

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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Vol. I.

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Don Gordon's Shooting-Box.

By HARRY CASTLEMAN.

Author of "Frank on a Gunboat," "The Boy Trapper," "The Sportsman's Club Afloat," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DESERTERS AT THE SHOW.

"HALT!" shouted the sentry. "Corporal of the guard No. 1."

"This is a regular game of 'follow the leader,' Gordon," said Egan, looking back over his shoulder. "Are you good at that?"

"I used to be," answered Don.

"They'll be after us in less than no time," continued the sergeant; and, as there are some splendid runners among the fellows, who will give us more than we want to do if they come up with us, our game must be to keep out of sight. We can't run much further in this direction, for the river will stop us; so that the best thing we can do is—"

Here Egan turned like a flash, and jumped as far as he could toward the middle of the creek. The water was deep enough to let him down out of sight, but he arose to the surface almost immediately, and struck out for the opposite shore. Don was astonished, but he did not hesitate an instant to "follow his leader." Settling his cap firmly on his head, he dove from the bank, and, swimming rapidly under the water, passed Egan, much to that young gentleman's surprise, and came up a long way ahead of him. A few long, steady strokes carried them across the stream, and while they were climbing out by the aid of the bushes that hung over the water, voices and footsteps sounded from the bank they had just left, and presently ejaculations indicative of the greatest amazement came to their ears, followed by ringing peals of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! I say you, Egan—ha! ha! ha! and Gordon—O, dear, O, dear! This will be the death of me, I just know—ha! ha! Halt!" was the command that was shouted at them from the other side of the creek; and, looking over their shoulders, they saw on the bank a party of their pursuers, some of whom stamped about and flourished their arms over their heads as if they were fighting off a swarm of bumble-bees, while the others rolled on the ground or stood in a crouching attitude, holding their hands firmly against their sides. They were all convulsed with laughter, and the corporal who commanded the squad, and who thought he had never before seen so ludicrous a sight as the deserters presented in their dripping uniforms, was so completely overcome with merriment that he could not speak again. He stood there on the bank, shaking his head and slapping his knees, until Egan and his companion disappeared in the woods.

"Well, Gordon, what do you think of the situation?" asked the sergeant, throwing himself flat on his back, and holding himself aloft, so that the water could run out of his boots.

"I'm seeing lots of fun," answered Don, wiping the tears from his eyes; for he had laughed as heartily as any of the corporal's men. "But do you think we can get through?"

"We must get through," replied the sergeant, earnestly. "If we should get caught and taken back after what we have done, the boys never would quit joking us. That corporal is a good fellow to keep out of the way of. He's as sharp as any detective, as fleet as an antelope, and, if he once gets a grip on a deserter's collar, he doesn't let up. He's a bad one, and, if he isn't recalled, he will follow us all over the country."

"If he is as persevering as that, what's the reason he did not swim the creek in pursuit of us?" asked Don.

"He wouldn't have made anything by it," an-

detour and safely passed the ambuscade. "We must hurry on now, for we are not safe so long as we wear these uniforms."

It would have been much easier walking in the main road, which was in plain sight of them, but the sergeant dared not follow it, for he and Don were in no condition, weighed down as they were by their wet clothing, to engage in a foot-race with the fleet and persevering corporal, who would be sure to see them the moment they came out of their concealment. So they kept to the bushes, and at the end of a quarter of an hour came to a halt in the rear of a sunny little farm-house, which was the home of one

Asa Peters, who had agreed, for a suitable consideration, to furnish them with disguises whenever they might stand in need of them. Asa was chopping wood in the back-yard, and Egan had no difficulty in attracting his attention. Hearing his name pronounced in a cautious tone, Asa threw down his axe, and, after looking all around to make sure

wants to go to the show, an' how am I goin' to take her when I ain't got no duds to go in? That's what's been a botherin' me. An', you see, if I don't take her, 'Bijah Sawin will."

"Well, let 'Bijah have her," said Don.

"Not by a long shot."

Asa glared savagely at Don as he said this, and brought his fist down into his open palm with a sounding whack. The idea of allowing a rival to walk off with his sweetheart was not to be entertained for a moment. Don looked blank; but Egan, who had had dealings with Asa before, thought he knew a sure road to his heart.

"Now, Asa," said he, coaxingly, "listen to me for a moment. I know that Sally is a beauty (Egan had never seen the girl in his life), but there are plenty others in the world who are just as handsome, and a dashing, good-looking young fellow like yourself can always take his pick."

Asa stroked the yellow down on his chin and grinned complacently.

"Besides, we'll make it worth your while to stick to your bargain," continued Egan, closely watching the effect of his words. "We will give you a dollar extra for the use of your clothes."

Asa opened his eyes and looked interested.

"We mean by that a dollar extra for the use of each suit," put in Don. "And if you want it, we will pay you half the money in advance."

It was evident from the expression on the face of

Asa Peters that there was a severe conflict going on in his mind—a conflict between his love of money and his deep-rooted affection for Sally; but avarice conquered at last, and, without saying a word, Asa climbed the fence and led the way toward the house, followed by the deserters, who exchanged many a wink, and laughed silently at the boy who was willing to give up his sweetheart for two dollars.

Asa led the deserters up the back-stairs and into his room, whose front window, which was open, looked out upon the road. While he was taking from his trunk his cherished wearing apparel, the judicious selection of which had occasioned him infinite trouble and perplexity, Don glanced out of the window and saw Corporal Mack and his men approaching.

"I declare, Egan," said he, "we're cornered."

"O, no," said the latter, who was making all haste to get out of his wet uniform; "Mack doesn't know that we are here, and even if he suspected it he has no right to search the house."

Having placed his best suit of clothes in orderly array

upon the bed (the deep sighs he uttered while he was thus engaged proving that Sally was not yet wholly forgotten), Asa seated himself on his trunk and looked out of the window, while Don and his companion proceeded to put on their disguises. And disguises they proved to be in every sense of the word. It is doubtful if even the sharp eyes of Corporal Mack could have penetrated them. The boys looked for all the world like a couple of green country fellows who were out for a holiday; and when Don, after disarranging his hair, and assuming an expression of countenance that would have done credit to Mark Twain's "Inspired Idiot," walked across the floor after the manner of a plantation darkey, Egan, who never could control himself when he wanted to laugh, rolled on the bed convulsed with merriment. Nothing but the near approach of Corporal Mack and his men kept him from shouting at the top of his voice.

"Look here, Gordon," said he, as soon as he could speak. "No more of that. You will give us away, sure. Mack is a Southern boy, and he knows the negro style of progression as well as you do."



"CORPORAL MACK HAD NEVER YET FAILED TO CAPTURE A DESERTER OF WHOM HE HAD BEEN SENT IN PURSUIT."

swered the sergeant, "and, besides, he wouldn't care to go tramping about the country in his wet clothes. He will follow a better plan than that. He will cross at the bridge, and go over to the main road and try to ambush us. You see if he doesn't."

Having wrung a little of the water out of their clothes, Don and his companion continued their flight, threading their way rapidly but cautiously through the thick woods; but before they had gone two hundred yards, the sergeant, who was acting as guide, stopped all on a sudden and pointed silently before him. Don looked and saw that they had barely escaped running into an ambuscade that had been prepared for them. Having crossed the creek, at the bridge, Corporal Mack and his men made the best of their way to the main road, and were now hidden in the bushes on each side of it, awaiting the approach of the deserters. Don could see their uniform caps, and he counted a dozen of them in all.

"Mack knows that we are going to the show, and he will exert himself to the utmost to prevent it," said the sergeant, after he and Don had made a wide

that his movements were not observed, he climbed the fence and joined the deserters behind the smoke-house, where they had stopped for concealment. He was a stalwart young rustic with a red head, a peaked nose, and a freckled face—very homely, in short, but with a most exalted opinion of his personal appearance.

"I say, Asa," said Egan, hurriedly. "We want those clothes now. Is there any way for us to get into the house without being seen?"

Asa leaned against the smoke-house and twirled his thumbs, but said nothing.

"What's the matter?" asked Egan, in some alarm. "You are not going back from your word, are you? You agreed to furnish each of us with a suit of your clothes for a dollar apiece, and we expect you to live up to your bargain."

"Wall," drawled Asa. "You see—Sally, she—"

He blushed and hesitated.

"Well, go on; what about Sally?" asked Don, impatiently. "She doesn't want to borrow your clothes, does she?"

"Eh? No," said Asa, indignantly. "But she

Just then the clear tones of Corporal Mack sounded under the window.

"Hallo, Asa!" said he. "Seen any of our boys around here lately?"

"Wal, yes," drawled Asa, in reply. "I seed a power of 'em yesterday."

"Have you seen any of them to-day?"

"Wal, yes; but I seed a right smart sprinklin' of 'em yesterday."

"Don't say that again, Asa," whispered Egan, excitedly. "If you do, you will let the cat out of the bag, sure. That boy is sharper than a steel trap, and you must be careful how you talk to him."

"You say you have seen some of our boys to-day," continued the corporal. "Were their names Egan and Gordon? I thought so. Well, where are they now?"

"I don't rightly know *jest* where they be," answered Asa; and he didn't know either, for his back was turned toward the two boys in question.

"I see very plainly that there is nothing to be gained by questioning you," said the corporal, whose suspicions had been aroused. "You know where those two fellows are, and when you see them again, you may tell them that we are going to the show, too."

Asa said he would, and the corporal and his squad moved off.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Egan. "Didn't I say that if he wasn't recalled, he would follow us all over the country? Now, let's be moving. We'll keep out of sight as much as possible until we reach the village, and, after we have got into the crowd, we shall be comparatively safe. But remember this: If you are separated from me by mischance, dodge every fellow in uniform you see, no matter whether he wears a bayonet by his side or not. Even Hop and Curtis would report us to the corporal if they should see and recognize us."

Don had never engaged in an undertaking that was more to his liking. It was one that required the exercise of all the skill and cunning he possessed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that, while he was working to the utmost to accomplish his object, he was violating no rule, and was in no danger of being taken to task when he returned to camp.

Having paid Asa a portion of the money they had agreed to give him for the use of his clothes, Don and his companion made the best of their way toward Bridgeport, which was filled to overflowing with people from the surrounding country, who had flocked in to see the sights. They mingled with the crowd and acted their parts as rustics to perfection. They gazed with open mouth and eyes at everything they saw, munched apples and gingerbread as they walked along, and tried to beat down the price of candy as often as they stopped to purchase. They went into all the side-shows to see the curiosities on exhibition, and manfully bore their part in the crush and jam that took place when the ticket wagon was opened.

Up to this time, they had succeeded in keeping out of the way of their fellow-students, all of whom, having been warned by the corporal, were keeping a sharp lookout for them; but now they ran against some of them, almost before they knew it. Having secured their tickets, after a terrific struggle, they moved with the crowd toward the entrance to the "grand pavilion," and all on a sudden, found themselves face to face with four of the corporal's men. Don and his friend knew that they belonged to Mack's squad, for they wore bayonets by their sides to show that they were on duty. They stood two on each side of the entrance, and looked closely at everybody who went in. The situation was growing interesting; and it grew still more interesting before the afternoon was over, and some of the village people afterward declared that Don and Corporal Mack furnished the best part of the entertainment.

"Now for it, Gordon," said Egan, in an excited whisper. "See how they stare at everybody. That proves that they either know or suspect that we are disguised. It would be a pity if we were to be gobbled right here, in the presence of all these people. How everybody would laugh at us!"

But both the boys were equal to the emergency. Egan, trusting entirely to his disguise, kept straight ahead, without looking at the sentries, while Don, throwing all the stupidity he could into an unusually intelligent countenance, gazed about him with a frightened air, and clung to his friend's coat-tails, as if he were afraid of being lost. That move came very near being fatal to them. Egan laughed audibly, in spite of himself, and hurried on, dragging Don after him; while the four guards exchanged significant glances, and one of them hurried out to find Corporal Mack. The deserters did not know it, but from that moment they were under surveillance.

Having taken a look at the animals, they went into the second tent, picked out a good seat, invested a portion of their pocket-money in peanuts, and waited patiently for the performance to begin. They did not pay much attention to the stale jokes of the clowns, but they were really interested in the riding and leaping—so much so, that they did not notice that Corporal Mack was improving the opportunity to station his men so that they could not escape. Finally, the trick mule was brought in, and after he had gone through with his antics, and thrown the darkey who tried to ride him, some of the spectators went out, while those who had purchased tickets for the musical entertainment, moved over to the other side of the tent. Among the latter were Don and Egan.

By this time Don had the satisfaction of knowing that he had made himself an object of interest to the people about him, who told one another that he was the greatest specimen of a country boy they had ever seen. When he moved with the rest over to the opposite side of the tent, he could not resist the temptation to give a specimen of old Jordan's style of locomotion; and he did it so perfectly, that he excited the laughter of some and the sincere pity of others, who believed that that was his usual way of walking. There was one, however, who was keeping a sharp eye on all his movements, and who was not deceived—a spruce young soldier, who elbowed his way through the crowd, and, to the surprise of everybody, laid hold of the young countryman's collar.

"That's most too attenuated," said he, with a laugh. "No white fellow ever had so outlandish a gait." Gordon. I know you, and I have come for you, too."

Corporal Mack had never yet failed to capture the deserter of whom he had been sent in pursuit. He was noted for his grip, he had confidence in it, and when

he placed his hand on Don's collar he thought he had him sure; but, as it happened, he didn't know the boy he was trying to arrest.

Don wheeled as quick as thought, tore himself loose from the detaining hand, and took to his heels, darting like a flash through the crowd of spectators, who, astonished beyond measure to see the awkward clown, who had moved so slowly and painfully over the ground, suddenly transformed into a fleet-footed runner, parted right and left to give him room, and cheered him lustily as he passed through their ranks. Corporal Mack started in hot pursuit. His men, who had been stationed around the outside of the tent, drew in upon the fugitive from all sides; while Egan, seeing that no attention was paid to himself, crawled through between the seats, raised the canvas, and took himself safely off.

It was an amusing as well as an exciting race that came off in that tent that afternoon, and the shouts of laughter and yells of encouragement that arose on all sides were almost deafening. Don, in his ill-fitting clothes and big cowhide boots, looked clumsy enough, but he got over the ground at an astonishing rate. Seeing that every way of escape, except one, was closed against him, he dashed straight across the ring toward the seats that had just been vacated. He ascended to the topmost one in half a dozen jumps, and, diving through the opening between the top of the tent and the side, he dropped lightly to the ground and continued his flight, the cheers and laughter of the amused spectators ringing in his ears as he went.

There were two long freight trains standing on the railroad track, which was close at hand. Toward these Don bent his steps, intent on getting out of sight as soon as possible; and, without pausing to consider the risk he ran in so doing, he crawled under one of the cars to the opposite side of the track. Corporal Mack followed him without loss of time; but when he arose to an upright position, after crawling under the car, Don was not to be seen. He was dodging about among the freight-houses; and, after a twenty minutes' run, having, as he believed, placed a safe distance between himself and his pursuers, he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk to take a rest. Pulling Asa's big red handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his dripping forehead vigorously, he broke out into a cheery laugh, and was surprised, as well as startled, to hear it echoed close by.

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be in good humor," said a pleasant voice.

Don looked up and saw before him an old gentleman, leaning on his cane and beaming at him over his gold spectacles.

"Yes, sir," said he, respectfully, at the same time imitating Asa's drawl. "I've been to the show."

"Ah! indeed. And you saw the clowns, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but I didn't care for 'em. I seen the tigers and the elephants and the boy-constructors, and all them things; and I seen that there mu-el throw that there nigger—"

Here Don went off into another paroxysm of laughter. The old gentleman laughed too, and passed on, marveling greatly at the boy's innocence, and wondering where in the world he came from.

After taking time to cool off a little, and to recover his breath, Don got upon his feet and walked away. All the fun was over now, so far as the show was concerned. His disguise being known, it would be dangerous for him to stay about the village, and the only thing he could do was to go back to the home of Asa Peters, where he hoped to find his friend Egan.

"I hope he wasn't captured," thought Don, "for I should find it very lonely roaming about the woods all by myself. Besides, I don't know where those trout-streams are that he said would afford us so much sport. There's one thing about it, I am out, and I shall not go back until I get ready."

Don would, doubtless, have been very much surprised if any one had told him that when he got ready to go back to camp he would not be allowed to do so; but such was the case, as he found when he made the attempt.

Just before dark Don came within sight of Asa's home. As he was hurrying along the road, not dreaming of danger, he heard a familiar voice calling to him, and, looking in the direction from which it came, he saw his missing friend Egan, snugly hidden away among the bushes in a fence-corner. When he saw that he had attracted Don's attention, he broke out into a hearty peal of laughter.

"You're a good one, Gordon," said he; "and I would give something to know how Corporal Mack feels over his failure to make a prisoner of you. I never knew a boy to get away before when once Mack got a good grip on his collar, and neither did I ever see No. 10 cowhide boots climb over the ground so rapidly. You have done something worth boasting of."

"What are you doing there?" asked Don.

"Waiting for you. Come over here. I struck out for this place as soon as I could get out of the tent," said the sergeant, as Don climbed the fence, "hoping to secure possession of our uniforms before the corporal could get here; but he and his men hired a wagon and a span of horses and got ahead of me."

"Do you mean to say that they are guarding the house now?" exclaimed Don.

"Certainly I do, and you would have run right into their clutches if I hadn't been here to warn you. They'll get supper and sleep there to-night, and we must look elsewhere for grub and lodging. Asa will be in a fearful way about his good clothes, but we can't help that. We can't get our uniforms while Mack is prowling around."

Egan, who was well acquainted in the neighborhood, had no difficulty in finding food and shelter for himself and his companion. Another farm-house opened its hospitable doors to them, and there they passed the night, setting out bright and early the next morning to try one of the trout-streams of which Egan had spoken. Late in the afternoon they secured an interview with Asa, who, after telling them that Corporal Mack had been recalled that morning, growled lustily at them for keeping his clothes so long. In order to silence him and make sure of other disguises in future, in case they should need them, they gave him an extra dollar, and paid his mother the same amount for drying and pressing out their uniforms.

During the next two days the deserters thoroughly enjoyed themselves, living on the fat of the land, and catching as many fish as they could dispose of. On the afternoon of the third day they began to talk of return-

ing to camp. They took supper with Asa that night, and, as soon as darkness came to conceal their movements, they set out for the works, hoping to creep by the sentries and reach the shelter of their tents without arousing anybody, thus winding up their exploits in the most approved style; but they did not get into camp as easily as they thought they would. While they were passing through a piece of thick woods on their way to the bridge, they were suddenly surrounded by a multitude of dark forms, which seemed to rise out of the ground on all sides of them, and, before they could resist or cry out, they were seized by strong hands and hurried away through the darkness.

(To be continued.)

"Don Gordon's Shooting-Box" commenced in No. 13. Back numbers of the ARGOSY can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publishers.

A COURAGEOUS ACT.

BY ANNA M. TALCOTT.

LAURENCE BALDWIN was the eldest son of a clergyman living in the suburbs of a seaport town on the New England coast. The position of eldest son is always of more or less dignity, but when there are five younger brothers, and as many sisters, it is a position of responsibility and importance as well. At least that is the way Laurence looked at it. No doubt he often presumed upon his position—most boys in his case would have done so; but, on the whole, he was rather above the average elder brother, and his rule was more kind than severe. Sometimes, however, this same position was more irksome than pleasant. This was the case one afternoon in April, when Laurence was called away from a comfortable spot in the library, where he was settled with a book, to drive into town and execute several commissions for his mother.

It was cold even for April. A violent storm had occurred the day before, and, although it was now over, there were sufficient traces of it left, in the shape of mud, wind, and clouds, to make the cosy library a desirable place. But duties must be done, however distasteful, and Laurence, though he grumbled a little, shook himself together and started. As he drove from the house he noticed one of his younger brothers playing in a skiff which was drawn up on the shore at the foot of the lawn. The little fellow had a pole, and seemed trying to push the skiff out into the water.

"Come out of that, Horace!" he called, "you will get adrift, and the tide will float you away."

"I'll come in a minute, Laurie," the boy answered as his brother drove down the road.

Laurence had not driven very far when he met his father, who wished to use the horse Laurence was driving. It was a little aggravating to be stopped, but there was nothing to do but turn back, and get another horse.

As Laurence had to wait some little while for the coachman to make the desired change, he went up to his mother, who was ill in her room, to receive further directions about his various commissions.

While there, his little brother Eugene ran into the room, and, catching him by the coat, tried to attract his attention.

"Be quiet, child!" he said, impatiently, "I can't talk to mother if you bother so."

"But, Laurie, I must speak to you," said the boy, in a frightened whisper. He looked into the troubled face of the child, and saw instantly something was wrong.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Horace is adrift in the skiff."

One quick glance from the window which overlooked the water showed him the skiff adrift, and empty.

"The boy is overboard!" he exclaimed, as he rushed downstairs, tearing his coat off as he ran. When out on the lawn he could clearly see the empty skiff, and far out in the water a small black speck, upon which the setting sun, which just then broke through the clouds, shone with brilliancy.

He raised a shout, "Keep up, I'm coming!" and worked desperately with his shoes to get them off.

Just then he was seized and held back by the coachman, an old and valued servant.

"Don't go, Mr. Laurie," he begged, "you can never do it!"

"Let me alone!" he cried, and, shaking him roughly off, he dashed into the water.

He was an experienced swimmer, but even to him his icy coldness was terrible. It was hard work; but he was brave and strong, and, encouraged by the shouts of those who had collected on the shore, he reached at last the little head, and caught desperately at it just as the benumbed and well-nigh senseless boy was about to sink beneath the surface of the water for the last time. Seizing the child, now a dead weight, if alive at all, Laurence hurried to swim back; but a new difficulty arose. The tide was running out with a force that required great strength to resist it.

Upon the shore all was excitement. Dr. Baldwin, the boys' father, who was unable to swim, was giving orders in quick, peremptory tones, which no one obeyed. Children were running hither and thither, the more courageous calling out to encourage the swimmer, the others crying in childish grief and fright. Augustus, next in age to Laurence, on one of the carriage horses, and the coachman on the other, were trying to ride them into the water, that they might swim out and bring Laurence and the boy to land. But, frightened by the coldness of the water, they refused to obey, and by their stamping and rearing added to the general confusion.

The poor, sick mother was alone in her room, praying.

At length somebody fastened a rope to a small log of wood, and, winding the other end hastily about it, sent it floating out, hoping the tide would carry it within Laurence's reach, so that, by lashing the boy to it, he could swim with greater ease. But one end of the rope had not been securely fastened. The action of the waves loosened it, and, floating about, it caught on a rock, which anchored the log fast.

For one dreadful moment all seemed hopeless. Laurence felt his strength leaving him. The boy seemed to grow heavier with each stroke. The little pale face looked so quiet, the child must be dead.

Laurence was almost discouraged. It seemed so much easier to give up than to struggle on. He would give one cry for help, and the others must do what they could. The cry was given, but unheard amidst the tumult on the shore, and useless if heard. No one could come, no one could help.

Suddenly there came to Laurence a thought of the sick mother alone in her room, praying, as he knew she was, for her boys. This thought seemed to nerve him with new courage. With a deep-felt, though unuttered prayer, he gathered all his remaining strength and pushed boldly for the shore.

The group there had grown strangely silent. They were all standing close together, anxiously watching. Not a sound was heard. Nearer and nearer he came. The water grew less and less deep. Home and safety seemed almost a certainty. Suddenly the group on the shore broke into a loud cheer, which reached the anxious mother's ears. Dr. Baldwin rushed neck-deep into the water. Laurence placed his burden in his father's arms, and sank unconscious. He knew nothing of the willing hands that pulled him ashore, nor of the efforts to restore Horace to consciousness. He was first roused by feeling the cool dash at him, and violently rub his head with a warm toddy which had been prepared. Finding no one capable of drinking it, she determined it should be utilized in some way. He managed to escape from her well-meant efforts, and was carried off to bed, where, rolled up in blankets, he soon fell asleep.

Laurence was a hero; for a long time after that everybody was speaking of his courage and bravery. Boy-like he enjoyed it. Horace, too, felt he had a share in the glory, for he was heard to say:

"Laurie would never have had all this, if it hadn't been for me!"

VENTRILQUY.

MANY amusing stories have been told about ventriloquists, some of them verging upon the impossible. To them has been attributed the power of reproducing all kinds of noises, from the creaking of unrolled machinery to the whoop of a savage, coupled with the ability to "send" the sounds to any point of the compass, and to whatever distance may be desired.

But, in reality, a ventriloquist talks about the same as any other man. He does not "send" his voice—he keeps it back, if anything. And the more he keeps it back, *i. e.*, the lower he speaks, the farther away it seems to be. Our ears are very deceptive organs, and frequently lead us into error; and if it be of no more serious character than that of being amused by ventriloquism, we may congratulate ourselves.

Go out into the fields, of a summer night, when the locusts are shrilling, or stay indoors, if you will, and listen to the "cricket on the hearth." Now find him. Listen! Where is he? The whole air is filled with the sound, and your ears almost ache from its effects, yet he must be a patient seeker who shall discover the small musician, or even find his hiding-place. Thus you will learn that our ears are not safe guides for locating sound, especially if we sit still and listen, for by moving about and noticing when a sound grows, now clear, and now indistinct, we may generally trace it to its source.

The ventriloquist of to-day usually has some figure dressed as a boy or girl, having at any rate, a human head with a movable jaw—which he addresses as though alive. The audience expects the figure to reply. And expectation is far more than half the battle. The people look at the image, the performer pulls a concealed string, the jaws of the mask fly open, and an answer comes from somewhere. To complete the illusion, the ventriloquist speaks with parted, but motionless lips, while the figure's mouth opens and shuts, very mechanically, it is true, but still very decidedly, so that it really seems to have more to do with the sound than any one else. Then the reply is given in a changed voice, which also serves to complete the illusion.

It was a funny incident, as well as a good practical joke, that was the cause of first introducing E. D. Davies, the well-known ventriloquist, in California. He had arrived in San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, expecting to at once make a date at one of the theatres. But the salary of \$500 per week, which he demanded, seemed to frighten the managers, and they didn't come to terms. Bent on receiving \$500 or nothing, Davies thought of a way that would advertise him, so that one of the theatres would undoubtedly engage him, and gladly, too, at his figures. One afternoon, he and Mrs. Davies went down town and bought a large wax doll. Engaging a carriage, they jumped in, and the doll, which was readily passed off for a human child, said: "Good day, coachman." "Good day, little lady," responded the coachman, who didn't know he was talking to a doll. They drove to Oakland Ferry, and leaving the carriage, the child, laughing and chatting, was jumped along between the ventriloquist and his wife. They went on board a boat, Davies carrying the child in his arms. Presently he dropped the precious load, and then the kid set up a series of cries and yells. He picked the child up, and tried every way to soothe it, but in vain. Passengers remarked that the poor little thing must have got hurt in the fall, and took a great interest in Davies, junior. Finally, Davies was heard to say in a gruff voice, "Shut up, or I'll throw you in the water." At the same time he slapped the child, much to the worryment of several ladies, who remarked, "What a brute," "How wicked," etc. Quite a crowd had gathered about the brutal father, when, as the child refused to keep quiet, he hurled it over the railing into the water. There was a splash, a muffled scream, cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the passengers, and immediately two young men were in the water, swimming toward the struggling (?) infant, amid the shouts of the bystanders. Davies was seized by order of the captain, and rushed ashore. But soon there came a laugh. The men in the water had discovered the joke. So did everybody else. "It was lucky for you that they did not lynch you, right away," said the captain to the ventriloquist. The affair was quickly spread, and came out in the papers. The next day Davies was offered \$500 per week. The offer was accepted, and proved a bonanza for both star and manager.



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A GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a general idea that a gentleman is, in some way, elevated above the masses of mankind; but, when it comes to particulars, there is a wide diversity of opinions.

Some regard him a gentleman who possesses those easy, carelessly-graceful ways, acquired by intercourse with the world; to others, he is a gentleman who renders himself agreeable to his companions under all circumstances; many make dress the criterion by which they judge whether or not one is to be in the category of a gentleman.

While fortune, fashion, dress, and the like, may be desirable, true gentility is independent of each of them, nor is it constituted by all of them combined. What, then, is a gentleman?

Primarily and chiefly, one who is influenced by the broadest charity. He is modest, calm, courteous; slow to become offended, and never giving cause for offense; ready, at all times, to make his own desires secondary and subservient to the welfare of others.

The chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, "mirror of English knighthood," never manifested his gentlemanly instincts more royally than directly after the battle of Zutphen. As he lay in camp, mortally wounded—so faint from loss of blood that he could scarcely raise his head, his tongue parched with a fierce thirst—he called for some water. It was brought him; but, as he placed the cup to his lips, he saw a wounded soldier lying near him glance at it wistfully. Immediately the noble Sidney removed the cup from his own lips and passed it to the soldier, whispering: "Drink, thy necessity is greater than mine."

In 1353 Edward III. and Edward "the Black Prince," invited John, King of France, to visit them at London. John, desirous of complying with the invitation, broached the matter to his Parliament at Paris. This body strenuously opposed the project, and urged that it was a trick on the part of the English ruler whereby he might seize the person of the French king, and thus more readily gain possession of the French crown, to which he was the pretender. "I am positive they are too much of the gentleman to treat me in such a manner," exclaimed John, indignantly.

This estimate of their character, later events amply verified. At the battle of Poitiers John was taken prisoner by "the Black Prince," who conducted his captive to London amid the acclamations of millions of the English. But, to one ignorant of the facts, John, rather than "the Black Prince," would have seemed the conqueror, for the former was seated upon a richly caparisoned steed, attired in splendid apparel, attended by a numerous retinue of the English nobility, while the latter rode beside him in his black armor, on a scrubby Irish pony, that the defeated king might, so far as possible, be spared a scene of humiliation.

The attributes essential to the formation of "a gentleman" are indispensable to her character who would rank as "a lady." And no title can endow one with such lustre as the deserved epithet of "gentleman" or "lady." For, as above stated, the term symbolizes all that is good, pure, Christian-like—all that renders a person worthy of the respect, honor, love of mankind.

Therefore: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things," and, so doing, become veritable "gentlemen" and "ladies."

A ROYAL BABY.

It is a great bother to be even a common baby, but a royal baby has a far more serious time of it. The simple family baby can be rolled up and tucked away, to suck his thumb in peace and seclusion. Not so with the babies born in palaces. One of this latter sort recently saw the light, on the 12th of last November, in the royal household of Spain. A brief account of what befel this infant may serve as a solemn warning to all American babies, not to be envious of those whose cradles are rocked in kings' houses.

Spanish etiquette prescribes that royal babies shall be exhibited, immediately after birth, to an assembly of the great grandees of the kingdom, and to the ambassadors of foreign countries. Accordingly, when the birth was announced as forthcoming, his

Majesty's body-guards scurried in all directions in search of the princes and potentates. And in they came, post haste—cardinals, and bishops, and chamberlains, and marshals, and nobles of every degree; deputations from the Spanish Congress, the city government, and all sorts of societies; politicians from all the parties, officers of the army and navy, and magnates of every other description. They all appeared in their most gorgeous uniforms, and a magnificent spectacle it was.

Darkness came on before the royal babe was born, and the happy event was announced by a grand illumination of the palace. But when it was whispered that the baby was a girl, the assembled dignitaries looked sad. Royal girls are a luxury for any kingdom to be thankful for, but as the King of Spain has no boy, this new baby was felt to have made a mistake in coming. The ceremony proceeded, however, all the same. The glittering throng gathered as near as possible to the entrance of the royal baby's apartment, and in about an hour after her birth, the young lady presented herself. Perhaps it would be more correct to say she was presented.

The king came forth from the chamber with his ministers and his court. Walking by his side was a lady, the Marquise of Santa Cruz, who, upon a silver platter, carried the infant, carefully wrapped up in white lace. The royal father, taking his royal morsel, passed her before the eyes of the diplomats and the high functionaries, receiving from each the compliments and good wishes proper to such an occasion. The official registry of birth was then signed, in the presence of all the assemblage.

Six days later, at noon on Saturday, the 18th of November, the royal lady was baptized. This ceremonial was far more gorgeous than the former, and it turned out to be more annoying to the baby. It took place in the chapel of the palace, in the presence of more than 1,500 persons, who crowded the galleries. All the magnates who graced the previous ceremony were in attendance, with many others, including the great ladies of the aristocracy.

A salute of fifteen cannon announced the arrival of the royal infant. All the assembly rose to their feet, and the chapel priests proceeded to the door to meet the advancing procession. Then the baby was brought in, attended by the Patriarch of the Indies, with Cardinal Blanche, the representative of Pope Leo XIII, who was the child's godfather, surrounded by a throng of high church dignitaries. There was an escort of fourteen gentlemen-in-waiting, twenty-six chamberlains, a number of macebearers and men-at-arms, preceding the seven great lords of the kingdom. These latter bore the articles used in the christening, upon golden dishes. The Pope's ambassador baptized the royal baby with water brought from the river Jordan, expressly for the purpose.

It would gratify American babies to read, if they could, that the young princess wept and wailed prodigiously during the ceremony, thereby causing great confusion among the ladies of the court. It is also pleasing to know, that this latest royal baby of Spain bears a name almost as long as the procession which escorted her to the altar. Her full title is Marie Therese Isabelle Eugenia Maria del Patrocinio Diega. She was very well, thank you, at last accounts, in spite of all this.

LESSON OF A FRESHET.

DURING the past autumn and winter, the whole civilized world has suffered from excessive rains, and disastrous overflows of rivers. Europe first experienced this train of calamities, beginning in the early fall. At that time there were heavy snowfalls in the higher Alps. Then a warm wind set in from the Mediterranean, attended with abundant rain. This caused the snow to melt rapidly, and the rivers which take their rise from glacier streams and other mountain torrents soon raged far beyond their ordinary barriers.

One feature of the Alpine rivers is peculiar. The only thing in this country which suggests it is the system of levees on the Mississippi. But these huge banks on our river are necessary, because in some places the stream is actually above the level of the surrounding country. The rivers which flow down the Alpine valleys are not thus elevated; but, as their banks are closely bordered by farms and vineyards, a similar system of dykes is erected to prevent overflow in times of freshet. These dykes are usually of heavy and expensive stone masonry. In ordinary times the river glides peacefully along in its natural bed, not even wetting the bottom of the great granite walls—which are inclined at a flat angle, like the slope of a dam, and built some distance from either side of the channel. When the snow melts, however, the torrent swells rapidly, and the whole space between the great dykes is filled with a foaming, dashing flood.

In one of the Italian valleys—the one through which the wonderful Brenner railway crosses the mountains, flows the river Eisak. This stream was carefully dyked, because its course lay through a region of extreme fertility. Yet, in the freshets of last fall the gigantic walls were torn away, and the furious stream laid waste and completely ruined a great extent of territory. How did it happen? An English engineer was curious to know how it broke through its mighty barriers, for the flood did not rise to their summits. He traveled up the banks of the river to explore. This is what he found.

High up in the valley was a little river flowing

from one side into the main stream. This had been shabbily and cheaply dyked. When the freshet came it overflowed and broke through crevices of its own weak levees, and attacked the huge barriers of the main stream in the rear. There was no stone facing on that side to resist the flood. It gnawed the bank of earth slowly away till the huge granite blocks caved down, and then the mad river rushed on to its work of destruction. When we stop to think of it, we see that many strong men go to wreck and ruin in the same way. They have some little weak point in their character which they are not careful to fortify.

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES.

THE DEAD PHILANTHROPIST.

IN 1879, the University of New York conferred upon the late Peter Cooper the degree of Doctor of Laws. As he looked upon the diploma he said: "That Latin is 'all Greek' to me." He then continued: "My esteemed friend, the Chancellor, has brought to me an honor that I have never sought. It is one that I am sure I never expected to obtain. As I have no scholastic attainments to entitle me to receive this honor, it must be in recognition of a long, laborious life, spent in a course of efforts to found an institution that opens its doors at night, and gives free instruction in science in its application to all the useful and necessary purposes of life." At another time he said: "Measured by the achievements of the years I have seen, I am one of the oldest men who ever lived; but I do not feel old, and I propose to give the receipt by which I have preserved my youth. I have always given a friendly welcome to new ideas, and I have endeavored not to feel too old to learn. While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good."

That he did good, scores and hundreds will testify. His was a far-reaching philanthropy, like that of one who plants trees for posterity; for in the fruitful soil of human intelligence are scattered seeds sown by his hand that shall effect the coming ages.

Still, he was wiser than most men in his giving, for while many others have left great sums at death to found institutions of learning, or to assist those already in being, Peter Cooper gave while in the vigor of life; and whereas, many would be but poorly satisfied if they could see how their bequests are applied, he of whom we write was one of the trustees for the management of his beloved Union, to whom all the others naturally deferred. And while eternity alone will be sufficient to measure all the good that he has done, he has reaped an abundant harvest of satisfaction in this present life, such as they who withhold their charity till death can never experience.

On all sides resound the echoes of his goodness, his greatness, and his wisdom, so beautifully and tenderly phrased by Joaquin Miller in the following poem, which appeared in the New York Herald, the morning succeeding Mr. Cooper's death:

Give honor and love forevermore,
To this great man, gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war—
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver, and better by far.

And wisest he, in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand,
Is what you have given away.

So whether to wander the stars, or to rest,
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest, and he gave his best,
And deserves the best to come.

His sympathies were always with the working classes, from whom he himself came; and though he was a millionaire in later life, he was that very rare individual—a popular rich man. Indeed, one of the city dailies, in commenting upon his death, called him the most popular citizen of New York, which is saying a very great deal, and yet we believe it true. Flags floated at half-mast in the city from the time of his death until after the last sad rites of burial, and Mayor Edson recommended that places of business be closed during the hours of the funeral ceremonies.

The State Senate adjourned upon receiving news of his death, after adopting a series of resolutions, from which we make the following extract:

"By the death of Peter Cooper the State has lost one of its most distinguished and venerable citizens, the republic one of its most eminent and patriotic friends, the world a man who made it better every day he lived in it, philanthropy its most liberal, practical, and far-seeing representative, education an illustrious benefactor, and religion an example of faith and charity whose career and character blessed mankind.

"The life of such a man makes his death a poignant loss to the State, a bereavement of the nation, and a marked reduction of the number of good and great men on the earth.

"Out of respect for his memory, this Senate will now adjourn, with this expression of its love and regard for the great citizen, whose more than four score and ten years were replete with thoughts and deeds which made his period on the earth one of the most beneficent that has lived in the sight and in the service of man."

EDWIN D. MORGAN.

LIKE Andrew, of Massachusetts, Edwin D. Morgan, who died in February last, was also known as a "War Governor," and, like the former, he was chosen chief executive of an adopted State.

His birth-place was among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. He did not, however, like Andrew, receive a college education, but at the age of seventeen entered a store in Hartford, Conn., at a salary of \$60 for the first year. At the end of three years—during which time his yearly stipend had grown to \$100—he was taken into partnership with the firm. A few years later, he removed to New York, and entered upon a mercantile life in the great city.

Besides being a successful merchant, he was prominent in the political arena, holding various offices, both state and national, among them that of Alderman, State Senator, Governor, and United States Senator. He was also appointed Major-General of Volunteers, by Lincoln, dur-

ing the war, and was twice urged to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury, but declined. The story of his admission to partnership into the Hartford firm, was published about twenty years ago, but we have seen no mention made of it since his death.

Having gained the confidence of his employers by his faithful service, young Morgan was entrusted with a commission to New York, to make some small purchases of various sorts, including corn. The journey was made in the old-time stage-coach, and Edwin was gone for several days. On his return, the senior partner asked at what rates he had made his purchases, and, being informed, said he feared the corn was not of a good quality, since the price was lower than he had expected. His clerk then drew some sample handfuls from his pockets, which proved perfectly satisfactory.

"How much did you buy?" eagerly asked the merchant, who usually bought about 300 bushels, but would have liked 500 at that rate.

"Two cargoes!" answered young Morgan; "and the vessels are most likely in the river now."

The old gentleman was for a moment fairly overcome by this surfeit of good things, but finally managed to stammer out:

"Why, Edwin! What in all the world can we do with two cargoes of corn? We can never sell it, and have no place to store it!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young corn contractor; "you can take what you like, and X. & Son will take 300 bushels, V., W. & Co. will take 500 more, and Z. will take all you can spare. I stepped in as I came along, and sold them from the samples, at an advance rate. I wish I'd taken another cargo."

The senior partner accepted the situation, and acknowledged the corn; and next morning, when he entered the store and found Edwin, as usual, on hand, with his broom, he said:

"You may put that broom away, now, my boy. We'll let somebody else do the sweeping. Any one who can go to New York, and buy and sell two cargoes of corn on his own responsibility, at a handsome profit, had better become a partner in the firm."

And he became one that day.

That his boyish shrewdness did not afterwards desert him, is evident from the fact that in his will he gives a half million, without condition (save that it be paid, with interest, within a year), to his wife, and makes about fifty other bequests to relatives and friends, educational and benevolent institutes. These are: one of \$200,000, three of \$100,000, three of \$50,000, two of \$30,000, five of \$25,000, and the remainder of \$20,000 or less, the smallest being \$500 each to his coachman and a servant-girl.

He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Williams College, in 1867. At the time of his death he had just entered his seventy-third year.

A NOBLE AMBITION.

"WHAT wouldst thou be?"

A blessing to each one surrounding me;
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart,
A beckoning hand to a far off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is said that in London every fourth person receives gratuitous medical attendance.

The postal cards are made at Holyoke, Mass., by forty men, who turn out about a million daily. They have diminished the consumption of writing paper by from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year.

MENTION is made of a new kind of horse-shoe, composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mould, and subjected to a chemical preparation. It is said to last longer than the common shoe, weighs only one-fourth as much, requires no corks, and is very elastic.

A NEW life-boat, built wholly of cork and cane, was tried for the first time at Liverpool, recently, and was found to be in many respects an improvement on the boats generally in use. It weighs only one-third as much as the boats constructed out of ordinary materials. Its strength and elasticity are such that it cannot be broken by rough usage. It is self-empting, and cannot be capsized in any sea. It can be launched without the aid of davits and tackle, and it is less costly than any other so-called life-boat.

In the seaport and market town of Cornwall, which derives its name from St. Iva, the daughter of an Irish chieftain who came as a missionary to Cornwall in the fifth century, there has not been a single case of drunkenness for more than two years, and there are only three or four taverns or beer shops. A whimsical custom prevails there, established by Mr. Knell, a Collector of the Port of St. Ives, who died in 1811. According to a provision in his will, once in every five years two old women, and ten little girls under 10, walk in procession from the market house to a pyramid he erected on a lofty hill near where he is buried, sing the One Hundredth Psalm, dance around the pyramid, and have a fifty-dollar dinner, at which no more potent beverage is drunk than ginger-ette and orangeade. And when this is over, they crown with flowers the one policeman who guards the favored place.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

BE silent and safe; silence never betrays you.

AFFLICTION, like the iron-smith, shapes as it strikes.—Bovee.

IT is a crime to consider any wickedness a sign of ability.—Buddhist.

ALL that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

A MAN who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.—Saville.

WE must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.—Emerson.

WHO gives, and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.—Whittier.

BOLDNESS is blind; whereof 'tis ill in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel, it is good to see dangers, in execution not to see them, except they be very great.—Sir Francis Bacon.

THE heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—Longfellow.

CHEERFULNESS is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—Smiles.

IT is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words, that is friendship. But few have such friends.—Aun.

EDITH.

BY I. W. JORDAN.

LITTLE Edith mounts the stairs
To my chamber leading,
Comes upon me full of cares,
Thinking, writing, reading,
While she lingers, I will rest
From scholastic labor;
She's the fairy little guest
Of my next-door neighbor.
Caring not for any one,
She becomes my caller;
This she never could have done,
Had she but been taller.
May she come, and come again,
Ere the years have taken
Her sweet freedom with a chain
That cannot be shaken.
She goes, laughing, down the hall,
With quick footfalls leaving;
O, whenever she may call,
I shall be receiving.

A Voyage to the Gold Coast;

OR,

Jack Bond's Quest.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Harry Hall's Log Book," "Blown out to Sea," "Strange Fortunes of Max Penhurst," "Darcy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

PICTURE to yourself a long reach of dazzlingly white sand beach, on which the surf breaks and booms with incessant and deafening monotone.

Against the hazy background of the far-distant Kong Mountains, are outlined great clusters of palm-trees, while dense thickets of tropical verdure extend upward from the shore.

"Why, there isn't a sign of a harbor; have we got to lie out here in an open roadstead?" exclaimed Jack, who, with his companions, was drinking in the beauty of the landscape with an eagerness which only those can appreciate whose eyes have rested on naught else but sea and sky for weary weeks.

The prospect, certainly, did not look inviting. Two large barks, a brig, and a three-masted schooner, were lying at anchor outside the surf line, pitching and rolling tremendously, as their cargo of palm-oil was being hoisted on board from the clumsy lighters alongside, manned by nearly naked blacks.

Thus, these larger vessels are obliged to slip their cables and put to sea whenever a gale from the westward arises, as the holding ground is not good, and, with both anchors down, more than one vessel has been driven ashore in a gale.

At Jack's remark, Skipper Lombard, at the helm, gave utterance to a dry chuckle.

"If the Sea Witch drew as much water as them chaps"—with a nod of his head in the direction of the other vessels—"we'd hev to lay outside here, but seein' she don't, I guess I can find somethin' like a chance for her," he answered, expectorating violently over the stern, as he took the helm from Dan Collins.

The little vessel under his guidance stood boldly in toward a well-wooded headland, which seemed to extend a short distance into the sea.

From behind the headland, a native canoe, not much larger than a bread-tray, suddenly appeared. Its occupant was a Krooman, who, kneeling in the bottom, paddled this frail craft with both hands, and, occasionally, by an ingenious scooping movement of one of his large, flat feet, contrived to bale the water from the boat's interior.

He rounded to alongside the pinkey in a twinkling, caught a rope thrown him by Collins, and, having made his boat fast, scrambled over the side with the agility of a monkey.

"Hi, Cap'n Lom'; d'is long year we no see you down Gol' Coast," he exclaimed, with a prodigious grin, as he saluted Skipper Lombard.

"So they haven't killed you yet, old Gunflint," grimly returned the skipper, changing his helm a little. "Well, what do you want?" he added, shortly.

"S'pose you want pilot, Cap'n Lom'?"

"No," was the curt reply. "I've been in the Logos River too many times not to know the way. Jack, go for'ard with Dick, and see the anchor all clear for letting go. Dan, you and Joe stand by the jib down-haul."

Jack could see nothing that looked like a river or a river's mouth. In fact, to all excepting the skipper and the Krooman, who was lightly and inexpensively attired in a coating of coconut-oil and a waist-cloth, the Sea Witch seemed to be running directly into the line of thunderous breakers directly ahead.

But as the little vessel neared the surf-line, a narrow passage or entrance was visible, while, as she shot past the headland, the mouth of a wide, clear river, revealed itself to the astonished eyes of the on-lookers.

"Plenty of water on the bar, Gunflint?" asked Skipper Lombard, as the little vessel glided through the natural channel, between great lines of booming surf.

The Krooman nodded sulkily.

"Mad 'cause I wouldn't give him a job," muttered Skipper Lombard; but he had no time to pay further attention to the matter.

"Take aft the fore and main sheet—so—that's well."

With sails trimmed perfectly flat, the Sea Witch rounded to, and stood boldly up the calm waters of a beautiful river, whose banks were a tangled growth

of tropical foliage. The sea was shut completely out from view in an instant, only the continuous boom of the surf being a reminder of its presence, as they sailed further and further from the river's mouth.

"Down jib!"

The iron hanks of the head-sail rattled merrily along the wire stay. With shaking sails, the Sea Witch shot into the wind's eye, deadening her headway.

The skipper motioned with his hand to Jack, who, handspike in hand, stood for'ard by the anchor, whose flue was but caught over the iron-bound rail.

One upward push with the handspike, and the splash of the heavy mass of rusty iron was followed by the rattle of chain through the hawse-pipe.

Down came foresail and mainsail, as the pinkey swung at her mooring, and in a few moments the sails were neatly stowed, and an awning, improvised from an old stay-sail, was spread over the after-house.

"But oh, how hot it is!" groaned Dick, throwing open his shirt at the neck, and wiping the perspiration from his face, while Billings, the cook, proceeded to drop a fishing-line, baited with salt pork, over the stern.

"This ain't anything," was Skipper Lombard's significant reply; "it isn't much over 95° down here nigh the sea; but you jest wait till you go

observers of everything that went on, their small eyes roaming restlessly about the vessel's deck with evident curiosity.

"S'pose you come buy corn, wood, an' palm-oil, cap'n?" inquired Gunflint, who was squatted on deck like an enormous ape.

"Can't say," sententiously replied Skipper Lombard.

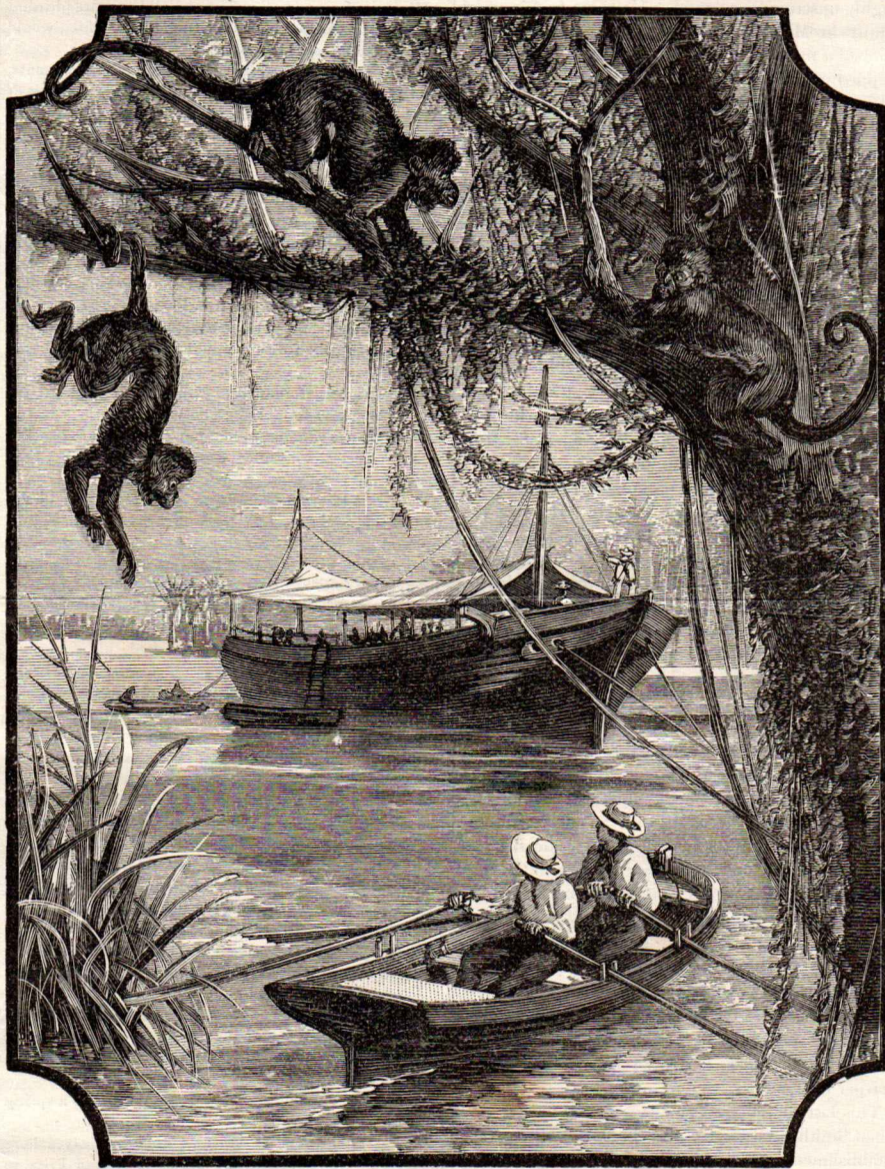
"What for you do come, den?" persisted the Krooman, wonderingly, for, since the abolishment of the slave traffic, only trading vessels come to this part of the coast, which is remarkably unhealthy.

"For the fun of it," growled the skipper, who was tired of being catechised, and, with their curiosity unsatisfied, the two Kroomen shortly afterward took their leave.

CHAPTER XX.

"THERE'S one thing about these coast Kroomen," remarked Skipper Lombard, blowing a long cloud of smoke in the air, "they're the worst liars, thieves, drunkards, and gormandizers under the sun; but they ain't cannibals, like them inland niggers."

"You don't mean to say that there are such things as cannibals in this part of the country, I hope," cried Dick, in a horrified voice. For, knowing little or nothing of the manners and customs of the west coast natives, he had a vague idea that can-



THE BOYS APPROACHING THE BOAT ON WHICH THEY ARE MADE CAPTIVES.

apiece inland. Why, way back in '45, or thereabouts," he continued, proceeding leisurely to fill his pipe, as the others gazed delightedly at the picturesque scenery about them, "I was cox'n of a boat that helped cut out a slaver a piece further up river, an' four of the crew was sunstruck all to once—three died before we could get to shore, and one jumped overboard, stark, staring crazy."

"Did you save him?" eagerly asked Dick.

Skipper Lombard paused in the act of striking a match, shrugged his shoulders, and silently pointed over the side with the stem of his pipe.

Within range of their vision, half a dozen triangular, leathery looking, dorsal fins, were cleaving the oily smoothness of the river's surface.

"Sharks!" exclaimed Jack and Dick, with an involuntary shudder.

"Exactly," was the unmoved reply; "the river's chock full of 'em down here by the bar, so see you don't go in swimmin'—sharks has an uncommon likin' for white folks."

Meanwhile, another canoe had put off from shore and come alongside. Its occupant might have been Gunflint's brother, only for the fact that he was a trifle uglier, greasier, and more morose looking. The canoe was partly loaded with fruit, the sight which made Dick's mouth water. There was also a pile of yams and some sweet potatoes.

A bargain was quickly struck, and, in exchange for a few pounds of coarse tobacco, the canoe's contents were transferred to the Sea Witch's deck. Billings' fishing had proved eminently successful, and he at once proceeded to make extensive preparations for a sumptuous supper of baked fish and boiled yam. The two Kroomen were sly listeners and silent

nibalism was a horror of other days, and confined to certain islands in the South Pacific.

Skipper Lombard smiled grimly. "You jest get into any kind of a scrape, an' be took prisoner anywhere in the King of Dahomey's territory, an' see whether there's any such thing or not," was the unpleasantly suggestive reply.

"A charming country, I must say," muttered Dick, with a sort of cold chill creeping down his back-bone.

And then it was that he began to wonder whether he had not been something more than simply hasty in leaving the land of his birth for a region where sharks, and cannibals, and similar terrors abounded. But it was too late to turn back, and not for the world would he have shown the white feather. So, obedient to a signal from his friend, he followed him into the cabin, and, leaving the others on deck, impatiently awaited the summons to supper.

Jack laid the rough chart drawn by his father, on the table before him, and, after comparing it with the regular coast chart, made some measurements with his compasses.

"It's about twenty-two miles from here," said Jack, proceeding to read the brief instructions on the back of the paper, which were as follows:

"The river forks or Divides about twenty miles up. The left-hand Branch is Smalest, and where it joins the other the Trees and Bushes grow So thick as to A:most hide it. Follow it up a mile from the Fork to where there is a Big Bolder right in the middle of the Streme. On the left Bank oposit the bolder is the gold-bearing Sand."

"We'll get away by daylight to-morrow morning," said Dick, decisively, as, folding the paper again, he

put it carefully away. Dick, with certain feelings of foreboding for which he could not account, nodded briefly, and the two went for'ard in answer to Billings, who had bawlingly announced that supper was ready. After supper, it being understood that each was to stand a watch of two hours each to prevent any possible thieving on the part of Kroomen, all hands brought their mattresses on deck, exultant at the thought of "all night in"—to use the sailor's phrase for an unbroken night's sleep.

Well—it was all night in—"in purgatory," as Dan Collins rather strongly put it on the following morning. Such bloodthirsty mosquitoes are never seen and felt, even in the wilds of New Jersey, as are found on the African coast. Jack, who finally wrapped himself in an old sail at the risk of suffocation, declared that they bit through three thicknesses of it. It was a night long to be remembered.

By early dawn all were astir. The boat was put over the side, and in it were placed the long duck-gun and an army musket, with a supply of ammunition for each, a couple of blankets, some cold provisions, a jug of water, a spade and pick, and a small bag in which to bring back a supply of the precious gold-bearing sand, intending to wash it out at their leisure—if they found any to wash.

Skipper Lombard surveyed these preparations—particularly the latter ones—in grim silence. He himself was very skeptical as to the whole matter.

"Of course, it's none of my bizness," he said, as they were about to push off—Joe Bassett and Dan Collins waving them a cordial farewell; "but I tell you two young chaps that it's my 'pinion you're goin' on a wild goose chase, an', what's more, on a dang'rous one, too—runnin' a big risk for small profits."

Jack laughed uneasily—Dick light-heartedly. In the excitement of actual starting on a gold hunt in a strange country, he forgot his former fears and apprehensions.

"Nothing venture—nothing have," he cried, gayly, and, as the first rays of the morning sun began to gild the tops of the palm-trees on the river banks, the little boat left the Sea Witch's side.

"We shall be back some time to-morrow," called Jack, and Skipper Lombard nodded acquiescence, following up the nod by a dubious shake of the head.

"If I had my way Jack Bond never should a' started on no sech errand," grumbled the skipper, watching the receding boat, "but Jack's jest as his father was before him—the sottest man ever I see."

"Where's the resk, anyway?" asked Joe Bassett, who, with Dan, was smoking an after-breakfast pipe under the awning.

"Wall," deliberately returned Skipper Lombard, "in the first place the underbrush is chock-full o' wild animiles; there's danger of ketchin' coast fever or bein' bit by pison snakes, an', finally, if the niggers gets wind of what they're after, them two boys' lives ain't wuth that"—and the speaker snapped his thumb and finger by way of illustration.

"But thin, mebbe they'll git through all right, an' bring back a bushil or so in gould dust," observed Collins, who had a great admiration for Jack Bond's courage and strength.

The skipper vouchsafed no answer, but smoked his pipe in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the boat till it disappeared around a bed in the river.

Meanwhile Jack and his companion disguised whatever apprehension Skipper Lombard's words might have aroused, and pulled steadily onward, keeping the boat as near the northern shore as possible, that they might take advantage of the eddy current, and keep somewhat in the shade as well.

It grew hotter and hotter as the sun climbed higher in the heavens. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface, which reflected the overhanging palms and mimosas. Whole flocks of great painted butterflies of every color, from the purest white to the most intense blue, fluttered high in the air. No sound broke the stillness of morning save the plash of their own oars, or occasionally the distant call of a tiger cat.

So dense was the vegetation on the river banks, that no song birds sent forth their matin praises from its depths. As Dick said in a half-whisper, one could almost feel the silence.

As their boat rounded an abrupt turn in the river, the scene was changed. Silk-cotton, and wild-cedar trees grew more sparsely on the river bank, while close to the edge the margrove trees sprang in bewildering confusion from the black mud.

Here were signs of life. Long-legged snipe and waterfowl paddled among the mangrove roots, without appearing alarmed in the least at the sight of the boat and its occupants. The ugly form of a crocodile lay basking in the sun. Parrots and tiny parrakeets whistled and chattered among the tree-tops. From time to time troops of monkeys—gray and green, fawn-colored, black and white, swung themselves deftly from limb to limb, above the passing boat, into which they occasionally dropped palm-nuts, indulging the while in grimaces which convulsed our two friends with laughter.

"Say, Jack," exclaimed Dick Earle, resting on his oar, and looking round into his friend's face, in a half-bewildered sort of way, "can you realize that all this is *real*—that we aren't dreaming, but are really way down here on the African coast—genuine gold-hunters at that?"

"Well it *is* rather hard work to do so," Jack admitted, silently calling his friend's attention to a flock of cranes whose plumage was of the most brilliant rose-colored hue imaginable. They stood knee-deep in the shallows by the river bank, hardly changing

KING RICHARD AND BLONDEL.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

Blondel was a celebrated French minstrel of the 12th century, and the favorite of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, whom he accompanied to Palestine. When Richard, on his return, was imprisoned in a secret place by the Duke of Austria, Blondel resolved to find where his master was confined. He wandered through Germany in disguise till he reached the castle of Löwenstein, where he heard some illustrious captive was held. He tried, a long time, to get a sight of the prisoner, but in vain, and finally, going outside the tower, he began to sing a Provençal song, which he and Richard composed together. What result the subjoined poem will tell.

WITHIN a dungeon's sullen gloom,
King Richard of the Lion Heart,
A restless, chafing captive paced,
The while he burned with wrong's fierce smart.

"Oh, England! my beloved realm,
Was it for this," the monarch cried,
"I saw thy snow-white cliffs grow dim,
As thence I sailed on swelling tide?"

"Are galling chains a fit reward,
For him who through thick dangers bore
The holy standard of the cross,
And set it on a pagan shore?"

"The hand which thrust me in this cell
Was guided by a jealous hate,
And here, unknown, my life shall rust
Or meet, mayhap, a sharp, quick fate.

"Unless within my broad domain,
There beats one heart so true, so brave,
I'll seek me through this alien land,
And risk, to find its liege, a grave.

"But hark! oh hear! a song of old,
Thrills sweet upon my eager ear;
It flows from dear, familiar voice—
Ah, Heaven! my Blondel, art thou here?"

Up flashed the red to pallid cheek,
Up sprang hope's light to sunken eye,
"I'll give response," then sang the king
Refrain which bore a glad reply.

The weary minstrel heard the strain,
For which his heart was hungering,
And cried aloud in transport wild,
"At last I find thee, oh, my king!"

Once more he sang the well-loved song,
Then bore in haste o'er land and sea
The joyous word to waiting hearts,
And soon proud England's king was free.

THE "GINERAL'S" LAD.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

FORTUNE HEIGHTS was a town, or mining camp, far up the barren, gray side of a desolate mountain in the Rocky range. It was a dreary place, so different from the towns in the far-away valleys below, with their long, wide streets and pretty homes. There was just one street in this mountain town—one narrow, rocky, rough street, with cabins of pine logs or slabs on either side. This street crept up the barren slope in a winding, zig-zag way, and the end that terminated so abruptly against an immense boulder was high above the other end that commenced in the low, green pines in the narrow valley at the mountain base. How the wind did go roaring, moaning, and whirling in scornful blasts down that winding street in the mid-winter nights!

There were about five hundred men in the camp, and less than a dozen women. It was no place for "wimmin folks," the men said, and they left their wives and little ones at home in the pleasant Eastern States, while they came to this dreary spot to search for the hidden treasures of gold and silver, known to exist in the heart of the snow-covered mountain summits.

One cold spring day the "gineral's lad" and his father came over the stormy range, down the rough trail, and into the camp. They arrived before a hospitable miner's cabin just as the sun went down, a great ball of scarlet, behind the snow-white summits. The father was ill, very ill. He had contracted a severe cold while crossing the range, pneumonia set in, and in twenty-four hours poor little David was left all alone to fight his way through an unfriendly world. The feeble strength of his ten years of life was his sole capital.

The fates had not been kind to the little fellow. He had known few of the joys that come to many more favored lads. He had "knocked around" in these desolate mountains all his life, and now he was an orphan on their dreary summit. The men called him the "gineral's lad" from the first (for reasons soon to be given), not heeding his stout declaration that his name was David Roy Berton, "so it was."

"No matter, Bub, what yer front name reely is," laughed the "gineral" himself. "My name's Sam, but it's years since airy man called me that. I'm the 'gineral' now and evermore. You jest make yerself useful a fetchin' water an' a rustlin' round gittin' wood for the boys, an' wash their dishes an' skilletts, an' so on, an' they'll see to it that yer little stummick don't go empty. Yer look kinder holler now; come up to my cabin an' help yerself to the Boston baked beans an' cold flapjacks; yer welcome; an' yer can bunk along of me, if yer like. A midget like you won't take up no room."

David heard these words the morning his father was buried, as he stood in the snow by the side of the grave, and looked around him in a confused, helpless, pitiful way. Friends he had none. He struggled manfully with tears that would come, and tried hard to keep back the lump that came again and again into his throat.

The "gineral" saw the tears and noted how the thin lips quivered. He saw, for the first time, how old, and thin, and ragged, the little fellow's jacket and trousers were. Two bare toes were peeping out from a gaping old boot. The wind came sharp and keen from the heights above and blew back the buttonless jacket, striking cold and keen against the boy's heaving breast through the rents in a faded cotton shirt.

The "gineral" saw all this, his heart had a ten-

der spot in spite of the fierce-looking face of the man. He stooped, caught the shivering boy up in his arms, hid him away under his great overcoat, and strode down the icy trail to his own cabin, on the hearth of which a fire of pine knots was blazing, filling the little room with a cheerful light.

David was deposited on a buffalo robe by the fire, and told to "warm up;" a plate of beans and bread and a cup of hot coffee, were put before him, with the injunction to "fill up, too."

So David stayed with the "gineral," and became his lad; washing dishes, carrying wood and water, and doing all that such a little fellow could do, while the "gineral" went, day after day, into a long, dark tunnel, and dug and dug for the vein of silver he might never find.

One or two of the few women in the camp had caught sight of the solitary boy on the street, and had called him into their homes, and put his ragged garments in repair.

All the men knew him, and made him the butt of jokes and jests, some of which he did not mind; some, which, however, which went sharp and cutting to his sensitive heart.

The "gineral" was kind in his way to the homeless boy, and was glad to turn over the dish-washing and other work of the cabin to him. By so doing, the "gineral" got more time for digging in the

ef things don't brighten up in a day or two. They're makin' big strikes in other places. Guess we'll pull up 'bout Saturday. Here I've dug, 'n dug, 'n dug, in that there old tunnel, an' ncthin's come of it. Yit it's hard ter go off 'n leave it, when, mebbe, another wheelbarrow o' dirt would show up the vein I've worked a year fer. Then, again, I might yank out a million wheelbarrows o' dirt an' not be nigher the vein than I am now. It's broad as it's long, hain't it? It's all luck in minin' anyhow—all pure luck!

"Well, I've give the old tunnel up anyhow. I'm goin' ter take a jant over the hills ter-morrer, an' see ef I kin find a good place ter begin agin. Mebbe I'll be gone two days. Then I'll go up and git the tools in the tunnel, an' we'll git out o' this, 'fore winter comes on."

The "gineral" started on his prospecting tour early the next morning, leaving David alone in the cabin.

The day was fine. David suddenly felt an inspiration to climb again to the summit of the high peak, in which the "gineral's" mine, the "Mary Jane," was located. He had often visited the place, and gone to the summit.

He closed the cabin, locked the door, and began climbing the steep, rough trail that led to the "Mary Jane." It was a hard road, and the boy was tired when the end was reached. But he went into the

Putting him down at last, and lighting his lantern, he said:

"Go to bed and to sleep, my boy. Dream dreams that shall come true, if you reely found them little rocks in the 'Mary Jane.' I'm goin' up ter see if there's any more of 'em."

There were more, many more. David's afternoon of labor had revealed the vein for which the "gineral" had worked a year and found not.

All Fortune Heights rang next day with the news of the "big strike in the 'Mary Jane,'" and David was a hero.

The "gineral" was full of gratitude. The "smart duds" became a reality to David, and in another week he was a neat and tidy passenger on the outward bound coach, bound for the school of his visions and dreams, with an amount of pocket money that would make him the envy of all other boys.

But David was a sensible little fellow, and knew the value of money. He knew it was not made to waste, and when he is older he will be frugal and sensible, with the handsome sum placed to his credit in a certain bank—put there by the honest, grateful old "gineral"—as David's share of the sum realized.

JAPANESE COOKERY.

EVEN Delmonico, and all his *coterie* of cooks, do not know how to prepare eels most palatably, according to Maroki, a Japanese official who calls them, as served in that palatial restaurant, "soft, flavorless morsels, enclosed in a quivering jelly."

Edward Greey, in the *Golden Lotus*, tells how he went with Maroki to partake of eels in Tokio. He found them "delicious, rich, tender, delicately-flavored, and boneless." His curiosity was excited to know how they were dressed and cooked, and, as a special favor, he was admitted to the kitchen to behold a part of the mystic rites.

We rose, quitted the room, and descending the ladder-like stairway, the steps of which were polished as smooth as glass, slipped on our foot-coverings and entered the kitchen. On the hard earthen floor were rows of little charcoal furnaces, provided with iron rods, that served as rests for the skewered eels.

Maroki, whose only failing was a weakness for bowing, and politely sucking in his breath between his speeches, led the way, and was exceedingly attentive. Pointing to a range of tubs containing fine specimens of *anguilla tenuirostris*, he remarked: "These were caught this morning; they were the most expensive fish in the Nippon Bashi market. Are they not worth looking at?"

"How do you contrive to so completely extract their bones?" I demanded. "Our cooks cannot accomplish that feat." Motioning a lightly-clad servant to approach him, he said: "Some customers have just come in. Prepare an eel in the presence of these gentlemen."

The man, who evidently took great pride in his work, selected a vigorously squirming fish, struck its head smartly on a wooden block placed upon the floor, and, kneeling by it, grasped the creature's neck, inserted a knife in the left side of the vertebræ, and dexterously ran it down to the tail; then rapidly applied his instrument to the other side of the backbone, and repeated the process, leaving the eel split open. Holding up the head, to which was attached the vertebræ and lateral bones inclosing the intestines, he bowed and said, "There is not a splinter left in the fish."

"That is so," proudly remarked the proprietor; "I only employ the most skillful men and cooks." The operator washed down the block, chopped the flattened eel into three-inch lengths, and shouted to a cook, who advanced and removed it on a dish.

The next process was a mysterious one, and was performed behind a screen, from whence the platter of eels was presently handed out to one of the broilers. My opinion is that the fish had simply been plunged into boiling water to make the skin tender. We advanced to a range and saw a cook skewering the pieces of eel on long bamboo splints. Then he placed them on the rods over the glowing coals, and, when one side was browned, dexterously picked them up with a pair of iron chopsticks and turned them. After they were thoroughly cooked, he seized the fish with the same instrument, and plunged it into a vessel containing old *shoyu*, which was as thick as dark molasses. The steaming *unagi* were then drained, placed in a lacquer box, and sent upstairs to the customer.

"We never prepare our eels until they are ordered," remarked the proprietor. "No matter how busy we may be, I will not have the fish killed beforehand."

"What do you do with the bones?" I asked. "We boil them down into a delicious jelly, such as that with which you are served. Nothing is wasted in this establishment. We think of the seven virtues."

Another Japanese fashion of cooking the eel is to take it alive and put it, writhing, on a red-hot gridiron. When the eel is dead, or, in other words, roasted alive, the skin, which, after the roasting, contains all the oil, is stripped off, leaving the white flesh tender and dry. But it is barbarous cookery.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

SHAKESPEARE not only represented all the human nature that he had seen, but he was remarkably prophetic in his genius. It has been claimed that no incident ever occurred, however strange, that may not be aptly illustrated by scenes or quotations from the great poet.

One of his plays, the "Comedy of Errors," is likely to seem considerably overdrawn to one who reads it for the first time, but some of its situations were almost literally fulfilled in the following case, which proves that fact may, indeed, be equally strange with fiction:

A ludicrous incident recently took place in Liverpool. There are two brothers, who parted many years ago when boys, one of them going to America to seek his fortune, and the other remaining in Liverpool to make it. They have both been eminently successful in this respect, and, not long ago, the brother in America determined to visit the brother in England. The time of the visit was settled by correspondence, and the American set sail. The Englishman is a notorious wag, and arranged that an acquaintance should meet the American as his brother and conduct him to the hotel. The American, who was also a great wag, on the trip decided to play exactly the same joke on his brother, asking an acquaintance, whom he had met on the ship, to impersonate him for a few hours. The acquaintance entered into the spirit of the joke, and, when the vessel arrived at Liverpool, was found by the personator of the English brother and driven to the hotel. The real American brother followed more leisurely, chuckling over his joke. In the meanwhile, the English brother had also gone to the hotel, bursting with merriment over his joke. It happened that the two real brothers met in the lobby of the hotel, and though they had been parted so many years, they knew each other. At first, with blank amazement, they greeted each other, and then, as they explained their mutual jokes, laughed long and heartily. But the climax was not yet reached. An explanation in regard to the gentlemen who had personated them, and who were now, as they imagined, playing a huge joke on each other, showed that they were also brothers who had been separated from boyhood, but who did not know each other when they met. The first pair of brothers hurried up to their parlor, and, after the situation had been explained all around, the comedy of errors was pleasantly ended by an old-fashioned English dinner.



THE "GINERAL'S" LAD MAKES A BIG STRIKE IN THE "MARY JANE."

gray mountain-side for the precious ore veins there hidden. He was always digging for that treasure, and all the other men in camp were digging too.

The hopes of "striking it rich" some glad day, kept all these men here in this dreary place. Rich veins of silver had been found a few miles distant. Nothing very rich had yet been found on Fortune Heights, but all the indications of rich veins were seen. Every man hoped, some prayed, that he might be the lucky finder of the rich vein.

"Yer a good boy, my lad," said the "gineral" one evening, coming home in a blinding snow-storm, and finding his dingy little cabin all aglow with the roaring fire made by David, and his coffee boiling briskly in the black and smoky pot. Rough and dirt-begrimed as everything was, the room seemed inviting to the tired miner. "Ef I should chance ter strike it, boy, I'll do the fair thing by you. I'll send ye East ter school, an' git ye some smart duds, an' all that."

The child glanced down at his patched and baggy trousers, his ill-fitting coat, and ragged boots. "Smart duds!" How he would rejoice in them! As for going to school—that was too much to expect.

But the "gineral" failed to "strike it." No one struck it. The men worked hard, buoyed up by hope; but hope grew faint and fainter still as the months wore away and their dreams were unfulfilled.

The short summer came and was half gone. The "gineral" came home heart-sick at the close of a July day.

"I'm derned, my lad," he said, "ef I don't think we've been fooled 'bout this camp bein' any good. Lots o' the men's goin' ter pull up stakes an' move on

tunnel. There were the tools and the wheelbarrow just where the "gineral" had left them. David had brought a candle with him; he lighted it and looked around.

"It's too bad," he mused, "after the 'gineral's' worked so long and hard, to have to give it all up, an' make nothin'." He says one more wheelbarrow o' dirt might show the vein," and the boy seized the pick and began to dig. He put as much earth in the barrow as he could wheel, then slowly and laboriously trundled it out to the dump.

He worked bravely all the afternoon. With the last few loads some particles of rock-like substance appeared, different from the rest. They shone, and looked pretty in the sunlight. David had made a great collection of pretty rocks and ores. He would add a few bits of this rocks to his store, and keep them in remembrance of the "Mary Jane."

The "gineral" came home the next night, weary and more despondent than ever.

David sat before the fire of pine logs with his box of specimens, assorting and counting them. The "gineral" sat and smoked his pipe in silence. Suddenly his eye caught sight of something in the boy's hand. In a moment he had snatched the rock from David, and was examining it closely.

"Boy!" he cried, "where did that come from? Tell me quick! speak low, and tell only me! Where did you get it? If I can find the spot our fortunes are made!"

"That?" said David. "I got that yesterday afternoon in the 'Mary Jane,' and—"

"The 'Mary Jane!'" fairly roared the "gineral," and in another moment he had caught the bewildered boy in his arms, and was dancing all over the room with him.