







THE ETERNAL YEARS.

BY FREDERICK HARRIS.

How shall I bear the cross that now  
So dread a weight appears?  
How quickly to God, and think  
On the eternal years.

THE BULLY OF THE VILLAGE.

TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

HEER SCHMIDT.

It was twilight of the second day.

They had exchanged the stage-coach

for a rude wagon, which jolted un-

comfortably over the rough roads.

They had travelled for the greater

part of two days, yet were less than

eighty miles from San Francisco. It

was a wearisome mode of travelling,

and they were all tired. The party

consisted of four, Gates, Morton,

Tom, and a stout Dutchman, who be-

lieved his miseries most of all.

"I don't call this travelling for

pleasure," said Gates, as he was jolted

off his seat.

"Nor I," said Morton. "I wish I had

never left San Francisco."

"Oh, well," said Tom, who, being

younger, was more hopeful than the

rest. "It won't last forever."

"What is that you say?" broke in the

German. "Forever! I hope not. I

think I shall never see mine frau and

die kinder ever more at all."

"Oh, yes, you will, mein herr,"

said Tom. "You will go back with a

big lump of gold, and give happy

ever after."

"If I do not get killed first," said the

German, dubiously. "Where am I

going?"

"As he spoke, in consequence of a

sudden jolt the unhappy German

tumbled over backwards upon the floor

of the wagon, there being no back to

the seat, and lay on his back incapable

of sitting up.

"Ich bin tot!" he groaned. "Ich

denke dat my bones are broke in two."

"Oh, no, mein herr," said Tom.

"They are too well covered for that.

Don't you be alarmed, I'll help you up,

and he sprang to the side of his pros-

trated fellow-traveller, and tried to

help him to his feet. But Herr Johann

Schmidt weighed two hundred and

sixty pounds, and though Tom suc-

ceeded in raising his head about six

inches from the floor of the wagon, he

could do no more. In fact as bad luck

would have it, it fell back with a

whack, and caused the poor Dutchman

to redouble his groans.

"You have killed me once more," he

said dolefully.

"Excuse me, mein herr," said Tom.

"I didn't know you were so heavy.

Mr. Gates, won't you help me?"

But before Gates could come to help

there was another fearful jolt, causing

the prostrate body to give an upward

bound and fall back with several ad-

ditional bruises.

"Stop the horse," roared the recum-

best Tonton. "Stop him all at once

or I shall be murdered!"

The horse was stopped, and by the

untied help of the other three, Herr

Johann Schmidt was replaced on his

seat.

"I wish I had not come out here," he

behooved himself. "Why could I not

stay at home in my lager beer saloon,

where I was made much money. I

shall not never go back once more,

and what will mein frau do?"

"Oh, don't mind about her," said

Gates, mischievously. "She'll marry

another man, and he'll take care of

the children."

"Was?" roared the Tonton, his

small eyes lighted up with anger.

"Mein frau marry another man.

Das I will not die at all."

"That's where your head's level,"

said Tom, who had picked up the

phrase in San Francisco. "I wouldn't

put out my head for you."

"And my Katrine be another man's

frau!" continued the German in a tone

of disgust.

"You couldn't blame her you know,"

said Gates in a mischievous spirit. "Of

course she couldn't manage the children

alone. I'm not married, and I might

be willing to take her myself, that is

if anything happened to you."

"You marry my Katrine!" exclam-

ed Herr Schmidt, almost apoplectic

with indignation.

"I suppose you would prefer that I

should take her myself, wouldn't you,

Herr Schmidt?"

"That's not good!"

"You don't like her?"

"I don't like her!"

"Then turning to the former speaker,

who appeared to be the chief of the

robbers, he said:

"Will you let us go if we surrender

our money?"

"Not to-day. You must follow us."

"Where?"

"Where we shall lead you."

"What is that for?"

"It is unnecessary to ask."

"That is adding insult to injury. I

don't like that."

"Perhaps," suggested Tom, "these

gentlemen mean to give us some supper,

and a night's lodging. If so, I go for

accepting the invitation. There isn't

any hotel about here that I know of. I

take their invitation as very kind."

"They mean to make us pay dearly

for their accommodation."

"We may as well get something for

our money," said Tom.

"That's so. Well, gentlemen, for

reasons which it is unnecessary to par-

ticularize, we accept your invitation."

"Very good," said the chief. "Put

up your revolver, then, first of all, or

rather give it to me."

"I would like to keep it."

"Impossible! Give it up."

Gates handed over the weapon un-

willingly.

"Now give me yours," said the chief

to Morton.

The latter with trembling hand re-

sponded it. He was deficient in cour-

age, and had sat silent, pale with ter-

ror, while the conference had gone on.

"Now, my young bantam," said the

robber, turning to Tom "have you

any?"

"Yes, but I should like to keep it."

"Hand it over."

"We'll take care of it for the owner."

"Here it is. Be careful how you

handle it, for it's loaded. It might hit

my fat friend there."

The Dutchman began to kick at this

suggestion.

"Take care, Mr. Robber!" he ex-

claimed. "It might go off all at once,

and that would be an end of Johann

Schmidt!"

"Oh, never mind, Mein Herr," said

Tom. "There is plenty of John

Schmidts in the world. One more or

less wouldn't make much difference."

"It would make much difference to

me," said Johann, sensibly, "and mine

Katrine, and die kinder."

"Well, what next?" asked Gates.

"Can we go on?"

"No, you must go with us. First

get down from the wagon."

"What is that for?"

"Ask no questions, but obey," said

the highwayman, sternly.

"Very good. I suppose, under the

circumstances, we must obey orders."

"Get down, Herr Schmidt," said Tom

to the Tonton.

"What for? What will he do?" asked

the terrified Dutchman.

"I don't know," said Tom, gravely.

"But I'll tell you what they do some-

times."

"What?"

"They stand travellers up in a line

and shoot them."

"Will they be so wicked?" groaned

the poor Dutchman, turning as pale as

his florid complexion would admit.

"They would not dare."

"They dare anything but the only

thing we can do is to follow directions."

Tom assisted the poor man from the

wagon. Gates and Morton were

already out.

"Now," said the chief of the high-

waymen, turning to the driver, "you

can go. But take heed," he added

sternly, "that you say nothing of this

adventure. If you do, you are a mark-

ed man, and your life will not be worth

an hour's purchase."

"I understand," said the man.

Gates turned towards the man with a

sudden suspicion.

"I believe you are in league with

these men," he said, sternly. "You

have led us into a trap."

"That is not so," said the driver.

"I swear it."

"The man speaks the truth," said the

captain. "We have never had any-

thing to do with him."

"Then why don't you keep him as

you do us?"

"We don't fly at such games. He is

a poor laboring man. We don't prey

on such."

"I am a poor laboring man," said

Herr Schmidt, eagerly. "Let me go,

too, good Mr. Robber. I am not rich

like these gentlemen."

The chief laughed.

"We can tell better by and bye," he

said. "Now gentlemen, I must trouble

you to follow us."

Escorted by the eight highwaymen,

our four travellers walked into the

depth of the forest.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORTON'S SECRET.

They walked for about a mile,

threading the intricacies of the forest.

Tom did not particularly mind the

walk. In fact, though the idea of being

a captive in the hands of robbers was

not particularly agreeable, there was a

spice of adventure and romance about

it which he liked. Gates, too, was a

man who took things philosophically,

and did not allow himself to be dis-

turbed overmuch by any contrivance

like the present. But the other two,

namely, Morton and our Tonton friend,

took it more to heart. Morton had a

great deal to lose, and he was in terror

lest the papers and certificates of

stock should be found upon his person.

For them he had staked reputation

and liberty. For them he was an exile

and a fugitive, and he felt that if they

were lost he should have little left to

live for.

As for Herr Schmidt, he was troubled

in more than one way. First, with his

portly figure and superfluous load of

fat, he found locomotion, especially

in the forest, quite difficult. Then

again he had written three hundred

dollars in gold, which he was very

anxious to part with. He felt that they

would all be taken from him and

what to do then he did not know. It

would take money to go on, it would

take money to get back. On the whole

the prospect of his seeing none of

his Katrine, and going away with

physically a very good match for her

John, was indeed small. So he kept

grumbling at his fate, and soliloquy-

ing.

"What is this?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't be, if I had

such a load to carry."

"And if you had a Katrine and kinder

at home?"

"Just so. But I haven't. How is it

with you?"