

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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Vol. III. FRANK A. MUNSEY, 131 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER, NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885. TERMS: \$1.75 PER ANNUM, SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. No. 111.

## A FRIEND THAT WAS TRUE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"EVERY one who lives in the country," said Mrs. Ankland, "should keep a large dog. We lived in California a number of years without one, but I would not do it again. Such a dog is not only a safeguard, but is really of much value socially, as one may say, when we have no other company about the premises."

"You have one at present, then, of course, I should guess," was my remark.

"Oh, yes; we have two; and one of them came to us in a very singular manner. They are Anna's dogs, both of them. She is now seven years old; and the larger and more sober one seems delighted to get her on his back, where she will sit sideways, clinging to his hair. I tell my husband that he ought to make her a side-saddle."

"And no doubt the mutual love is intense," I said. "Oh, I know very well how it is with children and dogs; there is a wonderful purity in the affection they feel for each other. Not a bit of selfishness — is there?"

"Not an atom!" said my good friend, with animation. "Poor, dear little Anna! But I must tell you the whole story."

"Do, I pray you! Nothing else so interests me as such little home incidents where children and dogs play a principal part."

"Well, then," resumed the lady, "I'll begin with the beginning. Anna, as you know, was born soon after we settled in California. She was always a very affectionate child, and if possible more fond of pets than children in general are. She had three little kittens that grew up to adult age only to be succeeded by others as pretty as they — though, indeed, we couldn't keep all kittens that came to us in the course of nature. And she had any amount of dolls that had a funny way of exchanging dresses with the kittens. But she hadn't any little puppy, as nothing satisfactory in that line had happened to fall in our way.

"One day when she was three years old, she had gone out to play near the house with her arms full of kittens and dollies. As our house stood close to the river, I always kept a good watch when she was out to see that she did not get too near the water. This time, however, I must have looked off from her a little too long, for she was suddenly missing.

"I ran out-doors to see what had become of her, when I detected a gurgling sound beyond the bank, and darting in that direction, caught a glimpse of my little girl's golden hair just as it was disappearing under the water!

"The shriek I uttered was almost more than mortal — I know it must have seemed so to any one who might have heard it — and into a depth of more than twelve feet of water, I

sprang for my child. Oh, yes; the river is deep at that place and the current is often rapid.

"Anna had been swept so far from the bank that I fell short of her and was instantly under water. I rose, only to sink again. While up, however, I was conscious of clutching at some living object near me which I knew was not my little girl, though just what it was I was too much confused to comprehend.

"My next recollection is of finding myself on the bank with my husband attending alternately to Anna and me, and a huge wet dog standing near us.

"My first thought was of Anna.

"She is coming all right," said my hus-

band, and for the next three years were often thinking of getting her a pretty puppy as an addition to her family of pets, but somehow it never seemed to come in our way to do so until her sixth birthday had come around.

"Then upon that very day, her father brought her home a perfect beauty. He had bargained for it in the village a few days before and reserved it for a birthday present.

"I never saw a child so delighted! From morning to night the new pet was in her arms or tumbling in his dog fashion at her feet. I must say that her dresses and pretty red stockings suffered as they had never done before; but I did not begrudge the time spent in mending, she was so happy

at times get mercilessly shaken up by the new favorite, who in spite of repeated scoldings from his mistress, would go galloping about the room with some one of them dangling from his mouth.

"One day, after we had had Carlo for about two months, Anna and he started out merrily for their accustomed walk, or rather, romp, to the little arbor — Anna, as usual, putting the matter in the light of a very important visit to very important people, who, of course, were invisible to every one but herself.

"She was dressed as for a real 'society' call, wearing a new bonnet and carrying a sunshade, which she held very jauntily, so far as Carlo would permit her to do; although his constant nibbling at her scarlet stockings induced some sad relapses from dignity.

"I was busy about the house, but I could see her blue dress almost the whole way as she went along under the great trees that shaded the path. I wish she were here to tell you in her child way of what occurred to her, and what she thought and did by the road as well as after she got there; but as she is out I will describe for her as well as I can.

"She talked to Carlo all the way, trying to make him behave, and telling him of all the dreadful things she had ever heard of that had happened to people when they were naughty.

"She was seated on the 'rustic,' with Carlo a her feet, and was just lecturing him upon his rude behavior while visiting, when she was

suddenly confronted by a monstrous dog that came quietly around the great pine and stood regarding her with what seemed a very intelligent curiosity.

Her first thought was one of intense alarm not only for herself but Carlo, and catching the little pet in her arms, she drew herself away to the further end of the bench with one knee drawn up and the toe of her other foot just touching the ground.

"She kept Carlo as far from the big dog as possible although the little creature, not sharing her fears, made more than one effort to get away from his mistress, and scrape acquaintance with the huge visitor.

"Still the intruder stood looking at her, his tongue protruding a very little, as if he had forgotten to take it in upon entering the premises, and his large, yellowish eyes sparkling with good nature.

"Then Anna began to notice that, in spite of his huge proportions, her unannounced caller was remarkably handsome. He was mostly black, but had a band of white about his neck, extending down on the breast and fore legs, and up to the top of the head, marking it between the ears in a very attractive manner.

"She saw that his eyes were pleasant — a child is quick to notice such things — they



THE INTRUDER STOOD LOOKING AT HER.

band. 'You were nearer drowned than she. But it has been a wonderful deliverance.'

"He then carried us into the house, and as soon as my senses were sufficiently recovered to understand him, he told me that Anna and I owed our lives to the great dog I had just seen.

"As I was running alarmed at your cry," he said, 'I saw the dog just pulling Anna upon the bank, and then before I could get to the spot, he turned and swam to you, pulling you on shore in the same way.'

"But where is he now?" I asked.

"I don't know; I will see," replied my husband. But the dog was gone and it was impossible to find him.

"Then I knew what it was that had gone swimming past me while I was in the water. He had attended first to the child, as if knowing her to be the more helpless. It was just as if he had said, 'The mother if I can; but the child at all events.'

"Well, for days and days I thought of that dog, wondering where he could have come from, and feeling almost as sorry that he had gone off without further recognition, as I should had he been a human being who after such a service had disappeared too suddenly to admit of my thanking him.

"Anna, as I have said, was three years old

with her little soft Carlo, that could be all doubled up like a piece of rubber as if he had not a bone in his body.

"You are aware that our place is very wild — the river in front, the mountains in the rear, and rocks and great trees towering near the house in the most picturesque manner imaginable.

"There is one spot which has always been a favorite resort for me. It is only about a hundred yards from the house, so that I frequently went there to sit in the cool shade while I read some book or was engaged with my needlework. For reasons which will presently appear, however, I have not been there of late.

"My husband, in his capacity of carpenter, made me a rustic seat at this spot, under a great pine tree which formed an impenetrable umbrella against the rays of the sun, though I presume it would have let the rain through.

"Anna and her pets were always with me upon the occasions described, and quite often she would visit the rustic retreat alone, as it was within call of the house, and there seemed no danger to be feared.

"After the acquisition of Carlo, the other members of her little family were a good deal neglected; and some of the dolls would







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FRANK W. HUNSEY, PUBLISHER,  
317 N. WABASH STREET, NEW YORK.

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#### MUCH OUT OF LITTLE.

It was William Penn who remarked:—"He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care." Very few boys are fortunate enough not to be possessed with the desire to own a "lot" of money. No doubt most of the girls would also have to plead guilty of a like wish. Yet comparatively few of them will ever be blessed (?) with a "lot" of money. And, if they did but know it, more happiness is derived from getting a good deal out of little than from the lavish spending of a fortune.

To have moderate wants, to "live upon little," and be happy therewith—this is the great secret of a contented and enjoyable life.

#### A MODERN DRAMATIST.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, the famous romancer, was one of the favorite dramatists in France. He ought to have been encoined, if success were a good reason for it. Yet the following extract from his testimony in a certain trial shows that he was quite the contrary. The magistrate questions him: "You name and surname?"

"Alexander Dumas Davy, of Palleteir."

"Your profession?"

"If I were not in the country of Corneille, I would say 'dramatic author.'"

This is not the only instance on record showing that great greatness is modest. The "bumpions" and conceited young man may be suspected of being merely veneered with learning. Ambitious youngsters will do well to take the hint, and avoid vain display of their talents.

#### SHORTHAND WRITING.

It is very natural in this speedy age that shorthand writing should make great progress. To-day no commercial house of any importance is without its shorthand writers. Both professional and business men learn the art to some extent for their own convenience. The press would be lame, indeed, helpless in fact, without it.

The art of shorthand is difficult to acquire in one's mature years. Not so in youth, however. If the school boys and girls who amuse themselves with secret alphabets would devote the same time to shorthand, they would soon become fairly expert. They would then have an accomplishment which would serve them well all their lives. In England the art has been taught in a few of the elementary schools, and, in nine cases out of ten, with complete success.

#### PRACTICE CAREFULLY.

OF COURSE, boys, the way to be expert is to imitate the experts. Do as they do. Take their methods of study or practice, as the case may be. If these methods do not quite suit your own case, make such change as your experience shows to be best. But keep in mind one thing! You must jump out at the beginning. You cannot at the first jump do what experts accomplish after, at long practice.

There is a very near Boston who, at this very moment, is wishing he had begun at the beginning. What he tried to do was to lasso a cow. He had seen Buffalo Bill do it, and without reflecting that perhaps both the cow and the actor had long practice at the feat, he tried it, on with a chance animal in a neighbor's pasture. He lassoed the cow to be sure, but she at once fell to galloping over rocks and jumping fences. As the rope was tied about the boy's waist he was obliged to tumble after the cow. This was something not down in Buffalo Bill's programme. In fact it was not part of the plan of the boy. Yet he had to carry it out in spite of all his struggles. When the fun was over the boy lay senseless on the ground with several ribs broken. When he resumes practice with the lasso he will take a thoroughly trained beast—say his mother's clothes horse. He will "go slow," and succeed better, no doubt.

#### HONOR TO WORTH.

PERHAPS most of our young readers know that very marked class distinctions exist in Great Britain. The shopkeepers consider themselves above the farmers and mechanics. The country squires, or landholders, feel superior to the shop-keepers. The lawyers, doctors, and other professional men, hold a rank still higher. Then come the various grades of nobility. These distinctions are very stubbornly maintained in the mother country. They reach quite into social as well as public life, so that the position of seats at the dinner table, and the order of entering the room, are matters of rigid etiquette.

Now the present Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, is only a commoner. Moreover, even his high office does not confer social rank, according to English etiquette. Some of the members of his Cabinet are his superiors in this respect. Yet so lofty is Mr. Gladstone's character, so commanding his ability, and so honorable his public service, that etiquette has broken down before him. Letters from Scotland recount that during his recent tour in that country he was uniformly given the first social position, even when other guests outranked him. This courtesy has also been extended to his wife, which is unusual. In every house where the Premier stayed, he took the hostess to dinner, which is the highest honor on such an occasion.

It is pleasant to see worth thus prevail over social forms and customs. In this country it would not be surprising, but in lands where rank and title are of ancient standing it is more creditable. In spite of the fictions of etiquette and class distinctions, men are quick to recognize title as only the guinea stamp.

#### NOTES FOR SMOKERS.

It is useless, perhaps, to lecture boys on the evils of smoking. They ought, however, to be warned to avoid the intemperate use of tobacco. It would be better for them if they lit it severely alone. Yet, for the benefit of those who will experiment for themselves, a small batch of statistics will not be out of place. Young smokers may compare their own experience with the symptoms here given and see how it is for themselves.

A French physician recently made observations on thirty-eight boys, from nine to fifteen years old, who had all used tobacco. Of these, twenty-five had disturbed action of the heart, bad digestion, sluggish brains, and cravings for strong drink. Thirteen had fluttering pulses, twelve suffered from frequent nose-bleeding, ten had constant night-mare, four were troubled with ulcerated mouths, and one had consumption caused by impaired blood. These boys had smoked from six months to two years.

#### THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

By this time we are beginning to discover in this country that there are too many species in the English sparrow. This is not a mere figure of speech, as some farmers well know. There is his outside, and then again there is his inside. If he were simply content to fill the latter with grubs and insects, it would be all right. But he is a bird of luxurious tastes. He soon learns to like young peas, corn, and other garden luxuries, and he is not above grain of almost any sort.

The English farmers and gardeners have come to regard the sparrow as a pest, on account of his thievery in grain time. If he attended to his duty as a scavenger, some of his stealing might be pardoned. But when he finds he can live high without work, he takes kindly to it and neglects the worms. Moreover he is cruel to other birds, especially those who sing better than himself. He has one redeeming quality. When fat he is delicious baked in a pie.

#### ODD COINCIDENCES.

THOMAS JEFFERSON and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; Madison was eight years older than Monroe; Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents all ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington was born February 22d, 1732, and inaugurated 1789. His term of office expired in his 66th year. John Adams was born October 19th, 1735; was inaugurated in 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas Jefferson was born April 21st, 1753; was inaugurated in 1801; term expired in his 66th year. James Madison was born March 4th, 1751; inaugurated in 1809; term of service expired in his 66th year. James Monroe was born April 28d, 1758; inaugurated in 1817; term of service expired in his 66th year.

#### SINGERS' GOOD HEALTH.

It is sometimes asked why so many of the great singers are stout, and even fat. Well, it is a fact that a pure singing tone must come from sound lungs. To keep the lungs sound requires general good health. To preserve the health demands care in eating and drinking, and in other matters. Great singers usually take the best care of their health. They must do so, or injure their voices. Hence so many of them grow stout and jolly. But good health is worth having in any profession.

#### GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

The Ingenious American Mechanic who has Put a Hotel on Railway Wheels—The Comforts of Trans-Continental Travel.

BY AGUSTUS MAVERICK.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there were but 6,000 miles of railway in operation in the United States, and less than 30,000 in the world. The first locomotive—which the unbelieving public said couldn't run on slippery iron tracks, but it did—made six miles an hour in England in 1824; in 1829, the "Rocket" attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour; in 1834, the "Fire-Flly" got up to twenty miles an hour; and five years later the "North Star," (also in England) achieved what was then considered the prodigious rate of thirty-seven miles an hour. These were the beginnings. Stephenson himself would hardly have dared to picture the future, when trains would run a mile a minute, and, at a pinch, seventy miles an hour, and sumptuous accommodations, equal to those of a first-class hotel, be offered to the traveler.

This country is so big—three thousand odd miles from East to West, and fifteen hundred miles from North to South—that it is no cause for wonder that the ingenious and speculative American sets his wits at work to "realize" the situation. Hence our patent reapers, mowers, sewing machines, rotary presses and all the infinite contrivances of modern ingenuity devised to save labor and create wealth.

The inventive talent of the American people serves to fulfil the Scriptural plan of putting a talent out to usury instead of wrapping it up in a napkin.

And this is exactly what George M. Pullman did. He had a talent, and he didn't wrap it up in a napkin.

On the contrary, he threw away the napkin, and developed the gift the Creator had given him.

Before his day railway travel was the type of discomfort. Stiff, hard, narrow seats, rectangularly arranged, were all the accommodations that the best railroads in this country afforded, and on the European lines there were stuffy compartments where passengers were locked in by a relentless guard, with no earthly chance of getting out in case of a disaster. On the old Mohawk Valley road in this State, forty years ago, there was an endless cable, running in the middle of the track, which pulled the cars along, while the conductors pitched along on an outside footboard to collect the fares, just as they do now on the Coney Island cars and on the city railroads in the summer solstice. It was a primitive style, like all else that prevailed in that antique period.

Let us see! Was it antique? It was less than half a century ago. Yes! it is ancient history. America grows fast and leaves time behind.

With the growth of the century grew George M. Pullman. (His name, by the way, is significant—with deference he said); he was apparently born and baptized to pull man; and he has done it very effectively.

Mr. Pullman is a New Yorker by birth, and an Illinoisian by adoption. He was born in Chatauque County in this State fifty-three years ago, March 3, 1831, and received the ordinary common school education of that period. His father was a well-to-do mechanic, possessed of the idea that his son should be brought up to a trade in order to keep himself. The young George, therefore, at the suitable age was put at work in a furniture establishment, and in time became a skillful cabinet-maker. But he had higher aspirations. The Erie Canal extension came up, and the young man thought he saw his way to profitable contracts for the erection of the buildings needed along the new line. He secured his contracts, made money out of them, and was twenty years to future prosperity. When he was twenty-eight years old he made up his mind to go west, and "grow up with the country"—unconsciously, perhaps, acting upon Horace Greeley's advice, which Greeley himself was careful not to follow. Mr. Pullman settled in Chicago in 1859, and soon found abundant employment with contracts made necessary by the famous raising of the grade of the streets of that city—a task successfully accomplished, but very difficult to do; it was no joke to pry up whole blocks of buildings. But it was done, and Mr. Pullman secured a new success for his share of the work. It was a triumph of mechanical ingenuity.

This business being finished, the inquiring mind of Mr. Pullman began to cast about for something else to do, and presently it occurred to him that railroad travel might be improved. People had to travel. Why not make them comfortable? The first attempt he made was with two cars on the Chicago and Alton railroad, which he filled up with sleeping-berths. It was an innovation, but travelers who had previously almost broken their necks on the backs of hard seats voted the innovation a

good one, and a new idea was borne in upon the minds of railroad magnates. Mr. Pullman, still a young man, and lively as a cricket, let the seed he had sown have time to germinate, and in 1860 he went to Colorado, to try his hand at mining. He remained there for three years, pondering while he dug and speculated. In 1863, returning to Chicago, he devoted himself to the development of appliances for travel—with what degree of success every tourist and business man who has occasion to use our great arteries of inter-state communication can testify.

The first "palace-cars" manufactured under Mr. Pullman's patent cost \$18,000 each, and were built for the Chicago and Alton Railroad. They were rude in comparison with those now in use on all the leading roads of the country, but they were a revelation. The travelling public willingly paid a dollar or two extra fare for the comfort they bestowed.

The popularity of the new device—where a sleeping car opened into a dining-car, and the dining-car into a parlor-car, and the parlor-car into a smoking-car—made the three thousand miles' journey from New York to San Francisco a sort of Elysium on wheels. The other lines of railroads could not afford to do without this wonderful convenience. Mr. Pullman got orders promptly from the Michigan Central road, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Great Western & Canada; and then came the New York Central and Hudson, the Erie, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Union Pacific, and all the rest; and the "officer" Old World also tried the experiment on its shorter lines.

Mr. Pullman lives in this city, having an office in the Mills Building in Broad Street, where his interests are attended to in his absence by competent agents. But his work lies in or near Chicago. A few years ago, he laid out upon the prairie near that city a town called Pullman, where his factory is situated, giving employment to many hundreds of people, and adding largely to the productive wealth of Illinois.

Mr. Pullman may be taken as the type of the progressive, ingenious, and successful American—and as such is entitled to the highest honor he has won, and the fortune that he has honestly acquired.

#### A HERALD.

THE unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

#### THE FUNNY SIDE.

The glass of fashion—Champaigne.  
THE first thing the Puritans did here was to fall upon their knees: the next was to fall upon the aborigines.

At what time of life may a man be properly said to be an hermit? At seventy, because long experience makes him sage.

The true use of a porous plaster, according to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to retain the back in its proper place and let the pain crawl out through the holes."

"A MAN who is so mean as to thus see a widow woman ought to be kicked to death by a jackass," said the attorney, "and I wish the court would appoint me to do it."

A BEGGAR approached a man on the cars, the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg," to which the man replied as he bestowed his "ivy," "My dear friend, I have not seen anything of it."  
"Reports from various parts of the country show that game is more abundant now than it has been for several months past." The principal varieties, we understand, are cubre, draw-poker, and seven-up.

JUST as a lover had dropped on his knees and begun popping the question, a pet poodle who thought the proceeding rather strange, made a dash for him. With remarkable nerve for a woman, the girl reached over and grabbed the dog by the collar at the same time calmly uttering, "Go on, George dear; I'm listening to what you are saying."

"I played a good joke on my wife last night," said Tweezers, who is not kept out of jail on account of his brightness. "What was it?" "I had our coachman stand in the front hall and kiss her, so she'd think it was me." "What did she do?" "Nothing." "So she only came into the parlor where I was sitting, and said, 'Why, Tweezers, I didn't know you had got home.'"

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

KEEP thyself pure.  
THE woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affection.

The eighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it.

KNOWLEDGE is a good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and merits perished in seeking light.

LET us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm, and guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—H. T. Tuckerman.

SEE made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great and kind, the nurse of care, the healer of all ills, the soother and consoler of all sorrows.—Longfellow.

A SAGE should inure himself to voluntary labor, and should not give up to indigence and pleasure; as they begot no good constitution of the body nor knowledge of the mind.—Seneca.

THERE are only two families in the world—the have-somethings and the have-nothings. Nowadays we are apt to feel more often the pulse of propriety than of wisdom. An ass will not cry out against the untidy appearance than a horse with a pack saddle.—Creswell.

MIGHTY MAN.

As wars the tree within the blast, Yet falleth not, but grander grows, Grasping the firm rock giantly; And fending, hero-like, all blows; So toils the iron will of man Before stern fate's tempestuous stroke; He conquers e'er if true at heart, And, lo! a mighty human oak!

HELPING HIMSELF;

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Inheritance," "The Store Boy," "Work and Win," the "Ragged Dick Series," "Tailored Tom Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TELL-TALE KEY.

WILLIS FORD entered the presence of his employer with an air of confidence which he did not feel. Knowing his own guilt, he felt ill-at-ease and nervous, but the crisis had come and he must meet it.

"Take a seat, Mr. Ford," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "Your step-mother tells me that she has lost some government bonds?"

"All I had in the world," moaned the housekeeper.

"Yes, sir; I regret to say that she has been robbed."

"I learn, moreover, that a part of the bonds were brought to my office for sale to-day!"

"Yes, sir."

"And by Grant Thornton?"

"He can answer that question for himself, sir. He is present."

"It is true," said Grant, quietly.

"Did you ask him where the bonds came from?"

"He volunteered the information. He said they were entrusted to him for sale by a friend."

"Acquaintance," corrected Grant.

"It may have been so. I understood him to say friend."

"You had no suspicions that anything was wrong?" asked the broker.

"No; I felt perfect confidence in the boy."

Grant was rather surprised to hear this. If this were the case Willis Ford had always been very successful in concealing his real sentiments.

"How did you pay him?"

"In a check to his own order."

"Have you collected the money on that check, Grant?" asked Mr. Reynolds.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you paid it out to the party from whom you obtained the bonds?"

"No, sir; I am to meet him to-morrow morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

Willis Ford's countenance changed when he heard this statement. He supposed that Jim Morrison already had his money, and was safely off with it. Now it was clear that Grant would not be allowed to pay it to him, and his own debt would remain unpaid. That being the case Morrison would be exasperated, and there was no knowing what he would say.

"What do you know of this man, Grant?"

"Very little, sir."

"How does he impress you—as an honest, straightforward man?"

Grant shook his head.

"Not at all," he said.

"Yet you took charge of his business for him?"

"Yes, sir; but not willingly. He offered me a dollar for my trouble, and as I did not know there was anything wrong, I consented. Besides—"

"Here Grant paused.

"Well?"

"Will you excuse my continuing, Mr. Reynolds?"

"No," answered the broker firmly. "On the other hand, I insist upon your saying what you had in your mind."

"Having seen Mr. Ford in this man's company, I concluded he was all right?"

Willis Ford flushed, and looked discontented.

"Is this true, Mr. Ford?" asked the broker.

"Do you know this man?"

"What do you say his name was, Thornton?" asked Ford, partly to gain time.

"James Morrison."

"Yes; I know him. He was introduced to me by an intimate friend of that boy," indicating Grant.

Willis Ford smiled triumphantly. He felt that he had checkmated her hero.

"Is this true, Grant?"

"I presume so," answered Grant, coolly.

"You refer to Tom Calder, do you not, Mr. Ford?"

"I believe that is his name."

"He is not an intimate friend of mine, but we come from the same village. It is that boy who was with me when I first met you, Mr. Reynolds."

The broker's face cleared.

"Yes, I remember him. But how do you happen to know Tom Calder, Mr. Ford?"

"He had a room at the same house with me. He introduced himself as a friend of this boy."

"Do you know anything of him—how he earns his living?"

"Hav'n't the faintest idea," answered Ford. "My acquaintance with him is very slight."

"There seems a mystery here," said the broker. "This Morrison gives Grant two bonds to dispose of, which are identified as belonging to my housekeeper. How did he obtain possession of them? That is the question."

"There isn't much doubt about that," said Mrs. Estabrook. "This boy whom you have taken into your family has taken them."

"You are entirely mistaken, Mrs. Estabrook," said Grant indignantly.

"Of course you say so!" retorted the housekeeper, "but it stands to reason that that is the way it happened. You took them and gave them to this man, that is, if there is such a man."

"Your son says there is, Mrs. Estabrook," said the broker quietly.

"Well, I don't intend to say how it hap-

pened in bringing this serious charge against him."

"That is different, sir."

"Pardon me, I can see no difference. He has the same right that you have to be considered innocent till he is proved to be guilty."

"You must admit, sir," said Willis Ford, "that appearances are very much against Grant."

"I admit nothing at present, for the affair seems to be complicated. Perhaps, Mr. Ford, you can offer some suggestion that will throw light upon the mystery."

"I don't think it very mysterious, sir. My

hesitation in bringing this serious charge against him. The party adjourned to the housekeeper's room. The key was put into the lock of the bureau drawer and opened it at once.

"I think there is no more to be said," said Willis Ford triumphantly.

Grant looked the picture of surprise and dismay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRANT'S ENEMIES TRIUMPH.

It is not too much to say that Grant was overwhelmed by the unexpected discovery in his pocket of a key that fitted the housekeeper's bureau drawer. He saw at once how strong it made the evidence against him, and

yet he knew himself to be innocent. The most painful thought was that Mr. Reynolds would believe him to be guilty.

In fact, the broker for the first time began to think that Grant might possibly have yielded to temptation.

"Can't you account for the possession of that key?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Grant, in painful embarrassment. "I have occasion to use but one key, and that is the key to my valise."

"I think you had occasion to use the other," sneered Ford.

Grant, indignantly, "you are determined to think me guilty, but I care nothing for your opinion. I should be very sorry if Mr. Reynolds should think me capable of such baseness."

"Your guilt seems pretty clear," said Ford, sarcastically, "as I have no doubt Mr. Reynolds will agree."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Ford," said the broker, quietly.

"I hope you are not going to shield that young thief, Mr. Reynolds," said the housekeeper. "His guilt is as clear as noon-day. I think he ought to be arrested."

"You are rather in a hurry, Mrs. Estabrook," said Mr. Reynolds, "and I must request you to be careful how you make charges against me."

"Against you?" asked the housekeeper, alarmed at his tone.

"Yes," answered the broker, sternly. "You have insinuated that I intend to shield a supposed thief. I have only to say that at present the theft is to be proved."

"I submit, sir," said Ford, "that the evidence is pretty strong. The boy is proved to have had the bonds in his possession, he admits that he sold a part of them and has the money in his possession, and a key is found in his possession which will open the drawer in which the bonds were kept."

"Who put the key in my pocket?" demanded Grant, quickly.

For a moment Willis Ford looked confused, and his momentary confusion was not lost upon Grant or the broker.

"No doubt you put it there yourself," he answered, sharply, after a moment's pause.

"That matter will be investigated," said the broker.

"I think the money ought to be paid to me," said the housekeeper.

"Can you prove your ownership of the bonds?" asked the broker.

"I can," answered Willis Ford, flippantly. "I have seen them."

"I should like some additional evidence," said Mr. Reynolds. "You are related to Mrs. Estabrook, and may be supposed to have some interest in the matter."

"What proof can I have?" asked the housekeeper, disturbed by this unexpected obstacle.

"Have you the memorandum of the broker who bought you the bonds?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then you had better look."

The housekeeper searched the drawer, and produced, triumphantly, a memorandum to the effect that she had purchased the bonds of a well-known house in Wall Street.

"So far, so good!" said the broker. "It appears that besides the bonds sold you had four one hundred dollar bonds."

"Yes, sir."



pened. Likely enough the man is a thief, and that boy is his accomplice."

"That you will oblige me by not jumping at conclusions, Mrs. Estabrook," said Mr. Reynolds. "Whoever has taken the bonds is likely to be discovered. Meanwhile your loss will, at all events, be partially made up, since Grant has the money realized from the sale of the greater part of them."

"I should like to place the money in your hands, Mr. Reynolds," said Grant.

"It belongs to me," said the housekeeper.

"That is undoubtedly true," said her employer; "but till the matter is ascertained beyond a doubt I will retain the money."

"How can there be any doubt?" asked the housekeeper, disconcerted.

"I do not think there is, but I will tell you now. You claim that your bonds were marked by certain numbers, two of which belong to those which were bought by Mr. Ford at the office to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Meanwhile you and your step-son have had time to compare notes, and you have had a chance to learn his numbers."

Mrs. Estabrook turned livid.

"I didn't expect to have such a charge brought against me, Mr. Reynolds, and by you," she said, her voice trembling with passion.

"I have brought no such charge, Mrs. Estabrook. I have only explained how there may be doubt of your claim to the money."

"I thought you knew me better, sir."

"I think I do, and I also think I know Grant better than to think him capable of abstracting your bonds. Yet you have had no

mother kept her bonds in the upper drawer of her bureau. This boy had the run of the house. What was to prevent his entering my mother's room, opening the drawer and taking anything he found of value?"

"What was to prevent some one else doing it, Mr. Ford—myself for example?"

"Of course that is different, Mr. Reynolds."

"Well, I don't know. I am honest, and so I believe is Grant."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant gratefully.

"It just occurred to me," said Ford, "to ask my mother if she has at any time lost or mislaid her keys."

"Well thought of, Mr. Ford," and Mr. Reynolds turned to his housekeeper for a reply.

"No," answered Mrs. Estabrook. "I keep my keys in my pocket, and I have them there yet."

So saying she produced four keys attached to a ring.

"Then," continued Ford, "if Grant chances to have a key which will fit the bureau drawer that would be evidence against him."

"Show me any keys you may have, Grant," said the broker.

Grant thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out two keys. He looked at them in astonishment.

"One of them unlocks my valise," he said.

"The other is a strange key. I did not know I had it."

Ford smiled maliciously.

"Let us see if it will open the bureau-drawer," he said.



IMMORTAL FAME.

BY SCHILLER.

"What shall I do to gain forever known?"  
Thy duty ever.  
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."  
Oh, never, never!  
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown  
Whom thou know'st not?  
By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown—  
Divine their lot.  
"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"  
Discharge aright  
The simple duties with which each day is rife.  
Yea, with thy might,  
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
Will life be fed?  
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,  
Shall live, though dead.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "Barbara's Triumph," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's King," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STRANGER'S MIDNIGHT VISIT.

"I met this gentleman at the house of one of my patients," said the doctor. "He is an old friend of Mr. Lewis, and will have no opportunity to pay his respects after to-night. So I ventured to bring him, at his earnest request."

"Certainly," said Sep, standing aside, with a curious look at the doctor, "he may come in."

The man followed Sep, who merely pointed to the remains and resumed his seat.

"An old friend," he said in an undertone, and then Sep and Arty looked at each other, and without seeming to do so, watched the stranger intently.

The latter stood motionless as a statue, looking down into the cold, calm face, his hat, which he had removed, in his hand. Sep and Arty both noticed that he removed it with his left hand, and so held it. Once or twice he bent over as if to scan the features more closely, and a tremor seemed to run through his tall frame. It seemed a long time to the young men that he stood there; it might have been ten minutes. Then, before turning, he placed the felt hat on his head again, turned slowly, and walked like one in a dream from the room, making no sign. Sep followed and closed the door behind him.

"Queer sort of chap that," he said, as he returned, "and a strange Loure to come for such a purpose."

"Did he say nothing?"

"Not a word—not even good-night," said Sep. "However, it's all right, I suppose, as the doctor vouches for him."

"He has lost his right hand," said Arty. "How do you know?"

"I can tell—I know a piece of clever mechanism from flesh and blood."

Beck had suffered all she could bear. After that night she was very silent, till the funeral was over. Dr. Emory would have taken her to his house then, and the girls implored her to come, but she was resolute to go home. She was very pale, and very firm, poor little Beck!

"I must get accustomed to it—I may as well begin," she said, and home she went. She had not counted on the loneliness—the sadness of the empty room, where she would linger. The time came for the reading of the will. Beck hardly heard a word—she was so busy thinking. She felt the oppressive silence that followed, but she did not hear the curses launched at her. They were still and deep, but none the less terrible. She was pale and nervous, and felt a strange flushing of the face and beating of the heart. The doctor came every day to see her, and so did one or other of the girls, but she did not seem to "pick up," the doctor said.

One day—it was the second day after the reading of the will—she had thrown herself down in the little room where she had so often played for her father. Suddenly her eyes flew open, and she knew that she had been asleep. A wretched dream had kept her company, and it seemed to her that a voice repeated.

"Then Beck must die."

She lay very still, for a strange languor had oppressed her since her father's death.

"It was a most scandalous thing!" said Sep, and she knew then that the brothers were in the little room.

"Heavily unjust," responded Arty. "The business needed money."

"The business must have money!" said Sep, hoarsely. "To leave nearly a hundred thousand dollars to that girl. What can she do with it? Great heaven! it makes my blood boil to think of it. And there's no help for it."

"She may die," said Arty.  
"She must die!" said Sep.  
Beck felt the odd sensation of fainting coming over her. These were the words she had heard in her dream. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She strove to move—it was impossible. Only the faculties of thought and feeling seemed left to her. What would they do to her? Where should she go? Alone in that great house, with only the servants and those two men who were greedy for her money. They might have it, all of it, if they would only spare her life! It would be a heavy burden to her if this was the way they envied her. She lay there almost in a stupor when Elise found her behind the heavy curtains.

"Why, you darling! I've been all over the house, up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber. The servants didn't know where you were—Sep said you had gone out he guessed. And we want to talk to you about a grand plan—not that we expect you to help us—but to put you in better spirits, because we must have your advice. And I've got such news for you! One of papa's English relations is dead, and has left us quite a good deal of money. Papa starts for England next week, and if it turns out nicely, we're to go, Frank and I—and we're going to take you with us, and—why—heavens and earth! I believe the girl don't know I'm talking to her!"

"As you quite comfortable, dearest papa?" queried Beck, in her low, soft voice.

Elise stood back aglaze.

"You look so much better! Your eyes are bright, and your clasp so strong. Yes, you will live for poor little Beck's sake! The boys are as good as never knew it, but they are."

"The child is clearly out of her head," said Elise, awe-struck. "What shall I do? Beck! darling girl! don't you know me? Have you forgotten Elise? No—she hasn't the least idea what I am talking about. She's with her father! Oh! we ought to have made her go home with us! The loss and the loneliness will kill her!"

"Kill! kill!" muttered Beck. "Yes, that's what she said. Don't let them kill me."

"Oh, Beck, darling! don't look at me so? Her head is like fire! Papa has been fearing this—poor little girl! I'll get one of the servants to come up here, and run home for papa," said Elise, recoiling from the wild glare of Beck's eyes.

"If you leave me, they will murder me," murmured Beck.

"Only for a little while, dear—and nobody will hurt you," said Elise, soothingly. "I am going after papa."

"However, you want some music, papa, I know what you want," fell from Beck's lips, but her smile was ghastly.

The doctor came, and for three weeks Beck lay very near the portals of death, with brain fever. Elise or Frank went with her all the time. Doctor Emory put off his journey, though so much depended upon it for the sake of the child of his old friend. Mrs. May came back for a time, though she protested that she would not stay if Beck was well, but could not abide when boys, who grew disagreeable and disagreeable.

At last Beck was pronounced out of danger, and the doctor left her in the care of his colleague when he went to Europe. Very, very slowly Beck rallied. It was weeks before she could sit up all day. Her good spirits were gone, and she was nervous and excitable to an unusual degree. It seemed as if there was a shadow upon her which remaining strength did not banish. To cry her away, two or three of the Emory children were sick of scarlet fever, and required the undivided attention of the sisters, so that Beck was deprived of their genial companionship, just at the time she needed it most.

Her first visit to the table betrayed the fact that all the delicate china was replaced by good but common ware. In fear though she was of the twins, who had changed but little in their demeanor, and that for the worse, Beck's spirit rose at what she considered an indignity.

"I must have what my father liked," she said, with a trembling lip, and directed the servants to change the ordering of the table.

"It's your house," said Sep, with the red flush in his forehead.

"That isn't the reason, and you know it," said Beck, "it's because papa would have had it so if he had lived."

"The servants are careless," said Arty, "but Mrs. May's used to take care of it."

There was truth in that.

"Then I will take care of them as she did," said Beck and she undertook the care of the dishes. In her weak state it proved too great an exertion. Everything proved too much for her, especially Sep and Arty. They were virtually masters of the situation, and it did no good for Beck to protest. Her will was not vigorous as of old.

One day Mrs. May called to see her.

"Are you glad the Del Rays are coming to live here?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" queried Beck.

"Why, you know Del Ray has failed, don't you? I met Miss Audrey and her ma, and they stopped to speak. Mrs. Del Ray said her nephew, Arty, had asked them to come and make a home with you."

"Without a word to me?" exclaimed Beck, indignantly.

"How much that is like him!" said Mrs.

May. "Maybe you never thought Miss Audrey might come into the family."

"As Arty's wife?"

Beck sat silent for a moment.

"I hope not," she said. "I like Audrey—but I see how it is. They, Sep and Arty, have decided upon their course of action. They intend to quietly ignore me till I am of age."

There was a story-time at home that night, Beck interrogating her authority which they firmly set aside. They were two, and strong; she was one, and weak. Then in the height of her resentment she told them of the discourse she had heard between them that day in the little side-room—which was very unwise. They denied everything.

Beck felt as if she was striking against walls of iron.

"You can use my property and my money, until I am old enough to claim both," said Beck; "but this is my home—was my father's home, and I will not have strangers here!"

They changed their programme, quietly and effectually, after that, and became more affectionate. It was easy to deceive Beck in that way; she thought their solicitude was real, and she had never quite recovered from that terrible attack of brain-fever. When they spoke of their anxiety with regard to her health and mentioned a pleasant country resort where she could have the most careful attention in a lovely valley amidst delightful surroundings, for a few weeks, and that meantime everything should remain as it was, she was so glad to get away from the city, which was new to her, of looking out for her interest, she was completely deceived. It was not hard to convince her that she was the victim of a hallucination, when she thought they were talking together and became in the little room. It was the effect of the fever then coming on—the foreboding of the loss of reason, they said, and nearly convinced her.

It was a curious combination of circumstances that Beck, The Del Rays were in trouble and kept out of her way. Not that she would have gone to them for advice, but if they had come to her, there would have been an opportunity to speak of the matter—she would have been advised of her movements.

The doctor, to whom she would have gone at once, was abroad—the girls were kept at home nursing the little ones through their fever, and hardly dared to write her for fear of spreading the disease. Mrs. May frowned on the project, but noticing Beck's languid movements and the eager delight with which she looked forward to the retreat, at the head of which was an eminent physician, said as much to discourage her as possible.

"I'd like you to come to me," she added— "but, la! that ain't skeely out of the city limits—but then we'd feed you on bread and milk, and I'm thinking the pure air 'd be doctor enough. However, you may advise you. Mabby Sep and Arty had seen to themselves—but it's an amazing sudden change."

Finally Beck decided to go. The idea had seized her that she wanted complete rest, needed to get away from the city, away from care—in the midst of beautiful fields and hills and rivers. She had almost a reverence for the country. It was Sep who made all the preparations.

"It may discourage her as possible," he said, "you will want to change your boarding place, or come home at your will. In that case you had better take plenty of money"—he drew nearly a thousand dollars, and placed it in her hands. To be sure it was Beck's own money, but she never thought of that. Her father had always seen to money matters. He was good, kind and generous, but unwise as every father is who does not train his girls, as well as his boys, to understand the elements of business.

And now Beck longed to be gone—she could hardly wait for the time to come, and was so busy she saw very few of her friends. There was a feverish eagerness about the preparations that of itself denoted derangement of health. But once there, she said—once alone with nature, and she should be cured.

Sep went with her. Just as they were starting, Jack came up to the car with a folded paper in his hand.

"I only found out this morning," he said, walking along at the side of the train, which was backing. "I wrote it in a drug store. The girls said give their love, and let them know as soon as you get there, so that they can be sure."

From that time Beck was getting to dread her all out of danger and getting up. We've heard from father—he is well and going to stay for the present."

The last word was lost in the shrill escape of the train.

Beck sat back and read the bit of paper. Sep looked worried.

It was only the following note:

DEAR MISS BECK:—I found out this morning. The girls' name is Ralph Campbell. He lives with his father, the warehouse, Carlyle Street, 1870—St. Had to hurry, for I met Mr. Arty and he said you had gone.

JACK.

Beck read it, smiling and folding the note, placed it in her bag.

"I'll see when I come back," she said to herself.

It was a day's journey. Sep made himself very agreeable, though at times he seemed suspicious and nervous. Beck was almost cut her old self. This visit was going to give her back her broken health. She would forget everything. The place was lovely—never had she seen more beautiful surroundings,

when at last they stopped before a fine white house, with extensive grounds and massive gates.

"There are not many visitors here, yet," she said, to a plainly dressed woman, who met her on the porch, after her brother had gone.

"Not many, just yet," was the answer.

"I suppose you have a good many summer boarders during the season."

"Well, I don't know," said the woman, "all seasons are pretty much alike to us."

Beck was too tired to ramble over the grounds, which embraced a large area. She contented herself with looking at the lovely little plots of flowers and shrubs near the house, and then came the sunset tinged the grass with the richest hues, casting a glory over every little plant.

"I begin to feel better," she said to herself. "To-morrow I will write to the Emorys, who will wonder at my sudden start. Perhaps Elise will come here. Yes, I needed just this change; life begins to look brighter, and after all I was mistaken in Sep and Arty. They have shown a real interest in my welfare."

At the supper table there were two or three persons with whom she tried to become intimate, but they were disposed to be silent.

"We shall get better acquainted in time," she said to herself.

Her room was given her, a very neat, even elegantly furnished apartment, spacious and cool. It was a lovely moon-light night, and Beck ran to the window to look out. It was graded on an outside; but further than to wonder if this room had sometime been the nursery, Beck thought nothing more about it. It was not often in country places boarders were furnished with such pleasant rooms, she thought, as this, retired with a light heart, revolving many delightful plans in her mind for the coming week.

Then she sat down to her writing desk, and wrote the Emorys a long letter.

"Sep and Arty have become like real brothers, as you see. I am sure I am sure," she wrote. "They have been so kind to me lately, so solicitous for my welfare, that I sometimes wonder if they can be the same. It is so sweet to have people love you who with you have been almost strangers to them for a great many years. When I come to think about it, I cannot wonder; but papa's death has thrown me more within the pale of their sympathy, and you don't know how different life seems to me! I'm sure I feel grateful to them for finding me this beautiful spot where I can rest. If I like it as well as the expiration of my visit, I shall build a little cottage here, for this would be real retirement. I had an idea of finding a handsome house so far in the country. It would be a fine model for the Children's Hospital. Such lovely grounds! I wish I could bring the place before you, so as to make you want to come—both of one of you. It would do you so much good after all your troubles. I am sure I feel nearer dear papa here, and I often think of what he said—that he would look out for my interests if possible."

"Tell Jack I am very grateful to him for finding the dwelling-place of the person I saw that night at the entertainment. He will know what I mean. If he should have seen him since, he must by all means communicate with me. I hope Maud is quite well. Has she got her diamonds yet? I never thought of finding, to presume they are still in the safe with those that belonged to my mother, and I have the key. I hope everything is going on all right at home. Sep promised me he would get a housekeeper, and I hope he will."

"I hope it is all—bright, genial, like her old self. Beck never felt happier than when she retired that night in the white moonlight that fell over her like a veil.

In the morning she sprang up, almost as light-hearted as if she had had a wonderful day, and the gardens, the distant hills, the intervening fields, seemed like a new creation. Beck went from one window to another, to get the general view. They were all barred with iron! At breakfast there was the same strange silence; she was glad to get away from the table. But on the porch sat the same plainly dressed lady she had met the night before.

"Are you the housekeeper?" asked Beck.

"No," said the woman, after what Beck thought a compassionate glance; "I am the matron."

"The matron!" exclaimed Beck.

"Yes; we are looking for the doctor. He was to have been home last night. I thought when you first came you was a relation. I never suspected—"

"What! I said Beck, grown pale.

"Why—I sposed you know where you are?"

"In a country boarding-house," said Beck, growing whiter and whiter, "or, at least, a medical retreat."

The woman smiled coldly.

"The most of them think that," she said.

"Think what?—the most of who?" Beck caught her breath. She had risen, and stood rigid and white as a marble statue.

"Why—the patients."

"The patients!" repeated Beck, almost gasping, and utterly bewildered; "oh, yes, of course; but—where are you? What is this establishment?"

"This is the private lunatic asylum," was the pitiless answer.

Beck heard no more. There was a ringing in her ears. The earth turned black about her. They had lured her to a mad-house!

(To be continued.)

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