

islanders to bring off their great stock of skins and furs. Then she made all haste away from a coast so dangerous, and trimmed her course for France.

The breasts of the rescued convicts were now in a tumult of mingled hopes and fears, for they knew not whether it was to letters or to freedom they were returning.

Sailing up the channel, Chetodel kept a course so close to the French coast that it was thought he was going to make St. Malo; and Jules' eyes grew dim with emotion as the well-known head-land loomed into sight.

But no! St. Malo was not their destination. Chetodel kept on as far as Le Havre, and there his passengers were landed.

With hair and beard all untrimmed, and in their coats of hide as they had been when rescued, they were taken straight to Paris and to the King, where, in trembling doubt, they told the whole story of their sufferings. Christophe Saintine, as leader, spoke for the party; and he was careful to explain that his son Jules was not a convict—a statement which Chetodel at once corroborated.

To King Henry their story proved profoundly interesting. When he had questioned them closely, touching innumerable details as to their daily life on the island, and touching the wealth of hides and furs they had brought away with them, he finally vowed that they should now have a chance to win happier fortunes. He gave each of them a full pardon, with a present of fifty golden crown-pieces, and secured them in the possession of their valuables.

To Jules, as he could not give him a pardon, he made an additional gift of one hundred crowns, declaring at the same time that if he would return to Paris after embracing his mother and brother, he should have a position as one of the keepers of the King's forests.

Travelling was difficult in those days, and long ere Jules and his father could get home, St. Malo had heard of Chetodel's arrival. But as for the names of the scanty band who had survived the horrors of the Isle of Sands, that was something no one could find out; and there was little hope in the heart of Goodwife Saintine and her big boy Baptiste. They tried hard to persuade themselves that one of their dear ones might have returned, but of seeing both again they never dreamed.

Then came a report that the King had pardoned the survivors and loaded them down with gifts. But in this report there was no word mentioned of Jules.

"There was naught to pardon my boy for! Surely, then, Jules is not among them!" sobbed the goodwife.

Then for weeks came no further tidings. Christophe and Jules, tired of waiting for a ship, had started to walk to St. Malo.

One evening, toward sundown, as mother and boy sat dejectedly eating their poor meal of black bread and cabbage, the wanderers arrived.

The joy of such a home-coming cannot be pictured. We will leave them there and retrace the naked, ill-kept road, with its row of poplars along one side, till we find our way by twilight into the city.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE JAWBONE TELEGRAPH.

STORY-WRITERS, as a rule, would have us believe that the hero always wears the hero trademark in his face. But I know better. I have met a good many heroes, boys and men, and hardly one of them was handsome.

One of these was Patsy. If ever there was a lad whom the romancer would not pick out as a hero, he was the one. He was a sleepy-looking Texas boy, snub-nosed and weak of chin, with clothes that seemed to be barely on speaking terms with him.

If you had rounded up all the "no-account" looking boys in Arizona, Patsy would have taken the prize as the most unpromising of them all. And no one would have been more satisfied of the justice of the award than Patsy himself. He had as little suspicion as had any one who knew him that he carried about him any claim to special consideration; which is, after all, a very good starting-point for the real hero.

Patsy had gone to Waco at fifteen and learned telegraphy by the sufferance of an operator whom he knew. Study of any sort was not easy to him;

but in his stolid way he had mastered as much as his instructor knew; and some time later the operator, to get rid of him, helped him into a position out in New Mexico.

Then he had a chance to go out on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, to a little station where there was better chance of promotion; and when he invented the famous Jawbone Telegraph he was night-man at Fairview, the sort of metropolis still common in Arizona.

Fairview contained a telegraph office twelve by sixteen; a section-house which overflowed with the American "boss" and his wife and five Mexican laborers; a pigpen made of worn-out ties; a pet deer and an outlook.

The sprawling junipers crowded in on all sides; and northeast opened the rocky jaws of Johnson's Cañon, the long, wild scar in the shoulders of the San Francisco range by which the railroad slid down from the great pitch of the Arizona Divide, more than seven thousand feet above the sea, on its lonely way to the far Rio Colorado.

The cañon was a bad place, and yet the only route by which a railroad could jump off the mountains without breaking its neck.

The grades ran up to one hundred and thirty-seven feet—a hill at which an Eastern engineer would look with horror. The monster ten-wheelers, each twice to three times as heavy as an Eastern locomotive, panted hard in bringing a load of ten

cars up the hill; and coming down that steep twenty miles from Supai, trains crept as if holding their breath.

The track lay along a narrow shelf hewn from the face of the savage cliff; and from the car windows one looked far down on one side into the dizzy gorge, and on the other up to the beetling rocks.

On the shelf, crowded between the great iron bridge, which spanned a side cañon, and the tunnel was a little box of a house; and there lived deaf old George, an Englishman, the faithful watchman of that very important stretch of track.

Ten miles downhill was the eight-house "city" of Ash Fork. Thirteen miles uphill—twenty-three miles from Ash Fork, and at nearly three thousand feet higher altitude—was Williams, with three-score people. Outside of these it was forty miles in any direction to a human being.

Binn, the agent and day operator, was not a very cheerful companion. But Patsy's best chum was—Patsy. Coming off watch at six in the morning, he slept in a blanket on the high counter till early afternoon; then generally sallied out alone "for a pasear wid Patsy" until time to take his task again at six in the evening. There was game back in the hills; and the echoes came to know well the bark of the battered old Henry rifle.

One hot August afternoon Patsy woke somewhat earlier than usual; and sliding off the counter in the telegraph office, took the antiquated brass-mounted rifle from the corner and stroked it.

"I'm goin' up yan side o' the tunnel," he said. "De Mexicans seed a wild cat up dere yisterday, 'n' I 'low hit's my cat—c' I git it."

Binn said "Mm!" being too sleepy to care to say anything more important; and Patsy shuffled out and off.

It was not exactly the day most people would choose for a walk, as few days of an Arizona summer are; but Patsy did not particularly mind the blinding glow. It was good to get out, even if the sun did "come down de nigh way;" and he shambled up the track at a rapid gait.

In an hour he had crossed the first iron bridge, and was nearing the second and the tunnel. A scurrying cottontail rabbit ran down a cleft of the rocks and out of sight; and Patsy clambered clumsily down to the bottom of the gorge, hoping for a shot. But the rabbit had disappeared.

Patsy walked a little way up the dry stream-bed; and finding nothing, climbed up again the five hundred rocky feet to the track beside the little watch-house.

The door was open, but old George was not to be seen. This was odd, for he always locked the door when he went out, and at other times he was generally sitting on the sill.

Patsy crossed the little twelve-foot shelf which was the old man's front yard, and poked his head into the doorway. The tiny, cheerless room was very still and hot. The sunlight through the door made a path of warped gold to the rough bunk with its tattered quilts.

On the broken chair dozed the fat yellow cat, old

