

The Archaeologist

He Preferred Digging in the Ground to Money Making

By F. A. MITCHEL

When Henry Robson lost his wife he was left with one son—Louis, fourteen years old. Robson was of a very practical mold regarding the production and accumulation of wealth, the chief end of man. Having made a fortune, this ambition was succeeded by a still larger object. He would bring up his son to take his place at the head of the great manufacturing concern of which he was the principal owner and manager.

But before Louis was prepared to enter college his father married again. His second wife was a widow with a daughter eleven years old or three years younger than her stepbrother. No sooner had the marriage taken place than the wife began to study how she could divert her husband's fortune from Louis to her daughter. She could only think of it, however, for her husband was bent on his fortune passing from his hands to those of his son.

The girl knew well that this reference to the will was the object of the whole matter and since she was too young to think in a mercenary way of the future she did not enter into her mother's plans. But by not doing so she unintentionally helped the matter for her stepfather saw through her mother's plan from the first and it was plain to him that Edith was disturbed by it.

Mr. Robson, he regarded the Greeks and Romans as absolutely dead and unproductive. The Roman forum was to him simply a show for Americans and only valuable for the brass taken in as gate money. But even this he considered wasted because it was being used for further excavations.

"But, papa," Edith would say, "just think—the ancients called the Boston the Hellespont, and Leander swam it to visit Hero." "Spoken like the dear little girl you are," was the reply to this. "You are at an age when girls are much better fitted to discern a romance than a site for a real estate speculation."

A crisis came in the family when Louis was graduated. An expedition was to be sent out by his alma mater to dig for the site of an ancient city, and he was invited to be a member of the party. His father, who had been waiting for four years to begin to prepare his son to take his place in his business, was furious. Edith placated him as best she could, holding out the hope that Louis would tire of hunting for old bones, flint arrowheads, pottery and trinkets buried fifty feet underground.

"Very well; go on your hunt for old pots and kettles and don't come back here any more."

Edith tried to patch up a peace between the two, but failed. The father could not endure to see his fondest hope wrecked, and the son recognized instinctively his life work and proposed to follow it. There was but one person in the family who was pleased and that was Mrs. Robson. In this disagreement she saw her daughter's benefit, and she was right. As soon as Louis had left America his father made a will leaving all his possessions to his stepdaughter.

"I won't have it, papa," she said. "Your fortune belongs to Louis and not to me at all except such amount as you choose to leave me for a gift."

The old man was greatly pleased at this ingenuous and unselfish statement, especially since he knew of his wife's desire that he should cut off his son in favor of her daughter.

"Louis," continued Edith, "has shown more common sense than you, papa. He hasn't a business habit in his head and you could never make one grow there. He'll make a reputation in the profession he has chosen that we shall all be proud of. See if he doesn't."

"A reputation for digging up dead persons who should be suffered to remain in their graves. However, I'll think over what you say, and maybe I'll make a will leaving the bulk of the estate to Louis, providing for you liberally at the same time. But if you really wish me to do so you'd better not mention it to your mother. One reason that influences me is that if I leave it all to you she will manage it for you, and if Louis should need any of it he won't get it nor from her."

After a while Mr. Robson's condition was such that Edith wrote Louis that if he wished to see his father alive he had better come home. Louis returned the day of his father's death. In an interview between the two, Robson admitted that he had been wrong in the matter of his son's career, and Louis expressed a regret that he had not at least tried to fulfill his father's desire.

"What does this mean, Edith?" he asked. "What mean?" she said, her bosom heaving. "An hour ago I was coming downstairs to get a biscuit and I saw your mother ransacking that box. She took from it a paper."

The Home on the Hackensack

A Story of General Washington's Secret Service

By WILLIAM T. HANCOCK

There still stands on the Hackensack river, in New Jersey, after weathering the political and atmospheric storms of nearly two centuries, a fine specimen of the homesteads built by the early Dutch settlers in America. It was forty years old when the Revolutionary war opened, and its original owner had then long passed away.

When it was built the country round about it was infested by Indians. They stole a son of the owner, and so long as he lived there he and his family were in terror of other depredations. A recent investigation of a historical society has revealed an ingenious contrivance whereby if besieged by savages those who lived in the house might make their escape.

When Washington was called to the chief command of the American armies his first duties were at Boston, then New York city, then New Jersey. While operating in the latter field the old Dutch house on the Hackensack lay between him and Manhattan island on ground belonging to neither British nor Americans. The homestead at the time occupied by John Oldershaw, an aristocratic Englishman who had turned what means he had into cash and emigrated to America.

His family consisted of a wife and two children, the latter having been born in America. The mother was ill suited to the rude life of a new country and lived in the hope of some day returning to England. Both she and her husband were bitter Tories, but their children, who had never been in the mother country, sympathized secretly with the patriot cause. They were a young man, Edgar, aged twenty-two, and a daughter, Anne, aged sixteen.

One evening General Howe, commanding at New York with certain members of his staff, rode out over the Jersey flats between the city and the rising ground beyond on a tour of reconnaissance and at nightfall stopped at the Oldershaw mansion. Too late in the day to return to his headquarters, he suffered himself to be persuaded to remain all night, with his attendants, and was entertained by Mr. Oldershaw.

During the evening he and his host sat over a bottle of port wine, and the general, warmed by the juice of the grape, became confidential as to his plans for gaining an advantage over General Washington. Above the apartment in which they sat was Anne Oldershaw's bedroom. Though the timber with which houses were built in those days was far more durable than now, it was rough and not so carefully selected. In the floor of Anne's room was a knobhole, and in the wooden ceiling of the room below was a crack.

Anne, who had gone to bed, but not to sleep, hearing voices below, was desirous of learning what the general might have to say to her father. So she arose from her bed, slipping on a warm wrapper, put her ear to the hole in the floor. She was enabled to hear a plan the general was forming to her father for capturing a large American force then located near Trenton. Indeed, the British's reconnaissance was on business connected with the projected exploit.

The next morning, Anne related what she had heard to her brother. He took a very different view of the matter from that of his sister. He was desirous of being warned, but was deterred from betraying his father's guest by giving the information. Love of country, however, triumphed over other considerations, and he determined to carry it to General Washington, whose headquarters at the time were in the Ford mansion at Morristown. Letting his sister into the secret of his intended move and telling his parents that he was going to New York to see a friend, he set out on foot. On reaching the town he ascended the incline west of it and arrived at a tavern in Orange, which was then a stopping place for postboys traveling between Morristown and Hoboken. There he secured a horse, packed over the heights lying west of the town and in a couple of hours rode up to Washington's headquarters. He was received by Colonel Alexander Hamilton of the staff and immediately introduced to the commander in chief.

secretly, of course—in his sister Anne, giving him a bit of paper on which was written an introduction.

It was about a week after this that a young man rode up to the Oldershaw mansion and asked if he might beg a meal. The request was not unusual, for taverns were not plentiful along the route, and hospitality was the rule of the country. Oldershaw, asked the traveler whence he had come and was told that he had left New York a few hours before; that he was traveling on business for General Howe and was on his way to Trenton. Being left for a few minutes alone with Anne Oldershaw, his expression changed to one of terror, and, handing her a slip of paper, he begged her to hide him. Anne glanced at the paper, saw that it bore an introduction from her brother and beckoned Travers to follow her.

The meal for the traveler had been prepared and Mr. Oldershaw was opening a bottle of wine with which to regale his guest when a clatter of horses' hoofs was heard without, and a dozen British troopers rode up to the house. An officer dismounted, came in and asked Mr. Oldershaw if a citizen describing Travers, had stopped at the house. Oldershaw said that he had and thought he had gone to make a toilet; he was expecting him to come in at any moment. The officer asked if Oldershaw was a loyal subject of the king or a rebel and when assured that he was the former told him that he was harboring a spy of General Washington's who had been to New York and was carrying information of the British forces.

The house was at once surrounded, and the spy might not escape, and Oldershaw went through the interior looking for him. Neither Travers nor Anne could for some time be found, but presently Oldershaw met the latter coming through a hall on the ground floor.

"Where is the stranger?" he asked. "The stranger? Why, isn't he with you?"

"No. We must find him. He's a spy of the rebel, Washington." It was with difficulty that Anne was able to maintain her equanimity, but her father was so eager to catch Travers that he was not so observant as he would have been otherwise. He begged her to help him for the spy was not far from the house. The general who had disappeared, Anne Oldershaw had at times wondered at a certain part of the flooring in the basement, or cellar, the wood of which seemed to have taken on a different color from the rest. She had spoken to her brother of it, and one day they had examined it together. Edgar found a way to lift this bit of flooring and entered a passageway at the end of which there came two wooden gates, like those of a canal lock, though but five or six feet in height and two or three in width. Through these gates water trickled.

This tunnel had been built by the original owner of the house, after he had had his son as a means of escape from Indians. The discovery occurred after the family had become divided on the subject of loyalty to King George and it occurred to Edgar that this passage might afford means of escape, for he had heard the stories of troubles with the Indians that the former occupants had suffered. He told his sister to say nothing about it, for the present at any rate, till he could explore it further. But before he could do so the episode had taken him to Morris town had occurred and the matter remained as he had left it.

When young Travers asked Anne to hide him she at once thought of this place, known only to herself and her brother. She led him down a pair of stairs. Together they lifted the trap, and he went into the passageway.

There could be nothing better calculated to draw two young persons of opposite sex together with magnetic rapidity than this situation. Before the trap was lowered a look passed between them that annulled their individual natures and made them one. After a pressure of hands the trap was permitted to fall, and a few moments later Anne met her father in the hall. It was manifest to the troopers that the spy was hiding somewhere in the house, so they maintained their watch without and hunted within. Fortunately for Travers, Anne was not suspected. As soon as she left him he threaded his way through the passage to the gates. Seeing a chink above through which a ray of sunlight came, he managed to raise himself to it and saw the river, its surface about a foot and a half below the roof of the tunnel, if he could open the gates he might get out and escape. The tunnel would only be filled to within eighteen inches of its top, and he need not be drowned. He tried to open the gates, but could not do so.

It was not till the next morning that Anne dared visit the captive, when she slipped away with some food. Travers asked her if she could get him a row-boat or a large iron poker, or better still, a saw. She brought him a saw and after a brief interview left him, and he went to work on the gates, sawing through a wooden bar that held them shut. When nearly finished he decided to wait till dark, when he opened the gates and the water flowed in, and after it had found its level he swam out under a starlit sky. By morning he was at Washington's headquarters. The British never solved the mystery of Travers' disappearance. Indeed, it had never been solved until recent explorations led to the discovery of the tunnel. After the war Oldershaw and his wife went to England. Anne married Travers, and they occupied the mansion on the Hackensack for many years.

On Good Luck Trail

Good Luck in More Ways Than One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Lem Harrison stopped and looked down the narrow trail over which he had been trudging with tired, blistered feet.

"I don't know why they call this Good Luck trail," he muttered, "unless it is because you're having good luck if you get back alive. I can't think of any other reason."

He wiped the perspiration from his heated face, settled the pack on his bent back and resumed the steady, upward climb into the heart of the Sierras. Somewhere far above him, concealed in a little gully mapped out on a rough piece of paper he carried next his heart, was a hidden treasure of gold dust. Lem Harrison's Uncle Peter had been a forty-niner and among the first to reach the California goldfields. He had written letters home of a wonderful fortune he had amassed and told in detail how the precious dust was contained in stout tin boxes and the whole hoard cached in this gully until his search for riches was ended. Then he would gather up all his treasure and take it down to San Francisco.

Months after that had come news of his death in San Francisco, almost penniless. His widow, who went west to bring back his remains, could obtain no news of the fortune he had written about and the only clew to which was a small, rough map found among his clothing. This she gave to Lem Harrison's father, who in turn bequeathed it to his son as a curiosity. But Lem possessed the same spirit of adventure that had prompted his father to fare forth in search of fortune, and after the death of his parents he, too, had turned his face to the "golden west" and tucked inside his pocket was the map made by his Uncle Peter sixty years before. For several years Lem led a varied life on the plains.

He had been cattleman and prospector and trackwalker for the railroad, but the lure of gold drew him over farther westward until his feet had crossed the line into California, and he had at last set forth on a definite expedition in search of the gold still concealed by his uncle.

"If he took it down to Frisco with him why did he make the map?" he argued with himself at night when he made his lonely camp. "Seems as if he might have found more gold after he hid that first lot and so he left it there and took the second lot down to the city and blew it in. I don't like to think that I have been deceiving myself all these years and that when I get to Good Luck gulch I'm going to be disappointed. Who knows but somebody else has found it years back? Pah! I won't think anything more about it till I get there."

Lem Harrison beguiled his lonely way with occasional monologues. As he mounted higher into the rare upper air of the mountains he felt a great exhilaration. In the distance were snow-capped peaks, and about him there were young pines that glistened in the sunlight. He sniffed the fresh air and whistled cheerily.

According to his map he had another mile to travel before he would reach the entrance to the gulch that was his goal. He had crossed and recrossed a crooked stream that lilted the trail with little runlets, and he recognized it as the stream described by his uncle, and from whose waters had been washed the precious gold. In Good Luck gulch this stream had its greatest breadth.

Three-quarters of a mile farther and just as the sun was setting he knew that he was nearing his goal. The pines had thinned out, and he had reached an eminence where he could look back over the trail and see it dropping like a sad colored string down the mountain side.

"If I don't find it," he muttered grimly, "I'll give this trail a new name. It won't sound like 'good luck,' and it'll smell mighty sulphurous!" He wouldn't go on any farther that night. He made camp then and there so that he might look upon the gulch by the early sunlight. The sun had dropped beyond the distant peaks, and there came the refreshing coolness of a California night.

that it had lacked on the more ragged eastern slope.

Then all at once he came upon the gulch. It must be the gulch, for the stream danced forth from it with glittering points of flame, as if each one had been touched by fairy gold. Through a narrow defile, with scarcely a foot's breadth on either side of the stream, and then he stood in a pocket of the mountain—a pocket that faced westward and south and was green and flourishing with soft, velvet turf, and standing in the midst of it was a substantial log house with a broad veranda, on which were comfortable chairs.

A cow was pasturing near by, and coming across the turf was a young girl of about twenty. In one hand she swung a shining milk pail, and as she came she sang in a rich soprano voice.

Lem Harrison watched her, spell-bound, convinced that once more he had wandered from Good Luck trail. The girl saw him and, startled, stood for a moment quite motionless. Then he approached her, removing his hat.

"Good morning," he said diffidently, "I'm looking for Good Luck gulch, but I'm afraid I've missed my way. Perhaps you can set me straight."

"Oh, this is Good Luck gulch, and this is Good Luck camp. That is what my father calls it," said the girl, showing a row of pearly teeth in a charming smile. "Do you mean to say you came up Good Luck trail?"

"Yes," he said.

"It isn't used much now. We use the west trail. It leads down through the valleys to Piedville. There is the opening."

She pointed a rounded arm and showed where, facing the house, was a wide opening, giving a panoramic view of mountains and valleys and tiny villages scattered at their feet.

Lem's face was haggard with disappointment, and the girl seemed quick to recognize that he was troubled about something.

"Perhaps you came to see my father?" she suggested, pointing toward the veranda, where an elderly man sat regarding them curiously.

"He shook his head. 'I didn't know anybody was here. I thought Good Luck gulch was as wild as it was sixty years ago, when my uncle came here to seek gold. I didn't expect to find any one here.'"

"My father obtained this place years ago. He took a fancy to it and staked a claim when he was a young man. A few years ago he decided that he would like to spend his declining years up here on the mountain, and so we sold our little vineyard below. There are only two of us, father and I."

"You must be lonesome," he said, wondering.

"We are. But it is beautiful, and once a week we go down to Piedville, and there are books and magazines to keep one busy. I suppose you came from the east?"

"I know I look like a Yankee," he admitted, smiling. "I'm from the east, and you will laugh when you hear why I came to Good Luck gulch."

"I shall be glad to hear all about it," she said pleasantly. "Suppose you go over and talk to father, and after I have milked the cow, we will have breakfast, and then you can tell us about it. We are very fond of visitors here in Good Luck gulch."

Lem left her reluctantly and went up to the log house, where he made the acquaintance of Henry Blair, the father of the girl he had been talking to. To his sympathetic ear he related the story of Peter Harrison's golden treasure, and the long years of anticipation, concerning its whereabouts. He displayed the map, and together the two men studied its faded lines.

Then they went out and measured the distances marked on the map. "If must be here under this flat rock," declared Mr. Blair excitedly. "Wait a moment until I get a crowbar."

Presently he returned, and together they heaved and strained and finally pried up the flat rock from its bed, disclosing closely packed earth under the heavy weight.