to the captain?"

As they traversed the deck, Terry's keen eyes would have told him the character of the vessel on board which he had been thus suddenly and strangely flung, so to speak, even if the boyish officer, who seemed little older than

himself, had not already done so.

The long black cannon stood close together upon their heavy carriages, with everything at hand, ready for immediate action if need be. Stands of rifles were ranged around the masts and the base of the funnels; and the whole ship had the appearance, as revealed by the light of many lanterns, of being in readiness for an expected foe.

"<I>The whole ship had the appearance of being in readiness for an expected foe.</I>"

"The whole ship had the appearance of being in readiness for an expected foe."

More than one ship similarly equipped had Terry seen in Halifax harbour, and being, like all the other boys of the city, a fervent sympathizer with the South in the lamentable Civil War, he had cordially hated them, and heartily wished them at the bottom of the sea.

Now, by an odd stroke of fate, he found himself a waif on board one of these very vessels, and he didn't like the idea at all. Blinded by his prejudice in favour of their antagonists, he had been wont to look upon the Northern men as ruffians and bullies and cut-throats. Naturally enough, he felt some apprehensions as to his safety in their midst.

But there was no retreat for him now. He had no alternative save to accept the situation, which, to his credit be it told, he strove to do with a brave countenance, even though it hid a beating heart.

Following in the wake of Captain Afleck, who on his part was troubled with no such misgivings, his relations with the New England people having always been so satisfactory that his sympathies leaned to their side in the struggle, Terry presently was ushered into a roomy and handsome cabin, brilliantly lit, where several officers in rich uniform were seated at a table, listening to a report of the collision just being presented by the navigating lieutenant, who had been on the bridge at the time.

The entrance of two of the survivors of the disaster caused the officers to rise to their feet, and the one who evidently held the highest rank to say in a tone of sincere interest, as he held out his hand,—

"I presume you are the captain of the schooner we have been so unfortunate as to collide with. I assure you I profoundly regret the mishap. If the blame lies with us, you may rely upon my giving you every assistance in obtaining due reparation. Won't you please be seated?"

Not deeming himself included in this invitation, and finding the atmosphere of the brilliant cabin by no means congenial, Terry beat a retreat to the maindeck, leaving Captain Afleck to give his version of the *Sea-Slipper's* disaster.

On the deck he was soon surrounded by a number of the sailors, who questioned him about the schooner, and why no lights had been hung out. He felt very ill at ease amongst them for the reason indicated, but knew better than to show it, and answered every question as promptly and as fully as was possible; so that the sailors voted him quite a bright chap, and one of them was moved to ask,—

"Say, young fellow, wouldn't you like to be one of us? I reckon ye could join all right, for there's none too many boys aboard just now, and there's more wanted."

To this proposition Terry gave such an emphatic negative as to rather raise the ire of the speaker, who, growing red with indignation, exclaimed,—

"Consarn you, my young turkey-cock, you needn't be so touchy. Better boys than you would be glad enough of the chance."

Now it was not because he thought himself above the business that Terry had so flatly declined the sailor's suggestion, although of course the prospect that had opened out before him at Drummond and Brown's had entirely banished the notion he once cherished of following the sea. His reason was simply his antipathy to the North, which rendered the idea of entering its service most unwelcome.

With a boy's rashness, he was about to say something in reply to the sailor's taunt that would have made clear his mind in the matter, and probably got him into trouble for being a "Secesh" sympathizer, when happily at that moment Captain Afleck appeared and called him to him.

Terry instantly noted the gravity of his face, and felt sure that he had some

bad news to tell; and so indeed it proved for both of them.

The war-ship *Minnesota*, on which they were passengers in spite of themselves, was on her way to Hampton Roads, Virginia, to strengthen the Federal naval force there, it having been reported that some novel and menacing additions had recently been made to the Confederate navy. As an attack was expected any day, the *Minnesota* had orders to proceed with the utmost speed direct to Hampton Roads. It was, consequently, impossible for her to land the survivors of the collision, and there was no alternative but for them to accompany her to her destination, and get back to Boston from there as best they might manage.

For both the captain and Terry this was a very distressing state of affairs. The former's presence would be required at once in Boston, to prepare his claim against the company in which his vessel was insured; while the latter burned with impatience to get back to Halifax, and right himself at Drummond and Brown's.

"We're in a fix, and no mistake, Terry," said Captain Afleck, cracking the knuckles of his big horny hands after a fashion he had when perplexed of mind. "Of course, the captain of this ship is not to blame. He's got his orders, and he's bound to obey them, particularly seeing it's war time. But it's mighty hard, all the same, for a fellow to be lugged off like this against his will, and to run the risk of being killed into the bargain."

"Bein' killed!" exclaimed Terry, with a startled look on his face. "Sure, an' what do you mane by that?"

"There now, my boy, don't get scared," replied the captain soothingly. "I didn't mean to tell you just now, but it slipped out unbeknownst to me. You see, it's this way. This war-ship's bound for Hampton Roads, where there's goin' to be a big fight right away, if it hasn't begun already, and it's not likely she'll have a chance to land us before she goes into the thick of it herself; consequently, if it all comes out as the captain expects—and he spoke right to me like an honest man—why, Terry, we're in for a battle, that's all, and not one of our own choosin' either."

The dismay expressed on Terry's countenance would have been comical enough but for the real gravity of the situation. There would, of course, be no

call upon the two Nova Scotians to take any part in the conflict. But they would necessarily have to share the danger with the others on board, and they could not expect the shot and shell or flying splinters to make any distinction on their behalf.

"Oh, but that's terrible altogether!" lamented poor Terry. "It's kilt we'll be for sure, and"—here his voice suddenly took a note of indignation, as if fate had been entirely too unkind—"on board a Yankee man-of-war, too! Now, if it might be on a—"

Captain Afleck's hand suddenly clapped over his mouth cut off the rest of the sentence.

"Whist, you young imp," he said in a deep whisper; "keep that to yourself, will you? You'll get knocked on the head if you talk that way here."

He was evidently alarmed at the boy's rashness, and looked anxiously around to see if the words had been overheard. As it chanced, the sailor who had proposed to Terry to join the crew was passing at the moment, and did catch his injudicious remark; but although he had stopped to listen with pricked ears, he was somewhat in doubt as to the boy's exact meaning, and would have liked to hear more. Captain Afleck's prompt action, however, having disappointed him in this, he moved on, but with a scowl on his face that boded ill for Terry should he be found expressing Southern sympathy in a more decided manner.

Having read his youthful companion a lecture upon the necessity of keeping his own counsel, Captain Afleck proceeded to lay out the course of action he proposed to follow.

"We've got to stay by this ship for the present, Terry, that's clear. But I don't mean to go into action with her if I can any way help myself. So I'll just keep a sharp look-out for a chance to get ashore as soon as we make Hampton Roads. There'll be sure to be some shore-boats coming off to us, and I'll get a passage in one of them."

"And leave me here?" cried Terry, laying hold of his arm with both hands, as though he thought he were about to go at once.

"No, you young rogue," responded the captain, taking him by the collar and shaking him just for fun; "of course not. I won't go without you, seein' that I'm

mainly to blame for your being here."

Greatly relieved in his mind, and putting implicit faith in his big friend's ability to get them both out of their present complications, Terry, with the volatility of his race, dismissed all further concern on that point from his mind, and stood ready for the next thing that might turn up.

His was a happy nature in many ways. He liked the idea that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He was not given to taking much thought for the morrow. To do this was one of the lessons in life he had to learn. In the meantime he lived in the present hour, getting the most out of it he knew how, and leaving the future to take care of itself.

That night he had nothing better than a coil of rope for a bed and a bit of tarpaulin for a coverlet; but he slept as soundly as if on his straw mattress at home, and woke up in the morning with an appetite that many a millionaire might envy.

Awaking at dawn next morning, he hastened on deck to find the powerful *Minnesota* steaming at full speed southward, with the coast hardly visible on the right. His heart sank as he realized that every minute was taking him further from home, and nearer the indefinite dangers which he must share so long as he remained on board the war-ship.

He had gone up to the bow, and was leaning over the bulwarks lost in perplexing thought, when a voice behind him said tauntingly,—

"Well, young 'un, have you been thinkin' over what I said about taking service with us?"

And Terry turned round to face the sailor who had overheard his interrupted utterance the night before.

He did not at all like the look of the man. He had a crafty, cruel face, and apparently relished the prospect of having a good chance to tease the Bluenose boy who had been thrown in his way. The North was well aware how strongly sympathy with the South ran in Halifax; and as Terry came from that city, the Yankee sailor would have taken it for granted that the boy sided with the enemy, even though he had had no other ground for the belief.

Not knowing what reply to make, Terry discreetly kept silence, and his questioner continued,—

"You're kinder bashful, I reckon, and don't like to say how glad you'd be of the chance."

Now this, of course, was far from being Terry's state of mind, as the sailor well knew; yet the boy shrank from admitting it. Had the place been Long Wharf, he would not have hesitated for a moment to give a Roland for the other's Oliver, and then trusted to his legs to carry him out of danger. But on the deck of the sailor's own ship it was an altogether different matter.

His position was certainly calculated to teach him a fine lesson in self-control. But it is very doubtful if he would have been equal to the strain. Happily, before he was tempted overmuch, Captain Afleck appeared upon the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance, called him to him, as though he had something to communicate of importance.

Glad of this diversion, Terry turned his back upon the sailor, and joined the captain, who, when they had moved apart a little, proceeded to say,—

"You mustn't be talkin' with the sailors, my boy, any more than you can help, or you'll be puttin' your foot in it for sure. They're a mighty touchy lot, I can tell you; and if they find you lettin' on that you want the Southerners to win, there's no sayin' how hot they'll make it for you."

Terry promised to be careful, adding with a rueful face,—

"Oh! but it's meself that wants to be off the botherin' ship. Sure I never axed to be aboard her, and it's sick I am of her entirely."

Captain Afleck could not keep back a laugh. The boy seemed so deeply concerned about his perplexities whenever he stopped to think of them, although he could forget them so completely when something else engaged his mind.

"Keep your heart up, Terry," he said, in a cheering tone. "We're on a losin' tack now seemingly, but we may 'bout ship soon. Come along with me and see if they won't give us some breakfast."

They found a ready welcome at one of the sailors' messes, and a big piece of

bread washed down with steaming coffee perceptibly lightened Terry's spirits, for the time being at all events.

All that day and the next the *Minnesota* maintained her strenuous speed; and as the afternoon wore on, the signs of bustle and excitement on board, and the earnest way in which the men talked together, showed that they were rapidly nearing their destination.

The approach of battle is a serious enough matter when the forces on both sides are pretty well known, and the character of the undertaking can be at least measurably estimated; but it is a very different matter when neither of these things is known, and when the affair is very much of a leap in the dark.

Now this was just the state of things on the *Minnesota*. No one on board, not even her captain, had any clear knowledge of the perils and difficulties to be encountered. The Confederate naval force might be found overwhelmingly strong or miserably weak. Moreover, there were certain disturbing rumours afloat about an alarming novelty, in the way of a naval monster, against which no wooden vessel would have the slightest chance. Of this mystery the Norfolk navy-yard still held the secret, although it was generally believed to be about ripe for revelation.

CHAPTER VI.

IN HAMPTON ROADS.

To make entirely clear the position of the *Minnesota* at this point, some words of explanation are necessary here. The American Civil War was raging hotly, with the advantage if anything on the side of the Southern Confederacy. In the spring of the year 1861, the Federal forces had hurriedly abandoned their great naval establishment at Norfolk in the State of Virginia, why or wherefore it would be hard to say; for they had completed an effective blockade of Hampton Roads, and might have held their ground against all the forces likely to attack them.

But some sudden panic seizing them, they fled across Chesapeake Bay to Fortress Monroe, leaving vast quantities of cannons and other munitions of war to fall into the hands of their opponents. They sought to consign the navy-yard, together with a number of ships they could not take away, to the flames, but the destruction was far from complete; and the Southern soldiers appeared upon the scene in time to rescue much precious material from the fire—among their spoils being twelve hundred guns, that were afterwards distributed through their fortifications from the Potomac to the Mississippi, where they did sore damage to their former owners.

Among the war-ships burned and sunk at the navy-yard upon its abandonment was the fine frigate *Merrimac*, of over three thousand tons, and carrying forty guns. On coming into possession of the establishment, the Confederates raised this vessel and rebuilt her, but not on the same plan as before. Instead of being a handsome three-masted ship, with swelling sails, heavy rigging, and black and white checked sides, she became an extraordinary-looking ironclad, the like of which the world had never seen before, and which was destined to effect a complete revolution in the navies of the nations.

Vague rumours concerning this wonderful construction had found their way northward, and it was in response to the call for a strengthening of the blockading fleet in Chesapeake Bay that the *Minnesota* had been despatched in hot haste from Boston, and was ploughing her way towards Old Point Comfort, that now showed upon the port bow. At Fortress Monroe, which crowned the Point, she would receive her orders; and the thought of what these might be sent a thrill to the heart of every man and boy on board, from the captain down to the youngest powder-monkey.

The sun had already sunk behind the western hills before the frigate reached the Point; and the navigation of Hampton Roads being somewhat difficult, her captain decided to anchor for the night and take on a pilot in the morning. In the meantime, he himself, accompanied by two of his chief officers, went off in a launch to Fortress Monroe, to be informed of the situation and to receive instructions.

As Terry saw the launch shoot away from the vessel's side, there came over him a wild impulse to spring on board her, that he too might be taken ashore. He had already begged the boatswain to let him go, and had been contemptuously rebuffed; but this, instead of quieting him, only intensified his desire to get off

the ship before there should be any fighting. He now saw what seemed to him his only chance, and without pausing to consider the folly of his enterprise, darted past the sailors at the gangway-ladder, bounded down the steps, and as the boat swung clear, gathering all his strength into one supreme effort, he sprang out towards her.

For a mere boy it was a grand attempt, but it failed nevertheless. Just as he leaped, the boatswain shouted, "Give way now;" and, driven by twelve brawny oarsmen, the launch shot forward so swiftly that Terry's spring fell short, and he himself vanished in the swirling water!

But only for a moment. Almost before the spectators realized what had happened, his head appeared above the surface, and with skilful strokes he made for the gangway, where a sailor was awaiting him with a grinning face and a helping hand.

"Well, you are a daisy, and no mistake," he exclaimed, in an unmistakable tone of admiration, as he drew the dripping boy up to the platform. "What on earth possessed you to do that?"

Terry gave a despairing glance at the departing boat, now fifty yards away, whose occupants had taken no more notice of his plunge than if it had been the jumping of a pollack, before replying. Then he said with a bitter sigh, as he blew the brine out of his mouth,—

"I wanted to go ashore in her. The bosun wouldn't let me aboard, bad cess to him, so I thought I'd jump for it."

By this time a number of the sailors had gathered round, while several officers were looking over the bulwarks, and Terry's explanation was received with a murmur of astonishment. Standing in the awe they did of the captain of the ship, the idea of this slip of an Irish lad having the audacity to thrust himself on the launch not merely uninvited, but after having been flatly refused, was nothing short of astounding. They had not taken much interest in the boy before, but now they regarded him as quite a novel type, his proceeding had been so utterly out of the ordinary.

"Come up on deck, my boy, and get some dry clothes on you," called out one of the officers. "That was certainly a dashing attempt of yours, even if it didn't come off as you hoped."

Thus commanded, Terry ascended the gangway again, feeling sorely crestfallen, yet as determined as ever to seize the next opportunity that presented itself of getting away from the frigate. When given a sailor's suit that fitted him fairly enough, he at first refused to put it on; but Captain Afleck insisted, and so he yielded, on condition that he might resume his own garments as soon as they were dried.

Thanks to his being in uniform, he was allotted a hammock that night, and forgot his disappointment in the most comfortable sleep he had enjoyed since going on board the vessel, from which he was roused the next morning by an unusual bustle on deck, which foretold the nearness of some important enterprise.

When he came on deck, he found the *Minnesota* already well under way, making up Hampton Roads towards Newport News in company with two other frigates, the *Roanoke* and the *St. Lawrence*. There was intense excitement on board, and every one whose duty permitted him to be on deck seemed to be watching eagerly for something to appear out of the Elizabeth River to the southward. Presently an officer who stood on the main-truck with a powerful glass called out,—

"I see her! She's coming down past Craney Island Flats."

All eyes were at once strained in the direction indicated; but it was some time yet before there came into general view, just off Sewell's Point, so strange a craft that it was at once agreed it could be none other than the much-dreaded naval novelty of which such disturbing stories had been in circulation.

So far as Terry could make out, this mysterious marine marvel was like a queer-looking house afloat on a raft. There were no masts; a short, thick funnel explained how she was propelled. The roof of the house was flat, surrounded by a light iron railing, and boasting two slight poles, from which floated Confederate flags. The side walls sloped in at a decided angle, and the two ends were rounded off into a semicircular shape, the whole being heavily plated with iron.

From a single row of port-holes the muzzles of ten powerful rifled guns projected, the entire effect being warlike in the extreme; for the thing was evidently a fighting-machine, and nothing else, whose power for harm had yet to

be gauged by actual experience.

At first the new-comer's course was pointed straight in the direction of the *Minnesota*, and there was not a man on board so indifferent to danger that he did not feel a keen thrill of apprehension as this strange and menacing antagonist came slowly onward.

The crew at once beat to quarters, and every preparation was made for a desperate defence; but to the undeniable relief of all, the engagement did not then take place, as the Confederate ironclad, after clearing Sewell's Point, turned due west, and headed for Newport News, where the wooden frigates *Congress*, of fifty guns, and *Cumberland*, of thirty guns, were swinging lazily by their anchors. Their boats were hanging to the lower booms, and rows of washed clothing flapped in the rigging, showing plainly that those on board were quite unconscious of their danger and expecting no attack.

It was not until the *Merrimac* had approached within three-quarters of a mile of the two frigates that the boats were dropped astern, the booms got alongside, and fire opened upon the intruder with the heavy pivot-guns. In this cannonade the batteries on Newport News also joined lustily, and the ironclad was the target of many well-aimed cannon.

But although the solid shot were smiting her black sides and the shells bursting upon her exposed deck, she kept steadily on, in sullen, appalling silence, until within close range of the frigates. Then her forward pivot gun, a heavy seven-inch rifled piece, was fired right into the stern of the *Cumberland*, and at almost the same instant the *Congress* received the starboard broadside, with dreadful damage in both cases.

Terry had never before seen cannon used for any other purpose than the firing of harmless salutes on the Queen's birthday and similar occasions; and although the *Minnesota* was still some distance from the combat, and taking no part therein, still the almost continuous roar of the cannon, the shrieking of the shells, and the jets of spray springing up from the water where the balls ricocheted madly across the waves, made him realize how utterly different were his surroundings now.

His first impulse was to seek the lowest recesses of the hold, and there cower out of reach of cannon-ball and bullet until the firing had ceased. But curiosity

got the better of this at the start, and presently there came to its aid that love of battle which is in all manly natures, and he determined to stay on deck and see the fight at any risk.

In his heart he hoped for the success of the Confederate ironclad, ugly and clumsy as she seemed. But he had by this time learned to repress his Southern sympathies, and he strove hard to seem a disinterested spectator.

Captain Afleck was so carried away by the extraordinary and splendid spectacle before him that he forgot all his own troubles, and watched the progress of the conflict with as keen an interest as if in some way his own fate depended upon the issue.

"I tell you what it is, Terry," said he exultantly: "this is a great bit of luck for us. Won't we have a fine story to tell when we get back to Halifax?"

"That we will, captain," responded Terry—"providin' we do get back. But I'm thinkin' there's some chance of our gettin' smashed ourselves by one of these murderin' cannon-balls that go skippin' about so lively. Just look at that, will you, captain?"

The *Congress* had returned the broadside of the ironclad, and although the range was close, only half the iron missiles had hit the mark, the others playing a game of hop-skip-and-jump across the water, and sending up the spray in snow-white spurts.

"It's fine, Terry, isn't it?" said the captain. Then with a quick change of tone he exclaimed, as he grasped the boy's arm in his excitement, "But look there, Terry; what can that queer black thing be up to now? Does she think she can run that fine big frigate down, like this ship did us in Boston Harbour?"

The tone of incredulous surprise was as marked in Captain Afleck's voice as if the ironclad had seemed to be making preparations to fly; yet he had only too correctly guessed the meaning of her next movement. Indeed, before he finished speaking, it was manifest to all; for after exchanging broadsides with the *Congress*, the *Merrimac*, paying no heed to the land batteries that were vainly peppering her iron sides with harmless balls, made straight for the *Cumberland* at the top of her speed, and struck her almost at right angles under the fore-rigging on the starboard side, the heavy iron prow crashing through the wooden sides as though they had been pasteboard, and making a great gaping hole wide

enough to admit a horse and cart.

A simultaneous shout of amazement, anger, and dismay went up from the crowded deck of the *Minnesota* at this startling and horrifying manoeuvre, and in breathless suspense all watched the stricken ship as her assailant withdrew a space and headed up the river, apparently content with her terrific onslaught.

For a few minutes the *Cumberland* showed no signs of disablement, her guns continuing to be fired with a regularity that spoke volumes for the splendid fortitude of her officers and men.

"She's not done for yet," cried one of the *Minnesota's* lieutenants exultingly. "That rebel brute will have to try again."

He had hardly spoken when the *Cumberland* listed badly over to port and began to fill. Down sank the gallant ship, driving her crew to the spar-deck, where they dauntlessly continued to work the pivot-gun, until, with a wild swaying of her tall masts and a sickening shudder of her shattered frame, she plunged beneath the waves, carrying her brave defenders down to an honourable death, yet leaving the Union colours still floating defiantly from her topmast, which projected high above the swirling water.

For the first moment after her disappearance there was an appalling silence on board the *Minnesota*, and then there broke forth a wild storm of groans, cheers, and curses, as the feelings of her crew found expression. They had witnessed a catastrophe without a parallel in the history of naval warfare. Never before had the tremendous power for harm of the ironclad ram been displayed, and by that one blow the *Merrimac* had put out of date the navies of the world as then constructed.

Of course Terry neither knew nor cared anything about this; but he could not help being profoundly impressed by the magnitude of the disaster, and his warm Irish heart went out in sympathy towards the gallant men who had stood by their ship to the last moment. In his admiration of their bravery he quite forgot his preference for their victorious opponents.

"O captain," he exclaimed, in a tone of deepest concern, plucking at his companion's arm, "will you look at the poor creatures? Sure they're doing their best to swim ashore, and it's a long way for them too."

His sharp eyes had discovered little bits of black bobbing on the waves, which he took to be the heads of men swimming hard for the beach at Newport News, and the lieutenant's glass confirmed the accuracy of his vision.

"Wouldn't I like to be giving them a hand!" he continued, jumping up and down in the heat of his excitement. He felt so thoroughly at home in the water, that he would not have hesitated a moment at any time to go to the rescue of a full-grown man, and he would have thoroughly enjoyed now going to the relief of the struggling sailors.

But the men of the *Minnesota* had other work on hand than giving aid to their imperilled countrymen. For aught they knew the ironclad would next be trying her terrible ram on them, and they had need to prepare for her onset.

Having disposed of the ill-fated *Cumberland*, the *Merrimac* now gave her whole attention to the *Congress*, whose commander, realizing the impossibility of resisting the assault of the ram, had, with notable presence of mind, slipped his cables and run his ship aground upon the shallows, where the deep-draught ironclad could not follow her except with cannon-balls.

Although the *Congress* had four times as many guns as the *Merrimac*, and was well supported besides by the land batteries on Newport News, it was an unequal contest; for while the projectiles showered upon the ironclad glanced harmlessly off her cannon-proof walls, her powerful rifled guns raked the *Congress* from end to end with terrible effect.

There could be only one termination to such a struggle. Gallantly as the Northern sailors served their guns, their commander presently was killed, and her decks were strewn with dead and dying. At the end of an hour her colours came down, and white flags appeared at the gaff and mainmast in token of surrender.

Meanwhile the *Merrimac* had been joined by a number of smaller vessels that had come down the James River after running in gallant style the gauntlet of the Federal batteries which lined the northern bank. They were only gunboats carrying ten guns at the most, and could not take any prominent part in the battle, but they now proved useful in completing the work of the ironclad.

Two of them steamed alongside the shattered *Congress*, to make prisoners of the crew and set fire to the ship. But they were unable to accomplish either of

these duties owing to the heavy fire kept up by the land batteries, and had to beat a retreat; whereupon the *Merrimac* sent hot shot into the frigate, that soon had her blazing fore and aft, while her crew escaped on shore either by swimming or in small boats.

All this was watched with keen anxiety on board the *Minnesota*, and the question her men asked themselves was,—

"Will the *Merrimac* be content with the damage she has already done, or will our ship share the same fate as the other two?"

They were not left long in uncertainty. Swinging slowly around, the huge ironclad, after pausing a few minutes as though to take breath, came down the channel heading straight for the *Minnesota*. Her day's work was evidently not yet done. She must have another victim before returning to her moorings.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT NAVAL COMBAT.

When Terry saw the ugly black ironclad bearing down upon the *Minnesota*, he could not suppress a cry of consternation.

"Oh, whirra! whirra!" he burst forth, dancing from one foot to the other, and swinging his arms about in the extremity of his excitement, "the murderin' thing is coming right for us, and it's smashing us to bits entirely she'll be."

That the captain of the frigate held the same opinion, however differently he might have expressed it, was soon manifest from the manoeuvring of his ship; for instead of remaining out in the north channel, where there was sufficient depth of water for the *Merrimac* to move freely, he turned his vessel's bow seaward, and kept on in that direction until she had grounded on a shoal about midway between Fortress Monroe and Newport News Point.

All danger from the irresistible ram was now over, as the ironclad could not

approach within some hundreds of yards without getting aground herself, which would have put an end to her career; so those on board the *Minnesota* began to pluck up courage again. Even Terry felt more composed when he realized that the "murderin' thing," as he called it, had to keep a respectful distance.

But they were not permitted to enjoy this little bit of comfort long. The big frigate, towering high above the water, offered only too easy a target to the rifled guns of the *Merrimac*, and presently their destructive missiles began to come crashing through her wooden sides as though they had been paper, inflicting fearful damage and slaughter.

Yet nothing daunted by the immediate presence of danger and death, the men of the *Minnesota* plied their own formidable battery; and although the cannon-balls' bounced harmlessly off the impregnable sides of the ironclad, they did their work against her attendant gunboats, so that both had ere long to retire from the combat.

The decks of the frigate soon presented a pitiable sight. The heavy guns of the *Merrimac* had again and again raked them with dreadful effect, and the dead and the dying lay strewn about, confused with splintered beams and shattered gun-carriages. The ship's surgeons, recking nothing of their own danger, were busy binding up wounds, and having the poor sufferers borne below; while through the smoke-laden air rang the shouts of those still serving the guns, mingled with the groans of their comrades writhing in agony.

In the midst of it all was Terry. When the first shot struck the bulwarks of the frigate, and smashing its way through slew three stalwart sailors and badly wounded two others, he threw himself flat on the deck behind the foremast, completely overcome with sheer horror and fright. There he remained for some minutes, every boom of the cannon sending fresh shudders through his boyish frame.

Presently, amid the occasional pauses in the thunder of the artillery, a moaning cry reached his ear: "Water, water! for God's sake a drop of water!" He had heard it several times before, even in his warm fresh heart, the impulse to help began to tell upon the paralyzing panic that had smitten him. But when, for the fourth time, the piteous wail pierced its way to him, "Oh for water! Won't some one bring me water?" he could lie still no longer.

Getting upon his hands and knees—for he did not dare rise to his full height—he crept across the deck to where the sufferer lay. He found a young sailor, not many years older than himself, dreadfully wounded by a cannon-ball, and suffering agonies from thirst. He was half-hidden by an overturned gun-carriage, and had been overlooked by the surgeon in the wild confusion.

"Water! water!" he panted, looking at Terry with imploring eyes, for he could not move a limb. "For the love of God, bring me some water!"

Terry knew well enough where the water-butts were, but to reach them meant his running the gauntlet of shot and splinter, whose dreadful effects lay all about him. Naturally he shrank from the risk, and looked around in hopes of seeing some of the crew who might undertake it.

But all who were not already *hors de combat* had their hands full. Whatever was to be done for the poor young fellow must be done by him. The next wail for water decided him. Bending his head as though he were facing a snowstorm, he darted across the deck to the water-butts. Right at hand was a pannikin. Hastily filling it, he retraced his steps, going more slowly now because of his burden, and had just got half-way when a heavy ball smashed into the bulwarks at his left, sending out a heavy shower of splinters, one of which struck the pannikin from his hand, spilling its precious contents upon the deck.

It was a hair-breadth escape, and Terry dropped to the deck as though he had been struck. But this was the end of his panic. So soon as he realized that he was untouched, he sprang to his feet again, and shaking his fist in the direction of the *Merrimac*, cried defiantly, "You didn't do it that time. Try it again, will ye? I'll carry the water in spite of ye!" Then picking up the pannikin he refilled it, and this time succeeded in bearing it safely to the sufferer, who, when he had taken a long, deep draught, looked into the boy's face, saying gratefully,—

"God bless you for that, even if you are a little rebel at heart."

Not until then did Terry recognize in the man he was helping the sailor whose ire he had aroused by refusing to enter into the ship's service, and his heart glowed at the thought that he had shown him that he could not refuse an appeal for aid even from him.

Throughout the rest of that awful afternoon Terry toiled like a beaver, bearing water to the wounded and to those working the guns, and earning countless

blessings from the grateful sailors. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Men fell all round him, while he went unscathed. Again and again the surgeon thanked him for his timely assistance. In spite of all the peril, he never felt happier in his life. He was completely lifted out of himself, and intoxicated with the joy of whole-souled service for others.

As the afternoon advanced, the situation of the *Minnesota* became increasingly desperate. Of course, being aground, she could not sink; but the rifled guns of the *Merrimac* had torn great gaping holes in her high sides. She had lost many of her men, and had once been set on fire. Indeed, her surrender or destruction seemed inevitable, when a diversion took place which postponed either unhappy alternative for that day at all events.

Besides the *Minnesota*, there were two other Federal frigates lying in Hampton Roads, the *Roanoke* and the *St. Lawrence*, and they likewise had been run aground for fear of the terrible ram. As if satisfied with the damage done to the *Minnesota*, and confident that no escape was possible for her, the *Merrimac* now gave attention to her two consorts, and proceeded to bombard them with her heavy guns.

They returned broadsides with great spirit, and the cannonade continued vigorously on both sides, until an ebbing tide and oncoming darkness warned those in command of the deep-draught ironclad that it was full time to be taking her back towards Norfolk. Accordingly she drew off, and after a couple of parting shots from her stern pivot-guns, steamed slowly back to Sewell's Point, where she anchored for the night.

Unspeakable was the relief on board the three frigates at her withdrawal, and relieved from duty at the guns, their crews at once set to work to repair damages as best they might, knowing full well that they had respite only until daylight.

Terry continued his errands of mercy until his help was no longer required; then, after getting something to eat, he went up to his favourite place in the bow, utterly tired out, and threw himself down to rest.

Here Captain Afleck found him, and together they talked over the events of the day. The captain had not been quite so fortunate as Terry, having received a painful, though not serious, scalp wound. He made light of it, however, and had much to say in praise of his companion for his brave service as a helper of the

wounded.

"You'll be the talk of the town, my boy, when we get back to Halifax," said he. "Ye've seen more than any lad of your age in the country, I can tell you; and it's a great story you'll have to tell them at Drummond and Brown's when you take your place there again."

A happy smile lit up Terry's face, so begrimed with powder smoke that the multitudinous freckles were no longer distinguishable. He had quite forgotten Halifax and all belonging to it in the excitement of the battle; but Captain Afleck's words brought his thoughts back, and the idea of his being a kind of hero at Drummond and Brown's, where now they probably considered him little better than a rascal, was exceedingly grateful.

He was just about to say something in reply, when his attention was claimed by the wonderful scene now before his eyes; and clasping Captain Afleck's arm, he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled awe and admiration, "Just look, will ye, captain! did ye ever see the like of that in your life before?"

By this time night had fallen mild and calm. The moon in her second quarter was just rising over the rippling waters, but her silvery light for those on board the *Minnesota* paled in the presence of the brilliant illumination proceeding from the burning frigate *Congress*. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast, spar, and rope flashed out in fiery silhouette against the dark sky beyond. The hull, aground upon the shoal, was plainly visible, each porthole showing in the black sides like the mouth of a fiery furnace, while from time to time the boom of a loaded gun, or the crash of an exploded shell, gave startling emphasis to the superb spectacle.

Having no duty to perform, the captain and Terry could give themselves up to watching the destruction of the noble vessel, and they stayed at the bow until presently a monstrous sheaf of flame rose from her to an immense height. The sky seemed rent in twain by a blinding flash, and then came a loud, deafening report that told the whole story. The flames had reached the powder-magazine, and their work was complete.

In the silence that followed, Captain Afleck, taking Terry's hand, said with a profound sigh, "Come, Terry, let us get to sleep. It breaks my heart to see a fine ship blown to bits like that."

They went below, and finding a quiet corner, threw themselves down to get what rest they could before facing the dangers of another day.

On going on deck the next morning, Terry's attention was at once attracted by the sailors bending over the bulwarks of the ship, evidently much interested in something that lay alongside. Following their example, he saw below an extraordinary-looking craft, which might not inaptly have been compared to a huge tin can set on a gigantic shingle.

It was none other than the famous *Monitor*, an even more remarkable vessel than the *Merrimac*, which had come post-haste from New York, and arrived just in time to do battle with the hitherto irresistible rebel ram.

Little as Terry pretended to know about war-ships, he felt quite competent not merely to wonder but to laugh at this latest addition to the Federal fleet; she seemed so absurdly inadequate to cope with the big powerful *Merrimac*. A flat iron-plated raft with pointed ends, bearing in the middle a round turret not ten feet high, also plated with iron, and at the bow a small square iron hut for use as a pilot-house; while from the round port-holes in the turret projected the muzzles of two eleven-inch rifled guns, which constituted her entire armament. Such was the *Monitor*.

He was still engaged in studying this queer-looking craft, and feeling sorely tempted to ask some questions of the men who were busy about her decks getting her ready for action, when the crash of a heavy ball against the other side of the *Minnesota* told him that the *Merrimac* had already come over from Sewell's Point to complete her unfinished work.

It was also the signal for the *Monitor* to move out from her hiding-place behind the lofty frigate. Like some strange sea-monster, she swung round the other's stern, and steaming forward so as to come between her and her assailant, dauntlessly challenged the latter to single combat.

Then there took place right before Terry's eyes a naval conflict without parallel in the history of the world, in every respect the most momentous battle ever waged upon the water. Of course, Terry did not realize this, but that did not in any wise lessen the breathless interest with which he watched every move and manoeuvre of the struggle.

For the first few minutes there was a pause, as though the two adversaries

were surveying each other with a view of choosing the best method of attack. Then they began to advance cautiously until they had got well within range, when almost simultaneously they opened fire. This was at about eight o'clock in the morning, and thenceforward until noon the cannonading continued furiously, with hardly any intermission.

The ironclads fought like two gladiators in an arena, now closing in on each other until they were almost touching, then sheering off until they were half-a-mile apart. The *Monitor* had a great advantage over the *Merrimac* in that she drew only half as much water, and was consequently able to move about far more freely than her cumbrous opponent, who had to confine herself to the deep-water channel. Even as it was she once ran aground, and was with the greatest difficulty got afloat again.

Although Terry had come to Hampton Roads a warm little sympathizer with the South, his feelings had undergone considerable change as he observed the splendid bravery of the Northern sailors; and now, while he watched the contending ironclads, he found his heart going out towards the little *Monitor* rather than towards the big black *Merrimac*.

"Sure it doesn't seem fair play at all," he exclaimed to Captain Afleck, in a decided tone of indignation. "That small little thing's no match for the big fellow. There ought to be two of them anyhow to make it even."

But the captain, noting the advantage held by the *Monitor*, and the fact that the bombardment of her antagonist had no more effect upon her coat of mail than had hers upon the *Merrimac*, shook his head doubtfully.

"It's a more even fight than you think, Terry," said he, "and I'm not saying but what I'd be willing to bet on the little one yet. But see, they must be going to try to run her down, like they did the *Cumberland*."

Sure enough, despairing of driving her doughty opponent off the field with broadsides, the *Merrimac* determined to try the effect of her ram. For nearly an hour she had been manoeuvring for a position, and at last an opportunity offered. Putting on full speed, she charged forcibly down; but just in time the *Monitor* turned aside, and the ram glanced off without doing any damage.

At seeing this Terry clapped his hands as heartily as if he had been a thorough-going Yankee.

"Sold again!" he cried, as the *Merrimac* sullenly sheered off. "You're not so smart after all."

The firing continued for some time longer, and then those on board the *Minnesota* were startled to see the *Monitor* coming back towards them with all the appearance of withdrawing from the fight. The *Merrimac* could not follow on account of the shallowness of the water, but remained out in the channel awaiting the other's return. Instead of returning, however, the *Monitor* swung round, and steamed off in the direction of Fortress Monroe, leaving the helpless *Minnesota* at the mercy of the enemy.

"O Captain Afleck!" cried Terry, in keen alarm, "what will become of us now? That murderin' thing will smash us all to pieces, seein' there's nothing to hinder it."

The situation of the *Minnesota* certainly was as serious as it could well be. Many of the guns had been rendered useless in the conflict of the preceding day. Full half of the crew were killed or wounded, and most of the officers were unfit for duty. If the *Merrimac* should resume her work of destruction, there was slight chance of any one on board surviving the catastrophe.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES ASHORE.

For some minutes the *Minnesota's* men were kept in harrowing uncertainty as the *Merrimac* hung off to mid-stream, apparently undecided as to what to do next. Then, to their unspeakable relief, she swung round, and turning her prow towards Norfolk, moved heavily away. She, too, like the *Monitor*, had had her fill of fighting for that day.

At sight of this Terry tossed his cap in the air, and began an Irish jig on the fore-deck, crying,—

"Be off with you now. Sure, you've done mischief enough this blessed day.

It's mighty glad I'd be never to see a sight of you again."

As it turned out he had his wish granted, for when the withdrawal of the ironclad became known at Fortress Monroe, two of the gunboats in refuge there ventured out, and, attaching themselves to the stranded ship, succeeded with great difficulty, and the aid of a flood-tide, in getting her afloat again, and towing her down-stream to safe quarters under the guns of the fort.

The following morning both Terry and Captain Afleck were able to get ashore; and, rejoiced at regaining their liberty, they at once set about ascertaining how they might make their way back to Boston.

This was a problem by no means easily solved. They were both penniless and without friends, save such as they had made during their brief but exciting stay on board the *Minnesota*. Under other circumstances, no doubt, the captain of the frigate, as some reparation for running down the *Sea-Slipper*, would have exerted himself to send them forward; but he, poor fellow, had been severely wounded in the fighting, and the other officers were too deeply engrossed in the pressing duties of the moment to give any attention to less important matters.

It was in this crisis that Terry's really daring and devoted services to the wounded during the thick of the battle brought forth fruit. He was wandering disconsolately about the beach at Fortress Monroe, wondering how he could make his way back to Halifax and set himself right at Drummond and Brown's, when one of the *Minnesota's* lieutenants came along, and hailed him pleasantly,

"Where away, Terry? You look kind of down on your luck this morning."

"Indeed that I am, sir," responded Terry promptly. "I've just been axin' myself how I'm to get back to Halifax, and faith I can't make it out at all, at all."

"Oh, you want to get back to Halifax, do you?" said the lieutenant. "Well, I can't say about that, but it's only fair you should be sent back to Boston, for you would have been there long ago if we hadn't run you down, wouldn't you?"

"It's the truth you're sayin', sir!" answered Terry; "and," here an eager appealing look came into his face, "if you can say a word to the captain, sir, and have Captain Afleck and myself given a lift that way, it's more obliged than I can tell you we'd both be."

The lieutenant evidently took kindly to the suggestion, and clapping the boy on the back, he said,—

"I'll do it, Terry. You did us all a good turn on board the *Minnesota* by taking water round when nobody could attend to it. Our captain's in hospital, but I'll speak to the officer in command in his place, and he'll do the square thing, I'm sure."

The lieutenant was as good as his word. He took considerable pains to press the matter, with the result that on the following day Captain Afleck and Terry were provided with railroad passes clear to Boston, and sufficient funds to pay their expenses *en route*.

They made a light-hearted pair, the big bronzed man and the freckle-faced boy, as they set out for Baltimore, rejoicing in getting away from the scenes of bloodshed and destruction, of which they had grown profoundly weary.

They were more than satisfied with their first experience of war in all its horrors, and quite content that it should be their last. Terry accurately expressed the feelings of both when he said, with a grunt of disgust that made his companion smile,—

"If you ever catch me in a scrape like this again, you may call me as many sizes of an idiot as you like. It is bad enough to be kilt in a row of your own raisin', but what's the sense of it when it's not your fight at all?"

By which deliverance Terry showed himself to be a true philosopher, with a very sound and practical theory of life. But, like many other mortals, Terry could teach a great deal better than he could practise, the truth being that the impulse of his race to take a hand in any fun or fighting that might be going was as strong in him as if he had been born on the green sod.

However, he was sincere enough this time, and regarded with complacency every additional mile of country that separated him from the scene of the wonderful naval combat he had by so odd a chain of circumstances been brought to witness.

As might be expected in time of war, when the whole country was more or less upset, the train service was very imperfect. The rate of speed was poor, the stoppages many and prolonged, and the carriages fell far short of being

comfortable.

Yet none of these things troubled Terry. It was the first long railroad ride of his life, and he enjoyed it keenly despite its many drawbacks. He made friends with the conductors and brakemen, who could not resist his cheery humour. He amused his fellow-passengers by his quick observation of and shrewd comments upon the people and places by the way. He even succeeded in so ingratiating himself with the driver of the train during a long stop at a junction, as to be invited on to the engine for the remainder of that driver's run, and then he returned to Captain Afleck grimy but triumphant.

"<I>He succeeded in ingratiating himself with the driver of the train.</I>"
"He succeeded in ingratiating himself with the driver of the train."

From Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, they hurried on. Under other circumstances, they would have been glad to make a stay in each of these splendid cities; but Captain Afleck was impatient to get back to Boston to prepare his claim against the insurance company, while Terry was no less eager to return to Halifax, that he might reinstate himself in Drummond and Brown's.

Yet in spite of their mutual anxiety they were both destined to another delay which tried their spirits sorely.

The city of New York was at this time the centre of more interest and excitement than Washington itself. The issue of the war still seemed in doubt, and there were divided counsels as to whether it should be carried on to the bitter end, regardless of consequences, or whether some sort of compromise should be arranged with the South before further successes had inflated her hopes too high.

In the face of this uncertain state of the public mind, nevertheless, the most earnest preparations for the prosecution of the struggle by land and sea were going on, and this of course attracted to the place wild and turbulent spirits from every quarter, eager to take advantage of the opportunity to fill their pockets, honestly or dishonestly, with a decided preference for the latter way as being more exciting. Bounty-jumping was a favourite device, and the city fairly swarmed with men guilty of this dishonourable action, and who, afraid to show themselves in the light of day, prowled about the streets at night with no very good intent.

It was late in the evening when the captain and Terry arrived in New York, and as they had been without food, since mid-day, their first proceeding was to set out in quest of a restaurant. Captain Afleck knew something of the city, having been there before, and soon found his way to a quiet eating-house, where they obtained a comfortable meal at a reasonable price.

They took their time over it, for they were weary of the train, and it was quite a relief to be rid of the roar and rattle for a time. Midnight was not far off when they went out into the street, and feeling greatly refreshed, they were tempted into taking a stroll before returning to the station, where they intended to pass

the night, so as to be on hand for the first train to Boston in the morning.

The night was fine and bright. The captain lit his pipe, while Terry munched some candy, and the two wandered on in a careless manner, enjoying the cold air and the quiet of the hour.

"It's a big place this, isn't it, Terry?" said the captain as they stood at an intersection of two streets, and looking north, south, east, and west, saw the long lines of lights go twinkling 'off as far as the eye could reach. "All the same, I believe I'd rather live in Halifax; wouldn't you?"

"That I would," responded Terry promptly. "I'd be afraid of gettin' lost here all the time. Sure, there must be a sight of people here. It's not much chance a poor chap like me 'ud have wid such a crowd."

Now that Terry's ambition had been so thoroughly aroused, he already began to realize what the stress of competition meant, and it was clear enough to him that the bigger the city the more there were ready to fill every opening. Miss Drummond's encouraging statement about her grandfather had taken deep hold upon the boy's mind, and there were times when he was bold enough to indulge in day-dreams having a similar fulfilment.

"I guess you'd stand as good a chance of holding your way as the most of boys, Terry," said Captain Afleck, giving him a kindly pat on the head. "You've got lots of grit in ye, and that's the sort of thing that counts in these big places. But what's that? There's mischief going on down there. Come, let's see what's up."

They were by this time on their way back to the railway station, and were just crossing a narrow dark side street, when there came to them through the stillness of the night a muffled cry for help, followed by the sound of heavy blows.

Captain Afleck carried a stout stick, and grasping this firmly, he sped down the street in the direction whence the sounds had come, Terry keeping close at his heels.

In the very narrowest and darkest part of the street they almost fell over a group of three men, one being prostrate on the ground, while the other two bent over him, evidently engaged in rifling his pockets.

Shouting "Take that, you rascal!" the brawny captain struck one of the highwaymen a sounding whack across the shoulders with his stick, and the next instant tumbled the other over with his left fist. The astounded scoundrels as soon as they recovered themselves made off at full speed; and when assured of their departure, Captain Afleck turned his attention to the victim of their violence.

It was too dark at that spot to make out the extent of his injuries, so, with Terry's aid, he was dragged towards a lamp-post.

They had just placed him upon some steps, and were endeavouring to loosen his neckcloth, for he was quite insensible, when there suddenly appeared two big policemen, who made haste to arrest them with great show of zeal.

Neither protests nor explanations were of any avail. A respectable citizen returning quietly home had been brutally assaulted in the public street. The captain and Terry had been caught red-handed (as a matter of fact they did both have blood upon their hands, got from the wound on the poor man's head, which was badly cut), and they must answer for it at the police court in the morning.

Other policemen were whistled for, and the still insensible man was sent to hospital in a cab, while his two unlucky rescuers were marched off to the station-house, where they spent a miserable night in separate cells.

Not only that night but the whole of the next day were they kept in confinement, the injuries of the "respectable citizen" being too severe to permit of his appearing in court; and it was not until the following day that they were brought up for examination.

Terry went before the police magistrate with quaking knees and beating heart. Not that any sense of guilt filled him with fear, but because his whole past experience in Halifax had been such as to make the minions of the law objects of terror to him; and now that he was in their clutches in a foreign land, his lively imagination conceived all sorts of dire consequences in spite of his big companion's attempts at comfort.

Captain Afleck, on the other hand, was in a state of furious indignation. The moment he got a chance to open his mouth he intended to give the American authorities a piece of his mind, and threaten them with the vengeance of the British nation for committing so unwarrantable an indignity upon one of its

honest and loyal members.

A number of cases had precedence of theirs, and they watched the proceedings with very different feelings—Terry wondering, as he heard sentence after sentence pronounced by the magistrate in his hard, dry, monotonous voice, what penalty would be theirs if he and the captain could not clear themselves; while the captain, nursing his wrath to keep it warm, gave vent to a succession of wrathful grunts as he saw the succession of miserable, unwashed, demoralized creatures with whom he was for the time associated.

At length the rest of the docket had been cleared, and their case was called. It had been left to the last because of its being the most serious on the list for the day. Just as the captain and Terry were being arraigned, there appeared in court a middle-aged man, whose carefully-bandaged head, pale countenance, and general air of weakness betokened him to be the victim of the assault.

As the two prisoners stood up to answer to their names and the charge made against them by Policeman No. 399, it was evident that their appearance created a good deal of surprise. They certainly did not look at all like the ordinary criminals. The case promised to be one of special interest, and the spectators adjusted themselves so as to see and hear to the best advantage.

But if they expected an interesting hour of it they were doomed to be disappointed; for no sooner had the injured man raised his eyes to look at the accused of having waylaid him than he gave a start, and the colour mounted to his pallid face.

"These are not the men," he exclaimed. "There's some mistake. The men that assaulted me were short and stout, and they were both men—not a man and a boy."

His words created a decided sensation. The countenance of the zealous bluecoats who had effected the arrest, and expected praise for their efficient performance, grew suddenly long while the magistrate turned upon them a look of stern inquiry, saying,—

"What's the meaning of this? Have you been making some serious blunder?"

Captain Afleck now had his opportunity, and he used it gloriously, pouring forth the vials of his wrath as he told his story, until at last the magistrate,

entirely satisfied, stopped the stream of his eloquence with uplifted hand, and proceeded to say, in a tone that showed genuine feeling,—

"You have been the victims of a very unfortunate blunder, for which I wish it were in my power to make some reparation. As it is, all I can do is to express my profound regret, and to put you at once at liberty."

Amid a buzz of applause the captain and Terry made their way out into the street, the boy hardly able to restrain his impulse to leap and shout for joy, but the man still grumbling and growling at the aggravation he had been so undeservedly compelled to endure.

Once more in the open air, Terry's first thought was to get away as fast as possible.

"Let us be off to the station," he cried. "Mebbe there's a train goin' soon."

This made the captain think of the railway passes, and he thrust his hand into the pocket where he kept his wallet. The pocket was empty! He tried the other pockets, but they were in the same condition! The passes and the remainder of his money were gone, stolen by some clever pickpocket that very morning perchance. He turned upon Terry a face full of consternation.

"I've been robbed, Terry," said he hoarsely. "We can't go to Boston to-day; I've lost the passes, and all my money too."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

Terry's face when he heard Captain Afleck's startling news was verily a study. The joy which the moment before had irradiated it vanished like a flash, and in its place came a look of blank despair that would have touched a heart of stone.

"Whirra, whirra!" he moaned, shaking his head dolefully; "and what's to be

done now? We can't walk all that way, can we?"

In spite of his mental distress the big seaman burst out into a laugh.

"Walk all the way, Terry!" he cried; "not a bit of us. If I can't manage better than that, you can put me down for a first-class booby."

At this moment a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and turning round he found at his side the gentleman who had been unintentionally the cause of their mishap.

"Pardon my addressing you," said he courteously, "but I am really very much grieved that you should have been put to so much inconvenience on my account. Won't you do me the favour to come home with me to lunch? My carriage is waiting for me."

For a moment Captain Afleck hesitated. Then, seeing that the invitation was sincere, and feeling glad to find a friend in his time of need, he looked at Terry, saying, "Shall we go with the gentleman, Terry?"

Terry nodded a vigorous assent. So the invitation was accepted, and presently they were rolling up Fifth Avenue in a luxurious carriage, wondering what good fortune awaited them.

The carriage stopped at a handsome residence, into which they followed their host, and being shown by a servant into a dressing-room, were enabled to make their toilet before going to lunch.

Mr. Travers had no family, and they were therefore spared the ordeal of facing female society, while his genial manner soon put them both so entirely at their ease, that almost unconsciously they told him their whole story, since the collision in Boston Harbour. Nor did their confidence stop there; for Terry, his heart responding to the old man's kindly interest, was moved to go further back, and tell his own history, from the time he saved Miss Drummond's life.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Travers when he had finished—"Mr. Drummond, of Drummond and Brown. I know him well. We've had business relations these many years. Now, Terry, my lad, I want to say that I believe you fully, and that this very night I will take upon myself to write to Mr. Drummond and say so; and when you go back to Halifax you'll find him ready to receive your

explanations, and to take you back into his office."

How Terry's heart leaped at this, and with what boyish ardour he expressed his gratitude! Halifax seemed very near now, and it was brought still nearer when Mr. Travers proceeded:—

"As to your getting home, of course you will allow me to provide for that—nothing else would be fair, and it will perhaps in some measure make amends for what you have had to endure."

So the upshot of it was, that when the captain and Terry bade good-bye to their new-found friend, the former had sufficient funds to pay all expenses of the homeward journey, and with light hearts they made their way to the station.

Once more in the train, and speeding towards Boston, they lolled about on the cushion of the car in great good-humour.

"Well, Terry, my son," said the captain, bestowing upon him a look of mingled affection and admiration, "you do have the greatest luck of any fellow I ever saw. I give you credit for the whole of it, seein' that I've never had much of it myself. No matter what sort of a scrape we get into, out we come again smiling, and not a bit the worse. If your luck holds, you'll be a great man some day, Terry, and no mistake."

Terry laughed, and curled up still more comfortably on the crimson cushion.

"Faith, you make me proud, captain," he responded. "But where do you come in yourself? Sure, it 'ud be no easy job to say where I'd be this very minute if you'd not looked after me."

Much pleased in his turn, Captain Afleck leaned over and twitched Terry's ear in a not ungentle fashion.

"I guess you can take pretty good care of yourself, my hearty," said he. "Some fine day you'll be one of the bosses at Long Wharf, wearing a big gold chain, and fine black suit, and a tall shiny hat, while, if I'm alive, I'll be nothing better than I am now, glad if I can knock out a living with my schooner—if I ever get another one."

"No you won't, captain," cried Terry, springing up with eyes shining with

emotion; "nothing of the kind. If ever I do get to be one of the bosses, you shall be captain of the best ship the firm owns, and go round the world in her, if you like."

Captain Afleck gave the boy a tender smile as he took hold of his hand.

"I know you mean every word of it, Terry; and, who knows, perhaps some of it may come true some day."

And so they whiled away the time as the swift train sped northward. Shortly after nightfall Terry went to sleep, and the captain, growing weary of the confinement of the car, took advantage of a lengthy stoppage at a junction to get out and stretch his legs. There were trains on both sides of the platform, and it fell out that the mariner, little used to land travel, presently lost his bearings, with the result that, hearing the shout, "All aboard," and seeing a train move off, he jumped on to the rear car, thinking it was all right.

Not until he had passed through to the next car did he discover that he was mistaken. But by that time the train had gathered such speed that to jump off was to risk life, so with a groan of, "Oh, but I'm the dunderhead. How is poor Terry to get along now?" he threw himself into a seat to wait for the conductor, from whom he might learn how soon he could leave this train and set off in pursuit of the right one.

When the conductor did appear the captain was dismayed to find that he was flying off due west in the direction of Chicago, instead of due north in the direction of Boston, and that it would not be possible for him to retrace his way until the following morning, while the train which carried Terry would reach Boston that very night.

"Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk," soliloquized Captain Afleck on receiving this information. "I must only make the best of it for myself; but poor little Terry, who's to look after him? and he hasn't a copper in his pocket."

It was some little time after the train had moved off without the captain before Terry awoke. When he did, and looked about him for his companion, his first thought was,—

"Oh, he's gone into one of the other cars," and he gave himself no concern.

Presently, however, beginning to feel lonely, he thought he'd go in search of him, and accordingly he went through the four passenger cars, looking eagerly for the stalwart sailor.

Discovering no signs of him, he grew anxious, and questioned the brakesman. But he could tell him nothing; and all the conductor knew was that a man answering to Terry's description had been out on the platform at the junction walking up and down while the train stopped.

"Do you think he's fallen under the cars, and been killed?" exclaimed Terry, his eyes enlarged to their utmost extent at the awful notion.

"Not much," responded the conductor curtly. "Guess he went to get a drink in the restaurant, and let the train go off without him. You needn't worry. He'll be along by the express."

This explanation, albeit not altogether satisfactory to Terry, for he knew the captain was practically a teetotaller, nevertheless served, in lieu of a better one, to allay his apprehensions somewhat; and, having inquired when the express would be along, he went back to his seat, determined not to let the other passengers see how deep was his distress.

For, in spite of the conductor's suggestion, he could not dismiss from his mind the idea of some harm having befallen his kind friend, and he worried far more over this than he did over the fact of his being without money to pay his way when he did arrive in Boston.

It was within two hours of midnight when the train rolled into the station, and Terry, tumbling out on the platform, looked about him with blinking eyes of bewilderment.

"Faith, it's a lost dog I am now, and no mistake," he said, gazing around at the confusing crowds of people, the hurrying officials, the shouting hack-drivers, and all the other elements of confusion at a great railroad terminus. "I'd like mighty well to know what to do now, seein' I've never a copper in my pocket, and don't know a blessed soul in the place."

In the hope of finding Captain Afleck, he waited until the express train came in of which the conductor had spoken. But there was no sign of the strayed sailor; and realizing that there was nothing to be gained by hanging about the

station, Terry went out into the streets, a waif in a fuller sense than ever before in his life.

Yet his brave bright spirit refused to be overwhelmed. The night was fine and warm; the streets were bright, and lined with fine buildings. If the policemen would only let him alone, he would make a shift to get through the night somehow, and trust to obtaining help from some quarter in the morning.

So he strolled along through street after street, entertaining himself with comments upon the people and buildings he passed, and keeping a sharp eye open for any place that might promise a quiet haven for the night.

In this way he came to a cross-street between two important thoroughfares, and turning into it, he knew not why, he was brought to an open door, whence issued sounds of singing.

He loved music of every kind, and this singing was so sweet and fervent that it drew him little by little further inside the door, until, almost before he knew it, he found himself in a bright attractive hall, set with chairs, and nearly filled by a gathering of men and women, singing heartily a gospel song, the like of; which he had never heard before.

There was something so genial in the atmosphere of the place that the homeless boy resolved to stay if he would be permitted, and so taking a seat in the nearest corner he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the music.

Soon a young man espied him and came towards him. Was he going to turn him out? Poor Terry's heart sank, and he felt his face becoming crimson. But his fears were all unfounded. Instead of asking him to leave, the young man held out his hand, saying with a cordial smile,—

"You're very welcome, my boy. Come up nearer; and here's a hymn-book to sing from."

Terry would have preferred his corner, but he felt it would be ungracious to refuse so kind an invitation, and he therefore followed obediently till he was assigned a seat not far from the desk, at which stood a venerable man with long white beard, whose countenance seemed to radiate tenderness and sympathy.

When the singing ended, the leader began to speak. His theme was the love

of Christ for sinners, and he spoke with rare simplicity and winning force. Terry listened with every faculty attent. It was all strangely new to him. What little religious instruction he had got in the Roman Catholic Church was in no way a preparation for this earnest, direct, personal gospel, which not only took a strong hold upon his heart, but seemed to arouse some sort of response there, as though it were awakening faculties which had been hitherto dormant.

The speaker evidently observed the boy's rapt attention, for he turned upon him many a look of loving appeal, that made Terry feel as though he were looking right down into his heart and reading all that was there.

Yet, strange to say, Terry had no disposition to resent this. So spell-bound was he that he could hardly have resisted any command the old man might have laid upon him; and when, at the close of his address, the leader invited all who wished to learn more about the Saviour to remain for a little while after the meeting had been dismissed, Terry was among those who stayed in their seats.

Not only so, but when this after-meeting came to an end Terry still lingered, partly because he was loath to go out again into the strange streets, which offered him no refuge for the night, and partly because he wanted to hear something more about this Jesus, who seemed so different from the only Son of Mary of whom he had any knowledge.

The venerable leader, the moment he was disengaged, went up to Terry, and laying his hand kindly on his head, said in a tone of great tenderness,—

"Well, my dear boy, I am very glad to see you here; and do you love Jesus too?"

The full purport of this question Terry hardly grasped, and not knowing what answer to make he hung his head in silence, whereupon the leader added gently, —

"Never mind answering that question just now. Come with me. I'm going home, and you can tell me all your story there."

Completely won by the gracious charm of his manner, Terry lifted his head, and looking up gratefully into the noble countenance bending over him, said,—

"Indeed, sir, I'm glad you've asked me, for it's without a place to sleep in I am

this night."

"You shall be all right with me, then," was the cordial response. "Let us go now, and you can tell me about yourself as we walk along."

Passing on through the now deserted streets, Terry told his new-found friend much of the story of his life, his narration being listened to with deep sympathy and interest. As they stopped at the door of a comfortable-looking house the old gentleman said,—

"Providence has put you in my way, my boy, and it will be my joy to assist you to the best of my ability. Here is my home. You shall share it until the way opens for you to continue your journey."

A beautiful old lady gave them both a warm welcome and a bountiful supper, to which Terry did full justice, for he had been fasting since mid-day.

Then his host told him something of the place where they had met. It was a midnight mission carried on by himself, at his own expense, for the benefit of fallen humanity. This was his life-work, and he rejoiced in it, because of the many opportunities it afforded him of being both a temporal and a spiritual helper to the victims of vice or of misfortune. Terry felt irresistibly drawn towards Mr. Sargent and his wife, whose hearts so overflowed with love; and when they proposed that he should stay with them for a few days, in order that he might try to find Captain Afleck, he gladly assented.

Thus it came about that he was with these kind good people for the remainder of the week, looking about the streets and wharves for the captain in the day-time, attending the mission meetings at night, and all the time being more and more deeply influenced by the beautiful piety of his friends.

Recognizing how much Terry had to learn of the very essentials of religion, Mr. Sargent took abundant pains to make the matter clear to the Irish boy, whose warm heart readily responded to the argument from the infinite love of the Father, and he had his reward in finding his pupil laying hold upon the truth with a grasp that would not be readily shaken.

Each day the attachment between them deepened, until Mr. Sargent began to wish that he might keep Terry altogether; he discovered in him such possibilities of good.

But, sincerely grateful as he was, Terry's anxiety to get back to Halifax grew keener every day. He seemed so near now, and there were vessels sailing every day, on one of which he could without difficulty obtain a passage.

Of Captain Afleck no trace could be found. As a matter of fact, he, too, on reaching Boston had spent some time hunting for Terry; but being unsuccessful, concluded that Terry had gone on to Halifax, and accordingly gave up the search until he should hear from that place.

It had just been arranged that Terry should take the train for Halifax one afternoon, when, in the morning, walking along Tremont Street, he caught sight of a familiar face over the way, and darting across the street he cried delightedly, —

"Mr. Hobart! is it yourself?"

CHAPTER X.

REINSTATED.

The gentleman whom Terry had thus startlingly accosted looked with surprised inquiry for a moment upon the boy; then a bright smile of joyful recognition breaking over his face, he caught him by both shoulders, and shook him playfully, exclaiming,—

"Why, you young rascal! where on earth have you sprung from? How glad I am to see you! Where have you been all this while?"

Mr. Hobart's tone was so thoroughly cordial that Terry for a moment wondered whether he understood why he had run away; but as he hesitated in uncertainty as to where to begin to answer the questions showered upon him, the other went on,—

"Did you clear out because you were afraid you'd be suspected of stealing that wharfage money?"

Terry had only time to nod before Mr. Hobart continued,—

"That's just what I said all along. I felt sure it was nothing else, although Morley tried hard to put other things on you; and a week after you vanished the whole thing came out. The chap that ran off with your vest that day was arrested for stealing something else, and your watch was found on him, and he was so scared that he owned up to everything. So you see your reputation's all clear again."

To all this Terry listened in breathless delight. It was far better news than he had ever hoped to hear, for it meant that his explanation would be accepted at once, and he would not have a cloud of suspicion hanging over him, as had been his dread.

"O Mr. Hobart!" he cried, "sure it's great good news you're tellin' me, that makes my heart as light as a feather. I've been tryin' so hard to get back to Halifax for ever so long, and everything's been agin me. But now you'll take me back—won't you, Mr. Hobart?—and I'll tell Mr. Drummond just how it happened."

"That I will, Terry," responded Mr. Hobart. "And you just met me in time too, for I'm off by train this very afternoon, for I've finished the business which brought me here, and I'm in a hurry to get home again."

"And so was I meself," shouted Terry, dancing about on the pavement for very joy. "And now we'll go together. Oh, but this is the lucky day for me!"

In the excess of his delight Terry came near forgetting Mr. Sargent, and the duty he owed him of telling the good news. But happily in good time the thought of his benefactor came to him, and on Mr. Hobart hearing about him he said they must go off and see him at once.

The Sargents were very glad to hear of their protégé's good fortune, and although manifestly reluctant to bid him good-bye, they gave him their blessing with a warmth that showed how he had found the way into their hearts.

"Remember, my dear boy," were the old gentleman's parting words, "the truths I have sought to teach you in our brief sojourn together. Lay fast hold on eternal life; and although we may never meet again on earth, I shall look for you above."

Deeply affected by these solemn words, Terry with tear-filled eyes murmured, "I'll try my best, sir," as he turned to follow Mr. Hobart, who had gone on a little in advance.

That afternoon the two set forth for Halifax, and on the way thither Terry had time to tell his companion in full detail the wonderful experiences which had been his during the past two months. Mr. Hobart was intensely interested, as may be imagined, and would often exclaim,—

"Why, Terry, you'll be the hero of the place for nine days at least. If one of these newspaper men get hold of your story, they'll make a great to-do over it. I think I must tell the editor of the *Herald* to have you interviewed."

"Sure now and you're only joking, Mr. Hobart," was Terry's response to this banter, for it never entered his mind that any doing of his could be worth newspaper notice.

"Not a bit of it, Terry," Mr. Hobart insisted; "you'll see when we get to Halifax."

They reached their destination without mishap in due time, and as it was too late to go to the office that day they each went to their own homes, Terry promising to be at Drummond and Brown's bright and early the next morning.

It was not without some misgivings as to the kind of reception awaiting him that Terry made his way to Blind Alley. What would his mother say to him? And would his father strike him, as he had done more than once before when he had been away from home for a time?

He passed and repassed the entrance to the alley several times before he could make up his mind to enter its forbidding gloom. But at last, saying to himself, "Ah! what's the use of foolin' like this? Here goes," he pushed in with quickened pace until he was within ten yards of the tenement house, when his progress was suddenly arrested by a familiar voice falling upon his ear. It was saying, in tones of despairing grief,—

"No, no, Mrs. O'Rafferty, I'll never see his face again. He's gone off in one of those American ships, believe me, and he'll be kilt or drowned or something by this time."

This was too much for Terry. Darting forward, he sprang upon his mother with a suddenness that would have startled a far less excitable person, and clasping her tight about the neck, cried,—

"I'm nayther kilt nor drowneded, mother darlin', but as well as I ever was. See if I'm not."

Poor Mrs. Ahearn! The shock was really more than she could stand, and she fainted dead away on the door-step, with Terry and Mrs. O'Rafferty doing their best to hold her up.

But she soon regained her senses, and then ensued a scene of rejoicing such as only a crowd of warm-hearted Irish folk could accomplish. Terry was violently kissed by the women and clapped on the back by the men, and pulled this way and that way by the boys, until there was hardly any breath left in his body: and he was mighty glad at last to escape with his mother up to their own room, where they could have a quiet talk together.

A happy pair were they that night, and when Black Mike came in from his tavern it fortunately happened that he was in one of his rare amiable moods, and greeted his returned son with a show of affection that filled the others' cup of joy to the full.

It was only natural that Terry should feel considerable nervousness in regard to appearing at Drummond and Brown's, and this would have been greater still but for his timely encounter with Mr. Hobart, who would therefore be ready to make the way easy for him.

As it happened, the first one he encountered on entering the office was Morley, who of course knew nothing of his return, and who had been cherishing in his envious heart the hope that he might never see him again. He made no attempt to disguise his disappointment.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Back again like a bad penny," and turning his back on him went into another part of the office.

This was pretty hard for Terry to bear, particularly in view of his sensitive state of mind; but by a great effort he controlled himself, and kept back the hot words that rose to his lips. He had learned a better way than to return evil for evil since he last saw Morley, and he was resolved to live up to it.

The next person he saw was Mr. Hobart, who welcomed him warmly, and then put him at his ease while the other clerks crowded round with questions, some asking merely for chaff, and others in genuine interest.

Terry bore the ordeal very well indeed, but felt quite relieved when it came to an end and the clerks all took up their work for the day, leaving him to await Mr. Drummond's arrival.

When he came down, and sent for Terry, the boy went before him with a beating heart. Although the fear of being thought guilty of stealing the money was gone, still there were the neglect of duty and the foolish running away from the consequences to be judged for; and he knew that, kind as Mr. Drummond had been, he was no less just than kind.

But he did not know that Mr. Hobart had been at Mr. Drummond's house the previous evening and told him Terry's story, and that therefore the old gentleman was ready to receive him, not with stern words of condemnation, but with kind words of encouragement.

Yet Mr. Drummond liked his joke, and when Terry presented himself before him, trembling and blushing, he assumed an air of great gravity, and said in his most impressive tone,—

"Well, sir, you've come back, I see; and now, what have you to say for yourself?"

With brimming eyes and quivering lips, Terry began to express his penitence, but had not got very far when Mr. Drummond's countenance relaxed, and smiling pleasantly he held out his hand, saying,—

"You needn't mind, Terry; I know all about it already. Mr. Hobart told me last night. Just tell me some of the things you saw in the United States."

And in this way the much-dreaded interview passed off, with the result that at the close Terry felt himself fully restored to his former standing in the office, and able to hold up his head once more among his fellow-clerks.

He did not take long to settle down to work again. He was full of desire to atone for his errors, and gave his whole attention to whatever was assigned him, bringing the whole strength of his really unusual if untrained mental powers to

bear upon the task in hand as he had never done before.

As a natural consequence, he rapidly grew in favour with his superiors, and had many an encouraging smile from Mr. Drummond, who heard good reports of him from time to time. One especially welcome outcome of this improved state of affairs was that Morley's malice received such a snubbing on all sides that he positively had to hold his bitter tongue and leave Terry in peace, to the great relief of the latter, who now had smooth going in every way, and was as happy a boy as walked the streets of Halifax.

It was quite a week after his return before he heard anything more of Captain Afleck, and then there came a letter from him at Boston to the firm inquiring if they knew anything about Terry, as he had been searching all over the city for him, but could find no trace of him whatever.

Terry was considerably amused when this was told him, and with the aid of Mr. Hobart concocted quite a humorous reply, in which he poked fun at the captain for not knowing how to take care of himself. In response to this the captain wrote expressing his relief at learning that Terry was back in his place, and stating that now his mind was at rest about him he would remain in Boston to complete his claim against the insurance company, so that Halifax would not be likely to see him for some little time.

One thing that gave Terry increasing concern was the squalor of their abode in Blind Alley. With the help of his wages much better quarters could be obtained; but Black Mike would not stir, and of course Mrs. Ahearn would not leave him, shamefully as he treated her. So Terry had perforce to be patient, awaiting the time when his father's mind might change, or some other way out of the difficulty be found.

Matters had been going on in this pleasant fashion for a month or so, when one afternoon in the early autumn the whole establishment of Drummond and Brown, from the grave old partners down to Terry, was thrown into a state of excitement by the news coming down from the signal-station on the citadel that a blockade-runner had been chased right to the mouth of the harbour, and was now steaming up at a tremendous rate with all her flags flying in token of her fortunate escape.

Long Wharf was quickly crowded with eager sightseers, and presently the

beautiful vessel came into view, the white foam curling back from her sharp bow as she ploughed a deep furrow through the yielding water. Coming off the wharf she slowed up, described a graceful semicircle, and then glided smoothly into dock amid the cheers of the assembled people, who were always glad to welcome a blockade-runner from motives of interest no less than of sympathy.

Hearty responses came from the deck of the blockade-runner, which was no other than the famous *Colonel Lamb*—the largest, costliest, and swiftest of the whole fleet engaged in that dangerous work. She had brought her cargo of cotton through many perils, and great would be the profit of those interested in the venture.

While the people were fraternizing with the crew, and asking them a thousand questions about their run, the captain of the blockade-runner came off, accompanied by his first officer, who bore a black bag evidently filled with something heavy; and after greetings had been exchanged with Mr. Drummond and Mr. Brown, the four men went on up to the office.

Mr. Hobart, noticing this, called to Terry, who stood near him, watching all that was going on with deep interest, and thinking of the rebel steamers of a very different type that he had seen in Hampton Roads, "Come along, Terry; we may be wanted at the office." And so they two followed.

At the office the four gentlemen had been closeted for nearly an hour, when Mr. Hobart was called in to receive some instructions with reference to the disposition of the black bag. But just as Mr. Drummond was about to give them, a shout of "Fire" came suddenly up from the wharf, and there was a rush of men towards the end of the line of warehouses.

Now, it chanced that in one of the warehouses was stored a quantity of powder awaiting shipment on the blockade-runner, and at the thought of this danger, Mr. Drummond, springing up in great alarm, thrust the bag into his desk, locked it up, and directing Mr. Hobart to remain in the office, hurried out, followed by the other three.

The fire proved to be rather a serious one, which took a couple of hours to entirely master, but happily it did not reach the building where the powder was stored. When the peril had altogether passed, and Mr. Drummond, very much wearied by the excitement and exertion, returned to the office, it was long

beyond the usual time for closing; so, ordering a cab, he drove off home without another thought in regard to the black bag, which, in view of its contents, ought to have been locked up in the safe.

From his place in the outer office, Terry had got a glimpse of the bag, and of how it had been put away, and in the talk he had with his mother every night before going to bed he told her about it.

"Faith and it looked as if it might have a heap of money in it," he concluded; "those great big gold pieces you know, mother, good for twenty dollars every one of them, like them blockade-runners have in their pockets. Man dear, but they are beauties!" and his eyes opened wide with admiration and longing.

As he finished speaking, a movement at the door behind the two rooms caused him to turn round, and he saw his father, whom he had supposed to be sound asleep in the other room, standing in the doorway with a strange look in his eyes that Terry recalled afterwards with a sharp thrill of apprehension. Evidently Black Mike had been listening to the talk, and understood its purport. He made no remark, however, but after standing there in silence for a moment, wheeled about and went back to bed.

The next morning, shortly after Mr. Drummond's arrival at the office, there were indications of some unusual occurrence having taken place. The partners were seen to be in anxious consultation, and presently Mr. Hobart was called in to their sanctum. He came out shortly with a very troubled countenance, and Terry ventured to inquire,—

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Hobart?"

"I should say there was something the matter," was the reply. "Mr. Drummond's desk has been broken open, and that black bag which was full of gold has been stolen."

CHAPTER XI.

IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.

Amid the anxious bustle that filled the office Terry sat at his desk with strange and perplexing thoughts coursing through his brain. He had seen the bag just for one moment as Mr. Drummond was hastily throwing it into his desk. So far as he knew, only Mr. Hobart and himself, of the office staff, had any knowledge of its existence. That Mr. Hobart should have taken it was a notion so absurd that his mind refused to entertain it for an instant. His kind friend was to him the incarnation of every human virtue, and Terry would have resented hotly the insinuation that he could possibly be guilty of any such wrong-doing.

Who, then, could be the thief? As he looked about the office, glancing from one to the other of the countenances of the clerks, all of whom, laying aside their work for the time, were exchanging conjectures as to how the robbery had been managed, his eyes seemed drawn irresistibly towards Morley.

The latter was not at his own desk, but stood near the window looking out, as though not particularly interested in the earnest discussion, yet every now and then he gave a glance towards the group which showed that he was listening intently to all they said.

It was his expression when he did this which impressed Terry. It had a blending of anxiety, bravado, and cunning triumph that could not fail to provoke curiosity, if not to arouse suspicion, in so keen an observer.

Once he caught Terry studying him, and instantly his face flushed with anger, and he gave back such a vicious scowl that Terry, apprehensive of an outburst, took care not to meet his glance again.

Mr. Hobart had been in the inside office again for some time, when he came out, seeming more troubled than ever, and beckoned Terry to him.

"Mr. Drummond wants to see you," he said, "although I told him you couldn't know anything about it."

In no small perturbation Terry entered the sanctum. The two partners were sitting at their desks, both evidently greatly disturbed by what had happened.

"Did you see anything of the bag that has been stolen, Terry?" asked Mr. Drummond abruptly.

Terry hesitated for a moment. Did Mr. Drummond mean before it was put into the desk or after?

"Why don't you answer me at once?" demanded his questioner testily, while Mr. Brown regarded Terry with a look of sharp inquiry.

"I—I—didn't see it since you put it in your desk, sir," stammered Terry slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on the toes of his boots.

"Oh, ho!" cried Mr. Drummond in a tone that suggested he thought he was getting some light on the mystery. "Then you did see the bag before it was put in my desk?"

"Yes, sir," answered Terry, the words coming more readily as he regained his self-command. "I saw the gentleman carrying it up the wharf."

"Was that all you saw of it?" asked Mr. Drummond, eying him narrowly. "Tell me now exactly."

"No, sir," replied Terry, the colour mounting in his face as the thought came that perhaps he would be suspected of prying into a matter that did not concern him. "I saw it when you were putting it into your desk."

The partners exchanged significant glances. Here now they seemed to be finding a clue that might help them. Recognizing the wisdom of being more diplomatic in his mode of cross-examination, Mr. Drummond pursued his inquiry in a much quieter tone.

"And how did you come to see the bag then?" he asked.

"The door of your office was open, sir," was the reply.

"And you were peeping, were you?" continued Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, sir. I didn't mean any harm," pleaded Terry.

"Perhaps not, but maybe harm has come of it whether you meant it or not," retorted Mr. Drummond in a half-sneering tone. "Now tell me, was that the last you saw of the bag? Have you seen nothing of it since? Look me straight in the face as you answer me."

Terry lifted his eyes, and looked full into his employer's face as he responded earnestly, "No, sir; sure as I'm standing here, sir, I haven't."

The fervent frankness of his manner carried conviction, and there was a perceptible change in Mr. Drummond's tone when he put the next question:—

"From the way you say that, Terry, I believe it's the truth. But tell me this: did you mention to any person about having seen the bag? Think now, before you answer."

The boy's countenance, which had assumed its natural colour, grew flushed again, and he hesitated for a moment before he replied,—

"I did tell my mother about it when I went home, sir."

Once more the partners exchanged meaning glances, and Mr. Brown seemed about to say something, when Mr. Drummond checked him by a warning motion of his hand.

"That will do for the present, Terry," said he. "I may want to ask you some more questions afterwards. Don't mention to any of the clerks what I've been asking you, or what you have told me. Just keep your own counsel. Do you understand?"

When Terry went out, the two men consulted earnestly together. From the signs left by the thief, whoever he was, it seemed clear that he had a complete knowledge of the premises. He had apparently entered the warehouse by a back window, which in his haste he had forgotten to close after him, broken open the desk with a large chisel, taken nothing except the bag, and made off in the same way that he had come.

Terry's confession as to telling his mother of the bag was, to say the least, suggestive. Black Mike had not much reputation to lose. According to the popular opinion of him, he would have small scruples about taking the bag. Of course he could not be arrested upon mere suspicion. Some more substantial grounds than that would have to be found. But, in the meantime, he was worth watching, and accordingly it was decided to engage a detective to "shadow" him, in the hope of obtaining further proof.

When Terry came out of Mr. Drummond's office, Mr. Hobart took him aside,

and questioned him as to what he knew of the affair; and Terry told him as much as he could without disobeying Mr. Drummond's injunctions.

His listener did not make any comments, although in his mind there arose the same thought that had occurred to the partners.

Terry's quick instinct told him there was something significant in his story which had made an impression on the members of the firm and upon Mr. Hobart. Yet, strange to say, its actual import did not occur to him at the time. Indeed he was too deeply troubled with the fear lest he himself should be in some way regarded as an accomplice in the robbery, to speculate much as to who really might be the guilty one.

He saw nothing of his father all day. Black Mike had not shown up for work, and the foreman took it for granted he was off on a spree. But for the fact that after a holiday of this kind he always seemed determined to atone for his absence by increased exertion, and would positively do the work of two ordinary men, thanks to his enormous strength, his name would not have stood upon the Long Wharf pay-roll at all. As it was, he received wages for the time he actually worked, and seemed quite content with the arrangement.

It was late at night before he reeled into Blind Alley, and stumbled up the steep stairs to his squalid home. Tired though Terry felt, owing to the stress and strain of the day, he had, in spite of his mother's protests, stayed up to keep her company. Not a word did either speak when the drunkard lurched into the room and fell heavily across the bed. They knew better than to arouse his anger by addressing either himself or one another.

He rolled about uneasily on the hard bed, grunting and growling more like some wild animal than a human being. As he did so the clank of coins in his pocket could be heard, and presently in his contortions several of them worked out, and fell with a loud clang upon the floor. He made as though he would get up to recover them; but the effort was too much for him, and sinking back with a smothered oath, he fell into the heavy stupor of the drunkard's sleep.

It was not until he felt perfectly sure of his father's helplessness that Terry ventured to pick up the coins. To his astonishment they were not copper pennies, as he had supposed from the sound of their fall, but great golden double-eagles of the value of twenty dollars each.

With a bewildered expression of countenance he laid them on his mother's lap.

"Sure it's a heap of money," he whispered; "and how could father get hold of so much?"

Mrs. Ahearn felt the splendid coins one by one as though to convince herself that they were no optical illusion.

"The blessed saints preserve us, Terry!" she replied, crossing herself almost mechanically. "Maybe it's goblin gold, and we should not be touchin' it at all."

Not only was Terry far less superstitious than his mother, but he had enjoyed the advantage of a wider experience. He had often seen Mr. Hobart counting over precisely similar coins, and he felt pretty sure that there was no goblin element about the contents of his father's pockets.

"Och! no, mother," he answered, "it's not goblin gold at all. We often have the same at the office."

There was a certain perceptible note of pride in his voice as he brought out the last sentence, reassured by which Mrs. Ahearn took the coins into her hands again, and permitted her sense of beauty to indulge itself in admiring their perfection.

Neither spoke for the next minute; their brains were busy with perplexing thoughts. Meantime Black Mike lay motionless as a log, only an occasional gurgling gasp showing that he was actually alive. He was now lying upon the broad of his back, thus leaving all his pockets exposed. Acting upon an impulse that he could not restrain, Terry went over to him and made a thorough search of the pockets. The result was the discovery of three more double-eagles, making five in all.

One hundred dollars! more money by far than Black Mike had ever had at once in his life before. How could he have honestly come by it? Unknown to each other the same thought was forming in the mind of the mother and son, and they dared not look into one another's eyes lest it should be revealed. Mr. Hobart had told Terry that the black bag contained a very large amount of money in gold, and this the boy had duly repeated at home.

At last the silence became unendurable to both. Unable to restrain herself any longer, Mrs. Ahearn caught Terry by the arm, and drew him towards her.

"Holy Mary!" she murmured, as though praying for strength; and then, after a moment's pause, added in a hoarse whisper, "Could your father have stolen it, Terry?"

Terry started as if he had been struck, for his mother had uttered the very question that possessed his own mind. He did not hold towards his father a very warm affection. Black Mike's treatment of him from his babyhood had been too consistently unfatherly for that. But the thought of being arrested and sent to the grim granite penitentiary out by the North-West Arm filled him with horror.

"Surely not, mother," he responded with a warmth that was increased by his desire to convince himself as well as his mother. "It's not the likes of father to be stealing money; somebody must have given it to him."

The suggestion was a very unlikely one, yet they both sought to take comfort from it. Gold was very plentiful in Halifax in those days, and the successful blockade-runners lavished it with a free hand. Some one of them, whose wits had been stolen away by strong drink, might have filled Black Mike's pockets in a fit of reckless generosity.

But the more Terry thought over this the more improbable did it seem, and he felt himself, however reluctantly, thrown back upon the only other alternative to which almost unconsciously he gave expression.

"If father did steal the money," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the drunken form, "where do you think he could have got it?"

He put the question because, although he had already answered it in his own mind, he shrank from expressing his thought, at least until he saw whether the same had come into his mother's mind.

Mrs. Ahearn was silent for some moments. Then, bending over towards him as if afraid the sleeper might catch her words, she replied,—

"The black bag, Terry!"

Terry gave a groan of misery. His own harrowing suspicion had found

expression in his mother's words, and instantly he saw himself transfixed between the horns of a terrible dilemma.

Not only so, but just as his mother had hit upon, the same solution of the mystery of the gold, so must she realize the position in which he was placed by it. That she did this was made clear the next moment; for, as he remained silent, she drew him into her arms, and folding him to her breast, sobbed out in plaintive tones,—

"Ye won't tell Mr. Drummond, will ye, Terry darlint? Sure it would break me poor heart entirely if they were to send the police after your father, and have him put in the penitentiary."

It was long past midnight before sleep came to Terry's eyes. He tossed and tumbled about on his hard bed in a state of the most painful perplexity. The idea of informing upon his father seemed nothing short of horrible to him, and yet did not duty to his employer and to the truth demand it? Mr. Drummond had been so good to him. Here, now, was an opportunity to prove his gratitude. By prompt action a good part of the stolen money might perhaps be recovered before it was squandered, therefore the sooner he informed the better. His mother had carefully put away the gold coins, in order that they might be restored when they knew for certain to whom they rightfully belonged. Should he take them to the office in the morning, and tell the whole story?

When he got up the next morning, a little later than usual, having overslept himself, he found his father already gone out. Black Mike had apparently not missed the gold, and asked no questions, although his drunkenness had disappeared.

Nothing was said between Terry and his mother while he ate his breakfast quickly; but just as he was hurrying off, she threw her arms around his neck and whispered in his ear,—

"Say nothin' about the gold to-day, Terry darlint. Maybe it wasn't your father took the bag at all."

At the office the clerks had settled down again to their regular routine, and the distractions of the preceding day having caused some arrears, they had to work all the harder to make them up. Terry was kept on his feet continually, and was left little time for quiet thinking. Mr. Hobart was absent, having been sent

off by the firm on an important mission to Windsor, whence he would not return until the following day. Terry's heart sank when he heard this, for he craved a talk with his friend, although his mind was not yet made up as to whether he would tell him about his father.

Another absentee was Morley. A note had come from him, stating that he was ill and confined to bed, but hoped to be at his desk in a day or two. For some inexplicable reason, when Terry learned this the thought flashed into his mind that Morley might know something about the black bag. He could give himself no reason for it, yet there it stuck, and by its presence helped to strengthen his reluctance to make known the facts about his father.

In the afternoon the office was once more thrown into a state of excitement by the news that the detectives had discovered the thief, and already had him under arrest. Terry was out on an errand when the word came.

On his return he entered the office just behind Mr. Boggs, the assistant book-keeper, at sight of whom one of the other clerks, eager to be the first to tell the news, shouted out,—

"They've caught the burglar, Boggs. Guess who it is?"

Terry's heart stopped beating, and an icy chill ran through his body, as, pausing by the door, he waited in harrowing apprehension for the answer.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Mr. Hobart was not the only friend Terry had among the employés at Drummond and Brown's. The storeman, John Connors, had always been kind to him in his own rough way. He pitied the boy because of his drunken father, and liked him because of his pluck and energy.

Having no boys of his own, he had several times, half in jest, half in earnest,

offered to adopt him; and although his proposition could not be considered, it strengthened the warm affection that Terry felt towards the bluff "boss" of Long Wharf.

Intense, then, as was his relief that it was not his father who had been arrested for the stealing of the black bag, there quickly followed feelings of keen surprise and sorrow, for the suspected criminal proved to be no other than John Connors, in whose possession had been found a bag presumed to be the one taken from Mr. Drummond's desk.

Terry listened for a while to the conversation of the clerks as they exchanged wondering conjectures in reference to the matter, and all the time the conviction grew stronger within him that, however appearances might be against him, Connors was no more guilty than he was himself. At length he could not keep silence, and burst out with,—

"John Connors never stole the bag. I'm sure he didn't."

His fervent declaration of faith in the storeman's innocence roused a laugh, and one of the clerks turned upon him with the question,—

"What do you know about it any way that you're so sure as to who didn't do it?"

Instantly there came up in Terry's mind the scene at home, and the mysterious gold dropping from his father's pockets. What did he know about it indeed? Far more perhaps than he cared to tell just then. Regretting that he had spoken, he made no answer; and noticing his confusion, the clerk, attributing it to his being so sharply challenged, added good-humouredly,—

"Never mind, Terry; we're a good deal of the same opinion. We don't think Connors is the man to do such a thing, and there must be a mistake somewhere."

As soon as he got home Terry told his mother of Connors' arrest, and Mrs. Ahearn, eager to seize upon any other explanation of the affair than one which would involve her husband, said persuasively,—

"Now then, Terry, ye'll not be saying anything about your father till ye find out some more, will ye, darlint?"

Poor Terry was in a sadly perplexed state of mind. He firmly believed in Connors' innocence; yet he was by no means sure of his father's guilt, and, without being able to explain to himself why, he had haunting suspicions as to Morley. How he longed to have a talk with Mr. Hobart! But his friend was away, and there was no one else in whom he had the same confidence, or to whom he could go for the counsel he so sorely needed.

Black Mike did not show himself in Blind Alley that night, greatly to the relief of both Terry and his mother, for they dreaded seeing him in their then state of mind. The two had a long talk before going to bed; but it did not make the future much clearer, although the more he thought over the matter, the more strongly Terry felt that he was not doing right in withholding the information about his father.

Immediately on his arrival at the office next morning he was told not to go out anywhere, as he would soon be particularly wanted, and presently he learned that he was to appear in the police-court as a witness at the preliminary examination of Connors. His heart sank within him at the prospect of this ordeal, and he felt as though he would give anything to run off and hide himself until the trial was over.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, Mr. Hobart, who had just got back that morning, told him to accompany him to the police-court. In profound perturbation Terry obeyed. It would be his first appearance as a witness, and he had the vaguest possible notions as to what would be required of him.

They found the court-room already crowded, for the case attracted a good deal of attention. It was a bare gaunt room, whose principal virtue lay in its being well lit. Along the farther end ran a dais, upon which stood three desks, with a big black sofa behind; while over all hung a canopy bearing the royal arms of Great Britain.

As the market clock sounded out eleven strokes, a door at the side of the dais opened, and the stipendiary magistrate, the presiding genius of the place, appeared. He had rather an imposing port, which was helped by his full gray beard and large gold spectacles. Behind came Mr. Drummond and Mr. Brown, who at his invitation took seats upon the sofa.

Having adjusted himself comfortably at the central desk, he directed the

clerk, who sat in an enclosure behind him, to open the court.

A number of "drunk and disorderly" cases, which were represented by a row of men and women in various stages of rags and frowziness, had first to be disposed of, the routine being to call up the policeman who had made the arrest, listen to his statement, and without further inquiry impose fines of "five dollars, or twenty days," or "ten dollars, or forty days," according to the gravity of the offence.

At length the dock was cleared of its unsavoury tenants, and the clerk called the case of "The Queen versus John Connors."

A perceptible stir and murmur ran through the crowd when Connors came forward. He certainly had not the appearance of a criminal, and despite his evident distress at his situation, there was nothing in his bearing to indicate guilt. He had secured the services of Mr. Morton, the leading criminal lawyer, and was permitted to take his seat beside him, instead of being placed in the dock. There seemed something reproachful in the glance he gave his employers, as though to say, "You ought to have had more faith in me than to put me here."

The preliminary formalities being gone through with, the examination of the witnesses was entered upon. Mr. Drummond, Mr. Brown, the officers of the blockade-runner, and Mr. Hobart gave their evidence one after another, while Terry listened to every question and answer as though his own life depended upon the result. His mind was in a state of the utmost distress and indecision. His turn would come soon. How much should he tell? No one could have any idea of what he knew. Must he betray his father, or had he the right to maintain silence?

Never in his life before had he been brought face to face with so perplexing a moral problem, and his early training was indeed a poor preparation for its right solution. Indeed, had he been left to decide it by the standards of that training, it would have been quickly done; but during his short stay with Mr. Sargent in Boston a new view of life had come to him, in the light of which he saw his duty as he had never done before.

He looked longingly at Mr. Hobart, for he felt that a good talk with him would be a wonderful help in straightening matters out; but there was no chance of that now, and he had come no nearer a decision when he heard his name called by the clerk.

Dazed, and trembling in every limb, he entered the witness box, and took tight hold of the front rail, for it seemed as though his knees would sink under him. In consideration of his youth and manifest perturbation, the prosecuting attorney questioned him very gently and briefly as to what he knew, and Terry having told about seeing the bag locked up in the desk, hoped that the ordeal was over.

But to his dismay Mr. Morton now took him in hand, adjusting his gold spectacles so as to look straight through them into the boy's face; and assuming a very confident air, as though he knew all about it, the renowned cross-examiner said,—

"Come now, Master Ahearn, you're a bright-looking lad, and no doubt you think a good deal. Have you been thinking much about this wonderful black bag?"

Terry started, and the colour deepened on his already flushed cheeks. Had he been thinking about it? What else indeed had occupied his thoughts since first he heard of the robbery?

His keen eye observing the boy's confusion, Mr. Morton, who as a matter of fact had intended simply to play with him for a few minutes while he collected his own thoughts, for the case seemed going hard against his client, began to suspect that possibly the extent of Terry's knowledge had not yet appeared; so, changing his manner from one of good-humoured raillery to penetrating scrutiny, he put the question straight to him,—

"See here, Master Ahearn, don't you know more about this matter than you have yet told us?" Then raising his voice to a tone of command, he pointed his long finger at him like the barrel of a revolver, as he cried, "Out with it now. Tell the court everything you know, or—" He did not finish the sentence, believing it would be more effective to leave the consequences to be imagined.

The supreme crisis in Terry's life had come, and he had only an instant in which to make his decision. On the one side was duty to the truth and to the accused man; on the other, fear for his father and for himself, for he did not know but what his concealment of his father having the gold would bring down punishment on his own shoulders.

To get out of the difficulty he had only to disclaim any further knowledge,

and who could gainsay him? Glancing up for a moment at the magistrate, his eyes went past him to Mr. Drummond, who sat at his left. There was a look of deep concern on the merchant's face that touched Terry to the heart, and instantly his decision was made. In a voice scarcely audible he murmured,—

"Yes, sir, I do know something more."

Mr. Morton's face suddenly brightened. Here perchance was something that might help his client.

"Ah! ha!" he exclaimed, "I thought you did. Come, then, let us have it. We're all waiting upon you."

In trembling tones and with many interruptions, Terry, helped out by the lawyer's questions, related all that transpired the night his father brought home the gold. His story produced a profound sensation. Although Black Mike had been placed under surveillance, it was without result; but now, through his son's evidence, his complicity in the crime seemed on the verge of being established.

A distinct air of relief pervaded the court-room. Mr. Morton, looking quite cheerful again, held a whispered consultation with Connors. Mr. Drummond and his partner did the same with the magistrate, while the other spectators buzzed to one another about the new turn the case had taken.

Feeling as though a fearful load had been taken off him, Terry, now seeming very pale and tired, stood in the box awaiting further questioning. But to his great relief this was not required of him, as, after some discussion, Mr. Morton asked for an adjournment until the following morning, to enable Black Mike to be brought into court. His request was granted, and officers were sent out to find Black Mike.

When the proceedings were resumed the next day, not only Black Mike was present, but also Tom Morley, and there were excited whispers current of yet more surprising developments than Terry's evidence had foreshadowed. Before the day closed the whole mystery was unravelled, and a strange story it made for, as it turned out, neither John Connors nor Black Mike, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against them, had any part whatever in the robbery, or share in its proceeds. The entire guilt lay upon Tom Morley, and to the cleverest detective in the force was due the credit of bringing it home to him.

It seemed that Morley was in the warehouse above the office when the officers brought in the black bag, and, peeping through a pipe hole in the floor, he had witnessed its being thrust into the desk. Then came to him the thought of taking it, for he was sorely in need of money to pay gambling debts. He remained in the warehouse until long after dark, broke open the desk, and carried off the bag, effecting his escape through the window.

By chance Detective Power had learned of Morley being remarkably flush with money, and while the other officers were following up clues which led to the storeman being arrested, he devoted himself to tracking the real criminal, with the result of running him down, and obtaining a full confession from him, together with the greater portion of the money.

As to the grounds of suspicion against John Connors and Black Mike, they proved to be easily explained away. The black bag found in the former's possession turned out to be another one altogether; and with regard to the gold the latter had brought home, it belonged to an officer of the *Colonel Lamb*, with whom he had been carousing, and who, fearing he might be robbed, had handed it over to Black Mike for safe keeping.

There was great rejoicing throughout the establishment of Drummond and Brown over the complete clearing up of the robbery, and Terry was warmly commended for his fidelity to the truth. Mr. Drummond was particularly pleased with him, for when he understood the whole matter he realized how trying had been the boy's situation.

It was not long after this that Terry was once more called in to Mr. Drummond's office, for his employer had something important to say to him.

"I have been thinking about you, my boy," said he, "and have decided to give you the opportunity of making up for lost time in the way of education; so I am going to send you off to a first-class commercial academy, where you can stay two or three years if you will, and then come back here qualified to make a valuable clerk. How would you like that?"

Now, not so many months before, Mr. Drummond had made Terry a somewhat similar offer, and it had met with no encouragement. But the boy saw things with different eyes now. He had been made to realize his deficiencies so keenly that the great desire of his heart was to have the opportunity of repairing

them, and he was all ready to spring at the chance offered him.

"Faith, sir," he replied with a happy smile, "there's nothing I'd like better, if I may say so; and if you're pleased to send me, I'll do my very best to learn all they'll teach me."

"I fully believe you will, my boy," said Mr. Drummond, smiling back at him; "I'll have arrangements made without delay."

For two full years Terry toiled hard at the academy, overcoming one by one many difficulties and temptations that beset his path, and making such rapid improvement from every point of view that, when he returned to his desk, the keenest eye could hardly have recognized in the good-looking youth with so easy a bearing the ragged wharf boy of a little while before.

During his absence Black Mike died in hospital, and kind-hearted Mr. Drummond placed Mrs. Ahearn in a comfortable cottage far away from Blind Alley. Here Terry joined her, and the good woman had the happiness of living to see her son become one of the most trusted and highly-paid employés of Drummond and Brown.

Terry never forgot his own past. His heart was always warm in sympathy towards the boys that played about the wharves, and he lost no opportunity of saying a kind word or doing a kind deed on their behalf; and they had no better friend in Halifax than Mr. Terrence Ahearn, who, in rising from their ranks to a position of honour and emolument, showed no foolish pride, nor sought to conceal whence he had come.

THE END.

The Boys New Library

Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Price 3s. 6d. each,

The British Legion. A Tale of the Carlist War. By HERBERT HAYENS, author of "An Emperor's Doom," etc., etc. Crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.

The Island of Gold. A Sea Story. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., author of "Every Inch a Sailor," "How Jack Mackenzie won his Epaulettes," etc., etc. Crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations.

How Jack Mackenzie Won His Epaulettes. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., B.N., author of "As We Sweep through the Deep," etc. With Six Illustrations by A. PEARCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

"A story of the Crimean War, and one of the best that Dr. Stables has written for some time."—STANDARD.

"One of the most rattling looks for boys published this season.... Delightful as is the first part, the stirring battle scenes of the second will more particularly interest Young England."—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

Boris the Bear-Hunter. A Story of Peter the Great and His Times. By FRED. WHISHAW, author of "A Lost Army," etc. Illustrated by W. S. STACEY. Crown

8vo, cloth extra.

"Mr. Whishaw may be congratulated on having written the boys' book of the season."—CHRISTIAN LEADER.

My Strange Rescue. AND OTHER STORIES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE IN CANADA. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, author of "Up Among the Ice-Floes," "Diamond Rock," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

"We are again among the bears in semi-Polar latitudes. And what with bears, wolves, Indians, rapids, snowstorms, and trackless forests, the heroes have a lively time of it. The tales are exceedingly well told."—TIMES.

Pincherton Farm. By E. A. B. D., author of "Young Ishmael Conway," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

A story showing the elevating influence of a simple trust in God.

"A tale of great interest, with some excellent character-drawing."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Up Among the Ice-Floes. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, author of "Diamond Rock," etc. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra.

A lively sketch of the exciting adventures of the crew of a whaler.

"The fun and dangers of hunting the red deer, fishing the whale, facing storms in ice seas, and foraging with the Eskimo, keep the book moving pleasantly along; and the story has a novelty and freshness that will please young readers."—SCOTSMAN.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

The Boys' New Library.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 3s. 6d. each.

A Lost Army. By FRED. WHISHAW, author of "Boris the Bear-Hunter," "Out of Doors in Tsarland," etc. With Six Illustrations by W. S. STACEY. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"The whole story is extremely well told, and, packed with adventure as it is, in calculated to hold the ordinary boy spell-bound. It is a striking work of exceptional and varied interest."—SCHOOLMASTER.

Baffling the Blockade. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, author of "In the Wilds of the West Coast," "Diamond Rock," "My Strange Rescue," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"It is really one of the most 'convincing' of books, in the sense that the incidents, which are thick and thrilling, read as if they had really happened."—CHRISTIAN WORLD.

"Holds us in breathless interest from board to board, so that we are loth to skip a line."—TIMES.

Chris Willoughby; or, Against the Current. By FLORENCE E. BURCH, author of "Dick and Harry and Tom," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"A capital tale for boys; thoroughly wholesome in tone, and lively from beginning to end."—BRITISH WEEKLY.

Diamond Rock; or, On the Right Track. By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, author of "Up Among the Ice-Floes," etc. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"A sea story of great power.... Relates to the stirring period in naval annals in the early years of the century, when brushes with the French were frequent, and the glamour which hung about matters maritime had not passed away. Mr. Oxley narrates an exciting story vividly."—LEEDS MERCURY.

Doing and Daring. A New Zealand Story. By ELEANOR STREDDER, author of "Jack and his Ostrich," etc. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"It has a quickly-moving plot of wild life, adventure, and dangers, and is sure to please a boy reader."—SCOTSMAN.

Harold the Norseman. By FRED. WHISHAW, author of "A Lost Army," "Boris the Bear-Hunter," etc. Post 8vo, cloth extra.

"An entrancing story dealing with Norse life in the eleventh century, a period unsurpassed for the opportunities it presents to the romancer."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

"A stirring story of a stirring period, which, though we regard it at the distance of eight centuries, is full of unfailing fascination to all lovers of the romance of history."—COURT JOURNAL.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

Tales of Adventure and Enterprise.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 2s. 6d. each.

The Vanished Yacht. By E. HARCOURT BURRAGE

"Does not disappoint the expectation held out by the title, for it is full of interest and adventure."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Crag, Glacier, and Avalanche. Narratives of Daring and Disaster. By ACHILLES DAUNT, Author of "With Pack and Rifle in the Far South-west," etc. With Illustrations.

The Drifting Island; or, The Slave-Hunters of the Congo. By WALTER WENTWORTH, Author of "Kibboo Ganey," etc.

The Flamingo Feather. By KIRK MUNROE. With Twenty Illustrations.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. A Story of Life in Holland. By MARY

MAPES DODGE. With Illustrations.

An interesting and instructive tale of life in Holland; sure to prove acceptable to boys.

Kibboo Ganey; or, The Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain. A Tale of Travel and Adventure in the Heart of Africa. By WALTER WENTWORTH.

A well-told tale of adventure undergone in the course of a journey to the neighbourhood of Lake Tchad. To boys it cannot fail to prove fascinating.

Our Sea-Coast Heroes; or, Tales of Wreck and of Rescue by the Lifeboat and Rocket. By ACHILLES DAUNT, Author of "Frank Redcliffe," "With Pack and Rifle in the Far South-west," etc. With numerous Illustrations.

"The narratives of wreck and rescue are admirably penned, and the illustrations throughout are effective."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Robinson Crusoe. The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner. Written by Himself. Illustrated.

Sandford and Merton. A Book for the Young. By THOMAS DAY. Illustrated.

The Swiss Family Robinson; or, Adventures of a Father and his Four Sons on a Desolate Island. Illustrated.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

The Boys' Own Library.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 2s. each.

Soldiers of the Queen; or, Jack Fenleigh's Luck. A Story of the Dash to Khartoum. By HAROLD AVERY, Author of "Frank's First Term," etc., etc.

"Rehearses in a thrilling manner the stirring story of the Egyptian War and the advance to Khartoum."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

Vandrad the Viking; or, The Feud and the Spell. A Tale of the Norsemen. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. With Six Illustrations by HUBERT PATON.

How the valiant Vandrad comes under the "spell" of a certain beautiful "witch," and how the glamour causes him to forego his revengeful purpose, is told by Mr. Storer Clouston in language so full of power and poetic feeling that once read the story will not soon be forgotten.

Breaking the Record. The Story of Three Arctic Expeditions. By M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Across Greenland's Ice-Fields."

"Just the kind of book that will stir a boy's heart to its uttermost depths, and make him give up his most cherished dreams of being a great Indian fighter in favour of an Arctic explorer."—NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL.

Across Greenland's Ice-Fields. The Adventures of Nansen and Peary on the Great Ice-Cap. By M. DOUGLAS, Author of "For Duty's Sake," etc.

Sir Clements R. Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, says: "Miss Douglas conducts her readers over those trackless wastes of snow and ice in the footsteps of Nordenskiöld, of Nansen, and of Peary; and certainly those who begin the journey with her will, in continuing to the end, derive no small amount of pleasure and instruction."

As We Sweep Through the Deep. A Story of the Stirring Times of Old. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. With Illustrations.

A story for boys, giving glimpses of naval life during the times of Napoleon.

The Battle of the Rafts. And Other Stories of Boyhood in Norway. By H. H. BOYESEN.

"The stories are so different from the ordinary run of boys' tales, and yet so exciting, that they cannot fail to be appreciated."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

After Years. A Story of Trials and Triumphs. By J. W. BRADLEY, Author of "Culm Rock." With Illustrations.

Among the Turks. By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy, Author of "Jack Hooper," etc. With Illustrations.

"'Among the Turks' is racy with adventure and spirited descriptions of Eastern life and character. Boys will read the book with great delight."—SCOTSMAN.

Archie Digby; or, An Eton Boy's Holidays. By G. E. WYATT, Author of "Harry Bertram and his Eighth Birthday."

An interesting tale for boys. Archie, a thoughtless young Etonian, learns during a Christmas holiday, by humbling experience, lessons of value for all after life.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

Our Boys' Select Library.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE, TRAVEL, AND DISCOVERY.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 2s. 6d. each.

The Forest, the Jungle, and the Prairie; or, Tales of Adventure and Enterprise in Pursuit of Wild Animals. With numerous Engravings.

Scenes with the Hunter and the Trapper. Stories of Adventures with Wild Animals. With Engravings.

Beyond the Himalayas. By JOHN GEDDIE, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," etc. With Nine Engravings.

"A tale of adventure and travel over regions on the borders of China and Thibet. The author has taken great pains to make his descriptions of the scenery, natural history, and botany, and of the manners and habits of the frontier people accurate and instructive. There are plenty of exciting adventures and encounters with wild beasts and no less wild men."—STANDARD.

The Castaways. A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of Borneo. By Captain MAYNE REID.

The Meadows Family; or, Fireside Stories of Adventure and Enterprise. By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc. With Illustrations.

The Story of the Niger. A Record of Travel and Adventure from the Days of Mungo Park to the Present Time. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, Author of "Adventurous Boat Voyages," "Ralph's Year in Russia," etc. With Thirty-one Illustrations.

The Norseland Library.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 2s. 6d. each.

The Hermit Princes. A Tale of Adventure in Japan. By ELEANOR STREDDER, Author of "Doing and Daring," etc.

"Conspicuous for novelty of subject and treatment. It is a Japanese story perfectly conceived and realized. The landscape-painting throughout is terse and full of interest."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Norseland Tales. By H. H. BOYESEN, Author of "The Battle of the Rafts, and Other Stories of Boyhood in Norway." With Seven Illustrations.

"They are tales of modern life, not of the Vikings, but of and about the sea, and of Norwegian boys who crossed the Atlantic. All are well written and interesting."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Leaves from a Middy's Log. By ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT, Author of "Adventures of a Midshipmite," "The Rajah of Monkey Island," etc. Illustrated by A. PEARCE.

"A decidedly fresh and stirring story. There is plenty of incident and plenty of spirit in the story; the dialogue is amusing and natural, and the descriptions are vigorous and vivid."—SPECTATOR.

Sons of the Vikings. An Orkney Story. By JOHN GUNN, M.A., D.Sc. With Illustrations by JOHN WILLIAMSON.

Sons of Freedom; or, The Fugitives from Siberia. By FRED. WHISHAW, Author of "Harold the Norseman," "A Lost Army," "Boris the Bear-Hunter," etc. With numerous Illustrations.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

Our Boys' Select Library.

Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 2s. 6d. each.

THREE BOOKS BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Afar in the Forest. With Forty-one Full-page Engravings.

A tale of settler life in North America, full of stirring adventure.

In the Rocky Mountains. A Tale of Adventure. With Forty-one Engravings.

A narrative specially adapted to the taste and delectation of youth, with numerous incidents of travel and amusing stories, told in afresh and invigorating style.

In New Granada; or, Heroes and Patriots. With Thirty-six Full-page Engravings.

"This book will delight boys of all ages. The subject is unusually interesting, and opens a wide field for romantic adventure."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE, TRAVEL, AND DISCOVERY.

Adventurous Boat Voyages. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, Author of "Ralph's Year in Russia," etc. With Fifteen Illustrations.

Frank Redcliffe. A Story of Travel and Adventure in the Forests of Venezuela. By ACHILLES DAUNT, Author of "The Three Trappers." With numerous Illustrations.

In the Land of the Moose. Adventures in the Forests of the Athabasca. By ACHILLES DAUNT, Author of "The Three Trappers." With Illustrations.

In the Bush and on the Trail. Adventures in the Forests of North America. By M. BENEDICT REVOIL. With Seventy Illustrations.

The Island Home; or, The Young Castaways. A Story of Adventure in the Southern Seas. With Illustrations.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A Record of Modern Discovery. By JOHN GEDDIE, F.R.G.S. With Thirty-two Illustrations.

"Here we have excellent writing, full of accurate geographical information, and fascinating in style; first class illustration and plenty of it."—SWORD AND TROWEL.

Lost in the Backwoods. A Tale of the Canadian Forest. By Mrs. TRAILL, Author of "In the Forest," etc. With 32 Engravings.

The Three Trappers. By ACHILLES DAUNT, Author of "In the Land of the Moose, the Bear, and the Beaver." With Eleven Engravings.

"It is one of those books which have been favourites with healthy-minded lads since books became common. We do not remember to have seen one that

sustained more of vigour and liveliness in its narrative than this."—
SCOTSMAN.

Wrecked on a Reef; or, Twenty Months in the Auckland Isles. A True Story of Shipwreck, Adventure, and Suffering. With Forty Illustrations.

Ralph's Year in Russia. A Story of Travel and Adventure in Eastern Europe. By ROBERT RICHARDSON, Author of "Almost a Hero," etc. With Eight Engravings.

"A capital story of travel and adventure. Mr. Richardson has written with great force and vivacity. He has produced a story healthy in all respects."—
SCOTSMAN.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

End of Project Gutenberg's Terry's Trials and Triumphs, by J. Macdonald Oxley

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TERRY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS ***

***** This file should be named 33754-h.htm or 33754-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
<http://www.gutenberg.org/3/3/7/5/33754/>

Produced by Al Haines

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no

one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project

Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version

posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project

Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pglaaf.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other

ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.