

Janice Bradfield was kneeling beside him.

She lifted his head, sobbing.

"You're alive!" she cried. "Oh, that's all I asked! To find him alive!"

"What's happened?" asked Sayville wearily.

"I came back!" she told him, as she began to wipe the blood from his face. "I went into the house from the front and found a rifle. But before I could get to you with it you made that mad charge. Then I fired as soon as I could see you, and that turned them to me. Then my father and the forge men came—"

She looked up at a dignified form standing above them. Bradfield glanced aside at Goodroe, bent down and poked him with the muzzle of a horse pistol.

Goodroe stirred and groaned.

"By taking this man, Mr. Sayville," said Bradfield, "you have done the ironmasters of the Adirondacks a service that can scarcely be repaid."

"I am paid already," said Sayville, as Janice helped him to sit up. And it seemed to him that both she and her father knew that he was thinking of her, whose slim hands were tearing strips of cloth from a petticoat to bind up his head.

"She ought," said Bradfield, "to be properly spanked! For getting into this mess herself!"

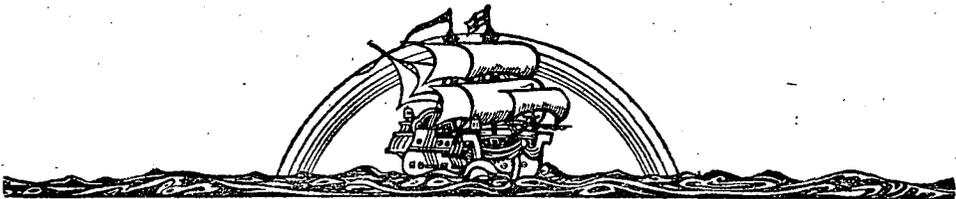
"I guessed where Mr. Sayville was," she told the statuesque old man, "and I wanted to make sure you'd come as fast as horseflesh could travel. I knew what you'd do if I were here. And that's why I sent the stable boy to tell you that I'd gone to Buck Horn's place myself!"

THE END

A Burglar Who Believed in Signs

THREE times in one month the F. W. Woolworth Company store on East Washington Street in Phoenix, Arizona, had been entered and pilfered by burglars. The thieves had done considerable damage to the safe in the office by blowing off the doors with nitroglycerin. Finally J. S. Kerr, the store manager, evolved a plan to save the safe at least. He had a neat sign made which read: "We Put Our Money in the Bank," and he placed it on top of the safe. A short time later the store was entered again by burglars. When Kerr entered the store the following morning he found his sign still in its place on top of the safe, the safe intact and carefully printed in ink on the bottom of the sign was the terse inscription: "O. K."

—James Joyce.



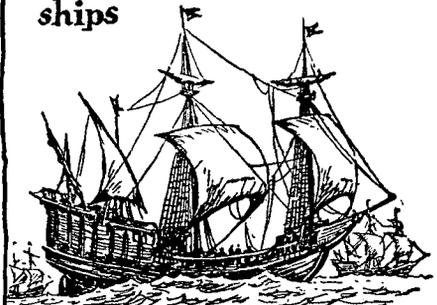


DUBROVNIK (RAGUSA)
 Once a sea power greater than England and for over 500 years an independent city republic, the town now belongs to Jugo-Slavia.

WHERE *the* WORD ARGOSY COMES FROM



In 1588, a Ragusan fleet fought with the Spanish Armada and lost 12 of its finest ships



Fifteenth Century Ragusan Carracks, called by the English 'RAGUSIES'

RAGUSA, now known as Dubrovnik, is situated on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea. For over five hundred years she was a city republic, one of the great mercantile ports of the world. At one time the most important rival of Venice, Ragusa was actually a greater power on the sea than England. Unwarlike and primarily concerned with trade, Ragusan ship owners paid for "protection" from pirate vessels—an early form of racketeering.

Ragusa's great carracks, laden with rich goods from the Levant, were a familiar sight in the ports of Europe and Africa, and in the Sixteenth Century her trade extended to India and America. Ragusan sailors served under the flags of many other countries, and it is almost certain that several were on Columbus's ships when he discovered America. Ragusan ships were seen in California even before the advent of the first Yankee vessel.

For over a century all Levantine goods were brought to England by Ragusans, and the English sailors soon began to call a ship owned and manned by Ragusans a "ragusy." Eventually the spelling of the word was corrupted into "argosy," which to-day means simply "any richly laden ship."

